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THE FORTNIGHTLY

JULY, 1934

THE DECAY OF BRITISH SHIPPING

BY CUTHBERT MAUGHAN

THE grave plight of British shipping is an absolutely vital question which continues to confront the people of these islands. A dense population is dependent for the greater part of its foodstuffs on supplies from overseas, and any serious interruption of the steady flow of shipments would result, within a short time, in starvation. The country had a taste of the meaning of short supplies during the War. Its life was then saved by the courage of its seamen and the possession of a large mercantile marine. Those who knew the stark facts knew also how acute the danger was : had the mercantile marine then failed the country all must have been lost.

The War has dug a great gulf between the past and the present, and no thinking person is likely to imagine that the conditions which prevailed before 1914 can ever return. British ships, particularly " tramps ", were then built to carry coal from these islands to consumers throughout the world, including bunkering stations for shipping on trade routes, and to return with cargoes of grain, ore, and other raw materials for manufacture. Since the War other countries have come to compete in the coal trade ; as the direct result of reparations coal has been sent across Europe by land, whereas formerly it went by sea. Other nations, with governmental assistance, have built ships and require large portions of their coal imports to be carried in these vessels. Much coal has been replaced by oil, and hydro-electric schemes have been instituted. For the managers of tramp shipping such developments have meant that there are not the same cargoes of coal to be carried, and last year there were 700 fewer voyages of vessels from this country with coal than in the years before the

War. Then voyages of tramp vessels in ballast were exceptional; now they are very common indeed. That is one of the great changes that have taken place in shipping. In the home-ward trades Continental nations have imposed restrictions on the importation of foodstuffs, for their Governments have sought to make the countries more self-supporting. This policy has meant a restriction of the total volume of grain movements.

Greek vessels, with their lower working costs, are able to bring supplies at rates so low that British owners could not accept them without heavy loss. Thus Greek ships are being increasingly employed, while modern British vessels are laid up in the estuaries of the country and their crews have to be supported by the State. Numbers of these ships have been bought at very low prices because, to put it quite bluntly, British owners were forced to sell them. A long period of deep depression—far worse than any of the depressions customary before 1914—had left their serious marks and had caused reserves to become exhausted. Funds had somehow to be found in order that businesses which were only shadows of their former proportions might be carried on: thus bargains in ships could be picked up on all sides.

Italian ships have also been enabled to enter the carrying trade of Britain, while her own craft were rusting around her coasts. Their special ability to accept freights that were out of the question for British owners has been due to subsidies received from the Italian Government. The subsidies, which are calculated according to age and mileage covered, have been estimated at about £1,500 for the voyage from this country to Australia and back. Obviously, ships financially helped in this way can carry cargoes at rates impossible for British vessels. It must seem strange to British people that foreign vessels should be employed in bringing food to them from British Dominions when so many British craft are idle.

There has within recent weeks been some little improvement in the demand for tonnage, yet the lion's share has still been taken by foreign vessels. A few weeks ago as many as 52 vessels were known, during five days, to have been chartered to load grain in Argentina for the United Kingdom or the Continent. More than half this number were Greek, and only fourteen were British. In a later week, which was also an active one caused

by the buying of grain due to the drought and the upward movement of prices, 50 foreign vessels were chartered to load grain in Argentina for the United Kingdom or the Continent, of which only 16 were British. The foreign owners who had been buying British ships very cheaply seem already to have good reason to be pleased with their purchases. The results for British shipping, and for the increasing dependence of this country on foreign vessels, are distinctly disquieting.

The recent sales of second-hand British ships to foreign owners are a development of a long-established practice. In those years before the War when circumstances were so entirely different from the conditions of today, a fairly good case could be made out for the transfers of old British ships to foreign owners. The sales represented discarded vessels which British owners were willing to sell, applying the proceeds to the building of new tonnage. The transactions thus assisted British owners to contract with British shipbuilders, and the high standard of the British mercantile marine was maintained. The old ships which the Greeks, Italians and Spanish secured were employed largely in the Mediterranean and Black Sea trades, and, although even in those days some people criticized the practice as inevitably augmenting competition for British owners, it was held, on balance, to be justified and the competition of the old ships did not, as a rule, become intense. The modern British vessels were generally able to hold their own.

In 1930 a Committee was appointed by the Board of Trade to examine the question of the sales of "Obsolete Tonnage", and again the practice, on a weighing of *pros* and *cons*, was held to be sound. The importance of the freedom of the market was emphasized, together with the undesirability of Government restriction. In the light of much that has happened since, one cannot avoid the conclusion that these arguments had relation to circumstances which no longer obtain. The most serious aspect of the question seems to be that these old ships, cheaply worked, are actually able to compete successfully with the most modern and economical British ships that can be built. How, in view of this fact, can any advantage accrue to the whole British shipping industry by such sales?

Modern ships have an advantage in a saving of the costs of

fuel, and a variety of ingenious devices have been invented within recent years, the effects of which are that for a given consumption of fuel a ship can be driven at a much higher speed than an older vessel of similar carrying capacity. Put in another way, for a certain consumption of coal a modern ship can cover a specified number of knots, whereas an older ship consumes a larger quantity of coal to steam fewer knots. The differences indicate progress in naval architecture and marine engineering, and statesmen have been able to suggest that it would be much better for British owners to replace their older ships with these new vessels embodying the latest designs. In theory the point seems a good one. In practice, this advantage may be more than offset by the economies which the foreign owners of cheaply worked vessels can effect; the saving has been estimated at as much as £9 a day on a typical cargo-vessel. Moreover, the foreign owner, provided his ship does not call at ports of the United Kingdom, has not to comply with the strict Board of Trade regulations, which involve a considerable expenditure. He starts off with a low capital cost, which means that the interest charge is far below that of the costly modern vessel, and the charge for insurance on the lower value will be less. So it has happened that while owners of modern British vessels could not accept such freights as have been offered, and some of the very newest British ships designed to secure every possible economy could not earn even a normal allowance for depreciation, foreign ships have accepted charters freely in the market.

Doubtless the arrangements for financing foreign ships vary. In well-informed quarters the financing of some of the Greek ships is believed to proceed somewhat on these lines. A master mariner and one or two of his friends collect a little capital. The members of the syndicate then approach one of the large firms which specialize in the work and conclude an agreement whereby the firm become managers in return for furnishing the rest of the capital needed to buy a cheap ship. Certain incidental management and brokerage fees help to remunerate the financing firm. The captain then gathers round him his mates and crew from among his friends, and all are associated in a co-operative venture. During the severe depression the

crew have been prepared to bear their share of the bad times in still lower wages, if they receive any at all, and, as compensation, they look forward to the time when remunerative freights will enable them to be better rewarded.

This, it will be seen, is exceedingly difficult competition to be met by British owners who have to conform to exacting Board of Trade regulations and to pay wages agreed by the National Maritime Board.

The effect of such intense competition is to depress all rates of freight. In a free market, which knows only ordinary economic considerations, merchants may find themselves compelled to accept the terms of charter which are most favourable to them. In conversation on this point recently a member of a firm of importers stated that his firm would always prefer to employ a British ship and that it would even be ready to pay a rather higher rate of freight. But it was embarrassed in carrying out this desire by the policy of other firms, which were prepared to accept the lowest rates quoted. It seemed that these firms were accustomed to buy grain overseas and import it to this country, and the rate of freight was one of the factors influencing the price which it could afford to offer to the sellers of the produce overseas. Minimum rates of freight are thus an important market consideration. Foreign owners have been able to accept these minimum rates; they have seized the chance, and their ships have been employed while British vessels have been idle.

So long as the freedom of the market continues, a certain amount of sympathy may be extended to British owners who have thought they were compelled to realize assets to the highest bidders. The writer has in mind the case of an owner who was seriously disturbed in mind when attention was called to the sale of one of his ships to a foreign firm. He explained that he deeply regretted the transfer, but that financial considerations, by which he was not alone affected, made it necessary that the best price should be secured for this asset, and the offer by the foreign firm was rather higher than the price which would have been paid by the shipbreakers. Can a managing owner fairly be asked to accept a lower price for a ship to be broken up than he could obtain if the vessel were sold to be

continued in service? If he did, all the shareholders of the company would receive less. The justification for accepting the lower price for breaking up would be that in the long run the ownership, if it were continued, would gain by not increasing the competition of foreign vessels, but, of course, this benefit would be shared by all other owners, and the direct advantage to a single firm would be limited. It is not easy for an observer to adjudicate in such instances. All that one can fairly say is that the policy of breaking up tonnage seems infinitely preferable, in the interests of the British shipping industry as a whole, to the disposal of ships to foreign owners, which will enhance competition and tend to depress the whole level of freight rates.

This problem needs to be treated collectively. One possible method of approaching it would seem to be by means of a pooling scheme within the industry itself, so that individual owners would be compensated for the loss they suffered through the sale of a vessel to be broken up, instead of a sale at a higher price for continuance in service. An alternative method would be by a system of Government licence, or prohibition, which would undoubtedly arouse opposition in some quarters at any rate because Government interference is always disliked. Still, a section of the shipping industry has reached a stage at which it has had to jettison its old independence and has had to appeal to the Government for assistance. Beyond this, there is the unquestionable fact that it is not only the shipping industry that is concerned. The whole nation is affected, since it is so dependent on imports from overseas, and it is entitled to interest itself in the system by which these vital supplies are brought to its ports.

The greater share taken by foreign tonnage in the trade of Great Britain is indicated by the statements that—compared with 1931—the tonnage of British ships entering and clearing at ports of the United Kingdom last year declined by more than 7,000,000 tons net, while the foreign shipping entering and clearing increased by 4,500,000 tons net. During the first four months of this year a slight improvement was recorded in the volume of entrances and clearances of shipping at United Kingdom ports, but the relative position changed for the worse.

Compared with the first four months of 1933, entrances and clearances of British ships were higher by 688,000 tons net, but those of foreign ships were higher by 833,000 tons. The proportion of British tonnage to the total declined from 60.2 per cent. in the first four months of 1933 to 59.6 per cent. in the corresponding period of this year.

Some explanation of this decline may be found in the report of a Special Committee of the Chamber of Shipping on Tramp Tonnage which reported at the end of last year. The number of British vessels of between 2,000 and 5,000 tons gross, which were described as being mostly deep-sea tramps, fell from 2,868 in 1914 to 1,372 last year. Other statistics indicate the actual and relative decline in British tonnage. In 1914 Great Britain and Ireland owned 41.6 per cent. of the world's tonnage, whereas by 1933 the proportion had fallen to 27.9 per cent.

All statistics bearing on shipping need to be treated with even greater circumspection than statistics normally deserve. One reason is that shipping returns are commonly expressed in tons—and there are several descriptions of tonnage—the principal in the mercantile marine being gross, net, and deadweight. Gross tonnage represents the internal volume of the vessel, including that of all permanently enclosed spaces above what is known as the tonnage deck, calculated at 100 cubic feet to the ton. Thus it happens that the gross tonnage of passenger ships is normally much more than the gross tonnage of cargo ships of similar length, beam, and depth. Net tonnage is calculated on gross tonnage, after deduction of spaces for propelling power, the accommodation for crews, and navigation spaces. Vessels are commonly chartered in the freight markets on the basis of deadweight tonnage, which has no connection with either net or gross tonnage, but represents the carrying capacity of the ship in tons weight, when loaded to the summer freeboard.

Some of the complications which are met with in arriving at the facts were mentioned two years ago by a leading owner of cargo tonnage, Mr. Edmund H. Watts, of the Britain Steamship Company. He said that the percentage of carrying done by foreigners was then increasing and, as this state of affairs was not indicated by the shipping statistics of the Board of

Trade, he decided to do a little investigation on his own account. He found, first, that the official figures were based on net registered tonnage entering United Kingdom ports, which had no relation to the amount of cargo carried in these vessels. Secondly, daily trips made by ferry boats and cross-Channel steamers caused the proportion of British registered tonnage entering British ports to be increased, and he cited in this connection two Great Western Railway steamers plying between Rosslare and Fishguard. The net register of each was about 1,000 tons, and their entrances and clearances in and out of this country during four months was as much as the whole of the large cargo fleet of the Britain Steamship Company in the course of the year.

As another instance of differences in terms the gross tonnage of the *Mauretania* is 30,695 tons, but her net tonnage is 12,542, while Mr. Watts stated that her cargo capacity was only about 2,500 tons, or less. On the other hand, the tonnage of the Britain Steamship Company amounted to 52,213 tons net and 143,654 tons deadweight. All the figures, he said, went into the official statistics and reduced the percentage of foreign cargo vessels entering British ports. Of course, during the year a liner engaged in the North Atlantic route enters and clears from British ports many times.

To illustrate the difficulties which are really inherent in statistics I will take another point, which is of special interest because these figures have been much remarked on in connection with the question of subsidies. During the debate in the House of Commons on December 13th, Mr. Runciman stated that of the world's international trade, 46 per cent. was between foreign countries alone, and that of this foreign trade British shipping carried 25 per cent. He quoted these figures to indicate the importance of this country doing nothing by way of retaliation, or fiscal war, or discrimination of a damaging character which would do more harm than good. Mr. Watts referred to this analysis at the meeting of his company a few weeks ago, saying that he believed it was based on statistics of the League of Nations for 1929, and as the experience of the directors did not bear out the flattering estimates it was again decided to investigate the position. They found

that on June 30th of last year 252 British vessels were engaged in trade between foreign ports, which would mean that, if the statement that British ships carried 25 per cent. of the trade was correct, only about 1,000 ships of all nationalities were engaged in exclusively foreign sea routes, which was "manifestly impossible". His calculation was that the total number was nearer 8,000.

Actually, many business men have learnt to treat statistics with caution. For tramp shipowners facts which come within their own knowledge have meant more than anything else. Vanished trades, reduced staffs, idle ships, unemployed crews, heavy indebtedness to banks, lack of dividends and lost capital are developments which show only too dreadfully the condition into which much British shipping has fallen.

There are many aspects of the problem. In 1929 the invisible shipping exports of the country—and they represent the greatest value of any exports—amounted to £130,000,000; by last year, the estimate of the Chamber had fallen to £59,000,000. It is deplorable that an industry which in the past has contributed so much to the national revenue should now have to go hat in hand to the Government asking for financial help. Of course British people hate the idea of subsidies; for years shipowners have prided themselves on their independence. They have never objected to ordinary forms of competition, however keen. During the last few years they have had to meet a totally different kind of fighting—one in which they are up against all the resources of the taxpayers of other countries. The Australian Government shipping enterprise did much harm before it was abandoned years ago. The United States Government experiments in shipping have greatly aggravated the troubles of owners who receive no Government support, and they have helped materially to render so extraordinary difficult the payment of War Debts. The United States has refused to be paid in services in a way that would have been possible before the War, and the competition of Governments, by depressing freight rates generally, has been an important influence in the losses incurred by shipping in the freight markets of the world.

So far, emphasis has been laid on the state of tramp tonnage, which has been so badly hit. Yet for many years liners in all

trades have also encountered heavily subsidized freight services. One of the most glaring of these examples is in the route between the Pacific Coast of North America and Australia and New Zealand. Here British ships have to compete with very heavily subsidized American liners which carry passengers and goods between San Francisco and Honolulu—a trade prohibited to the British vessels because it is treated as American coastwise. Yet, at the other end of the voyage, American vessels participate in the traffic between Australia and New Zealand. The unfairness of this one-sided arrangement must be plain to all. Many cases of particularly serious foreign competition might be cited, like that of the Italian liners trading between India and Italy. There are, indeed, so many different instances that the public may easily become confused and have its attention diverted from some of the plain dangers threatening it.

Ability to state issues simply usually requires thorough knowledge, and it is through the simplicity and forcefulness of his statements that Mr. Alexander Shaw, the chairman of the P. & O. Company, has rendered particularly important services to the nation. He has been outspoken at the last two meetings of the great company over which he presides, and he has lately followed up those speeches by earnest addresses in Australia and New Zealand. Fortunately, they have been reprinted in pamphlet form, and they well deserve study. At Melbourne, after referring to the immense decline in British tramp tonnage, Mr. Shaw declared that, in the face of it, there had been no action, no policy; hardly more, officially, than a whispered protest. The British people, he recalled at Sydney, were more and more being forced off the seas by the pressure of highly subsidized foreign vessels, which could afford to operate at a loss by virtue of the wealth of the taxpayers behind them. Although that process had been going on steadily for many years, no defence against it had been devised and no reply had been attempted.

Let no one imagine that a solution of the many problems raised in the state of shipping is simple. There are many important interests, and at all points these do not coincide. In some routes liners compete for cargo with tramps, and assistance rendered to one section of the industry might be of

no value to another, or it might even be damaging. Given fair opportunities of trading, shipowners would ask for no help at all, especially as there is always risk to the intricate mechanism of commerce when a government seeks to intervene. Yet none is likely to maintain that British shipowners are facing reasonable conditions in having to contend with subsidies paid to foreign mercantile marines amounting to about £30,000,000 a year—a generally accepted estimate. And these subsidies are paid by countries to which shipping cannot possibly mean what it does to this nation, an island still dependent for the greater part of its food supplies on imports. Most of those countries are to a very large extent self-supporting and could carry on for a long time, if not indefinitely, without imports. How different is the situation of Britain. It is no exaggeration to state that the life of every man, woman and child in this country is involved in the arrangements by which an adequate flow of foodstuffs and other essential materials reaches us from countries overseas. Various measures may need to be taken to ensure safety, and one of the simplest and most effective seems to be the curtailment of the supply of cheap, but useful, British vessels to foreign owners. As regards other measures, if some of the issues involved were widely understood the demand for ensuring that British shipping had fair play in future would come, not from owners, who are unaccustomed to complain, but from outside the industry, for the whole nation is closely concerned with the future of British shipping.

THE PRESIDENT AND POLITICS

BY D. W. BROGAN

ON November 6th next, the American people will elect a complete House of Representatives and a third of the Senate, and on the way in which they carry out this function will depend the ability of President Roosevelt to carry out his. If they give him a Congress of his own mind, bound to him by party or personal allegiance, he will, at any rate, have the necessary legislative and financial backing. If Congress is hostile or even indifferent, the Government of the United States will be hamstrung, and both President and Congress will spend the next two years in mutual suspicion and in political manœuvring. Presidents, before now, have thought that it was a pity that the middle of their terms should be interrupted by these partial elections, which can never be decisive enough to bring about a positive change (for they leave the President in office), but which may negatively render that office barren of achievement—but the constitution insists.

In the Senate, the Administration can afford to lose a lot; it is likely to lose little and it may even gain something. It is the lower House that is in danger, for there the whole nation is involved—not a lucky selection of States—and there the Democratic party has to answer for certain weaknesses of personnel and leadership. To hold the Senate will not be enough. If the Democrats lose control of the House, or even suffer a substantial reduction of the Administration majority, that will be a blow to the prestige, and so to the power, of the President, which may be crippling, not merely to Mr. Roosevelt's personal position, but to the power of his Administration to meet the crises of what will be, at best, a stormy and difficult two years of American and of world history.

No matter, then, how free from party or personal ambition

Mr. Roosevelt may be, he cannot, for the very life of his programme, neglect politics. He must take thought for November; he must do his best to see that his enemies within and without the Democratic party do not manœuvre him into indefensible positions and that the inevitable ebb of the tide of popularity and support, which carried him to his quasi-dictatorial position, is not allowed to recede too far.

In America, popular opinion is capable of extraordinary shifts. Causes, hopelessly lost in August, have been easily triumphant in November. Lincoln might believe and declare that it was foolish to change horses when crossing the stream, but he understood his countrymen too well not to know that they were capable of doing just that. In the bad summer of 1864, the American people, or so Lincoln thought, were ready to change horses; indeed, determined to do so, and if, in November, they did re-elect him, it was because the stream had been crossed. Mr. Roosevelt will be wise if he does not rely too much on the fidelity of his electors or on their realization that a sudden withdrawal from the experiments of the last two years may not be practicable. It may turn out to be impossible to unscramble the eggs, but that will not prevent the American people from changing the cooks if they have come to dislike the flavour of the Rooseveltian meal.

In any case, whatever President and people may think, Congress is thinking of November. For individuals and for organizations, this election may be decisive of political life or death, and the outside world, which cares little who is Senator for Winnemac and less who is Congressman for Buncombe, must reconcile itself to the fact that, on questions of such minor importance, will depend in the next two years the direction and the authority of the Government of the United States.

The defeat of the Republicans in 1932 was so crushing, so humiliating, in all elections, state and national, that it may seem impossible for them to recover from it in two short years, the more so that the personal prestige of Mr. Roosevelt is far higher than it was in 1932 and that the defeated party has shown no signs of throwing up either a programme or a leader. There are, however, Republican assets that have not been entirely dissipated and, however unlikely a victory for the opposition

party may be, a striking increase in its congressional strength is not a possibility to be dismissed out of hand. When the triumph of the "Bloc National" and of "Reaction" in France in 1919 had shaken the confidence of the long dominant Left in its natural right to rule, it was the late Aristide Briand who found the words of comfort for the future. "*Nous avons les cadres*", he said, and a not very distant future was to show how important an asset the committees and the federations, the "machine" of the Left parties, was to be. In his adherence to parties for traditional reasons, his faithfulness to names rather than to things, the political Frenchman and the political American have much in common, and the Republicans have still the cadres, the most effective local machines, and the adherence of those sections of the community which, for two generations past, have been accustomed to lead with a well warranted confidence that they would be followed.

In the happy pre-depression days, politics in America were free from the presence of powerful ideals cutting across conventional party lines; free, too, from the pressure of economic necessity on party organization. Politics was a profession for many, a sport for more, but to very few a burning passion for righteousness or for any other highly emotional cause. There were few issues, and what there were cut across the formal party lines. The dominant party was the political aspect of business rule, and as long as the American people agreed with the late Mr. Coolidge, that the business of the United States was business, the Republican party was the natural home of the unpolitically-minded, that is, of the vast majority. A temporary diminution in the flow of wealth under the direction of the great and good men who ruled the business world—and the nation—bred discontent in certain areas which had temporary and local political effects, but there was no real drive behind this discontent; it was querulous and easily placated or exhausted.

Where the Republicans are strong, the Democrats are weak. The "best people", the wealthiest people, however loud their admiration of the President and of the New Deal, are still Republicans in politics. The press is for the most part Republican. The Republicans have the officers, the N.C.O.'s, the war chest, the discipline and the habit of victory. For the moment, the

Democrats have the numbers, but they are the raw material of an army, not yet an army. The Republican party is still the natural home of the socially and politically ambitious as well as of the socially and politically arrived, and over a vast area the long Republican dominance had, by 1932, worn down the Democrats to a minority with no hope of office, and so short of leaders of energy and power.

It is against this background that the clean sweep of 1932 should be considered. In 1932, the tidal wave carried Democrats into office in state and nation in a fashion complete enough to astonish the most optimistic adherent of the long depressed party. Forty Governors out of forty-eight; sixty Senators out of ninety-six; an immense majority in the House of Representatives; these represented a victory as complete as that of the National Government in this country in 1931 and far more astonishing. We all remember the oddities of our own election, of the young men who, to their surprise and occasional annoyance, found themselves M.P.'s, of the university student who, fighting a forlorn hope for practice, defeated his teacher, the sitting member. There were equal oddities in America.

The Democratic party, it must be repeated, over a great part of the Union, had become a mere skeleton of obstinate hereditary partisans or faint but not quite despairing aspirants after federal office. Its candidates, in 1932 as in 1928, represented this small group. The determination of the American people to express its opinion of the "Grand Old Party", under whose rule, if not through whose rule, the nation had fallen into the pit, had no outlet but to vote for candidates, many of whom, it is charitable to suppose, would hardly have dared to seek or accept the Democratic nomination, had they thought election a possibility. But office works wonders. The Congressmen, the Senators, the Governors and the lesser lights *have* been elected; they would be more than human were they not to feel that, unconsciously perhaps, the normally Republican electors had done very well for themselves and will be willing to do knowingly in 1934 what they did in blind rage in 1932. It can hardly be doubted, then, that there are many Congressmen who will be weaker than their party, that is to say, than the President, in this November election, but whose fate may well involve the success of the Administration

policy. Millions of voters who are anxious to give a vote of confidence to the President will find themselves forced to do so at the cost of returning to Washington moderately impressive politicians, most of them too little known in 1932 and some, perhaps, too well known in 1934.

That the weakness of the officers of his party over a great part of the Union is known to the President, and is known to be a political handicap, is highly probable, but the resources of an English Prime Minister are not available to Mr. Roosevelt. The issue of "coupons" to orthodox party candidates is not an unknown device in American politics, but the results have not been very reassuring. President Wilson, with his excessive fondness for English practice, tried to make adherence to his policies a test of party orthodoxy, but some prominent Democrats who braved his thunders had no reason to regret their boldness. In any case, since few or no candidates will admit to being either enemies or even lukewarm supporters of the President, it will be impossible to separate sheep from goats, or better still, to retire both in favour of more formidable or attractive members of the political bestiary.

The Senators and Representatives now in office are as well aware as anyone that their time may be short, and they are resolved to make the most of it, if only to dig themselves (and their party) in. They have even dared to defy their party leader in their attempts to buy the favour of powerful groups, such as the "Veterans", and if the worst attempts to use political claims by agents in Washington have been stamped out after vigorous action by Mr. Roosevelt, a good deal of manna and quails has been provided for "deserving Democrats", to use the late Mr. Bryan's terminology. Some jobs have been given away, *ceteribus paribus*, preferably to political nominees; many have been given, as in the old Irish story, to good Democrats, "*ceteris paribus* be damned". Jobs have been used by Mr. Roosevelt, as they have been used by all Presidents, to enforce party discipline, but the growth of jobs has been too rapid for rational use, and few good Democrats have had reason, "tired of knocking at Preferment's door", to forsake their congressional friends.

Events, too, make the President's position difficult. The great drought which threatens to solve the problem of over-

production more effectively than the A.A.A., may have disastrous political results, for it has been observed in the past that the American farmer, like an African native, blames his ruler for the weather.

There are already available some clues to the temper of the electors, chief of them being the "primaries". Since American parties are not separated from one another by doctrinal differences, it is easy for a voter to transfer his allegiance and, over the greater part of the country, transfers have gone on to such a degree that most areas are safe for one party. In such areas, the real election is normally the "primary", that is to say, the election held by the states to determine who shall be the candidates of the various parties. In states solid for one or other of the parties, the winner of the primary was in the recent past the winner of the election. The official Conservative candidate for Bournemouth may think of himself as already M.P. without deserving rebuke for excessive rashness. So could a Democratic candidate in the South and a Republican candidate in most other parts of the Union. The upheaval of two years ago changed all that for the time being. In many States the Democratic primaries, for long of no practical importance, were flooded with new party adherents, usually formal Democrats who, in previous years, had voted in Republican primaries, preferring to have a voice in the election that really meant something rather than in the formal election which merely confirmed the earlier choice of the dominant party.

The decision of the elector to vote in one primary rather than in another is a form of ante-post betting; it indicates a preference for the horses of one stable over the other and it shortens the odds for the S.P. betting of October and November. It has a cumulative effect, for electors do not like to "waste" their vote, so that a heavy primary poll wins support in November.

The primaries can thus help the President in two ways: they can show so much Democratic strength as to encourage waverers, and they can make the party candidates more representative of serious blocks of opinion than were some of the victors of two years ago.

Politicians of both parties have been watching and assessing the results of the primaries with public satisfaction, and with

private doubts. Obviously, the Democrats will lose some of the strength of 1932, but the primary vote so far shows they have kept a lot of it. The fact that more votes were cast in the Democratic primaries in Illinois than in the Republican, if an index of what the industrial-farming States of the Middle West will do in November, is of good cheer for the White House.

Most attention has, however, been devoted to the primary in Pennsylvania. That commonwealth was the only important state to vote for Mr. Hoover in 1932. It has been traditionally the heart of the Republican party, the home of the alliance between business and Republican politics. It was the home of the great senatorial bosses, and is the home of the great and admirably disciplined city machines: the Vare machine in Philadelphia, generally believed to be able to give Tammany lessons in practical politics, and the Pittsburgh machine, generally reputed to be an aspect of the reverence shown by his fellow-citizens, as voters and jurors, for the virtues of Mr. Andrew Mellon. For more than ten years past, this great state has not obeyed the orders of any one chief. Mr. Mellon's prestige and millions were used in vain; the succession to the great boss, Boise Penrose, was fought for but not won. In this anarchy, Mr. Gifford Pinchot, friend of the late Theodore Roosevelt, "progressive" supporter of President Franklin Roosevelt, has twice managed to be elected Governor, to the annoyance of the regular Republicans who were suspected of preferring a conservative Democrat to an irregular and "radical" Republican.

Mr. Pinchot has twice tried to enter the Senate—in 1926 and again this year—and the fight he made in the Republican primaries of this spring has symbolized the political situation. His opponent, Mr. David Reed, is a symbol, even more than Mr. Pinchot, for he is senior Senator from Pennsylvania; his party fidelity is unquestioned, his debating powers are feared and his ambitions regarded with respect by many despondent Republicans, who are thinking long and thinking hard of the presidential election of 1936. A victory for Mr. Pinchot would have been revolutionary. It would have been extremely damaging to the Republican morale, slowly recovering from the disasters of 1932: it might even have been a sign of that recasting of party lines that so many right-thinking citizens have hoped for.

However, Mr. Reed won, and he will carry the banner of what he calls "the Square Deal" in November. It is difficult to decide whether a Pinchot victory would have been altogether gratifying to the White House. If Mr. Pinchot had won, the interests of the President as a party leader and as an administrator might have been in conflict. How could he have taken sides against the winner of the Democratic primary? He is head of a party on which he must rely for his chief support. On the other hand, a defeat of Mr. Pinchot in the final election might have seriously hindered the movement of radical Republicans into the President's camp, if not yet into the President's party. There are other leading Republicans who supported Mr. Roosevelt in 1932 and whose local situation is so strong, or so independent of ordinary party support, that to run a regular Democratic candidate against them would not merely be ingratitude but bad politics. Of this select class, the most conspicuous member is Senator Hiram Johnson, of California, who helped to take Mr. Hoover's home state away from him in 1932, and whose supporters made Wilson president for the second time in 1916.

In this election, however, the hope of the Administration must be that issues of policy, not of persons, emerge, preferably in the general form of "trust in the President". The *Literary Digest* has been conducting one of its famous polls on the question: "Do you approve in general" of Mr. Roosevelt's Administration. As far as the results have come in, the American voter as represented by the *Digest* poll (and that usually represents him very faithfully) does approve *in general*. That is not enough, however; for it is particular approval, expressed in support for congressional and senatorial candidates which is to be desired, and there are doubtless hundreds of thousands of voters who would vote for Mr. Roosevelt were this a presidential year, who will not feel bound to support Democratic candidates in November, even though they thereby endanger the President's authority. Electors ought to be able to put two and two together, but they are not; and the sum of the local and personal issues which will decide the elections of 1934 may be in effect a fatal blow to Mr. Roosevelt's authority, delivered by an electorate anxious, in all good faith, to follow him.

What forces work for the President to offset the inevitable

ebb of the tide, the traditional weakness of his party over a great part of the Union and the unpopularity and even disrepute into which parts of the "recovery" policy have fallen? There is first the immense personal popularity and *trust* which Mr. Roosevelt still commands. It is a maxim of American politics that you cannot beat something with nothing, and there is no leader of the Opposition in sight. Indeed, during the first year of the Administration, the most effective opposition came, not from the demoralized Republicans, but from discontented Democrats, like Governor Smith and Senator Carter Glass; and it has been difficult to make party capital out of the scepticism with which the often contradictory expedients of the Administration have been received in critical circles. This difficulty has been keenly felt by the leaders of the Republican party, who have been comically nervous about getting off on the wrong foot on their march to power. Staunch party men like Senator Robinson, of Indiana, with none too safe seats to look after, have beaten the war drum, but the United States has not yet reached the point of taking a lead from contemporary Indiana. Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, still, fifteen years after his father's death, Theodore Roosevelt, junior, has uttered grave words of warning, but he is so far a voice without an echo. Dr. Wirt has raised a spook that, in the good old days, could always be relied on to frighten that timidest of God's creatures, the American businessman, but the menace of Moscow was oversold, like so many other things, in the great bull market. Then the great Harding scandals were merely another proof of Bolshevik devilry, for did not Stalin himself launch the mud-slinging campaign that, for a moment, darkened the reputation of that great public servant, Harry Daugherty? Dr. Wirt's kindred revelations were debunked by Representative Bulwinkle, and the eminent schoolman (American masculine form of schoolmarm), succeeded only in frightening the *Chicago Tribune*, the nearest thing to a no-ball in American political cricket.

The difficulties which face the Republican party have been made public by the fight over the office of Chairman of the National Committee. The American party system has no place for a Leader of the Opposition. A defeated presidential candidate fades out. Bryan and Theodore Roosevelt and, to a less

degree, Mr. Al Smith, are partial exceptions to this rule, but Mr. Hoover is not. The fiction that he would be the candidate in 1936 has lost whatever shreds of plausibility it ever had, and with that loss has gone the last semblance of party unity. Efforts were made to give the party a progressive tone by nominating a western chairman, but the Old Guard was strong enough to prevent that, and the Republicans have for chief of the party headquarters Mr. H. P. Fletcher, a former ambassador who has so far avoided taking sides that his selection can be represented as a victory for the conservatives and yet not a defeat for the progressives. The Committee has also gone in for progressive words; the party will be "liberal progressive", but will die in the ditch in defence of "individual initiative" (Mr. Hoover's slogan was "rugged individualism", so the progress is not startling). That something more drastic will be required to put the party on its feet is not a secret hidden from the more astute among the Republican leaders. Two generations of success have given the party fatty degeneration of the head, and it is not easy to abandon the habits of meaningless common-place which did so well for so long, but it will have to be done. Mr. Ogden Mills, Mr. Hoover's Secretary of the Treasury, and a possible for 1936, has even dared to suggest that more and more tariffs are not the be-all and end-all of economic policy, but such heresy has not yet won over the party leaders who have fought so stiffly to deny President Roosevelt the power to make tariff treaties with other countries.

There is something to be said for the attitude of the Old Guard of the Grand Old Party. They have seen popular discontent blow into a blizzard before; they have seen Democrats in the White House before. There was Wilson's "New Freedom" before Roosevelt's "New Deal", but after a time the people came to its senses and went back to the old safe party which, in the meantime, had been kept orthodox by such Fathers as Boise Penrose and his like who had preferred to see Wilson win in 1912 rather than see the party machine get into the dangerous hands of Theodore Roosevelt. Why should they give up hope now that the old magic will work, and their conviction that it would be rash to permit any tampering with the deposit of the faith? They are the *Veuillots* against the *Montalemberts*. In

any case, they can read the lesson of 1932 to suit themselves. Mr. Hoover was not one of theirs; he was an amateur, and the party paid for the folly of trusting an amateur. In the disasters of 1932, the few party assets that were saved were saved by the Old Guard. For if it lost such leaders as Senator Moses, the six States that stood by the party were all solid for the most rigid orthodoxy and, apart from those States, there were wide areas that were unbroken in the rout all over the rural sections of the East.

If Republican disunion is one great asset of the President, Republican disreputability is another. At every critical moment of the past year some new scandal has blown up and the victims have been usually associated with the opposite party. This is not surprising. The Republicans, like the French Radical-Socialists, are not more corrupt than their rivals, but as they were more likely to be in power than their rivals, they were more subject to high-pressure buying of political favours, and it was under the blind or benevolent eye of a Republican administration that the American people were robbed with such virtuosity, and the American people is still too sore to forget it. Even if it were ready to forget, new cats are constantly being let (or dragged) out of the bag—and the Insull trial is still to come!

It would be nice for the Republicans if scandals would break the other way, or if the discontent of the small business man, given wide publicity with the publication of the Darrow report, could be capitalized, but a real championship of the small man, a common front against both labour and big business, a programme which has paid well in Europe, would require histrionic talents of a rare order. The spectacle of the Republican party defying both the American Federation of Labour and Wall Street in defence of Babbitt is not likely to get beyond the state of a shadow or a waking dream this year; and efforts to untie the tin can of Wall Street's alliance with the party, so adroitly fastened to the Republican tail by Mr. Pecora, etc., will not be successful in time.

On the other hand, it is conceivable that business men of all grades will be scared by the rise of a militant labour movement. The President's adumbrations of a system of unemployment insurance and other indications of a swing to the Left may scare

all ranks of employers into unity. In any event the Administration must, sooner or later, make up its mind about its labour policy. Does it really mean to protect or foster independent trade unions or not? The administration of the N.R.A. has displayed at least two minds about it, and attempts to do the trick by law have broken down for the time being before the resistance of the Weirton Company, a corporation resolute enough to defy the administration and to win what may be a decisive legal victory over it; a defeat which may mark the turn of the tide—or be a new Dred Scott case, driving men from law to action. If crop restriction, by law or by act of God, fails to restore the golden age of the farmers, the counsel of Secretary Wallace may be listened to and those sections of big business, notably the motor industry, which want an export market may combine with the cotton and corn sections to assail the tariff.

There is plenty of impatience, anger, and disappointment in America; by November there may well be a lot more. It will be the task of the President to direct that anger and impatience against his opponents (if they have come out into the open), to ask and receive authority for another measure of recovery and reform. In all his experiments he has hitherto received astonishing support, but some of his reforms have probed deeply into social wounds and have offended very powerful forces which will readily turn to their advantage any slackening in public interest, any distrust of presidential wisdom. The Republicans, the conservative Democrats, Big Business, will rely on the fickleness of the American people. Thirty years ago, a competent observer declared that "as a people, Hinnissy, we're the greatest crusaders that iver was—f'r a short distance. On a quarter mile thrack we can crusade at a rate that wud make Hogan's frind, Godfrey th'Bullion look like a crab". It is the President's main task to turn this sprinter into a distance runner.

THE NATIONALIST

BY SHERWOOD ANDERSON

I

WHAT charms you about all of this travelling about America is not the scenery but the people met. I met the nationalist on a train coming out of New Orleans. We were both bound for New York. It was at the height of summer and his face was red as my own. Drops of sweat stood on his broad forehead and little rivulets of sweat ran down his fat cheeks. There were few passengers and I found him sitting alone in the lounging car at the end of the train. A conversation began at once and I told him I was a writer.

It is a good plan. He was so evidently a successful business man, and successful business men are curious about writers. For a moment he looked at me, I thought with suspicion in his eyes, and then something, no doubt my easy grace of manner, my eagerness to be social . . . I had on a good, conservative suit of clothes . . . he decided to expand.

He began by giving me a cigar. "Don't be afraid", he said, "it's a good one". It was.

"And do you write for the popular magazines?"

"Sometimes", I said. I did not tell him how infrequently. He expanded more and more.

"There is no doubt that he is an important man", I thought. There was even a kind of melting, not caused by the heat. He had small grey eyes and they looked at me eagerly, even a little greedily.

He began at once to tell me his story, the story of his adventures in life. All Americans do that, and it developed that he was a rat man. At first I didn't understand. "I am in the rat game", was what he said. I knew at once that he would be at the top of any game he was in. Presently it developed that

he was in reality a rat king and, again looking at him, I began to think that he would inevitably be one of our American kings.

Everything was explained carefully, elaborately. We had plenty of time. By rats he meant the muskrat, a rodent I had known in my boyhood.

The muskrat used to live along the creeks in my Ohio country and I had seen them there. As I remembered them, they were nearly as large as cats. Their pelts had a certain value. As a boy I had known another boy who set traps for them.

"Oh yes. I know. I understand now."

But I did not understand. It was obvious that this man, with his air of command . . . there was something in his manner not unlike an army general . . . with a certain large assurance and confidence in self . . . could be no setter out of muskrat traps, skinner of muskrats, simple dealer in the pelts of rats. "This man had not got to where he is, buying pelts from country boys such as I used to know", I thought.

He was however explaining, and at once he differentiated between the Northern and the Southern muskrat. Like a good many Northern men who come South, he was more Southern than the Southerners. He spoke with a kind of contempt of Northern rats, saying that they were over-valued. For a long time there had been a notion abroad that the Northern rat was superior. "It is all nonsense", he said. I gathered that he personally had had much to do with a gradual change he said was taking place in public opinion.

As for the Southern rat it had its home, its paradise, in certain swamp lands near the city of New Orleans. A great many people had a misconception of the city and where it stood. They thought it was at the mouth of the Mississippi River but it wasn't. It was more than a hundred miles from the river's mouth and stretched away to the East and the West, far to the East and far to the West, where there were thousands, even millions, of acres of swamp lands. "Oh yes", I said. I had heard that.

What I did not know about was the great rat industry that had gone on for years in these swamps. There were these millions of acres of swamps and more millions of rats lived in

them. There had been an industry built up. All through these swamps, he explained, there were people living. The rats lived in the swamps and these people lived upon the rats. They were trappers, living in the swamps. Their houses were built upon stilts stuck in the ground. They lived in boats.

"The Cajans", I said. "Yes", he replied.

It happened that I knew something of these swamps.

"It is where the mosquitoes come from", I said, and he laughed.

So there were these people who lived in the swamp lands. They were trappers. They spoke a bastard French. I gathered that for a century or more they had lived thus, in the swamps, not owning the swamp lands, paying each a small sum each year to the owners of the land. Although they were poor, they were an independent and a proud people.

And then the rat king had appeared. I do not know whether or not the man I met on the train was the actual king. He told of what had been done, but he spoke in the plural. "We did so and so", he said.

II

The swamp lands had been acquired. There had been a company formed. The central idea, I gathered, had really been the welfare of the rats in the swamps and the trappers in the swamps. A company had been formed and millions of acres of the half submerged lands had been acquired.

There had been a struggle. The trappers in the swamps had been gathered in and everything had been explained, but at first they had not understood. It was not for the good of the trapper or the rat that things go on as they were. These men had been too independent. Each man paid his yearly sum and went as he pleased into the swamp. He set traps as he pleased.

It had all been carefully explained, the man on the train told me, but the trappers were very stupid men. "Now you will no longer work for yourself. You will work for us." The land would be divided and subdivided. "You may put your house here or there. We will say where you may put your house. We will lay out your trap line for you. Life will no

longer be a gamble. You will not go on as you have done in this uncertain way. You will now work for wages."

As for the Southern rat, I gathered that he needed protection. There were certain years when the salt waters from the gulf came up into the swamps and the rats died by the million. Places of refuge had to be provided. There were certain men among the trappers who caught rats too early or too late in the season. It was odd that the trappers did not, would not at first understand all that was being done for them. There had been a long and bitter struggle, but in the end the rat company, headed by the rat king, had won.

There were other things to be taken into consideration. The Southern rat had never been properly publicized. He was like so many other outstanding features of the Southern civilization. The Southern rat had been looked down upon. The man on the train became charming in his wholehearted defence of the Southern rat and in his concern for Southern civilization. With his big hand he pounded upon the seat of his chair and his jaw became set.

"You'll see", he declared, "the time will yet come when the Southern rat will come into his own!"

He explained to me many things that could be done with the Southern rat. It had to be caught, to be sure, at just the right season of the year. "This business", he said vehemently, "of allowing a lot of selfish individual men to run about over the swamps!" They took everything from the rats and gave nothing back. You could not allow a matter of such great importance to the whole South to remain in the hands of individuals. They caught the rats too early in the season or too late. The pelts were not treated as they should be. In the hands of experts in such matters the Southern rat could become anything. It could become mink or otter or even beaver. The future of the Southern rat was something tremendous.

The man whom I took to be the rat king of the South explained everything to me. Now that the rat industry was being controlled, everything was being thought of. In reality, for example, the flesh of the Southern rat was delicious. There was a good deal of prejudice about eating rats, but it was all nonsense. It was like the American prejudice against eating

snails. The French did it. They found the snail a delicious morsel. Experiments were being conducted to change the flavour of the rats. They could be given the flavour of the most delicious fish or even of venison.

The man on the train came near weeping, thinking of all this.

"Think of it", he said, "all of these tons of delicious food wasted. And men often going hungry, too", he said.

He said that there were certain difficulties to be overcome. There were the so-called pure food laws. A lot of silly reformers had got at Congress. "The flesh of the Southern rat is delicious", he said again. He smacked his lips. "These damn reformers", he said.

He looked steadily at me.

"You have no use for such people, have you?" he asked.

"I think they are very un-American", I said; and, "you are damned right", he agreed.

III

He had got now upon the subject of laws. He himself was a law-abiding citizen, but there were certain laws, laws put through by the least American of our people. Did I ever go to Washington? "You writers", he said. He thought we writers must have a certain influence.

He became more and more in earnest. It was evident that a new thought had come to him.

"There is something else", he said. He looked about the car. A small and aged woman in black had come into the lounging car, but she sat far away. He lowered his voice. There was, he said, a matter he thought he should speak to me about. There was my position as a writer. No doubt I had friends. There was a law that had been put on the statute books that was hurting him and his company.

It concerned, he said, a thing called egrets. Did I know what an egret was? "Aha!" He thought not. The egret was a bird. It was a mischievous and terrible bird. "Look at us", he said. "We have fish hatcheries all over the country. The egret lives on fish."

The egret, he declared, was a bird that did not belong to America. It was not an American bird.

Still it came here. It came in thousands into the land he and other good Americans had acquired. It did not come, he said, to live in America. It came only to breed and it happened that this particular bird . . . it had a peculiarity . . . at the time when it was sitting on eggs and brooding its young . . . the young would not stay in America when they grew old enough to fly . . . they would fly away to South America . . . they were really South American birds. . . .

And it happened that these birds . . . at just a certain time . . . when they were brooding these foreign youngsters . . . at that time there were feathers that grew on them, very delicate and beautiful feathers . . . women liked to wear them on their hats. He said that he did not blame the women.

"I think that our American women are the most beautiful women in the world", he said. "I would deprive them of nothing."

But it had happened. A lot of women reformers . . . they were probably old maids . . . they had done it. A law had been passed.

"We cannot shoot these birds", he said. "If we could shoot them they would bring us in thirty to forty dollars apiece."

"It isn't the money I am thinking about", he said. There was a grave injustice being done. "These egrets", he said again, "are not American birds. They are foreign birds and they come up here only to eat our American fish."

He thought that I, being a writer and if I were a good American, should do my part to correct such a glaring injustice.

"You have friends", he said. "You could ask them to write to their Congressmen."

He gave me another cigar.

"Will you try to do something about it", he asked, and I promised I would.

"I will write about it some day", I said, and "That will be splendid", he cried.

He said that nothing made him so sad as the thought of these millions of native American fish gobbled up each year by these damned foreign birds.

WAR DEBT REALITIES

BY DR. M. J. BONN

I.

THE American demand to the British Government for the payment of 262,000,000 dollars might reopen the problem of international debts, which has been left in abeyance since the Lausanne Conference. The old American denial of a connection between reparation payments and the different sorts of inter-Allied war debts has come to the front again. The Americans have obstinately stuck to this denial ever since financial negotiations were entered upon, during the Armistice, between them and the European Allies. Formally, no doubt, they are quite right. Lending money to one's friends and squeezing an indemnity out of a beaten enemy are two quite different propositions. And they are not merely splitting hairs. If the Allies had lost the war, or if there had been a peace without victor, no reparation payments would have been received. But the money lent to the Allies by the American Government for buying arms and raw materials in the United States would have been spent anyhow. Politically-minded Americans have always felt rather uncomfortable about the use of this purely legal argument. For the agreements which the United States concluded after 1923 with their various allied debtors were based on their "capacity to pay"; and this capacity to pay was greatly affected by the payments they might receive from each other under their debt agreements, or from Germany under the reparation clauses of the Treaty of Versailles. When the United States assessed the capacity of their separate debtors, at various dates, they tried hard to eliminate such indirect connections; complete exclusion of them was clearly out of the question. The Young Plan—which would never have seen the light of day but for official and unofficial American

activities—was based upon the assumption that Germany must provide the European Allies with the means of paying the United States.

When concluding their separate debt agreements, the United States had been very reasonable. It insisted on the repayment of the capital, spreading it over a lengthy period. By charging a very low rate of interest to France and Italy, it reduced their burden considerably. England fared less well. The reductions granted to France have been estimated at fifty to sixty per cent of the total value of capital and interest, whilst England, at best, benefited by about thirty per cent. Italy, on the other hand, whose government had discarded democracy, was forgiven nearly eighty per cent of her total obligations, caused by a war to make the world safe for democracy. These various debt agreements were made at a time when interest rates were very much higher than they are today. For this reason alone, they have become somewhat fictitious.

Americans have never tired of repeating President Calvin Coolidge's utterance with which he refuted cancellation when it was first mooted to him: "Didn't they hire the money?" The American view is that the inter-Allied debts arise from a business agreement between business partners, which must be kept like other contracts. The United States Government strongly insisted on the sanctity of contracts at a time when their people aspired to the role of the great international creditor nation. At that particular moment it would have ill suited their game to permit old debtors to wriggle out of their old contracts, when they were entering with them into new contracts. This attitude is no longer tenable. Currency devaluation, into which England was forced in 1931, and which the United States took up as a deliberate policy in 1933, may not be called repudiation. It is an arbitrary one-sided annihilation of contracts, especially when the Gold Clause, devised as a protection against such breaches, is declared void in national as well as in international agreements. This policy was pursued in order to protect the debtor against the fall of prices, which had made his burden more onerous. This consideration applies with greater justice to inter-Allied war debts. The fall from war-prices to the present-day price level was not taken into account when

the debt agreements were concluded. In any case there is not much use in standing up for the sanctity of contracts when the right to break contracts, not only between a government and its debtors, but between all debtors and all creditors, solvent and insolvent, who have put their trust in the currency of a particular country, is considered a wise, constructive policy. Currency depreciation is a form of repudiation made respectable by deriving it from the conception of national sovereignty. It is collective bankruptcy, indiscriminately offering to debtors whose capacity to pay is in no way impaired the same advantages of relief as to their broken-down colleagues.

The resurrection of the debt question is due to the changed financial situation of the United States Government. For many years, the United States budget produced a handsome yearly surplus which was used for paying off debts. This situation is changed completely. Huge deficits are piling up which ultimately have to be met by the American taxpayer. In these circumstances, the payment of two to four hundred million dollars a year which America expected from her foreign debtors—all of which, by the way, is at the charge of the German taxpayer, if the Lausanne agreements are not maintained—look rather attractive to the American taxpayer. Small wonder that his representatives get excited when they read in the papers that the British Budget has yielded a surplus, but that Great Britain is unable to pay her debts to America; that she is in a position to reduce the income-tax by sixpence, but does not even apologise for omitting from her Estimates any provision for payments to the United States.

II.

International debts can only be paid over a long period of time by services and by goods. The United States, it is said, insisting on high tariffs, refuses to accept goods. Even before the recent suggestion of payment in kind, this was rather an exaggeration. Many commodities such as rubber, silk, tea, coffee, cocoa, potash, tin, palm nuts, enter the United States duty free; others pay a duty which is shifted to the United States consumer. The debtor countries do not produce these commodities; but they could, by paying for them in their country of

origin, provide the United States gratis with them. For a long time the American authorities argued, moreover, that there was no difficulty whatsoever in consuming the annual debt surplus accruing to them, without additional imports. They could send out vast hordes of tourists, who would eat up goods and services in debtor countries without in any way interfering with the existing balance of trade. And if that was not sufficient, they were quite willing to let the surplus due to them stand over abroad in the form of loans. The end of prosperity has demolished this argument. Debtor countries, like France, go on offering goods and services on a very large scale for the enjoyment of the American tourist; as his income has been greatly reduced, he is no longer in a position to avail himself of them.

The loan argument was at the bottom of the Dawes Plan. Germany was supposed to pay a standard annuity of a hundred and twenty-five million pounds in marks without resorting to government loans; she experienced no transfer difficulties for over four years, whilst huge sums were paid and transmitted. For her creditors lent to her private citizens, her municipalities and her states more than double the amount she was made to pay. Lending of that sort does not settle the problem of indebtedness. It merely postpones it. The great influx of capital into a country may so increase its productive capacity as to make the payment of the original unproductive debt very easy. But as experience has shown, it may work quite differently. Bad debts do not become good debts by the issue of additional extravagant and unwisely invested loans.

Huge payments of goods in discharge of debt may easily dislocate a creditor's economic system. The transfer problem is a problem of dislocation. A debtor country can pay by reducing its imports and by deflecting them into the creditor country. It can do this by reducing its own purchasing power through heavy taxation. This would not change the world's total foreign trade. The debtor country maintains its exports, using part of them to pay for imports directed to the creditor country. As the creditor country's taxpayer has been relieved of part of his tax burden he can increase his consumption. If England through very heavy taxation drank less tea, and if

the tea saved and paid for by her could be sent to the United States and consumed by the American people, a war debt within these dimensions could be easily discharged. Shiftings such as these are not easily accomplished; few countries are willing to reduce their standard of living. They prefer paying their foreign debts by increased production and exports, if possible without reducing consumption. To do this, purchasing power and cost of production at home, in money terms, must be reduced by a great economic effort, either by cutting down wages and interest rates, as was done in Germany by decree in the autumn of 1931, or by an efficient discount policy, which raises the cost of credit and lowers prices, or by depreciating the currency. If successful, the output of goods is increased in all three cases, exports to the world markets grow in quantity, and are accompanied by a heavy fall in world market prices. The shock is probably most severe when a policy of currency depreciation has been adopted, which easily leads to competitive currency depreciation by other countries. The debtor country in this case is trying to maintain its standard of living by producing more goods at lower costs, and by consuming and selling them at lower prices.

Both methods of producing an export surplus were followed in Germany under the Dawes Plan. To decrease imports, a protectionist policy, especially for agricultural produce, was devised, and to increase exports, the wholesale rationalisation of German industry was decided upon. A double repercussion followed. Agricultural production in Germany was greatly stimulated. Foreign agricultural countries, unable to sell to Germany, had to intensify their methods of production by lowering costs and by increasing output. All over the world agricultural prices began to fall. Industrial countries, on the other hand, had to protect themselves against the cheapened additional exports of German manufactured goods by tariff raising—and tariff raising again increased industrial production all round. The object of protection is price-raising. It succeeds today by means of cartels and quotas. Home prices can only be maintained by stimulating exports artificially, either by direct and indirect bounties, or again, by currency depreciation. Over-production of goods for the world markets,

agricultural as well as industrial, is thus greatly stimulated on both sides; prices in the world markets must fall. The weight of the debts is increased; bankruptcy of the exporting agricultural debtor countries is bound to follow.

For quite a long time these developments were hidden by international private loans. They greatly reduced the amount of goods actually needed for discharging obligations in kind. But they made definite adjustment much more difficult, by counteracting the fall, and in many cases forcing a rise, of prices. Taxation for paying foreign claims, if properly enacted, ought to reduce prices at home; foreign loans used for expansion of home industries drive them up. But as soon as the flow of these credits is interrupted, the natural forces assert themselves, and prices fall. For some time differences, no longer bridged over by credits, can be paid in gold. When this is done, prices in the gold exporting country ought to fall, if deflation is allowed to take place; they ought to rise in the gold importing country, where credit expansion ought to follow. For political reasons, neither movement has been allowed full play. The outcome has been the well-known mal-distribution of gold, and ultimately, when political shocks supervened, the sudden withdrawal of credits, such as happened in Germany and in the United Kingdom in 1931.

The German crisis compelled the United States to propose a moratorium on the Young Plan. Without the postponement of the United States claims, Germany's chief European creditor France would not forgo hers. And if the political creditors insisted on being paid, the private creditors, the holders of those loans which had made the payment of reparation debts fairly innocuous, would be the first sufferers. This action, which tardily acknowledged the material connection between debts and reparation, came too late. The German credit system nearly collapsed; the United Kingdom gave up the gold standard, ushering in the era of competitive currency depreciation in which we live now, and in which it seems paradoxical to insist on the sanctity of debt agreements.

III.

It is essential for the maintenance of the capitalist system

that contracts between debtors and creditors should not be broken. It does not matter very much that Russia has repudiated, for Russia is above, or beyond, or below, capitalist standards. The United Kingdom must not get the reputation of deliberately breaking its engagements. From this point of view it seems a pity that the British Government has not offered another token payment. It would have been up to the United States to refuse it; and their last note shows plainly that they would not have liked to do so. This might have obviated the wild talk about repudiation in the United States, as the willingness to acknowledge the obligation was evident. The United Kingdom probably could afford repudiation. It will scarcely need loans from America, and it need not be frightened of the Johnson Act. And since the deliberate breaking of the Gold Clause the standing of the United States in respect of contract obligations is not good enough to entitle it to moral censorship. But in these days, when all financial obligations are taken very cavalierly, anything which might be construed as repudiation ought to be avoided.

Mere formalism is, however, not sufficient. In the capitalist system the right to profit includes the duty of loss. The capitalist who has financed a bad concern must put up with the loss of his money. He must bow to the fact that an overburdened debtor may be under an *obligation*, but is not in a *position* to pay. Bankruptcy is not fraudulent when claims are beyond capacity to pay.

During the reparation discussions, experts have tried hard to find a handy definition of capacity to pay. Capacity to pay may be said to be unimpaired as long as a government can gather the money needed from its taxpayers by taxing their income, without encroaching on their capital and without forcing them to borrow or to omit necessary replacements or reasonable expansion. They must be able to do this regularly over a long period. As long as this can be done, capacity to pay exists, and it might be said that as long as taxation remains within these limits, transfer abroad might be effected. Such taxation will reduce the taxpayers' consumption, and ultimately force them to a lower standard of living. This will lower prices, and cheapened production would ultimately overcome all foreign

obstacles against imports, short of universal prohibition. The outflow of gold, which might happen, would lead to a stringent bank policy which, in its turn, would attract foreign capital and reduce prices. From an abstract point of view there may be no transfer problem as long as these conditions are fulfilled, and as long as we live in a world which obeys the rules of abstract economics.

Such conditions exist nowhere. Paying taxes in relief of a foreign taxpayer is not a problem of analytical economics. It can be done in a moderate way as long as the consciousness of moral obligations is alive. As time goes on, this consciousness is apt to be blurred. President Wilson was quite right when he insisted that reparation payments must be done with within the lifetime of a single generation; for a generation which is not aware of the circumstances in which the obligation was contracted may not honour the bond its predecessors issued. A nation can make an unheard-of effort during a short time. The French payments of 1871-75, which resulted in the evacuation of French territory, and the payments of Germany during the year 1931, show that clearly enough. Neither the strain of taxation nor of transfer can bear indefinite prolongation.

The Dawes Plan provided a mechanism to test Germany's capacity to pay. Certain sources of income were set aside to provide tax-revenue in marks. This revenue was paid into the hands of a creditor's agent whose duty it was to convert it into foreign currencies. He was to stop these conversions whenever there was danger to the stability of the mark. But he was to retain the revenue and invest it in Germany, until conversion (transfer) could be resumed without any risk to the currency, or until the funds accumulated in Germany surpassed two hundred and fifty million pounds. From this point on taxation was to be remitted; for Germany's capacity to pay was supposed to have been overstepped. (These provisions of the Dawes Plan furnish the prototype on which present-day Germany has elaborated her system of blocked marks.) As payments must never endanger the stability of the currency, the creditor was bound to give a transfer moratorium. The debtor goes on paying the debt, most of which is returned as a loan to his own enterprises. It is a great pity that the Dawes Plan was not allowed to stand long enough to test these automatic provisions.

The fear of a great transfer crisis which would unfavourably affect private loans by American citizens to German enterprises made the United States use its influence in having the Dawes Plan replaced by the Young Plan.

IV.

Stability of currency is no longer considered the best test of economic equilibrium. But from the conflict of opinions certain essential points have clearly emerged. A country which desires stable, and even rising prices, like the United States, must be moderate in its claims on its debtors. The payment and the transfer of considerable sums of money cannot be done without some sort of price depression in the markets of the world. The debtors must either reduce their cost of production and their price level by non-monetary means, or they must do so by currency depreciation. The depreciation of one currency is equivalent to the appreciation of another. The United States has been bent on currency depreciation; it has started an exchange fund, not so much with the object of preventing violent seasonal fluctuation as by way of defence against the currency measures of other countries. It imagines that other countries, like Great Britain, desire to use their own exchange fund for exchange manipulations, in order to depreciate their national currency. If England were to pay her full debt to the United States, it could not be done without reducing British prices, or at least the prices of British goods, on the world markets. Under a manipulated currency, price depression will be accomplished by currency depreciation. The United States exchange fund can easily prevent a rise of the dollar in relation to sterling. It can always sell dollars and make it less lucrative for British exporters to sell goods in the world market in depreciated sterling. But by doing so it cannot secure payment of inter-Allied debts. It can only make it more difficult and plunge the world into the chaos of competitive currency depreciation. It is paradoxical to insist on the payment of political debts in order to keep contracts inviolate and to maintain confidence in the punctual fulfilment of particular obligations, if systematic currency fluctuation and systematic undermining of confidence all over the world are resorted to in order to accomplish it.

The United States has entered upon a policy of safeguarding debtors' interests, without much discrimination. It has reduced debt burdens by more or less collective bankruptcy measures in order to avoid difficulties at home. Are the debts with which the world has been burdened by the war, and by foolish expansion after the war, of greater sanctity than farmers' debts, or United States gold obligations?

As in other cases, a settlement is needed between debtor and creditor, and it must be made without destroying the basis of credit and of confidence, but without undermining too the basis of international co-operation. As long as the settlement of the inter-Allied debt question is deferred, there is always the danger that somebody may start the reparation question again, which has only been buried conditionally. Neither demands nor negotiations will produce another penny from Germany; but they scarcely would improve the world situation. But for the foolish reparation settlement, the political development of Germany would have been very different from what it has come to be. There are no more dangerous links between nations than unwieldy international debts. Liquidation ought not to be allowed to stand over too long and prevent the world from making a new start.

This can only be accomplished by sacrifices on both sides, and not by trusting to clever tricks. Payments in kind, the latest American proposal, can facilitate transfers, as German experience has shown, if they are made as "additional exports." To offer commodities like rubber or tin to the United States, which they can buy in the markets at the same price and in the quantities needed, does not solve the problem. The British Government need not buy dollar bills, if transfer of these goods is made in kind, but, as the American consumers would not have to pay for them abroad, they would not offer sterling bills. Payments in kind are of use only if they are payments in goods which otherwise would not be accepted. They cannot be offered without a corresponding sacrifice on the part of the debtor country's taxpayer. If he is not willing to make it, discussions on payment in kind will be abortive. But as the scope for payments in kind is rather narrow, if limited to additional exports, there is a chance for sober compromise.

FLIGHT FROM CALCUTTA

BY PHILIP JORDAN

WE left the city an hour before dawn, and on our way to Dum Dum flying field, the exiguous air port of Calcutta, stopped only to pick up the first edition of *The Statesman*, India's most famous newspaper. The streets were already filling: shivering and barefooted workers, their pallid skins shining through the rags in which they were enveloped, shambled between the high walls of Calcutta's commercial palaces. They were all silent: intent upon rubbing the sleep from their eyes and upon keeping their under-nourished bodies warm, they walked like men who were dreaming of unhappy things. In the chill morning, that was so soon to give place to a noon of overpowering heat, the city looked and felt like Marseilles. Tall houses with green jalousies lined the streets through which we drove. In the lamplight we could only see the crude primary colours of carelessly hung posters, and because we moved swiftly past them their purport was lost. Many were hung, as in France, upon cylindrical kiosks erected solely for the purpose of displaying them. At open corners, across which the wind blew, we could smell the remote sea; and had we not constantly met bullock carts, loaded with produce for the markets, the illusion of a Mediterranean littoral would have been complete.

It was already light when we reached the flying field, which was smothered with the most brilliant dew I had ever seen. It was deserted, and the only signs of life were the sleeping petrol attendant, rolled in a blanket, and a white rice-bird, like a small heron, which had no business to be scavenging on such solid ground. The superstitious manager of the Koninklyke Luchtvaart Maatschappij, who had driven with me from Calcutta, said that it was a good omen to see that bird, for the Dutch aeroplane which was to take me home was called the "Rijstvogel"; and he took the trouble to translate the name as "rice-bird".

Wireless telegraph messages arrived every few minutes to say that the machine, which had been the victim of ill-luck ever since it had left Batavia, was rapidly approaching Calcutta; and I was assured that we should leave for England before seven o'clock.

At six-thirty the Indian Air Services liner for Dacca was wheeled out of its hangar, and two passengers climbed into its gleaming fuselage. The pilots wore sun-helmets. Ten minutes later it was circling the field, and disappeared towards the north-east. Its departure awoke the still sleeping field from a long night. Several small machines belonging to members of the Bengal Flying Club left the ground and engaged in aerobatic contests. It was their pilots' form of early morning exercise.

Shortly before seven, when the dew had gone, the K.L.M. manager came out to tell me that the "Rijstvogel" would land within the next five minutes. It arrived on time, flying low over coconut palms as I had seen it hundreds of times in those seductive photographs which illustrate the windows of international tourist agencies; and as it flew, droning gently, low over our heads, the stark and exciting words: "Java-Amsterdam" were visible upon the bright blue floor of its immense body. It hit a bump on landing, and the tail wheel and rudder were smashed. Despite the adequately expressed belief of the three hysterical Americans who climbed out when the machine came to rest, that the pilot was incompetent, it was an accident that might have happened to anybody.

We drove back to Calcutta, as deflated as the tail wheel of our monoplane, and there we spent one of those days which, because we had made other plans for it, seemed like a boring and quite gratuitous addition to life which we should have preferred to do without. Our suit cases were packed and our money had been transformed into travellers' cheques, those dull and hideous slips of paper that give no indications of the miracles they are able to perform. To unpack the former and transmute one of the latter was a necessary work performed with grudging regret. It was a Saturday, and in the afternoon the bookshops which we had ransacked that morning were closed, so that there was nothing to be done but to pay a visit to the races, where even the winning of a "tote double" that paid three hundred rupees for

five, was no compensation for a day that had been entirely without meaning.

At length it closed, and at five o'clock the next morning we were called. Two hours later we were in the air. Far away to our left flat Calcutta lay in a thin nightgown of mist that it would discard almost as soon as we were out of sight. It was cool and pleasant in the still air, and in that flying home that was to be ours for at least five days, we felt an immediate intimacy that is known nowhere else. There were but three passengers now, a Dutch banker who read a book by Mr. Phillips Oppenheim more slowly than any thriller can ever have been read before, the only one of the three hysterical Americans who retained sufficient courage to continue his flight, and myself. The two pilots, perched high in their cabin ahead of us, were munching thick sandwiches, but the mechanic, who had worked unceasingly for twenty-four hours on the rudder and tail wheel, was stretched out on a long chair and was fast asleep. The wireless operator, whom we somewhat unkindly nicknamed Van der Lubbe, was experimenting with a short-wave wireless set, by means of which he was already in touch with Amsterdam.

The prospect of a flight that would last five days had seemed an excellent opportunity to read books for which, in London, there is never sufficient time; so I opened my bag and poured volumes of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* and Rousseau's *Confessions* on to my table, only to be later convinced that a railway journey to Peking will be necessary to finish the former.

We flew over sandy and arid wastes, so devoid of habitations that the myriad tracks that lay across them must have been made by tireless animals in search of water. From the air it looked as though a multitude of crazy bicyclists had once been condemned to ride there in perpetuity, but that this sentence had been remitted only a short while before our arrival. Occasionally we crossed a river, and, all too frequently, wide forests whose presence caused us to sway and bump in the disturbed air that nearly always lies above them. It became desperately rough, and shortly before noon I was glad to catch sight of the Allahabad flying field beneath our port engine.

We turned and sank towards it. The chief pilot shut the throttles of his three engines, and a silence that was almost

tangible filled the cabin. In flying there is no more startling moment than that. No amount of aerial travel ever accustoms the passenger to that sudden break in a perpetual roar, for it is precisely the unexpected silence which recalls the fact that for the last few hours one has lived peacefully in the very epicentrum of incalculable sound, and has remained unaware of it. I know of only one physical experience which is comparable with it, and that, almost the precise contrast, is to stand upon the quiet bridge of a battleship knowing that in less than a second a salvo of fifteen-inch guns is to be fired from the decks beneath.

At Allahabad we drank ginger beer and filled the monoplane's wings with petrol. A quarter of an hour later we were on our way to Jodhpur. The mechanic served us with lunch: cold meat, salad, cheese and hot coffee, which we devoured thankfully as a talisman against air sickness, for it was still rougher than I had ever known before. All afternoon the rocks beneath us were black as though they had burned furiously for immemorial years. For the most part they had been purged of trees, and only occasional strips of vivid green plush, brighter than new billiard tables, marked a human dwelling place, for they were rice fields coming to maturity. There were so few of them that the landscape soon became intolerably wicked to look upon. I adjusted my chair until it was almost as flat as a comfortable bed, and slept. We reached Jodhpur at five in the evening. Our first day's travel was finished, and it had been none too pleasant. That we were not to experience a moment of roughness for the rest of the journey we did not then know.

Smart American cars drove us from the flying field to a hotel whose garden, filled with hollyhocks and snapdragons, and with a bright green lawn in its centre, seemed out of place in the middle of the huge desert over which we had flown all day. It belonged to the Maharajah, and was furnished with all the distasteful modernity and lack of craftsmanship which characterises the greater part of the Tottenham Court Road: its dining room, indeed, looked pathetically like the displayed advertisement of a hire-purchase furnisher who has long convinced himself and almost everybody else that his only interest is the discomfort of his customer. After the splendid beauty of our

monoplane, where every fitting had a meaning and a function, the hotel was tawdry. But the baths were hot and the food was excellent.

We hired a taxi and drove into the walled city. Its highest battlement was flushed with the edge of a tall precipice, and its streets, just wide enough for an elephant to pass, were lined with the turbulent faces of men and women who, on that one day in the year, come out together in the evening to watch a procession celebrating the fertility of women. We abandoned our car—now become an impediment to progress—and walked through the crowded streets. The shops were ablaze. In almost every one of them cheap American alarm clocks made a formidable display. They rang so often and, in the still air, so loudly that they drowned the incessant chatter of the crowds, now aligned on the steps of houses and of shops. A courteous cobbler invited us to use his shop as a grand stand: he was too busy to worry about a procession which he had seen every twelve months for more years than he cared to remember.

Led by an illuminated zinc peacock in two dimensions, the procession arrived late. In its wake came the painted elephants and the dust-coloured infantry of the rajah, followed by a string of superb and glossy horses, all maintained by the taxes which this penurious multitude was called upon to pay. Between two contingents of cavalry marched the unveiled prostitutes of the town, heavy with beaten gold. Then more illuminated birds: on each plume of their zinc wings a naphtha flare swayed gently. Above us was the full moon, and here before our eyes was a procession of immemorial age. Had we thought that an aeroplane was waiting for us two miles away we should have had some difficulty in believing it.

But it was. We started before dawn, long green flames leaping from our exhaust pipes, our cylinder heads glowing a dull red. Below us the street lamps of Jodhpur were like small necklaces; and in their feeble light the mountain fortress, vivid with colour when we had first seen it, was now a monstrous shadow, blacker than the sky from which the moon had gone.

At Karachi more petrol and more ginger beer. A gaunt latticed tower stood rusting at the far end of the field: it was the lonely mooring mast which had been built to hold fast the

"R.101" at the end of its first perilous journey. No one goes near it now, as no one went near it then. We circled over it when we left, and then forgot it. Half an hour later British India was behind us, and I do not believe that any of us were sorry.

For the rest of the day we flew over the sea, along the edge of a barren and inhospitable coast. Below us gigantic horned flat fish basked beneath the surface of a pellucid sea. We opened the windows to take photographs of them, well aware, I think, that in the finished positive they would never be apparent. From time to time a spit of flat land shot out under us to end in jagged rocks. Sheltering under their lee were sandy villages that appeared to have no economic justification. No faces were lifted to greet us, and it struck me then that so common has the air mail become in the lives of those impoverished fishermen, who have probably never seen a train, that civilization's latest revolution, the aeroplane, is more familiar to them than it is to the inhabitants of Manchester or of Edinburgh.

Occasionally the sea would be streaked for miles with strips of vivid ochre that must have been iodine: they lay like plumes on the surface of a water so everlastingly still that it might have been ice, so warm that it shimmered beneath its veil of heat.

We spent that night at Jask, on a bare and flaccid peninsula that commands the entrance to the Persian Gulf. We could see the domains of the Sultan of Muscat as we flew in, like enchanted glass rocks far over the water: how enticing they looked when compared with the hamlet towards whose levelled ground we were now rapidly sinking—but then, how enticing Jask had looked when seen from the distance. When my British passport appeared I was subjected to a customs examination more thorough and more uncivil than that of my fellow travellers, none of whom could boast my unpopular nationality, none of whom could boast a share in the oil concessions of that dry and arrogant country. It was a salutary experience after the cringing and imposed servility of India!

There is no hotel at Jask. What appears to be its only habitable dwelling place is a bungalow belonging to the K.L.M. where we were to stay the night. We sat on the veranda waiting impatiently for the arrival of the Java mail, whose path was to cross ours at

that point. It arrived shortly before dusk, flying low over the water so that it was silhouetted against the crimson sky. Once more I saw the words: "Java-Amsterdam" on the blue fuselage, and seeing them again made me realise how minute the world has now become. Had I known that before I was to reach London I should have a more shocking illustration of this fact I might have paid less attention to those words and thought less of them than I did then. We sat under stars as bright as candles, and drank Dutch gin until well after midnight, for our meeting with the other aeroplane had, for us at any rate, something of a "Stanley-Livingstone" feeling about it, although we differed from them in that there was no champagne but plenty of gaiety.

We were in the air before five o'clock the next morning, and day did not break until we were well up the Persian Gulf and on our way to Baghdad. I was so impatient to see that legendary and fabulous city that I did not sleep long that morning, although I knew that we were not due to arrive until the early afternoon. Every mile or so up the Gulf small fishing villages baked in the sun, and from where we were I could see the nets spread out to take the morning's catch. Equally I could see shoals of fish that lay static beneath the surface, and I wanted to call out and tell the fishermen beneath precisely where to place their boats if they were anxious to make a haul. How they lived it was impossible to discover, for from Jask to Bushire there was no sign of cultivation beyond a few date palms, arranged like soldiers in dingy green helmets that had been tortured by the wind.

Bushire is a soft aerodrome at the north end of the Gulf. It was here that a soldier on the make confiscated my camera, because it was not bound in wire and sealed with the arms of Riza Khan in such a manner as to make it impossible to use. It cost very little to get it back, although the partly exposed roll inside it is now, doubtless, a permanent exhibit in the offices of the secret service at Teheran.

How interminable that wait seemed. Baghdad, whose name more than any other evoked for me sublime images that were almost palpable, was only a few hours away, and here we were, wasting the daylight and filling our gigantic tanks with a reserve of petrol that we should probably not require. But eventually

that wait came to an end, and in an hour's time we were flying above the mouths of the Tigris and the Euphrates. Endless marsh land, peopled only by scraggy birds, stretched on all sides of us: the living rivers had split into a thousand streams, and each stream into a million puddles. When at length the rivers themselves emerged from the fen we could see them for miles, winding and twisting, apparently quite unnecessarily, across green plains that were as flat as a mantelpiece. It seemed that they would have found it easier to travel straight. It was the first green land I had seen since leaving the high tea gardens of Ceylon, some ten days earlier, and, from the air, was so like England seen through a magnifying glass that it induced an acute nostalgia and a desire to be home before the spring was over. How desolate it was, though. There were a few scattered villages, and it was only innumerable flocks of goats which became panic-stricken when our shadow passed over them that indicated life of any kind. Indeed, so strange a desolation hung over that rich alluvial land that it seemed almost as though we were flying across a lunar planet of whose precise nature and structure we were totally unaware. When we passed over a sailing boat moving so slowly that it left no wake, the illusion was gone.

A chain of football grounds announced the wonder city of Baghdad. Football grounds gave way to a power station and to high voltage transmission cables of gigantic size. Long roads, at whose intersections equestrian statues were an epidemic, flung themselves into a city that was the colour of something which has lived long under the sea. It was pale and grey and looked blind, a Paris made of mud and devoid either of dignity or green trees. The sluggish Tigris wandered across it, and on its banks pretentious hotels advertised their imported American attractions. No Haroun has ever trodden its macadam streets; its Scheherazade is a loudspeaker tuned in to the studios of the western world. Its aerodrome was an efficient copy of Croydon, and the meal which was placed before us bore all the imprints of British culinary culture—tough chops, half-boiled carrots and Empire Cheddar cheese. By a country's food shall ye know its true rulers.

I was not sorry to leave. We had started a day late and it

was here that the pilot decided to begin making up for lost time. We were bundled back into the aeroplane, and flew some three hundred miles into the desert. Flat sand lay underneath us all the way, and its monotony would occasionally be broken by more herds of goats, but we saw no road and no houses until we reached our destination, Rutbah Wells.

Rutbah is one of those fortresses made infamous in this country by American film versions of life in the Foreign Legion. It stood quite alone, three hundred miles from the nearest house, three hundred miles from the next water supply. No roads connected it with any centre or any town; no telegraph either. Seen from the air it was a lonelier place than one could have imagined in one's most misanthropic mood. Yet it was here that I found one of my oldest friends, whom I believed at that moment to be in London. He was there for what in all probability will be the one hour of his life that he will ever be there; I in exactly the same position, except that he was going east on a world tour for a London Sunday newspaper, and I was going west. It is impossible to convey the sense of shock which that meeting produced in us, for we had both been so cut off from the usual round of life for what now seemed centuries, that it took several minutes to adjust ourselves to a sudden return to what he had left behind and what I was going back to. I think we both laughed. I know that the bottle of beer we drank to celebrate that moment cost us twelve shillings. At nine o'clock in the evening my friend left for Baghdad in the giant motor omnibus that had brought him from the port of Haifa in Palestine. Its chauffeurs were a White Russian and an Australian, both of whom drove without compasses over a desert without roads, and drove all through the night. Besides my friend, it carried a Polish girl going to fulfil a concert engagement in several Iraqi and Persian cities, a Canadian welder and half a dozen travelling salesmen. The ferocious sentries, who idled perpetually about the fort, and I said good-bye to them with regret.

At dawn next morning we were already flying over Palestine, where the desert eventually starts rippling and then gradually gives way to green humps of fields and to thriving white cities, on whose edges we could see signs of considerable building

activity. Far away on our right were snow-capped mountains, rosy in the early sunlight. They seemed to have no connection with the earth which still lay under a heavy mist. Suddenly the ground fell away from us, and there, stretching into the folds of a thicker mist, lay the Dead Sea. Below us was the Jordan, a miserable stream, winding as best it could between high and weather-beaten rocks. It was strange to see these places with whose names one had been familiar all one's life in such a particularly intimate way. There they all were, Jerusalem, Bethlehem and even Jericho, and although it was easy to pick them from the map, it required the assurance of the pilot that they were indeed those cities before one could really believe that, in fact, they did exist and that, in fact, we were pursuing our shadow across their flat roofs.

We breakfasted at Gaza, on the edge of the Mediterranean, and less than two hours later had crossed the Suez Canal at a height of three thousand feet, and were in Cairo. We changed a passenger here. The young American left us to catch the New York boat, and a Dutch postal official took his place. Although we were scheduled to remain here for the night our chief pilot decided that it was now time finally to make up for the day which we had lost in Calcutta; and he announced that we were to leave for Athens immediately.

A strong wind was blowing, so strong that the baby aeroplanes which belonged to the more opulent members of the British community were landing at almost full speed in its teeth. The Company's flag, hoisted in our honour on a staff not twelve feet high, flapped with the noise of incessant rifles. The air was full of sand. We mounted quickly, turned, and leaving Cairo on our left made for Mersa Matruh, the ultimate end of the East. In seven hours we should be in Europe.

Far away, beyond the end of the white city, I could see through the haze, what looked like a triangular door cut into the sky. It was a symmetrical shadow, jet black with indeterminate edges, and was so obviously the entrance to tenebrous and eternal shades that I asked the pilot what it was. It was the north side of the Great Pyramid.

The houses died away from under us, rich green fields pushed their salients into the desert, became sparser and finally were no

more. It was hotter than it had been since we left Calcutta, and I slept, only to be awakened by the sudden silence that marked our arrival at Mersa Matruh, surely the bumpiest flying field in the world. While we were filling the tanks with petrol I took a long walk across the rutted and weedy ground—next time my feet touched the soil they would feel under them the enchanted carpet of Greece; and Africa and Asia would be behind me as were so many other pleasant and unpleasant things of life. I tried to decide into which of the two pigeon holes I would put them, but I knew that this flight, which had justifiably earned the title of “the experience of a life-time”, would force them into the former. And it was almost with regret that I climbed into the “Rijstvogel”. We were getting perilously near the end. Like a child sucking a stick of barley sugar I wanted to postpone the moment when only the taste would remain upon my palate.

We left the land behind us almost immediately and flew above a sea so blue that it could only have been adequately illustrated in a series of crude picture postcards, or properly compared with the armour of a rare beetle. As we progressed north its colour changed; the violences of Asia gave way to the calm and intoxicating tenderness of Grecian seas. We marked our passing from one continent to another, not by the peoples or the fertility of the land, but by the unbroken sea. It was the most wonderful afternoon I have ever spent in my life.

As we were approaching Crete the pilot beckoned me into his cockpit, and handed over the controls to me. My feet on an aluminium bar, my hand on a wheel whose column was pivoted, I drove the ship through a clear sky, but through a sky so exquisitely ordered that it draped the islands below us in a sublime and innocent haze. Over the extreme tip of Crete I banked and shifted our course several degrees to the east. There was no violence in our movement; although we were travelling at far more than one hundred miles every hour we moved with less effort than the small coastal steamers beneath us that were calling at islands whose amethystine rocks appeared to be made of cotton wool, and whose smoky green folds were velvet of a shade I had never seen before. Had we carried parachutes I

think I should have asked if I might float down into Polygandros, which, from the air, gave precisely that impression of sleepy joy for which one has hopefully scoured Europe but which still remains to be tasted. White villas, vineyards, sandy beaches and no living person visible to disturb the peace; no ripple even to mark where the cliffs of Polygandros sank into the sea.

And then Athens. We crossed the edge of the city, peered over the shoulder of the Acropolis at the Piræus beyond, and landed on a long narrow field, bordered with vines and cypress trees. It was the first green aerodrome on which we had landed. A parsimonious gentleman drove us into the city and to the Hotel Grande Bretagne—parsimonious because he switched off his engine whenever the ground was flat enough for us to make a hundred yards on the impetus of a previous twenty miles an hour. In our faded and historic hotel, distinguished by the diversity of its nickel-plated plumbing and the multiplicity of its electric light switches, I had the first real bath since leaving India. I got as much pleasure from it as from finding that I could manipulate the lights in my room from no less than four different places. The lift indicator was nearly as long and as exciting as a novel by Edgar Wallace, but so slowly did it move that I preferred to walk down six flights in order to be sure of reaching the Acropolis before the sun went down. My companion was the Dutch postal official, who, by repeating a list of geographical names, assured our taxi driver that he could speak every European language except Greek, but it was nevertheless I who was compelled to talk to him in French. We reached the Parthenon only three minutes before it was closed for the night, but it was worth having made that hurried climb to see, fading before the sun, one of the very few really complete and satisfactory triumphs of mind over matter that the world has ever seen. There was no passion in this architecture; it was an intellectual pleasure so far removed from the Gothic riots of the north and from the depravities of the east, that it was like a complicated and varying formula in three dimensions which is “so easy when you know how”. My companion informed me with hollow glee that in two hundred years the powerful fumes from the Piræus gas works

will have destroyed the Parthenon, and that only dust will mark where its fluid beauty now stands.

When we drove out to the aerodrome next morning I looked at the hill, a shade blacker than the night, but for all that I could see the Parthenon might have gone already. As we were leaving our hotel a tipsy gentleman returned from a night club, and muttered *salauds* every time he caught sight of us from the corners of his twisted eyes; but we liked him, for his debauched air gave us an unusual and undeserved sense of moral rectitude. In every street night-cabarets were discharging their guests, and the air was hideous with the bark of motor horns, all of which were being blown quite unnecessarily. Four soldiers stopped us on our way, more, it seemed, for the pleasure of a long conversation with our driver than for the purpose of checking our business. On the aerodrome, a line of huge flares already marked the road into the wind, and a quarter of an hour later they were like weak candles far below us. We turned, flew over the city and they were lost to sight. When the sun came up behind us we were flying along the Gulf of Corinth. Below us was a strip of inland sea, and on either side snow-covered mountains filled the horizon; to see their tops we had to look upwards. Beneath our wings lay history. Lepanto and Patras I picked up from the map, but Missolonghi, to my lasting regret, I missed. Then more open sea; and eventually the heel of Italy. I could relax now; I felt that I was home. I slept. When I awoke and peered over the side I could see Capri below us; its Faraglioni, around which I could not remember how many times I had swum, were minute and powerless from a great height, but the hanging town itself was as beautiful and as exquisite from up above as it is when one first steps from the funicular and breathes the air of its ridiculous piazza.

We spurned Naples, and made direct for Rome. It was raining now. Across the drained and dreary marshes of Ostia, drilled with long white roads that die suddenly in the fens, the capital rose into our vision, ringed with aerodromes and high-voltage cables. Athens is a white city, but Rome is yellow ochre. We crossed it in a few minutes and landed on the far side of the yellow Tiber, to find ourselves surrounded by a horde of officials, all of whom wore different uniforms. We

might have arrived at a waxworks show. When I stepped into the cold air, I realized with horror that not only had we been in Rome and Athens on the same day, but that we had been in them the same morning. I say horror, because it is only those who have experienced that shocking transit who can realize to what minute proportions the world has been reduced. But that was not all. Speed was in our pilot's blood now, and he announced that he was going to try and make Amsterdam that night, calling at Marseilles on the way! If we could do that, the future of civilization was a quantity even more unknown than stay-at-home theoreticians could imagine. How true then became that hackneyed phrase about "the annihilation of time and space"!

But the pilot proved to have been optimistic; we were not to reach Holland till the morrow. Storms and thick clouds barred our way, and we climbed above them to 10,000 feet, then when they too rose, came down in silence until we were not more than 500 feet above the island of Monte Christo, a charred green rock at which I would have liked to stare for more than the few seconds it took us to cross it.

After Corsica the air grew clear; and opposite Cannes we met the Amsterdam-Java mail which had left Holland early that morning. We came into France over the village of St. Tropez, where I had once lived for two years. To see it from the air, to recognize its cafés and the houses of friends who were quite unaware that it was at me they were looking, gave me for the first time a real sense of isolation and of impotence; and I, who have so badly neglected them, wanted then desperately to communicate with them. To avoid the forbidden zone around Toulon, we cut inland, and for an hour flew over a living and permanent exhibition of Cézanne canvases; red sand, dark olive trees, hills and the warm glow of Latin houses, all composed with the serene perfection of the master. How dreary after that was the desolate field at Marseilles where we landed almost simultaneously with a Luft-Hansa machine, on whose gleaming and corrugated body arrogant black swastikas had been freely littered by inartistic hands.

The weather reports were bad, but we went up the Rhone valley to Dijon, whose wide military aerodrome was dotted with

wondering and untidy conscripts waiting to push our monoplane into an empty hangar. I replenished my store of unread books and later we, who had breakfasted that morning in Athens, dined in the very centre of gastronomy's capital city. Fine Burgundy, the first I had tasted since leaving Europe three months earlier, was finer and richer than it had ever been before; but what really enchanted my palate was the renewed taste of good bread, for it was, I now discovered, that very taste which I had missed since my departure from England. With what pleasure, too, did I see a faint frost on the ground next morning as we drove out of the city. The roads were lined with bare trees whose buds were just opening. All these things I had forgotten, all of them came back with a serene poignancy more beautiful than I had thought would ever be possible. I could not believe that when leaving them behind me I had omitted to note their disappearance, and that I had been interested in things unknown rather than in pleasures which I took for granted. True nostalgia is a longing for something forgotten, not for something left behind and remembered always.

We were in Amsterdam at nine that morning, and only the sight of Brussels, black and riven with railway lines, made me realize that my part of Europe was not all frost and opening trees, but was grim and hard as well.

We all said "good-bye" with regret, but with no delays; our companionship of five days had been close, but superficial; and now that the journey was over there were other things to be done. The "Rijstvogel" was wheeled away, its long journey over. Even the pilots did not watch it go. I had boiled salmon and cheese for breakfast while waiting for the London mail; and a few hours later was at Croydon. I could not believe that just over four days earlier I had seen Calcutta, that yesterday I had seen Athens, and only the day before yesterday had been in Asia. For that reason the only real answer to my wife's question as to whether I had enjoyed my flight—to me so powerful a stimulant, so superb a gratification and so unrepeatable and enviable an experience, seemed to be the one I gave her: "Oh it was all right, you know."

At that moment there was nothing else to be said.

POLITICS IN TRANSITION

BY W. HORSFALL CARTER

IN his penetrating if somewhat perverse study of *Government in Transition*,* Lord Eustace Percy calls attention to the paradoxical situation which domestic politics now reveal. The prestige and popular appeal of the "National" Government have noticeably diminished; yet "the alliance between different schools of political thought that brought it into being has become quietly and steadily stronger"—and this in spite of the Liberal secession. It is not just a question of personnel. The fact that men with pre-war minds are vainly trying to grapple with post-war problems has certainly not escaped censure. But, with the single exception of Mr. Walter Elliot, no younger politician has emerged from the ruck to warrant the hope that the next National Government will be any improvement. The serious press does its best for Mr. MacDonald and his associates. But one has only to go about a bit, or visit a news-reel cinema theatre, to realise how low their stock has fallen.

As regards foreign policy, a matter on which the ordinary man and woman feels particularly strongly—well, Sir John Simon is not exactly popular. By a complacent and sanctimonious manner, it is true, he has brought upon his own head a resentment which, strictly speaking, should be directed at the whole Cabinet. I do not propose to discuss here the Government's shortcomings in this field. But, as Mr. MacDonald himself fully realizes, disappointment with the Government's record at Geneva is playing a big part in the revulsion of feeling against the saviours of 1931. It is scarcely likely, nevertheless, that the Labour Party can, as it did in 1929, capitalize this discontent with a Cabinet which has hopelessly bungled British relations with France and with America, because on the peace

* *Government in Transition*, by the Rt. Hon. Lord Eustace Percy. (Methuen.)

question it is itself so divided. Indeed, aside from any question of foreign policy, by-election results certainly do not justify the assumption that Labour is sweeping the country. They only attest the general disillusionment, expressing itself more often than not in a poll of barely forty per cent. of the electorate.

The notion of a political synthesis and of a government that *can* govern, precisely because it is not manacled by ancient dogmas or party programmes, has taken deep root in that subconscious where the Englishmen keeps his political nous. The hungry sheep of this new revolutionary era in which we live—for, as the Prime Minister himself has observed and Mr. Walter Elliot underlined in a recent broadcast, the revolution is in progress here as much as in any other country—look up and are fed with scraps from a political *olla podrida* which might have been concocted at any time during the last twenty or thirty years. Not having any sufficient motive at present for changing its rulers, the long-suffering British public is really beginning to despair. The more intellectual and revolution-conscious expatriate on the amenities of the Moscow road, without, however, any positive suggestion as to how the main body of confirmed individualists is to be marched up it. The “hearties” and the disgruntled party men are rallying to the pinchbeck leadership of Sir Oswald Mosley, the one political paladin who deliberately sets out to “record” the sympathy of a generation eager to address themselves to the task of constructing a twentieth-century cosmos. As Lord Eustace Percy says, “there is a popular demand for active government almost for its own sake”. And Sir Herbert Samuel, too, echoes this sentiment: “The country is clamouring for leadership, definite, constructive leadership . . . leaders must lead and not be supine.” Indeed, if the charge popularly levelled against the National Government (rightly or wrongly) had to be summed up in one word, it would be that of being “supine”. Whatever an older generation may think, the mass of the people nowadays do *not* take their political opinions from the newspapers, still faithfully recording an age that is past. The B.B.C. has done a great deal to “educate our masters”, the crisis still more. Consequently, among the more impatient, the wurzel-flummery of Fascism, yes, and even the patronage of our latter-day Warwick, Lord Rothermere

(who used to call himself a Liberal), is forgiven to a man who, like Sir Oswald, though suckled in the old traditions, contrives to clothe them in the new “revolutionary” idiom.

Meanwhile the National Government, stung by Sir Herbert Samuel’s gibe that they were meeting Blackshirts with night-shirts, is manifestly casting about for some means of attracting the great mass of sober and respectable citizens who deplore present-day extremism. First of all, there was the National Labour Committee’s luncheon at the Trocadero to celebrate two years of National Government, with its invocation of the household gods of Englishmen: “At this moment we are the sole guardians of that form of constitutional democracy which took its rise in this country”, etc., and its plain intimation that the expedient of 1931 was now intended to be the ground-plan of a new political edifice; then the motion of Commander O. Locker-Lampson designed to forbid the wearing of uniform, etc., to indicate political opinions, for which the Government would dearly love to have taken credit had it not been so promptly smothered in an unrehearsed parliamentary scene. Finally, in desperation the National Government has resorted to advertising its own merits by poster and placard, as was promised at the National Labour luncheon—a method which will hardly commend itself to a generation inoculated against the advertising virus. Moreover, the actual achievements of the National Government are not in question. It is their capacity for exploring new country, for “speeding up their thinking to the precipitate rhythm of the age”, in Professor Zimmern’s words, which is doubted.

The first result, of course, of the slump in National Government stock has been to revive the drooping spirits of the party zealots. Good Conservatives are straining at the leash and preparing once again to demand Mr. Baldwin’s head on a charger. Sir Henry Page Croft, at Bournemouth, talks of “losing the substance of a great Conservative majority for the shadow of so-called ‘national’ unity”. Actually the recognized Conservative leaders—apart from Mr. Baldwin—continue to speak a language which is dead. And so long as they do so their party is likely to suffer much the same fate as the old Conservative groups in Germany. Labour enthusiasts, on their side, are

confidently assuming that the dear old swing of the pendulum and a proper respect for parliamentary democracy will in due course bring "the Party of Progress" into office, and even power—if only the egregious Sir Stafford Cripps can be smothered. Even the Liberals are taking heart. Sir Herbert Samuel, at Newcastle, announces that the party intends to put at least four hundred candidates in the field at the next general election!

Writing in this Review last October, I sought to show that the *Labour* Party, as such, has shot its bolt. To place emphasis on a class basis, whether it be the sentimental working-class appeal of a Maxton, or the Marxian affectations of your intellectual Socialist, is to forfeit the chance of an effective parliamentary majority. Yet the Labour Party is now hopelessly committed to just that course. Sir Stafford Cripps's guileless attempt to win over the great body of non-partisan voters who really decide elections, is doomed to frustration, not because of his bold claim for emergency powers, not even by reason of his thorough-going programme (Sir John Simon, when he echoes his great Liberal forbear: "We are all Socialists now", is very much nearer the truth than the Attorney-General seeking to obtain kudos for the National Government by defining its primary objective as the combating of Socialism), but because his Socialist League, too, is patently a prisoner of out-worn political dogma and class-war claptrap, which has really never established itself in the Englishman's political consciousness. The "nationalization of the banks" is a case in point. The authors of successive Socialist programmes seem to be incapable of appreciating the distinction between administration and policy. No one in his senses questions the fact that, as administrators, the directing heads of the British banking system have no equal in the world. But, on the other hand, there is an increasing number of people who are convinced that the policy being administered is one which is totally unsuited to the particular needs of the present age. Mr. F. C. Clegg, President of the Bank Officers' Guild, would appear to be referring to a prospective socialization of credit when he stated in his recent address to members that "banking control is coming, not as a political stunt . . .", but as an inevitable adjustment of society to "the dire needs of an industrial world in chaos". What finally excludes the possibility of the Socialist

League leading a Labour Party to victory at the polls is the doctrinaire character of its proposals, most of all perhaps the phrase about workers' control, which was introduced at the Leeds conference as a deliberate challenge to the common-sense views of Mr. Herbert Morrison and the more experienced party leaders.

It is on the strength of the undying British dislike for snap formulæ that the Liberal Party continues to stake its claim to be the authentic Left alternative to the present Government. Arguing that the Cripps-Cole bid for dictatorship (as the situation is presented in the "bourgeois" press) has already alienated the majority of the liberal minded who, in 1929, voted for Labour as being the more up-to-date progressive party, Sir Herbert Samuel and his lieutenants are now quite seriously bidding for the succession. The idea may be summarily dismissed by *The Times* as "magnificent, but not sensible". There it is, however, and consequently the programme of policy outlined in the Liberal Party's "address to all progressive-minded men and women" should be briefly considered. There is, first of all, the *obbligato* emphasis on liberty, and the basic premise that the State exists for the individual and not *vice versa*. It is doubtful, however, whether this attempt to capture the prevailing anti-Fascist sentiment will really gain a single vote for the Liberal Party. The peculiar English brand of liberalism, with its ingrained respect for human life, law and institutions, has ever transcended party bounds. Mr. R. A. Skelton, protesting against *The Times'* prognostic as to the ultimate extinction of the Liberal Party, uses this as a justification for the Party to save the country from alternating periods of "herd instincts and class interests". Lord Lothian, in his pamphlet, *Liberalism in the Modern World*,* frankly admits that herein lies the great weakness of the Party.

In its demands for reform of certain manifest defects of the industrial system, and in its proposals for industrial and works councils in each organized industry, an element of profit-sharing, a minimum wage enforceable by law, etc., the Liberal Party programme continues along the lines laid down in the Yellow Book. Land settlement and national development are also

* *Liberalism in the Modern World*, by the Marquis of Lothian, C.H. (Lovat Dickson.)

among the goods in the shop-window. But the god of Liberalism is a jealous god, and we are reminded that any development projects must be governed by financial conditions. Indeed, "retrenchment" is seen to be queering the pitch for "reform" throughout the programme—e.g., "the scope for social action is vast . . . its pace must be determined by finance".

What kind of appeal indeed can this liberalism have to that younger generation, sick of party slogans, and impatient of the whole bag o' tricks, of the economics of scarcity which, I repeat, now constitutes the decisive factor at the polls? On the question of monetary reform which, together with that of war or peace, is the crucial issue of our times, all that the Liberal programme has to say is that "the existing arrangements for the supply of capital by the bank to private industrialists are in some respects defective"! What, of course, finally damns the whole policy is the continued prostration before the free trade fetish. "Complete free trade" is still held up as an ultimate aim, with a trade agreement among low-tariff countries as the immediate objective, and in the meantime the conventional complaint about State subsidies and other obstructions, the old, old cry "to clear the channels of trade", which stamps the nineteenth-century mind, remote from present-day realities. It does not yet seem to have dawned on the "Liberal" mind—which is found, of course, almost equally among many who call themselves Conservative or Labour—that the present trade stagnation is the inevitable outcome of the competitive struggle between industrial nations, and results not at all from the war changing a harmonious universe into chaos. Free trade and the "international" monetary system related to it were essentially the form of economic policy adopted by this country's instinctive economic egoism. Now that the last remnants of our industrial monopoly have been dissipated, we, too, have *per forza* introduced tariffs and other devices to try and restore a "favourable trade balance". The parallel is very close between the long-standing championship by Great Britain of free trade as an economic philosophy, which happened to suit the British book, but which our money interests sought to impose upon the world for the world's good, and the post-war "security" philosophy of France as preached from the Quai d'Orsay.

Some, but not many, Liberals who are not in party blinkers are now ready to recognise that science and the rebellion of spiritual forces in the name of the nation have wrought havoc with the dear old Liberal world. That is the meaning of Mr. Aylmer Vallance's courageous bid through the *News-Chronicle* for a new Radical party of the Left. Mr. Vallance has dared to say that "a free trade world has gone for ever", thereby causing any number of good Liberals, it is said, to become apoplectic. He has also frankly admitted that there is no hope of the Liberal party ever attaining office again with a clear majority: that the problem, therefore, for Liberals is one to be defined in terms of influence. The project of a Lib.-Lab. coalition and minority rule at Westminster hardly seems to be prospering, however, mainly owing to obstruction (from both sides) by the party machine. In any case the metamorphosis of political and economic life since 1929 has removed the foundations for any such middle party committed to the comfortable doctrine of redistribution of wealth by taxation. The middle of the road is very often, in fact, in these days of surging motor traffic, the safest place; yet you will never convince the average pedestrian that this is so!

In 1931 the nation, when offered the alternative of a Labour Party obviously all at sea in a situation unknown to their Liberal or Marxian text-books, and a "National" conglomerate, committed at least to the salvage operation of restoring British credit and balancing the budget, naturally chose the latter; but with a mental reservation. When the time for reconstruction came, no one really imagined that Messrs. Neville Chamberlain and Runciman, for instance, would be the men for the job. That 1931 vote was a typically English postponement of decision. Now with every other country, not excluding France, embarked on a new twentieth-century course, Great Britain too must decide whether there really is a social law of gravitation requiring that the function of government—i.e., administration of the *res publica* in the common interest—should translate itself into terms of the party game. The two-party system is admittedly the distinguishing factor of British parliamentary government: the one reason why the system worked in this country and provided two and a half centuries of stable government. An essential

corollary of that system, however, was that those who occupied themselves with politics were agreed on fundamentals. Today, at any rate, in England and in France, no less than in countries where the parliamentary system has been rejected as nineteenth-century junk, the old party alignment is meaningless. Not even by re-christening Right and Left Fascism and Socialism, can the party hack resuscitate old enthusiasms. The whole point about up-to-date political thought and action is that it is Right *and* Left, National *and* Socialist. And the National Government, some of whose members have not really shaken off party trammels, seems to be incapable of that dynamism which the situation demands. It is convicted of maintaining on the whole a Micawber-like attitude, while leaving the political stage to be occupied by party ghosts and a histrion in a black shirt whose undoubted abilities do not include the most essential: an understanding of the national psychology.

Happily there are signs that behind the curtain of "politics" in the narrow connotation of the term, the stage is being prepared for the new drama. The new and encouraging factor, since the World Economic Conference, is the acceptance by leaders of thought in almost every field (though least of all by economists and Members of Parliament, still chewing the cud), of the fact that the nineteenth-century trend of production and trade has to be reversed, that home development and not loan-built foreign trade is the way out of the economic trough. Not selfishness, but science, dictates the new economic nationalism, together with an appreciation of ordinary human impulses far more accurate than the intellectualist conceits of Bentham and his disciples.

The Times cannot be too highly commended for extending the hospitality of its columns to those who refuse to accept the "iron laws" of the economic text-book and the continuing mockery of "poverty in plenty". The demand voiced by Sir Geoffrey Clarke and his co-signatories to their letter was, be it noted, for an investigation by Parliament of the fundamental principles which *should* govern the financial system. It was not a mere question, that is to say, of what adjustments and repairs of the currency mechanism might be advisable in order to facilitate recovery of international trade, etc. It is disingenuous to argue, as Lord Eustace Percy does, that the sole

function of money is to lubricate *exchange* when it is just this exchange fetish which the modern man declines to worship, knowing that its cult has only loaded humanity with chains of debt, and that science has set us today an entirely new set of problems. Our generation distinguishes between international trade proper, the simple exchange of goods and services, which is obviously to the mutual advantage of nations, and that fantasia of compound interest resulting from foreign investments which goes by the same name.

Thus, those who assume that the demand for rebuilding the financial machinery, national or international, is merely a question of the superior advantages of a commodity over a gold standard or restoration of this or that national or international price-level are firing on the wrong target. Neither redistribution of existing purchasing power, which is, after all, the aim of both Fascists and Socialists, nor a policy of mitigating one nation's distress at the expense of another—currency devaluation, etc.—is an answer to the growing number of intelligent citizens conscious of the transformation of material potentialities which the men of science have brought about and are bringing about. In the last hundred years our power to produce utilities has increased a hundred-fold, our power to consume them has barely doubled. The *Times* article, "A Case Against Gold", was a compelling protest against the latter-day Bourbons still entrenched at the Treasury and the various party headquarters who "would have us forget all that science has taught us, scrap the new machinery which has placed plenty and leisure within the grasp of humanity". The writer's strictures on the economic and financial system regarded as sacrosanct by so many of an older generation need not be recited here: they amount to the charge that it fails to deliver the goods, i.e., "to enable goods and services to be delivered as, when, and where required" (from a Letter by the Secretary of the Southampton Chamber of Commerce). As Mr. Harold Stannard wrote in the last number of the *Fortnightly Review*, the notion of supply and demand as "two uncontrollable forces automatically correlated by the mechanism of price adjustments" is today consciously repudiated. For the free market theory must be substituted deliberate organization of production and distribution; and that means, in the first place, regulation on a

national basis *e.g.* Mr. Walter Elliot's measures for agriculture, and then, somehow or other, ensuring that the would-be "consumer" has adequate purchasing power.

Anyone indeed who lays claim to having found his intellectual bearings in the contemporary world must acknowledge the primacy of politics. The one unpardonable offence of our forefathers, the wealth-creators, was, through a kind of hubris occasioned by the marvels of scientific achievement, to have divorced production from the notion of responsibility to a political community: nay, more, to have consistently allowed the economic to dominate the political *motif* in men's minds. How fatal such an inversion of values may be we see clearly in the recent history of the United States. There, too, the revolt of a whole people against the money power is manifest. But because of American conditions, which mark the nadir of civic responsibility, the first impulse was to cleave not to statesmanship but to technocracy: government by engineers, by nature equally unfitted with bankers to handle such a delicate organ as the State, *i.e.*, a living community. After all, the importance of President Roosevelt's "New Deal" has not been so much in any technical modification of the structure of American society as in his gallant attempt to challenge "boss-syndicalism" (Mr. Bernard Shaw's word), to rehabilitate the notion of the *res publica* in a country where *res privatae* have so long held undisputed sway.

That same issue between the *res publica* and the vested interests—of private enterprise, of trade unions, even of statutory bodies and, above all, of political parties—is going to be the stuff of politics here in Great Britain too. Of the general public's readiness for a New Deal there need be no doubt. The problem is to find the leaders, men who have a vision of the new social State portrayed by Mr. Walter Elliot, so different from that to which "Liberal" doctrine has so long accustomed us. Since in any case the process here will be gradual, the methods very different from those that have been employed in certain Continental countries or in America, cannot we give up talking in irrelevant terms of "Dictatorship and Democracy", "Fascism" and "Socialism" and bend our minds to the task of *responsible* government which is the peculiar destiny of our people?

DOES GERMANY MEAN WAR?

BY ROGER CHANCE

EVER since the triumph of Adolf Hitler in January, 1933, Germany has been the great riddle of Europe. And as one who has spent more than six of the past fifteen months in that country, I feel I have some excuse for joining the host of writers who relate and interpret what the Nazis have done, and what they intend to do. For of this I am certain: the new Germany is misunderstood in England—to say nothing of France and elsewhere—and can never be understood without first-hand knowledge of the German people and its leaders.

Aristotle long ago expounded the rule of political revolution, and history has confirmed his judgment. The National Socialist Revolution proved no exception to that rule: it was accompanied by violence and followed by dictatorship. Under the circumstances, however, one must admit that the violence was less remarkable (though more sensational) than the orderly behaviour of the country as a whole; and the Germans have some excuse for their charge of "atrocities propaganda" manufactured abroad. The "atrocities" took place, the excesses of revolution did, and do, occur, and we have every right to criticize them. But Germany has had a bad Press. Foreign public opinion has been encouraged to form a picture drawn, admittedly, from facts, but not from all the facts. As a journalist living and working in Germany—in the country, among the peasants, as well as in the towns—I soon came to see how distorted was this picture, though unpleasant blots remained on the new one I painted. Of course, I know that Mr. Panter, of the *Daily Telegraph*, and Mr. Stephens, of the *Daily Express*, thought the blots were most typical, went out to look for them, described them in a sensational manner, and were imprisoned for their unquestionably sincere pains. But I must say that my own experience has been that a foreign journalist in Germany, in contra-

distinction to Soviet Russia, can seek the whole truth and report it without arrest, if he carries out his professional duties in a reasonable manner. No man can avoid some bias of feeling. Perhaps a friendly bias towards the Nazis has prejudiced my opinion. I can only say that before going to Germany my bias was far from friendly.

The National Socialist Revolution was responsible for a number of problems that deeply affect other countries—the treatment of Jews and Socialists, the “Aryan” creed, concentration camps, German internal economy and finance—but they are beyond the scope of a short article. I shall therefore attempt to answer a single question which, if its full import is realized, goes to the root of many of these problems. That question is: Does Germany mean war? But, of course, one must needs explain what is implied by that question, while no short, simple answer can be given. Few civilized people in the world today—certainly not the generation that fought in the last war—want war as such, modern war as it is likely to be. Yet many want the things that may lead to war. In clearer terms the question should be: Does Germany intend to make herself strong enough to impose her will by force without regard to the law of treaties and the collective peace system? Are the Nazis aggressively militarist, nationalist, and preparing for war in the belief that no other method can serve their aims? An answer to be of any value must take into account German character, the history of Germany since 1918, the psychology of the people today, and the attitude of the various classes, groups and leaders bound together under Chancellor Hitler.

The outstanding post-war events should be mentioned: the blockade, the Republic and its struggle with Communism, the black troops in the Ruhr, the currency inflation and ruin of the middle classes, unemployment, civil strife, party armies, parliamentary chaos, hatred of the Treaties, lack of faith in Geneva. Of German character I do not pretend to speak with the authority of long experience, but observers are agreed in saying that these events produced a “defeat neurosis” which threatened to kill Germany, and was in the event cured by a new emotional faith and the discipline of a leadership that gave back, or promised to give back, what had been lost. The Germans had lost,

first, their morale. The young men, who in other days would have had their military training to start them off in their career, were demoralized by unemployment, and turned to Communism and civil warfare. The new democratic Constitution, and successive democratic governments, brought neither authority nor unity. Economic suffering drove families, classes and parties to mutual recrimination. Chancellors like Stresemann and Brüning, struggling with the Reichstag at home and Conferences abroad, failed to restore the national pride, the *esprit de corps*, the morale—that, first and last, was what Germany was groaning to bring to birth again.

Say what you will of Herr Hitler, in the vulgar tongue he delivered the goods (his own tongue is a spell-binding orator's, and not merely a mob orator's, as anyone who has sat near his platform must admit). Say what you will of *Mein Kampf*, the crude racial theories, and the obsession of hate against the Jews, the Chancellor is a man ripened by experience, a real leader. For most Germans he is a man apart, a man with a mission. But, in contrast to Mussolini, it appears that he cannot stand alone, apart from his friends. Say what you will of his methods, Adolf Hitler removed the “defeat neurosis” by giving first his party, and then the people, a renewed faith in the national destiny, leadership, discipline, organization and a programme. Germany was sick. Hitler had the genius to give the healing touch. Whether you look upon him as a Messiah or as a fanatical medicine-man who has drugged the Nazis into madness (such extremes of view are not uncommon), the fact remains that he brought about what no other had come near to doing—the renaissance of German *esprit de corps*.

A French word: let the French mark it well. Recovery of *esprit de corps*, of morale, is the vital thing in the familiar story I have related above. It is the vital thing in Germany today, it cannot be understood except in relation to that story; and if, as I believe, it is on balance a spirit which commands our respect, the birth pangs of revolution—the terror we have all read about—are in some measure excusable. But *esprit de corps* is at root a regimental term. How far is the Nazi spirit an aggressive, militarist spirit? Have the Germans merely recovered their will to power?

Wherever you go in Germany today (and I have lived north and south of the Elbe, in Bavaria and Brandenburg, in Munich and Berlin) you cannot help noticing the spirit of the people. They have a crusading, purposeful look in their eyes, yet it is not the look of mob fanaticism. Their relief at the restoration of public order in town and village is evident, and can be appreciated by anyone who had seen Munich under Eisner, or the fights between Brown Shirts and the Reds. Their faith and enthusiasm are being severely tested. But they still believe in themselves, in their country, and in better times to come. They support Hitler's party dictatorship of their own free will and even those who are not a hundred per cent. Brown Shirts and think there is much to criticize, are in a sacrificial state of mind, glad to endure much in the conviction that the Leader is working for the good of Germany. But not all the people, you may object; the nonconformists to Hitler's rule and racial purge are confined or banished. I answer that in my experience this unfortunate minority, however ill-deserved the fate of some of them may be, however cruel their treatment, however severe the blow to science and art, is not an irreparable loss to Germany. Revolutions are in any case hard upon heretics. National Socialists have begun to find out that the heretics can be very hard upon German finance and trade.

Even the most shocking facts can sometimes be seen in a new light when examined on the spot. In May *The Times* published details of the scandalous "Ritual Murder Number" of *Der Stürmer*, a weekly paper controlled by Herr Julius Streicher, the Nazi leader in Franconia. This attack on the Jews was indeed, as *The Times* remarked, "a gruesome production": it called forth a protesting letter from the Archbishop of Canterbury as being an act of which any civilized, Christian people ought to be ashamed. Readers no doubt said to themselves: "After all, the Germans are mad. . . ."

But it is Streicher who is mad, not all the Nazis. On returning to Germany towards the end of that month I took the opportunity of questioning Herr Rudolf Hess, the Chancellor's deputy leader of the party, about this incident. "Why do you allow this sort of thing?" I asked. "Surely you cannot approve of it—and do you realize the effect upon foreign

opinion?" He explained that *Der Stürmer* was a rather vulgar, simple-minded, but not widely-read "rag" which had taken up the fight against the Jews, and that Streicher was an old member of the party who had done good service and could not lightly be dismissed. The "Ritual number" was at once banned, a clear sign of the Chancellor's opinion. Knowing Herr Hess, and other moderate-minded leaders of the party, it is impossible to associate them with such fanaticism. They would be glad, I am sure, to see the last of Streicher. Why, then, one complains, is this sort of thing permitted under a dictatorship? Because an Inquisition is not easy to control, because there are many "leaders" in Germany, and the Leader himself is not ruthless enough with those who overreach themselves. It is, indeed, uncertain whether he can rule the whirlwind of hate that has arisen from his early preaching, though the German people as a whole is certainly not tarred with this brush of madness.

Apart from the confident bearing of all classes, and the widespread mystical worship of Hitler, the most noticeable features in Germany today are the Nazi flags, the uniformed S.A. and S.S. (Storm Troops), and the young men working in the Labour Camps. Wherever you go, in village or town, you are almost certain to pass a column of marching Brown Shirts, or to hear, in the dust of evening, their rhythmic tramp and the deep-throated, staccato chorus of their songs. You cannot help admiring their physique, their youthful ardour. If you know any of them personally, and especially if they are Bavarians, you will be inclined to say: "These people are just like ourselves". But why are they drilling? What are they training for? Yes, the military note is inescapable. I call to mind two meetings addressed by Herr Hitler, the one in the Sportpalast at Berlin, the other at Munich where the veterans of the party were like old soldiers on parade. I cannot forget the German Ski Championships at Berchtesgaden, when field-grey Reichswehr troops mixed with Brown Shirts wearing daggers at their belts, and General Göring, at the prize-giving ceremony in a torchlit square, spoke from a platform surrounded by staff officers and Nazi guards. When I visited the Labour Camps, and saw the young men working, drilling, disciplined, but happy,

I could not help thinking of soldiers on duty behind the battle front, twenty years ago. All these parades and pageants have been described as "militarism", and "preparation for war". Yet my own conclusion is that this is a false analysis, due in the main to ignorance of German character, of the emotions and thoughts that are dominant in German public opinion today. What this involves has to some extent been suggested in the preceding pages. Let us examine it more closely, as it affects the principal question at issue: Does Germany mean war?

The state of mind is all important. The problem is first a psychological one. I think most observers will agree that the following traits have been brought out by the National Socialist victory. The spirit engendered is religious, emotional, revivalistic; it is proud, even truculent, sometimes ruthless, conscious of recovered morale and power; it resembles in certain aspects the "spirit of the trenches", abolishing class feeling, and able to bind men together as brothers because they have a common ideal, a common danger or a common enemy. We know what great things a group of men, or a nation, can achieve under the impulse of united feeling. We know what destructive, barbarous things they can do. National revivalism can easily be changed into the war fever. We are anxious to find out what is the common objective of the Nazi spirit—the ideal, the danger, or the enemy, if there is one.

At home there are the economic and social problems, with the threat of Communism in the background. The Storm Troops, so much criticised, and other Nazi organizations, such as the "Hitler Youth", help to maintain party courage and public order; they keep young men, often otherwise unemployed, healthy and in good heart; they serve as organized units through which the party can train its members. These are the reasons given for their continued existence. I find them valid. Of course, one must not overlook the semi-military training, the military handbooks, and the fact that the S.A. and S.S. are the nucleus of a military reserve. But there is also the German disciplined, uniformed habit of mind to be remembered, and the acute sensitiveness to her position in a strongly-armed Europe.

Why, then, did Germany leave the Disarmament Conference? This, it was said at the time, was an acute political move by

Hitler, who wished to distract the minds of the Nazis from internal failure. In fact, he correctly judged the national sentiment, Nazi and non-Nazi alike, which, tired of delay at Geneva, offended at foreign judgment on the Revolution, was bursting to make a gesture of defiance. Perhaps legally and diplomatically unsound, it was morally inevitable. I do not regard it as a militarist challenge to the collective peace system, but rather as a sign of impatience at not being admitted sooner to that system on equal terms, already, in December, 1933, theoretically granted. Just so with rearmament, disarmament having been so long deferred. The temper of Germany demanded a material symbol of her recovered morale, a material fulfilment of the theoretical grant of equality, and adequate material means of self-defence. The other Powers, although sincere no doubt in their efforts for disarmament and collective security, followed in the meantime the rule of *si vis pacem para bellum*. Nazi Germany, feeling herself re-born, counted it as her right to apply the same rule, and to become again, within a shorter period than they liked, the peer of these Powers. It is possible, no doubt, if you think you must tell the world, to poke around and discover where the arms are being made, perhaps even more than were estimated for in the recent Budget, at which France points an accusing finger. Such legalistic pedantry is absurd; it does not meet the facts. What really matters is the present temper of Germany—how far her gestures and demands represent a need to satisfy honour and obtain security, or a manoeuvre to win power "over all". And this is what all thinking people want to know.

If the temper of the German people as a whole cannot fairly be described as militarist, *this temper can, however, be changed into the war fever, or the anarchist fever of despair, by forces within the country, and without*. There are the Army, the Civil Service, the class with Nationalist and Junker sympathies. What do they think? How great is their power? There are the Left-wing National Socialists. There is the obscure problem of leadership; if the party rules, does Hitler, in fact, rule the party? How much is Hitler influenced, and by whom?

Early this year in Munich I was talking to a German staff-colonel in the *Wehrpolitisches Amt* of the party. He pointed

to a picture on the wall, drawn by a German artist, which depicted some infantrymen firing from the shelter of a ruined building near Messines during the first battle of Ypres, October-November, 1914. "How strange", I said, "I was there myself. Perhaps they were shooting at me". "And perhaps you were shooting at Hitler", my companion replied. "For the Leader was there, a common soldier in his Bavarian regiment."

The front-line-soldier touch, so potent a link of friendship in Germany today, has something more in it than mere sentiment. How often have I heard: "Hitler is an old soldier. He does not want war. He says what he means". And there is this in the argument: that the National Socialist party contains many leaders of the war generation, well tried in the fire, who are statesmen made, or in the making. I think of General von Epp, Disarmament Minister von Ribbentrop and Deputy Leader Rudolf Hess—no one could hesitate to trust such men. But who has Hitler's ear? There are evil counsellors, as well as good. Last month a writer in this REVIEW told lurid tales of Alfred Rosenberg. I am unable to confirm or deny them. The author of *The Myth of the Twentieth Century* is himself something of a myth.

All one can say is that under certain conditions the statesmen, under others the fanatics, will prevail. And one of the dangerous conditions is the threat of Communism should the morale or the material prosperity of Germany collapse. Such a danger is admitted by a few responsible Germans, and I believe it is a real one. They know what might happen if the Brown Shirts lost faith. In *The Times* of June 1st, we read in an account of the Disarmament Conference:

The attitude finally taken up by the French Government on April 17th was inspired, at least in part, by speculation on the collapse of Herr Hitler. It was a gamble on the downfall of Nazism owing to discontent and financial stringency. Those who are in close touch with the French delegation now deny that a speculation of such magnitude is at the base of French policy; but they do not deny that it exists in some degree. French policy is known to be inspired by the belief that the Hitler regime is in difficulties; that its difficulties will increase rather than diminish; that the French refusal puts Herr Hitler in a corner; and that if he is held in that corner he will be more disposed six months ahead to surrender the claim to rearm than he is now.

This speculation, *The Times* remarked, "is based on the

most doubtful assumptions". Nevertheless, Germany is not proof against unlimited pressure, and a policy designed to force her into submission will strike most of us as a foolish act. For whatever its defects may be there is no reasonable alternative to the Nazi rule in Germany at the present time. A collapse would have terrible effects in Europe.

Apart from this certain way of driving the Germans to disaster, the normal French policy is intelligible, logical, and possibly legal. But if the arguments submitted in these pages are cogent, then it is grievously mistaken. France says: We believe in the reign of law; the Peace Treaties, though not intended to be unalterable, are a safeguard against chaos; Germany has broken the Treaty of Versailles, has left the Disarmament Conference, has repudiated the Covenant; without security, without the return of Germany to Geneva, we cannot disarm, or consent to the rearmament of Germany. Now this view errs in two important respects. First, it overlooks the facts of the present situation; the law has lagged behind the rights of equity that have already been granted, and the rearmament of Germany is already in being. Secondly, it betrays complete ignorance of the real significance of the Nazi Revolution, since the official French attitude, by refusing to regard Hitler as anything but a threat to Europe, has helped to provoke the very illegality of which the French Government now complains. "*Cet animal est méchant. Quand on l'attaque il se défend.*"

The British Draft Disarmament Convention of March 16th, 1933—sometimes called the "MacDonald Plan"—held out a promise of agreement, but at Geneva in October of the same year there came the notorious controversy between Sir John Simon and Baron von Neurath, modifications of the plan unfavourable to Germany, and Germany's withdrawal. This year the German Memorandum of April 16th—the "Hitler Plan" according to the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, acceptable to Great Britain and Italy—was rejected by France on account of evidence of German rearmament. Yet, if the point of view argued in these pages is correct, and the Powers had not failed to understand the state of mind of the German people, such breakdowns might have been avoided. Last month the Disarmament Conference was saved from death by a compromise,

but it seems doubtful whether Germany's return to the Conference can be effected on terms satisfactory to herself and France. Germany wants a degree of practical equality before returning. France insists that such a concession means giving in to a transgressor.

I have no wish to give the impression in this article of supporting a sentimental, pacifist point of view. If might is not right, force is the necessary instrument of law, and Great Britain must find the best method of preserving her own safety, if not within, then without, the collective peace system. Still less do I wish to suggest unqualified approval of the Nazi regime, which is, in some respects, a desperate remedy for a dangerous disease—one that Great Britain has thus far mercifully been able to avoid. But I am sure that this country, as well as France, has misjudged the psychological significance of the Nazi Revolution.

Why should we not have the courage to accept Germany as an equal, treat her as a friend, which she desires to be, and tell the French firmly that with all their natural concern over security, they have failed to understand the real spirit of the German people? The *animal* is not so *méchant* as they think. A policy of treating it as such will make its temper worse, and may even drive it to madness.

AN N.R.A. FOR CANADA?

By J. A. STEVENSON

THE economic, political and social relations of the United States and Canada are so closely intertwined that policies and developments initiated at Washington rarely fail to produce early reactions in Canada and affect the courses of its Government. It was American dislike of the Anglo-Japanese alliance that impelled the Canadian Government to resist successfully its renewal in 1921; it was the Smoot-Hawley Tariff that was primarily responsible for Canada's resort to a high protectionist policy in 1930, and for the attempts made at the Ottawa Conference in 1932 to achieve some co-ordination of the trade activities of the British Commonwealth; and it was American enthusiasm for the St. Lawrence Waterway project that induced a Canadian Conservative Ministry to forswear its traditional prejudices against close relations with the United States and negotiate the treaty, which lately came to grief at the hands of the American Senate—without evoking any serious lamentation in Canada. So it was almost inevitable that so far-reaching an economic experiment as the N.R.A. programme would sooner or later have a decisive impact upon the economic fortunes of the Dominion.

Its rather bewildering developments and their consequences have been closely watched by the politicians and general public of Canada with a sympathetic interest, which is stimulated by the knowledge that a revival of prosperity for her mighty neighbour must bring benefits to the Dominion, and already a welcome fillip has been given to various Canadian industries through an increased demand from the United States for their products. None has profited more than the newsprint industry, which, as the result of rash over-expansion, over-capitalization and other follies, had been reduced to desperate straits since 1929. Its outlook has been enormously improved in the last year by the

increased export demand from the United States and the stabilization of prices at a better level as the result of the N.R.A. code adopted by the American branch of the industry, to which the Canadian producers are now pledged to conform. To other lines of industry there has come a notable stimulus from the policies adopted by various American corporations which have branch plants in Canada, of fulfilling in them their foreign orders in order that they may reap the benefit of the lower scales of wages and costs of production which rule outside the ægis of the N.R.A. Furthermore, it is possible for the products of such Canadian plants to get the benefit of the mutual preferential trade arrangements now prevailing among the units of the British Commonwealth.

But, apart from such factors, the Rooseveltian programme has ever since its inception had enthusiastic admirers in Canada, who contrasted the placid faith of their ruling politicians in what they are wont to describe as "tried and tested institutions" with the bold experiments so blithely being undertaken south of the forty-ninth parallel. There arose intermittent demands from different quarters for a Canadian replica of the N.R.A., and at a political summer school, organized under the auspices of the Liberal party last August, "national planning" was exhaustively discussed with such puissant American exponents of the art as Professor Raymond Moley and Mr. W. A. Harriman distilling to an interested audience the lore of their experience and wisdom. Mr. Vincent Massey, Canada's first Minister at Washington, who, as Chairman of the National Liberal Federation, is now high in the councils of his party, has constituted himself an ardent exponent of the gospel of planning, and has developed his ideas on the subject in more than one public speech.

But the reigning Conservative politicians at Ottawa long remained impervious to any suggestions that a bold departure from well-trodden paths would bring any benefits to Canada, and the Prime Minister, Mr. Bennett, more than once explained publicly that Canada, with her limited population and wealth and her dependence upon export markets, could not afford any such rash economic experiments as the N.R.A. Now, however, by a curious turn of the wheel, his Ministry by its own

actions has stirred up a widespread popular demand for a comprehensive programme of industrial, business and social reform, adapted from the N.R.A. model, to suit the special conditions of Canada. The initial move seems to have been made light-heartedly without any clear foresight of its probable consequences. The Bennett Cabinet contains a Minister of Trade and Commerce, Mr. H. H. Stevens, an Englishman born, who is reputed to have been in his callow youth an ardent Socialist. Be that as it may, he still conceals under his Conservative uniform a radical reforming spirit, and some months ago he startled the doves of the business world by a bitter public indictment of the unethical practices and deplorable standards prevalent in Canadian commerce and industry. After making this pronouncement he induced the Government to launch a House of Commons Inquiry into current business practices and industrial conditions.

The reference given to the Committee was admirably broad in its scope. It was instructed to inquire into the causes of such large "spreads" between the prices paid to producers and those charged to consumers, into wage conditions, into the business methods of the department and chain store organizations, and particularly into the effect of their mass-buying tactics; into the stock-watering of industrial flotations; into the existing system for marketing livestock, fish, etc., and other problems. The Committee, of which Mr. Stevens assumed guidance as chairman, has now been sitting for some time, and its hearings have produced a flood of disclosures which have shocked the country and startled the Government. Welfare workers, administrators of the minimum wage laws and labour leaders led off with a sustained *exposé* of wage and industrial conditions in Montreal and Toronto which, in the view of the *Ottawa Citizen*, revealed that relics of the dark age of industrial barbarism still survived abundantly in Canada. They told of large bodies of workers toiling long hours in factories or clothing sweat-shops for pitifully low wages; of men on full time so badly paid that they had to seek public relief for the sustenance of their families; of a persistent violation of the minimum wage laws and the disinclination of the unfortunate victims to lodge complaints through a well-founded fear of losing their jobs.

Altogether they drew a picture of a state of chaotic cut-throat competition, productive of a long train of social evils in many industries in Central Canada; and chapter and verse with the names of delinquent employers were given to support their case. Naturally, the companies and individuals thus pilloried were mightily aggrieved at these exposures, and called heaven to witness that they had been grossly slandered and could easily refute the allegations of these meddling officials; but the solitary captain of industry who has so far ventured to appear before the Committee for this purpose revealed a strange ignorance of the working arrangements of his own business.

Most of these witnesses attributed the low wages in the furniture, clothing and other industries to the mass buying pressure of the chain and department store organizations which, by their account, bludgeoned manufacturers to cut prices to the bone, and, as a consequence, drove the latter to reduce their employees' wages. Such charges were confirmed by a different class of witnesses: the spokesmen of organizations of small retail merchants, who poured into the Committee's ears their long-pent-up grievances against the big mercantile organizations. They accused them of committing every possible crime in the business calendar, and narrated how these big concerns got unfair advantages through mass buying and mass advertising—often of a deceptive character—and secret trade discounts from manufacturers; how, after squeezing out local competition and depriving hundreds of people of their livelihood, they recouped themselves from the consumers when they were at their mercy; how they drained off the purchasing power of the rural communities into the large cities, and had thoroughly demoralized the business and social life of Canada. There also appeared unhappy cattlemen from Ontario and the West to tell a harrowing tale of their sufferings at the hands of a small ring of packing companies, and to demand government ownership of all stockyards and a national marketing scheme under State control.

Even more disturbing were revelations made to the Committee about the methods employed by the Imperial Tobacco Company in its dealings with Canadian tobacco growers. Representatives of the tobacco growers of Western Ontario, where a very fine quality of tobacco is now grown, and where

its cultivation has greatly increased in recent years, complained that they were completely at the mercy of the buyers of the Imperial Tobacco Company; that the latter had imported smart American agents, adepts at driving hard bargains, to exploit their monopoly, and that the prices of raw tobacco had been beaten down in recent years to a level which left the growers with a pitiable income to support their families. Faced with these charges, officials of the Imperial Tobacco Co., including the President, attempted an explanation of their dealings, but the Committee was profoundly dissatisfied with them, and Mr. Stevens, as chairman, declared that other than normal trade factors were in operation to depress prices, and that the situation disclosed was scandalous enough to demand the intervention of Parliament.

The Stevens Committee has been given such a wide range of subjects to investigate that, although it has been sitting for nearly two months, it has done little more than touch the fringe of its task. It has at work a number of special investigators and accountants, who are checking up data supplied to it; but even with this reinforcement it can scarcely hope to reach a satisfactory conclusion of its labours before the session ends. It is authorized to bring in interim reports from time to time and to make recommendations about legislative remedies for abuses discovered, but so far it has submitted none. What it has done has been to provide a forum for a very damaging indictment of the existing business system of Canada; and its activities have elicited numerous practical suggestions for reform, the gist of which is that there must be evolved some coherent plan for the strict regulation of Canadian business and industry for the purpose of enforcing ethical standards and practices and securing a decent scale of wages for the workers.

Mr. Tom Moore, the President of the Trades and Labour Congress of Canada, in his evidence to the Committee frankly commended the American N.R.A. as an admirable model to work upon, and urged the evolution of a similar industrial programme for the Dominion. So talk now is rife in Canada about codes and regulations, and the furniture industry has already, with the co-operation of trained economists, drawn up a code for its own regulation and submitted it to the Federal

Government, while other industries are moving on the same lines. At any rate, the Bennett Ministry finds that through the activities of the Stevens Committee there has been unloosed a flood of unrest and criticism which may not be easy to dam; and, if it faces another session of Parliament, it will be expected to offer some practical programme for curing the evils which have been exposed in the practices of the industrial and commercial world of the Dominion.

But while the problems of industry are being thus investigated, a definite move has actually been made by the Bennett Ministry for the reorganization of the marketing system for natural products. It takes the form of a measure styled the "Natural Products Marketing Act", which has been framed after consultation with producers and other interested parties. This measure is very sweeping in its scope, and covers all the natural products of the Dominion except minerals. The basis of the system which is to be built up will be a Dominion Marketing Board with headquarters at Ottawa, and it will co-operate with local boards, which Provincial Governments or groups of producers may establish. Elaborate regulations about the formation of these local boards are laid down, and they can be set up at the request of a representative group of producers, or even by the Central Board on its own initiative, without any formal request. There has, however, been inserted a proviso, as in the British Marketing Act, on which the Canadian Bill is partially modelled, for a vote of the interested producers before a marketing scheme for a product becomes compulsorily operative for everybody concerned with it.

The Central Board is to be armed with very drastic powers. It will be authorized to decree by Order in Council the regulated marketing of any product; to control both the inter-provincial and export marketing of such regulated product; to fix the quality, grade and quantity of any regulated product that is marketed by any person at any given time; and to compensate people who may suffer losses through orders of the Board by a drop in prices, exchange fluctuations or other causes. It can also order investigations into price spreads between producers and consumers, and, if satisfied that they are unfair, fix an equitable scale. There is no need to recount in detail all the

provisions of this Bill, and it will suffice to say that, if it comes into effect, it will work a revolution in Canada's marketing system for farm products. It will end the trading system which agriculture and other natural industries have been using ever since Canada was a settled country and will introduce an element of government control and regulation which, according to the *Winnipeg Free Press*, a severe critic of the scheme, has no parallel in its rigour in any other country. Indeed, the *Free Press* goes so far as to assert in an editorial:

"The issue is a national one, the greatest possibly in the country's history, as we will either retain some measure of commercial liberty by drastic amendments to the Marketing Bill or go blindly into the clutches of a bureaucratically controlled system of trade, in which the objective is to allow the individual system the least possible measure of commercial initiative with all the various implications by which that would certainly be attended."

Mr. Mackenzie King, the leader of the Liberal party, is also violently opposed to the Bill, on the ground that it is a dangerous adventure in State Socialism, carrying a flavour of Fascism; and he at first committed his party to definite opposition to the principle of the Bill. But some of his Western followers were very lukewarm in the opposition, and two of the latter actually voted with the Government for the second reading of the Bill. One of this pair, Mr. Motherwell, who served Mr. King as Minister of Agriculture in three Cabinets, broke with his leader openly over the Bill, and said that his experience as a Minister had convinced him of the necessity of a bold state-controlled programme to ensure the orderly marketing of Canadian exports, and that, so parlous was the plight of farming in Canada, he would work with Beelzebub for its improvement. The Co-operative Commonwealth Federation are frankly enthusiastic for the Bill and acclaim it as evidence that the Government has at last learnt wisdom and been converted to socialistic principles. But their pæans of praise have alarmed the business and financial interests, who dislike the measure as a dangerous experiment in paternalism, and have begun to disseminate propaganda against it. Influenced by their view and suspicions of the encomiums of the C.C.F. group, not a few Conservative members are far from enamoured of the Bill; but when a division was

taken on the second reading, they all stood firm behind the Ministry and, as it secured the support of the whole C.C.F. group, as well as of the two Independents and the two dissentient Liberals, it had its largest majority—120 to 60—since it assumed office. In committee the Liberals pressed strongly for drastic amendments and the Government made some important concessions in the direction of greater parliamentary control of the scheme and its finances to pacify them. So the Bill is likely to become law, and when it comes into operation a new order of things will prevail in a wide range of Canada's economic activities.

There exists in Canada one tremendous obstacle to any scheme of national planning and federal regulation of industry in the provisions of the Federal constitution. It is embalmed in the British North America Act, a statute of the British Parliament, which was passed in 1867 as the basis of the Confederation; and, although Canada, as the result of decisions of the Imperial Conference of 1926, now formally registered in the Statute of Westminster, is completely emancipated from the leading strings of Downing Street in all matters of policy and has most of the privileges of an independent state, she can still only change her constitution with the consent of the British Parliament. Now this constitution is in many of its features obsolete and archaic; it was devised at a time when Canada was in the main an agricultural community of pioneer settlers, and such developments as hydro-electric energy, aviation and broadcasting were still in the womb of the future; the result is that, in the absence of any definite provisions about such matters, there has been a constant conflict about the respective zones of Provincial and Federal jurisdiction.

The framers of the Canadian constitution, noting the troubles which have beset the United States about State rights, planned to create as strong as possible a central Federal authority for Canada; but, whereas the judicial decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States, under the inspiration of the lead given by Chief Justice Marshall, have tended to strengthen the Federal authority throughout the generations, for Canada the legal decisions of the Imperial Privy Council have, largely under the influence of the ideas of the late Lord Haldane, tended

to buttress and even aggrandize the rights of the Provinces. At any rate, it is clear that the Canadian Provinces, vested unquestionably as they are with jurisdiction over civil rights and property, have complete control over the regulation of wages and hours of labour, and that the Federal Government can only deal with such problems by indirect methods. It is plain, therefore, that a drastic amendment of the Canadian constitution is an indispensable prelude to any Federal regulation of Canadian industry or any N.R.A. adventure, and such an enterprise presents formidable difficulties. The real obstacle lies in the firm conviction of the French-Canadian elements, which dominate in the Province of Quebec and have substantial garrisons in other provinces, that their racial and religious privileges are much safer under the guardianship of the British Parliament than they would be if at the mercy of a Canadian Parliament, which for years to come will have a non-French majority. Mr. Taschereau, the veteran Liberal Premier of Quebec, who has constituted himself a veritable Cerberus for the Constitution, cries "Hands off" whenever the question of amendments is mooted.

Hitherto the advocacy of constitutional revision has found little newspaper support except in the columns of the *Winnipeg Free Press*, and has been confined to small groups of intellectual Liberals, while the politicians of all parties have regarded it as political gunpowder. But now there is evidence of a rapid conversion of public opinion outside of Quebec to the idea that Canada is wrapped up in an outworn constitutional strait-jacket, which is a hopeless barrier to reforms urgently necessary for the restoration of the nation's economic health. Not only have influential leaders of the Conservative party, like Senator Meighen and Mr. Henry, lately Premier of Ontario, been advocating such constitutional reforms for some time past, but within the last month Mr. Bennett, after explaining that Federal regulation of industry, however desirable, was completely impracticable under the present constitutional schemes, intimated that, if he was returned to power at the next election, he would attempt to deal with the problem, and he exhorted a Liberal who urged immediate action to busy himself with the conversion of his political friends in Quebec.

It is quite clear, therefore, that a drastic reform of the constitution must come before there can be any uniform nationwide legislation for the regulation of industry and, although the idea is not without powerful supporters in Quebec like Mr. Ernest Lapointe, the ingrained conservatism of the French-Canadians will probably make them follow Mr. Taschereau on this issue and prevent the Liberal party tackling the problem when it comes to power.

But the issues which are now developing may well shape the future course of Canadian politics. On the one side there may be ranged the elements which cling to the traditional principles of Gladstonian Liberalism, dislike any extension of the powers of the States, and regard schemes of control and regulation as dangerous adventures in Socialism; while in the other camp will be found the elements who are convinced that the old capitalist system, under which trade and industry operated under the laws of supply and demand in a *milieu* of free competition, has outlived its usefulness, and is unsuited to a world obsessed with rigid economic nationalism. It is their belief that if Canada is to recover genuine prosperity and make the fullest and most profitable use of her great natural resources, there must be a drastic reorganization of her whole economic structure from the bottom upwards, and an extension of the principles of control and regulation into the operations of industry and commerce.

It has not been without significance that during the present session the Conservatives, who have never been averse from collectivist experiments, as the existence of the Canadian National Railways and the Hydro-Electric Commission of Ontario can testify, have more often than ever before found themselves voting on the same side as the C.C.F. group, which has a frankly socialistic programme, against the Liberals, who were recently greatly enraged by a taunt of a C.C.F. member that they were now the reactionary party of Canada.

NEW AND OLD IN WILTSHIRE

BY A. G. STREET

At the time London seemed to be the most horrible place imaginable, and the rest of my world contained neither peace nor quiet. Plays, films, books—I was sick of them all, and also of the people who wrote them, acted in them, or talked about them. Also I could not sleep at night. In despair I went to my doctor.

He gave me a thorough examination, and then said: "You've been running in top gear with your foot on the accelerator for too long. Go and park yourself in the country somewhere. Get away from your work and also from London's traffic and noise. Go where they don't know the meaning of hurry. Go somewhere where everything is done in leisurely fashion. It's June; go and watch 'em haymaking. If you don't, you're in for a bad breakdown."

A man is a fool who neglects to take good advice after paying for it, so I wrote to my one and only farmer friend, Walter Gurd. He and I had done all sorts of foolish things together in France between 1914 and 1918, and he had often invited me down to his Wiltshire farm, but somehow or other I had not been there since 1920. Walter was slow and heavy enough in all conscience, I thought. He had an arm like a leg of mutton and a round sunset for a face. Besides, Wiltshire was a backward county. In spite of all Mr. Elliot's new schemes for the reorganization of agriculture, Wiltshire would still be farming in the good old-fashioned way. There would be milkmaids, cows, and muck, and cocks and hens, and men with scythes going "swish", and lovely stately wagonloads of sweet-smelling hay moving slowly towards the rick with all the dignity and beauty of a sailing ship. In charge of this leisurely activity would be slow, genial Walter and a host of kindly but rather vacant yokels. Yes, my doctor was right, and Walter and Wiltshire together would make up his prescription perfectly.

I could not see Walter anywhere on Salisbury platform when I arrived there about eight o'clock an evening or two later, but outside the barrier a young lady asked me if my name was Miles. When I said that it was, she introduced herself as Walter's wife, and led the way outside the station to a large six-cylinder Buick saloon. "Walter's busy", she explained. "He was coming to meet you, but it turned out a sunny afternoon, and we're carrying this evening." She sent the car along at a good forty-five over the four miles from Salisbury to Bowercombe, and in a few minutes we arrived at the Manor Farm.

Walter had come in from haymaking, and after a good supper we sat on the lawn and talked of old times. A warm June night, the scent of hay all round us, pipes going nicely, and no noise. The maelstrom called London seemed very far away. My doctor was right; here was peace and quiet; here I should get well. Manor Farm, Bowercombe, Wilts, was just the same as ever; it was untouched by modern progress. We went up to bed at ten, and I was told that the usual farm breakfast was at eight-thirty, but that I could have mine in bed if I wished. Eight-thirty seemed to be a most reasonable hour for breakfast, I thought, so I said that I would be down for it.

As usual, I did not sleep very well, and at four-thirty next morning I looked out of my window to see the big car sliding down the drive, while a motor-lorry came out of the buildings and followed it down the lane. I looked out at the farm buildings. There was no new red brick or corrugated iron to be seen, but, if anything, they seemed to be rather more dilapidated than of old. They did not look used. The depression in farming appeared to have had its effect, yet Walter looked fairly prosperous, and he had not grumbled very much yesterday evening. Evidently he was still an easy-going, old-fashioned farmer. Perhaps he was even lazy, for surely in haymaking time a farmhouse breakfast should be forgotten long before eight-thirty. But where were the cows? The farm buildings were deserted. Was Walter so hard up that he could not stock his farm? Ought I to offer to pay for my board? But no, there was that Buick saloon! And where had my host gone in it so early in the morning?

I found the answer to these questions during breakfast. Walter

told me that he had cut eight acres of grass already that morning. "During haymaking I reckon to keep one of the tractor mowers going from five until one of the dairymen comes back from his breakfast at eight", he explained. "You see, he milks from four-thirty till seven, and has an hour for breakfast. He'll keep the mower going until he goes milking in the afternoon. Then, maybe, I can have another spell until after tea. We need all our chauffeurs in haymaking nowadays." He also explained that all his cows were milked by machinery out of doors.

After breakfast I went with him round the farm, again in the car, for apparently walking was too slow for his farming, and a horse was a scarce article. The farm was almost all grass, and I spent the morning opening and shutting gates to let the car go across country. We seemed to be always in a hurry. We buzzed from one field to another. We negotiated downland slopes so steep and sideling that I conceived a great respect for both the car's capabilities and my host's driving. We visited two outdoor milking outfits; we hurled an ancient dairyman across a mile or so of green England to attend a calving cow; we fetched spare parts for various machines from Salisbury; we dashed home to telephone furiously for a supply of kerosene; we went to the field where two tractors were busy cutting; and all the time Walter drove like Jehu, son of Nimshi, and all the time the June sun shone over the countryside.

I thought of my doctor's words—"Go where they don't know the meaning of hurry." Why, our whole progress was a feverish bustle. And yet I felt happy and at peace. Why? Because the Wiltshire setting in which we moved was so spacious and so dignified that any sign of man's activity appeared trivial by comparison. Mechanical traffic might dominate Piccadilly Circus with its noise and rush, but it seemed insignificant under the shadow of the downs.

That thought came to me while we were watching the tractor-mowers at work. They were going slowly round a forty-acre sea of waving grass. The standing portion was surrounded by endless seven-feet wide ribbons of cut grass—Walter's early morning work—and the tractors looked like small toys in such a large field; far too small, I thought, by comparison with the

enormous task in front of them. I said as much to Walter, who laughed. "Soon after tea this field 'll be finished", he said. "All farm implements seem slow, but they are very sure, and those two chaps driving are persistent fellows, and they know their job. Come on, it's after eleven; we must go and see whether we can carry any hay after dinner."

Away we went again, this time to a large field of hay lying in the swath just as the mowers had left it.

"Heavy dew this morning", said Walter. "This was wringing wet at eight o'clock, but it's beginning to rustle under foot now."

He picked up a wisp of hay and twisted it into a rope, which he then snapped with a sharp tug. Then he glanced up at the cloudless sky. "One o'clock 'll do that fine", he said. "When you can twist hay into a rope strong enough to hang yourself you'd best let it alone, but this is all but fit and I shall chance it. The man who never made a hot rick never made any good hay. Come on, we must get this fixed up." "Come on" seemed to be the keynote of his farming.

Getting it fixed up meant another furious tour of the farm, giving orders to different men on the way. Walter had two herds of sixty cows, each milked by machinery out of doors, and each in charge of one man and one boy. The afternoon haymaking was planned in this fashion. One team of milkers was to start milking at one, finish at three, have tea, and then go and relieve the other man and boy at the cutting; the man to drive the tractor and the boy to sharpen the mower knives. The team thus relieved were to have tea, and milk their herd afterwards, and then fill in the rest of the day in the carrying field. We warned the lorry driver, the old dairyman, the groom gardener, the poultry man who was in charge of nearly a half-mile row of folding houses, and some men who were fencing, that the hay would be fit by one o'clock, and dashed up to the cutting field yet again to tell the other driver to stick at his job all day. Then we went home to dinner.

During the meal it was suggested that I, the invalid, should rest during the afternoon, but I said that I wanted to watch the carrying, and explained that I loved to watch the wagons going backwards and forwards to the hayrick. "It will be such

a peaceful change after the London streets to see some horses at work", I said.

Walter grinned, and said nothing, but his wife advised me to keep away from the hayfield. "He isn't fit to live with during haymaking", she said. "Nothing matters to him but hay. Before you know where you are, he'll have you in a job. He goes quite mad when the sun's shining. You should hear the local unemployed's opinion of him."

Again Walter grinned. "Rubbish, dear! They like my wages, even if I do push 'em sometimes. 'Sides, haymaking to-day ain't hard work. It's brains that's wanted. Come on, Jim, and we'll initiate you."

Life seemed to be all "Come on" with Walter, and away we went in the car up to the hayfield. Never again will I refer to the agricultural labourer as an ignorant yokel. He is a skilled mechanic. There were four old high-powered motor cars in the field in addition to our own—two Chrysler two-seaters, a Studebaker touring car, and a huge Daimler saloon. There were also two sad-looking horses hitched to horse-rakes, who looked out of place in this rural car park. Three of the cars had hay-sweeps attached to their dumbirons, sticking out in front like huge hands, palms uppermost. The men were busy starting up the cars.

"All set?" Walter asked a leathery-faced foreman. The man nodded. "All right, then, Bill. You better take the Daimler on the stacker. I'll drive one o' the sweeps, when we'm started. One o' these rake boys can keep her goin' till I'm ready. There won't be any raking for half an hour. Come on, Jim."

Away we went over to the middle of the field, where a curious contraption was set up near a pile of bedding. While two or three men set out the bedding for the rick, Walter and the foreman hitched a rope to the dumbirons of the Daimler and proceeded to drive it slowly backwards and forwards, testing the stacker. When the car went backwards it pulled out a rope, and in so doing an enormous hand, very like the sweeps in front of the other cars, was elevated on a long arm from the ground to the perpendicular. When the car went forward this hand slowly returned to the earth again.

In a minute or two a car arrived pushing an enormous sweep-

load of hay in front of it. It pushed this on to the stacker's hand, and then backed away, leaving its load behind, and buzzed across the field for another. One man pushed a few stray locks of hay on to the hand and generally tidied up the heap. "Right!" he yelled. Backwards went the Daimler, and up went the hay. At the top of the throw, so to speak, there was a check in its career, and the hay slid off the hand and fell in a smother on to the rick bedding. Up came the Daimler, down went the hand; up came another car, back it went empty; back went the Daimler, and up went the hay. I watched the business in wonderment and admiration for a few minutes. "Slick rig, isn't it?" said Walter. "Shifts a hell of a lot of stuff in a short time. Come on, let's ride back in the next car. I've got to drive now." We piled into the next car, and went back to its starting point at a good fifteen miles per hour, and while Walter drove one of the cars I watched how they picked up their loads.

They took the hay straight from the swath, usually going across the swaths. As the cars went forward the fingers of the sweep were pushed in under the swaths and the hay slipped back over them until the radiator of the car brought it to a halt. When going absolutely square across the swaths they picked up the hay very cleanly, and there was little for the horserakes to collect. What the rakes did collect was dropped carefully in front of the sweeps' passage as far as possible, so that the field was cleared cleanly in one operation.

It was amazing how swiftly that field of hay disappeared, and how swiftly the chunky blue hayrick grew in the middle of it. Gone was the picturesque hayfield of my boyhood, and in its place was a scene of mechanical ingenuity. Yet the men driving these cars so skilfully were ordinary agricultural labourers—most of the drivers were young, it was true, but they were yokels none the less. I rode backwards and forwards with them and tried to find out what they thought of these new innovations. To my surprise they were all in favour of them, and proud of their employer for using them.

"Got to move wi' the times in farmin' same as in anythin' else", one of them said. "Ef we don't, we'll be out o' work, an' there bain't no dole fer we. The old ways wun't keep no men at work, but thease ways will still keep a vew. 'Sides,

tain't sich 'ard work as pitchin'. Still, I low wold Arnold don't like makin' rick under thic stacker. You should 'ear 'ee cuss zumtimes, when maister do drive 'im a bit too fast fer a spell."

I got out of the car on its next journey, and got up on the rick. Sure enough Arnold was "cussing", but not at the new implements; it was the unfortunate pair of unskilled unemployed who were being subjected to his wrath.

"Git up top o' it, ye gurt vooil, Zid", he was advising one poor unfortunate upon whom the stacker had just tipped several hundredweights of hay. "Damn it altogether! Cassent move theeself a mite? Keep the middle vull, an' pass I enough to build the sides. They jokers cain't come it awver Arnold Paddock wi' all thur contraptions. Damn the hay an' thee too."

Arnold's two companions in misfortune were sweating profusely, but the old man—he must have been nearly seventy—had not turned a hair, although he was doing more work than the other two put together. But he was in a bad temper.

By eight o'clock that night the field of over thirty acres was an expanse of greeny-brown stubble, an immense blue rick sat squatly in the middle of it, the buzz of machinery had ceased, and the sun was slowly sinking towards the western ridge of downs. We took Arnold and the foreman home in the Buick, while the rest of the gang piled into the Daimler and followed us. Their chariot needed no licence over the pastures, and where they were bound to cross the highway Walter yelled to them to mind and push the car across. "But they won't", he muttered. "Never mind, the bobby'll be down at the cross-roads directing traffic."

When I said good-night to Arnold, he gave as his opinion that they had done "a vairish day". What a good day's hay-making is in his estimation I cannot conceive. He also said firmly, "An' I be gwaine to 'ave a pint to-night, er dog bite me". Somehow, I did not think there was any dog which would dare come between Arnold and his beer.

During supper I found out that most of the farmers in the neighbourhood made their hay in similar fashion, and that the old cars used cost about ten pounds each; and that night I slept the sleep of the just.

I stayed at the farm for a fortnight, during which time I graduated into an experienced hand. I learned to drive a car-sweep and a tractor. I learned how, in ten minutes, to take a sweep off a broken-down car and fix it on to Walter's Buick. I learned that even with all these modern implements in farming it is still the land which matters more than the men employed in its service, and I marvelled at the skill and intelligence of the Wiltshire farm labourer in handling machinery.

During my stay I found out that Wiltshire to-day is a curious mixture of new and old. The Wiltshire farmer uses all the latest inventions in his farming, but, more often than not, he houses them in ancient buildings. The modern motor lorry spends the night under a thatched shed in which its owner's forefathers housed the broad-wheel wagon. The binder and the threshing machine spend their leisure under ancient roofs, and tucked away in dim recesses of the curiously curved rafters above them, their predecessors, the scythe and flail, may often be found.

I spoke of this to Walter, and he gave me the right answer to it all. "The land is just the same as ever", he said. "Land doesn't alter, but the habits and needs of the people on it do alter. Farming's just the same in essentials; it's only the methods which have changed."

"How do you mean?" I asked. "Surely the whole business of farming has changed?"

"No it hasn't", he replied. "My grandfather made his hay according to the methods at his disposal. I'm doing just the same. He grew wheat, because the nation needed it. I produce milk and eggs instead, because the nation can be supplied with better and cheaper wheat from abroad. What difference does it make what we grow or how we grow it? The job of using England's land for the best purpose according to the national need is just the same. See here, years ago about this time, my grandfather would step outside in order to look at the sky and make a forecast of tomorrow's weather. What do I do?"

He turned a knob in the portable wireless set near his chair, and the voice of the announcer filled the room. "To-night's weather forecast. A large anti-cyclone extends over the British Isles . . ." Walter switched off the set. "And that's all right", he said. "We'll get that last field tomorrow."

THE READER AND THE LISTENER

BY ROBERT BELL

It is too soon yet to gauge the effect upon the public mind of the tremendous experiment of the B.B.C. It has hardly been in operation for ten years, and a decade is a short time for the development of new habits or tendencies. But already one thing is clear in connection with the non-musical part of the programmes, and that is that the great body of the community is divided into two distinct classes: the Readers and the Listeners. Hitherto we have been almost entirely Readers. We read the history of day-by-day in the newspapers; we gained most of our knowledge and entertainment from the literary shelves. Already that habit is showing signs of change. Thousands of people who used to buy an evening paper now rely on the evening bulletins. Thousands who went to hear speeches or lectures—along with the greater thousands who didn't—listen to the B.B.C. talks. Thousands who used to go to church now prefer to have their Sunday ministrations by radio. The ear of the great public, hitherto used mainly for conversation, is now trained to the loudspeaker, and there seems to be a great and almost unsuspected future for the art of corporate listening.

In that case history will run backwards, for there was a great listeners' age in the past. For the greater part of human history the ear was the only means of acquiring information and diversion. It does not appear that there was a Sign Period in human history, in which the race communicated in dumb show. Even the monkeys chatter, and Sanskrit and Latin and the King's English are merely elaborations of that gibberish; some investigators have gone so far as to trace resemblances. At all events, man was a talking animal for æons before he was a writing one, and through all these ages and for long afterwards (for the new art made slow headway) he was a listener. He is not to be

derided, or even pitied, on that account. Some authorities hold that his achievements under that disability were of greater subsequent importance to the race than anything he has done since—at least till quite recent times. They included all the primitive inventions—the axe, the hammer, the ladder, the wheel, and so on—of which most of today's machinery are either extensions or improvements. It was an age of no propaganda facilities, seeing that it could not reach the ear of posterity beyond the second generation, or the third at most. But within its limits it was the age of talk, for only by talk could information or amusement be transmitted. The tongue and the ear were organs much more important than they have been since, and it would be of interest to know how the lingual and aural organs of primitive man compare with those of today. The probabilities are that his sense of hearing, like his sense of smell, was of an animal acuteness much beyond that of today, when the ear finds supplementary aid on all sides. All orders, so important in a primitive community, had to pass by word of mouth; all history had to be got by heart and transmitted by word of mouth; the original bard was the man who made up his verses and sang them. Deafness was the ultimate calamity, for the man who could not hear was cut off from his fellows.

As a matter of historical fact, that age lasted till quite recent times. Writing was invented some ten thousand years ago; printing, after a brief rehearsal in China, came to Europe about five centuries ago. But readers were a select caste; and though they slowly increased from age to age the great mass of even the most cultivated nations remained till last century hopelessly illiterate. It might be argued that they were worse off than the primitives, for literature and politics had been diverted into literary channels of which the average man could not even reach the banks. The admonitions of the Church were a poor substitute for such an oral tradition as that which preserved the Homeric legends. For some dark centuries it may be said that man was neither a listener nor a reader. The fifteenth century was the first that could be called the reading age in the wider sense. Literature before that had been for the well-to-do; a privilege which was maintained till the nineteenth century—we might almost say till the 'eighties, when the ordinary

novel was still priced at thirty-one-and-sixpence. But by that time the illiterate, as a class, were fast disappearing, and for the past fifty years at least the reader has been the greatly predominating type. He may have read nothing but an evening paper or a foolish novel; still, for the things of the mind which he considered desirable of acquisition he relied on the eye and not on the ear. The main exception was the Church, whose congregations regularly gathered to hear improving discourse by word of mouth, and election times, when the tradition of the hustings was still observed in the ritual of speech-making. But even these preserves have now been challenged; and the B.B.C. threatens to empty churches on the one hand as it popularises religious ideas on the other, and to facilitate the work of election candidates as it revolutionises election procedure. In so far as it enormously enlarges the potential audience, it tends to discourage the practice of oratory.

It is natural that the change should be welcomed. Listening is easier work than reading, and the B.B.C. has already got us into the habit of preferring the easier way. I do not refer to the more comfortable receptivity implied in sitting in a chair, for it is usually in that attitude that books are read; but to people who are not habitual and systematic readers the act of perusal imposes a greater strain than the act of listening. The differentiation of the minute changes between one letter and another, the oscillating glance from line to line, the implications of punctuation, demand a greater mental effort than the comprehension of the sounded syllable. It is much easier to absorb the announcement that the weather will be showery than to decipher the tortuous outline of the words, automatic though that process has become, just as the pianist can instantly reproduce on the keyboard a process of reading infinitely more complicated. There is even a strain on the eye after a spell of close reading of which the words, if spoken, would not fatigue the ear.

In reading, too, one observes a much closer attention. That, indeed, is one of the fundamental distinctions between the classes of Readers and Listeners; that the one desires to absorb his material more thoroughly than the other. The process of hearing is necessarily superficial; that was one reason why, in the old days, the bards made a point of repeating themselves.

Each sentence makes its own effect, and no more attention need be paid to the context than to the bar of the Appassionata which Herr Schnabel played a few seconds ago. A thing heard (so long as it is not printed) need not be too closely reasoned, too logical or too consistent. The very phrase "mob oratory" indicates the weakness of the listening method. But a printed speech is there in its entirety, caged for inspection, not running wild. You can balance one sentence with another; you can re-read the whole; you can pause and ask, "Now, what precisely does he mean by that?" There must have been an extraordinary looseness of logic and preponderance of irrelevance in the pre-writing days; in the absence of the hammer it was difficult to nail any lie to the counter.

One more point that the reader might urge is that his standpoint is the more intellectual. The voice is an emotional vehicle; a nuance of expression, an added stress or a change of tone, may make all the differences that cannot be expressed in print (the italic is a clumsy device, and the black-letter of the penny leading article worse). The speaker, indeed, can use the same words more effectively, can pack more meaning into them, than the scribe limited to black and white. How far the gap between the symbol and the interpretation can extend is an interesting question. There are musicians who can get as much pleasure out of reading a music score as in the hearing of the work performed, exactly as one reads a detective story without having the words recited; and it is obvious that the increasing pleasure which many people find in reading plays which they have not seen on the stage is due to just such an education of the public imagination as that which the training of the eye tends to cultivate.

The distinction between the point of view of reader and listener is clearly reflected in literature. The older form, in which the appeal was to the ear, is direct and pictorial, as in the case of ballads, legends and hero-sagas. It is only since the public learned to read that literature has dared to be obscure and introspective. Most English poetry loses half its effect if it is not *heard*; we have only to think of Milton, or Tennyson, or Keats or Shelley to see how ineffective is the print in comparison with the sound. Carlyle and Ruskin declaimed from

beginning to end, and syllables of Sir Thomas Browne are to be rolled under the tongue like a rare vintage. As for Shakespeare, it is almost an impiety to read in silence words so flamingly meant to be mouthed. It is perhaps a sound criticism of much modern poetry that it will not stand the test; that it repudiates its origins and utters things perfectly incomprehensible at the first reading—and sometimes also at the *n*th.

In every direction the observant eye can trace the cleavage between the literature of the ear and the literature of the eye. As the eye is now the predominant partner (or was, until the B.B.C. entered the lists as champion for the ear), most of modern literature has been addressed to it, with high gain to its logic and intellectual appeal. As its ultimate product we have the literature of the typewriter, that unemotional machine which has the uncanny knack of turning out purely unemotional literature.

Whether the intervention of the B.B.C. will mean a revival of the art of the spoken word it is still too early to say. Its dramas have not been very successful, but that is a form of art which has never attempted to appeal to the ear alone. Its talks have undoubtedly been greatly appreciated, even on the topics that might have been thought less popular, and its readings of verse have opened the eyes of many to what poetry is. In this matter it has done much to establish the charm of the beautiful voice as an aid to understanding.

An important point not to be overlooked is that the ear carries more conviction than the eye because it introduces a social element where the other excludes it. If one recalls the Ministerial appeals at the time of the national emergency in 1931, one realizes the vast difference in the effect upon the mind of the hearer as compared with the effect of the same statement as printed in the following morning's papers. The new dictators of the world have not been slow to recognize the importance of wireless not only in disseminating their views, but, to put it familiarly, in "keeping in touch" with the nation. The sound of the voice establishes a relation of an intimacy which could never be achieved through the printing-press; it has, indeed, an essential friendliness where the other has only the businesslike click of machinery. It may be that the radio

era will yet abate the animosities of politics—even of nations, though there the language is a difficulty. It is possible that there would have been fewer theories of diabolism on both sides in the 'eighties if Gladstone and Disraeli had been able to speak not only from the House and from the platform, but on the ether. We recall Lamb's expostulation: "How can I hate the man? I know him!" Lamb was a saintly soul, but it is certain that the atmosphere of charity can be better encouraged by the friendly wireless than by the cold indifference of print.

On the general issue of Ear *versus* Eye, it is not possible to come to any conclusion, for the new appeal to the ear is yet in its infancy. But it seems possible that the Listener may once again take his original place as the typical member of the community, partly, as has been suggested, because it is the easier appeal, and partly because it is the more human and natural. It would be far-fetched to represent it as a facet of the new revolt against machinery, for the radio is as much a machine as the printing-press, though it bears a more ethereal stamp than the underground monsters of Tudor Street.

Nor can we yet say how far the B.B.C.'s operations will affect the wider business of authorship. It seems probable that if Dickens were alive the Corporation would have bargained with him for the air rights of his next novel, to be disseminated to the public in radio form. If another writer arose who was so much in demand that people clamoured for his latest chapter on their deathbeds the point might be put to the test. For a long time the grown-up has been denied the legitimate pleasure which every child feels in having a story told to him, and that disability may be on the point of being removed. And it may be that a certain gap in human intercourse, which we had felt but not realized, may be filled up. We have read: "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." A more literal generation might have argued that that was a more definite obligation than any such after-thought as, "He that hath eyes to see, let him see."

SOUTH AFRICA: THE NEW PHASE

BY CAPTAIN H. BIRCH REYNARDSON, C.M.G.

DURING recent months a certain amount of attention has been devoted in the Press to the "Status Bill" lately before the Union Parliament, and here and there there have been comments—in one case, at least, somewhat ill-informed—purporting to indicate the constitutional implications of the proposed legislation. The opinion expressed in the majority of papers, however—to wit that the purport of the Bill is no more than to cross the "t's" and dot the "i's" of the Statute of Westminster—is substantially correct; and it may be wondered why a measure so seemingly harmless should have raised so much feeling in the country of its origin. To furnish a complete explanation would necessitate embarking on a full history of South Africa, at least from the days of the second Boer War; but some attempt to indicate the temperament which is responsible will perhaps afford a useful insight into factors which are still powerful elements in the political life of South Africa, and without some idea of which so much in that Dominion can be misunderstood and misinterpreted.

Be it said immediately, then, that there has not been in any sense of the term a political or constitutional crisis in South Africa—merely an ebullition, largely from extreme sources, of an age-old antagonism. But though the sources, and the spokesmen, may be extreme, the burden of their argument is typical.

The history of South Africa in its outline is sufficiently familiar to the average reader to permit of generalization. And as a generalization it may be allowed that at least for twenty or thirty years preceding Union (1910) the British, often in real fact, and generally in their own estimation, were "top dogs" in Southern Africa. Consequently the English-speaking section of

the population, quite naturally and as a matter of habit, developed a "superior" attitude. Natural—but rather irritating.

If there is a top-dog, there must be an under-dog; and here again, the attitude of the under-dog became almost as natural and as much a matter of habit. In the spheres of government, administration, commerce, and culture, the Dutch South African for a time seemed scarcely aware of the mutual positions, or, with a few exceptions, seemed scarcely to question the arrangement, even if he noticed it. Then gradually, almost mysteriously, things began to change. On the one side, the opportunities conferred by the newly-acquired Dominion Status were recognized, and at times perhaps rather avidly seized; new powers were realized, perhaps rather brusquely exercised. On the other side there was a little jealousy, a good deal of condescension, perhaps some fear that powers were being, or would be, misused. After all, the "Union" was just four British Colonies—wasn't the Union to remain British, rather, English?

Yes. Therein lay so much of the trouble. For the English-speaking people of South Africa came, and were still coming, from a colonizing stock. Many of them were comparatively recent arrivals, and the majority of one or two generations residence. They had not as yet developed any second loyalties; how could they?

But the Dutch-speaking were quite different. Of them the great majority were 17th and 18th century immigrants from Holland and France, who had long ago cut themselves adrift. South Africa was their home, their only fatherland, to which alone they professed, and practised, loyalty. And more than half their South Africa had recently been conquered by the British.

The political rupture had begun in 1912 when Hertzog, over just such issues as these, left Botha's Government and went out into the wilderness. Then came the War, and the Rebellion: and its suppression. They were primary factors, as powerful in their results as they were complex, and themselves giving rise to complexities innumerable, from which one stands out supreme—Nationalism.

This is not the place to attempt any definition of that curious phenomenon which has shown itself in almost every country since the war; that craving for "independence"—spiritual

and cultural and economic isolation—after a cataclysm which, if it proved nothing else, proved at least how terribly interconnected and inter-dependent the world is. Possibly it is some kind of reaction or resentment against the irresistible force of logic. At any rate, it grew apace in South Africa—it blazed and ran riot in a hundred directions. And in view of past events, what wonder that it meant only one thing, or seemed to—this mania for isolation, independence, self-expression? Indeed, it could be realized in only one way; and that one way seemed to many of the English-speaking people to entail damage to all they held dear. For their loyalties extended beyond the shores of Africa; their language, their habits, their culture had their living roots so far beyond the Cape and the Limpopo: why should they all be squeezed into the South African pot—or out of it for that matter?

During the decade from 1920 the squeezing process began, reached its zenith, and then rather suddenly the pressure relaxed. But during that period the English-speaking people came to realize very acutely that, whatever they were, they were not top-dogs. Most of them, coming from a practical and easy-going stock, readjusted their outlook, sized up the situation quite calmly and, realizing that men with grievances are seldom effective, ceased to grumble overmuch.

And the Dutch-speaking, or rather the Afrikaans-speaking, section? Perhaps it was natural that there was a tendency to get their own back and to turn the tables with rather a clatter. The gospel was "equal rights" for both languages and both sections of the population, and for the cultures and ideals of each: an unexceptionable ideal, but one which most certainly required time for its detailed realization, if justice and efficiency were not to be endangered. As it was, there was a tendency to rush things and to indulge in a good deal of "hot-gossiping", with the result that too often a sense of proportion was lost and views became distorted. On one side there was an impression that the Nationalist Government paid little heed to the claims and sentiments of those who spoke English; on the other, a gleeful and triumphant conviction that Afrikaans was the key to all favours. Both sides *may* have been wrong; but that was what they thought.

It has been said above that the pressure rather suddenly relaxed. This was partly due to the fact that a few of the wiser heads on either side were becoming anxious, if not actually alarmed, at the continual exacerbation of feelings ; but largely the economic situation was responsible. The gold standard policy of the Union Government, though not originally adopted, as is commonly believed, with any idea of " twisting the lion's tail ", had by the middle of 1932 not only become suspect and the subject of much bitterness, but had landed the country in a nasty economic mess. Then, owing to a political phenomenon into which it is unnecessary to enter here, the Government of the day was not only forced off gold, but induced also to modify its outlook and its demeanour in other respects.

Just as intransigence and jealousy and suspicion had been catching, so was moderation catching. It spread, it became the fashion ; and the atmosphere began to change. Despite the prophecies of the economic theorists, South Africa began to cheer up economically, too. Farmers could sell again in overseas markets, the gold-premium brought a rush of activity to the Rand, and prices did not rise unduly for the urban populations. But there were political dangers in the offing. Perhaps it was in order to avoid these and to encourage the sparks of prosperity, perhaps it was because the politicians realized that the country at large was in a mood for peace and prosperity ; but at any rate the blessed word " coalition " became suddenly current, and, almost as suddenly, Coalition was achieved. Hertzog and Smuts, at enmity for twenty years, joined hands and agreed. It was a great day for South Africa.

This is but a very brief and incomplete summary of the domestic history of the Union during the last twenty years or so, an attempt to simplify and generalize a story full of detailed complexities. But possibly it may go some way to clear up the many misunderstandings of past events and of the present tendencies of South Africa which seem to exist in Great Britain.

Although a great, and one may hope permanent, step forward was made when the Coalition Government was formed last year, there must in the very nature of things still be some obstacles in the way. Suspicions and jealousies, some of them justified and all of them deep-rooted, cannot vanish altogether in a year,

though the latest news of " fusion " between the South Africa and Nationalist parties, and the proposed terms, give food for hope. There will almost certainly be recrudescences of " feeling " in the future, such as have recently taken place among the die-hards and extremists on both sides ; but to an ever-increasing extent, it may be hoped, the majority within South Africa will hold aloof from such misguided " leaders ", and those without will appreciate them at their true worth.

Racial suspicion and racial jealousy are a tragedy, and unmitigated evils, but that is not to say that they were unintelligible or unnatural in the past. The future alone can show whether they must persist ; and fortunately there is much to be said for the optimists, much " on the side of the Angels ". In that vast country of such natural beauties of scenery and climate, of such enthralling interests, of such diverse potentialities—and, be it added, of such difficult problems—it is almost inconceivable that the two European sections can remain for ever sundered and sullen. They have too much in common ; for the future, with the blindfold impartiality of Justice, offers either prosperity or disaster to the whole ; and no " sections " need apply.

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

IT marked perhaps a turning point at Geneva, when M. Barthou, abandoning the conventions of the place, attacked Sir John Simon with rough raillery. For the last twelve or fifteen years England has played the leading role on that stage; and France has endeavoured, often unwillingly, to conform to England's lead, because there was always the hope—of which England not only thought but talked constantly—that America might be brought in, and so close the most formidable gap in the defences of the new order. It is seen now by all Europe that the purely negative policy to which Europe under these auspices was asked to commit itself had no value as an assurance: this was felt the more as risks grew more apparent. Moreover, France, enquiring into the concrete facts, probably discovered that England had gone so far with its policy of disarmament as to shut out the possibility of giving early help in a crisis. On the other hand, a new prospect had opened. Russia, seriously concerned about Japan, is anxious to have a friendly Europe in her rear; and traditional lines of policy suggested the linking Russia to France. Geneva afforded a congenial ground for the Russian exercise of dialectic, and the Soviet's speakers can claim to be consistent about disarmament: the only logical solution is to make it complete. But even then, as Russia is not slow to point out, you have not abolished the chance of war. Russia accordingly throws itself on the side of the French contention that if the League is to be effective, the members of it must guarantee action against an aggressor, and must define aggression. What attitude may be taken by the smaller states is uncertain for the moment; it is clear that so far, accepting the fact of British leadership at Geneva, they have dismissed the idea of

sanctions as impossible, because Great Britain was opposed to it. If, however, that idea is practically taken up by two Powers so great as Russia and France, the whole situation will alter. We may admit that it is difficult to get a completely watertight definition of what constitutes aggression; we cannot deny that any project for general action against an aggressor is extraordinarily difficult to plan, and that one formidable and determined Power must possess great advantage against a coalition, not formed expressly with any direction, but simply called into existence as a *posse comitatus*.

It does not follow that nothing can be done. Nothing ever would be done, if nothing were attempted against attempting which nothing could be plausibly said. Nothing of great importance and difficulty ever is done except by people who feel the doing of it urgent for themselves; and hitherto the pace at Geneva has been determined by a nation which was not under the stimulus of fear. What Great Britain felt urgently was the need to avoid wasteful expenditure, and on this impulse she acted, hoping that others would follow. But fear stopped them. Now it seems probable that concerted action to limit the chances of aggression will be undertaken; and the French have already, years ago, outlined a scheme in which responsibility for action will be limited by the zones of fear. Less, under this scheme, is to be asked of England than of the continental nations; less still of America.

Those who frame such a project can count with entire security that if it is put into operation it will have British support when need arises, pledged or unpledged. They may at least hope for the same from the United States. One may try to consider now how forces shape themselves.

As facing the United States, England has been obliged to assert a solidarity with Europe. Mr. Chamberlain refuses to pay the American debt because if he did so he must undo what was done (at the urgent insistence of the United States), and must revive demands on other European nations. A general review of the financial position as between the United States and Europe

is needed, and manifestly it will not be undertaken until America is convinced that her interest lies in establishing a claim not merely in law but in justice. For the present, however, the United States may be left out of view—except indeed by Russia, which could count on useful backing there if Japan were an aggressor.

Continental observers are inclined to believe that Russia will not willingly make war anywhere, for fear of internal dangers that might arise. On the other hand, no student of modern history can have any such feeling about Japan. There was probably in Japan, after the war, a desire to live up to the fullest standard of modern civilization, and modern civilization proposed to regard war as barbarous. Since then, the course of things has brought Japan back to its own traditional lines. Those who know the country say that Japan will not talk of war; it need not appeal to Thor and Odin; but that its navy in fact is permanently mobilized, that its destroyers practise always at full speed, and its big guns are never stinted of rounds. The cost is not counted. On old-fashioned principles, Japan has every justification for war of conquest; she needs territory. Manchuria has not a climate where Japanese can thrive. But beyond Manchuria in Eastern Siberia is a land, largely empty, which is said to be suited to the Japanese way of life. The Russian attitude at Geneva and towards Europe will be shaped by a perception of these facts, and also by the fact that neither England nor the United States can attack Japan by sea or attempt a blockade of Japan with any prospect of success, owing to the lack of naval bases.

On the other hand, financial pressure could be exercised by Europe as well as by America, and if Russia were an active member of the League of Nations and Japan in revolt against the League, that pressure would more probably come into play.

Assuming that Russia either joins the League, or convinces Europe of its pacific intentions, the Eastern States of Europe are liberated from fear on that side. This does not entirely make for strength in the Little Entente. Poland has come to terms with Germany. If Poland is also without fear of Russia, Poland has the more freedom to quarrel with its neighbours, and there is a bone of contention. Poland with its territory and

population claims to be treated as a Great Power; its neighbours are not disposed to deal except on a footing of equality. Such contentions envenom relations. Yet in the long run, facts tell. Is it conceivable that Poland, holding the Corridor and Upper Silesia, can be free from fear of Germany? Again, the Little Entente has been materially strengthened because of the recent crisis in Bulgaria. The new Government there appears determined to end its quarrel with Yugoslavia. Continental observers regard this as a check to Italian policy and to that extent again as forwarding the French interest and making it better worth while for the Little Entente to consolidate friendship with France.

There remains the problem of Hungary, which is also the problem of Austria. Many considerations, but chiefly anger against the post-war settlement, induce Hungary to throw in its lot with Germany; and if so, Austria's independence becomes increasingly menaced—if indeed, which is uncertain, Austria continues to desire independence, and does not prefer inclusion. But if Austria makes for inclusion in a Greater Germany, what is likely to happen to Hungarian independence?—and no European nation is more fiercely conservative of its separate national existence than this one to which the great war brought curtailment of territory, but even through mutilation, at least and at last, complete freedom.

It must be Italy's interest to act in a way that still discourages the dream of a Germany including all that ever was or could be called German, and her action towards Hungary must be dictated by a desire to preserve Austria's independence.

Meanwhile, with Europe at least planning some means to safeguard its own security, it should be noted that France, so often accused of being impracticable, has taken steps to put out one lighted match. Manifestly the interests of safety demanded that the Saar question should be settled with the least possible delay. It is proof of strength in M. Doumergue's Government that it should feel able to come to any agreement with Germany in the present state of affairs; just as it proved Herr Hitler's real command that he could agree with Poland.

Fortunately, on the other side of Europe there is a centre of prudent and bold statesmanship to count on. President

Masaryk has been for the third time re-elected to the headship of his State—the election this time taking place in the great hall of the Castle at Prague. I counsel all who wish to be informed about the period in which we live to read a book in which Karel Capek most skilfully presents to us this very great man. It is called *President Masaryk tells his Story*, and is really a gathering up and stringing together of Masaryk's own conversation, as he recalled the passages of a life that began nearly eighty-five years ago. But briefly, it is the story of a man, born into serfdom, the son of a coachman and a cook, who first became one of the leaders of European thought, and finally, from the dismembered fragments of the unwieldy Great Power by which he and his were held enserfed, built a new nation, which should be a chief guardian in Europe of civilized freedom.

"We shall always be a small minority in the world" (here is one extract from this book of talk recorded) "but when a small nation accomplishes something with its limited means, what it achieves has an immense and exceptional value, like the widow's mite."

What Masaryk's nation has accomplished under his guidance is to show that even in the most difficult conditions freedom of the individual can be preserved without sacrifice of national efficiency. Dictatorship means surrender; it is a confession of national incompetence. Yet, if anywhere it might have seemed a necessity, it was in a state for which twenty years ago no common name existed; whose very elements had to be determined in the chaos of European War, and had to be determined by citizens then living outside its boundaries; and whose elements must, from the historic facts, be unlike to one another, lacking the natural sympathies that bind together a homogeneous people. Yet this State to-day is one of the pillars on which rest what remains from the shaken fabric of European democracy. France and England, Switzerland and Belgium are unshaken; across the north from Denmark to Finland runs a belt of free institutions; but in the east and centre where, except in Masaryk's country, is there democratic freedom?

To understand Masaryk's work, what he had to do and how he did it, one must read at least his *Making of a State*. Yet

The Maker of a State

to understand the man is perhaps even more important, and that is easier in Mr. Capek's presentment of him. The essential characteristic is modesty. Whoever has had the least experience of revolutions will know how revolutions are hag-ridden by jealousy: jealousy between men, jealousy between sections—and here the sections were races. Modesty was, of course, another expression of fundamental reasonableness; and this revolution-maker was a moderate, a man who could always see both sides. Freedom to him meant something more than abolishing an inequality; it meant establishing fair play, and that can only be done by men who keep their heads. All the hysteria of "slogans" was distasteful to him, and since Czechoslovakia gained a voice in Europe, it has been a voice disciplined, controlled and reasonable. The slogans in this Slav country were apt to be slogans of Slavdom; it was to Russia that the Czechs looked for liberation. But this leader of thought had in the course of a long life learnt half the languages of Europe and familiarized himself with every people whose tongue he knew. "We must open our windows to foreign influences: very good, but then we must open all our windows, and all our doors too." The conclusions he formed about Russia did not lead him to look there for guidance. Slav he might be, but his outlook was Western. Marriage to an American woman (with French blood in her) helped to determine the preferences to which reading—"voracious" reading—had led him. Indeed the whole tribe of professors, who bear a bad name among men of action and men of affairs, are under deep debt to Masaryk; for he showed that a professor can be man of affairs and man of action. Idealist always, he kept the peasant shrewdness and contact with realities. Marvell's lines about Cromwell here have full application:—

"So much can one man do
That does both act and know."

But there was in this idealist little of the Ironside, nothing of the Old Testament fanatic; he was a humanist who is also a humanitarian:—

"Humanitarianism is not the old style philanthropy; philanthropy only helps here and there, but real love of humanity seeks to amend the state of things by process of law. If that is Socialism, so much the better."

**The Philosopher
at the Helm**

It is good to realise that to the East of Europe there lives one citadel for the humanist and humanitarian. "Folk develop side by side, each for himself; they cannot influence one another except as friends who understand each other. The main thing is to look after oneself, to control and perfect oneself and leave others to do the same."

He does not agree with Hitler or with Mussolini about the glorifying effects of combat; but his pacifism has its limits in commonsense. "If a man attacks me and tries to kill me, I shall defend myself; if one of us has got to be killed, let it be the one who originated the evil thought." Freedom is worth defending. "If anyone tries to get the better of us by force, we must not give in. Not to give in, that is the great thing."

That is a steady and steadying voice; and the outline given in Capek's book, or the fuller detail in *The Making of a State*, enables us to judge a little over what obstacles this indomitable man forced his way. It is not merely that there is no braggadocio; on the contrary, everywhere one is conscious of under-statement. "Anyone who understands how to read will find me between the lines of my books", he is made to say at the close of one of Capek's chapters. But Capek makes the reading easier, and it is well worth while. This man, and the State that he has made, the State that by its free choice has kept him continuously at the helm, are of the kind that European freedom stands for, and towards which European freedom is aimed. Those who are looking for guidance will find it of service to ascertain, at a parting of the ways, by which way Masaryk is leading Czechoslovakia.

A portrait on the cover of Capek's book shows us the professor; spectacles somewhat mask the strength. But in the stone hall at Prague under the Gothic vaulting there is a statue by Mestrovicz which, with its slightly cubistic treatment, brings out the weight and solidity of that great head set on square, massive shoulders. Yet neither of them gets what is apparent in every line of Capek's book—the genial, simple and friendly

humanity of an old man who gladly remembers his boyhood, and truanancies and even its whippings, but turns away from thoughts of all the bloodshed, dark danger and treachery that had to be faced and lived through.

Not many men have made a fortune in business and also a reputation in literature; not many have simply by writing books attained to political influence and consideration. F. S. Oliver, who died this month, accomplished all these things, starting with nothing but his brains and a good education; and yet to rate him by this achievement would miss his real distinction. Those who knew him put the man himself far above the success he won. No man that I ever knew seemed to me so perfectly adapted to the business of parliament, from which a physical disability barred him. He was a most remarkable writer on politics, yet I think would have developed greater gifts as a practical statesman. But on one side of life at least there was full development: Oliver had a genius for friendship, and a genius for social intercourse; his success in business enabled him to make his various houses centres for a varied and distinguished circle. What gave his position a singularity almost extravagant according to the standards of our generation, was his choice of a career. For those who belonged to the professional classes in the latter half of last century, manufacturers had their position assured, but business when it meant shop-keeping was on another footing. To be a wine merchant, or a tea merchant, might pass; but drapery—as well be a tailor. Oliver with his degree in law at Cambridge, went to the bar and was in chambers; but after adopting that profession with keen interest (his legal training was a live reality), he gave it up for business; and business meant drapery.

He had, however, every reason to disregard conventional standards; although the chance of friendship with Mr. Ernest Debenham decided the particular road which led him to riches, he had, before the offer was made of an opening in Debenham & Freebody's, decided to return to the way of life which had been his father's. No man could have more deeply respected the

environment in which he grew up, though at every point he broke away from it.

He was to be a leader of Conservative thought; he grew up in the straitest sect of Victorian Liberalism. John Bright, his mother's uncle, was naturally revered in the family; but in that Scottish race of cultivated business men Mr. Gladstone was worshipped. Oliver said to me that till he was twenty he read every word of every one of Gladstone's speeches, and that when he was seventeen his father took away from him a book on Disraeli by Brandes, because it might corrupt his faith. But there must have been good companionship between this austere Liberal and his ardent son; Oliver has often quoted to me his father's views and practice in the difficult art of upstream worm-fishing.

**A Leader
of Thought**

I do not think that either Sir Austen Chamberlain, another friend of Cambridge days, or his famous father could claim to have converted the Gladstonian to a Disraelism outlook. More likely he was before them. At all events, from Cambridge days he and Charles Whibley were good comrades. Sparring partners, no doubt; both loved disputation, and perhaps no two of that generation were more admired as talkers. But Oliver never wielded Whibley's bludgeon; he gave point; and they were home thrusts. Besides, he had a tolerance and a breadth of view which Whibley would never have desired to emulate. Unlike most converts he retained sympathy for the views and prepossessions in which he had been reared. Probably he was for that reason of more value in a time when coalition was necessary than any historian is ever likely to discover; for between 1914 and 1918 he played a very considerable though almost entirely unofficial part. Certainly he was much concerned in the pushing and pulling which led to the superseding of Mr. Asquith; and unlike many others, however he might disapprove Mr. Lloyd George's later proceedings, he never altered his estimate of the man who, in his judgment, won the War. He might have written brilliantly indiscreet memoirs; characteristically he preferred to illustrate his political views from events that had no topical appeal.

His public career, in so far as he had a public career, did not begin until he was past forty, with the publication of his

Alexander Hamilton. Before that I, for in-

A Classic stance, only knew that he was one of the very few who wrote very good letters. The *Hamilton*

has, one may say, attained the rank of a classic both in America and in this country. In the War, when he was employed in the direction of propaganda, he wrote his *Ordeal by Battle*, which, in later years, he regarded with some distaste as "a pamphlet". But it was probably the most effective piece of occasional writing published under stress of that formidable occasion. His other book, *The Endless Adventure*, may be called a political testament, taking the shape of a Life of Sir Robert Walpole. It is perhaps the most characteristic expression of his mind, but it suffers from being a sick man's work; it lacks drive and speed, still these are qualities which the essay can dispense with; and it is in strictness a long historical essay.

The flaw in his armour was lack of health. Even in his teens he had to voyage to the Antipodes in hope to cure lung trouble; and there was no complete cure. He could fish indeed, and fished joyfully till he was fifty; but to face the atmosphere of crowded rooms was impossible for him. This cut out Parliament. It was a great loss. So much judgment combined with so much enterprise, so much knowledge and so much original thought, so sure an insight into character, such a power of witty pregnant speech—above all, so much natural authority—it was too much for the State to lose.

The close of his life had a natural fitness. Always lavish in providing himself with houses, he had bought during the War a beautiful old place on one of the waters that fall from the Cheviot range into the Jed. Sir Walter used to visit there, and no one that I ever knew was a more devoted lover of Waverleys—and of their author—than this Border Scot, Edinburgh bred. He had the country in his bones—shrewd instincts for farming; though he spent probably too much money on his land, the land is the better and will stay the better for his possession of it; and one of the things that consoled him for giving up his farm when health failed was the high rent

etched when local farmers bid against each other for his improved land. Forestry he loved, and hill-slopes, fir-clad and oak-clad, will bear the trace of him for a century. Seeing him there, one saw at once the Scots lawyer turned laird in his old years; and the nobility of his head was not impaired by the illness that checked every movement and forced him to husband and eke out every little ounce of strength. He had to deny himself all—above all the exercise of his greatest pleasure and his greatest gift—conversation. *Si qua fides dubiis*, there is a great welcome for him now among those whom he loved to talk with. Charles Furse, Charles Whibley, the brilliant soldier whom all his friends knew as Johnny Gough, Sir Henry Wilson, and very likely, too, the august shade of Joseph Chamberlain will gather to hear from him, set out with pungent commentary, the news of the world.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

GOOD SECONDS

by HENRY W. NEVINSON

VICTORIAN WALLFLOWERS, by Malcolm Elwin. Cape. 10s. 6d.

To deride the Victorian Age is a commonplace affectation, and recent critics, like beggars mounted, have joined in screaming their mockery. They laugh at the Victorian primness, heroics, sentiment, and decent reserve, which they call hypocrisy. And yet in the Victorian Age the English intellect, for its variety of high achievement, reached a point unsurpassed by any other in its history. If critics sneer and scoff at the evidences of English intellect between 1830 and 1900, nothing can help them. They must be left to deride the Athenian intellect during the century of its greatness.

But behind the greatest writers and thinkers, Mr. Elwin has recognized a crowd of lesser lights. He calls them, rather fantastically, "Wallflowers", as though they sat along the side of a great ballroom, almost unnoticed except by the few who took pity on their desolation, while the best and loveliest dancers went whirling round the floor. I should prefer to call them "Good Seconds", like the horses who have never won the Derby, the Oaks, or the Grand National, but have made a struggle in the race, and are still remembered for something more than defeat. At all events they did better than "Also Ran", and in their day they put up a good fight for their money. Mr. Elwin has here collected a set of nine such "Wallflowers" or "Good Seconds", but in describing them he

has a lot to say about less famous writers who were almost as well known in their time.

I admit the "Good Seconds", like "Wallflowers", call for some pity. "They came so near, so very, very near", as Paracelsus said of the Titans, and in many cases they thought they really "got there". At the present day one may still meet really "Good Seconds", always longing for recognition, always hoping to reach a winning-post, like Galsworthy, Wells, or Shaw, and well deserving to be collected a century hence by some patient treasure-seeker like Mr. Elwin. It would be harsh to call him a scavenger or even an excavator, for what he has found is always more interesting for beauty or strangeness than the discoveries at Ur of the Chaldees, and the valuable relics are of our own country and almost of our own age. Ordinary readers will have heard of them all. Even I who have read fewer novels than any other reader in this country have known them all except perhaps William Maginn, the typical, brilliant, rollicking Irishman of old Fleet Street, and even with him I can claim some connection. For he founded *Fraser's Magazine*, and I believe I am the last man living who sent an article for the editor's approval. It was in defence of Carlyle when he was being shamefully maligned. The editor rejected it, and yet *Fraser's Magazine* died within a month. At a dinner which started it in 1834, among a crowd of distinguished writers present were

Thackeray, Carlyle, Southey, Coleridge, Harrison Ainsworth, Hogg, Lockhart, Count d'Orsay, and Allan Cunningham.

"Patient" is certainly the right word for Mr. Elwin. The labour entailed in gathering the materials for the book must have been long and painful. The amount of reading required was overwhelming. As an ordinary reader, I am appalled at the thought of the serialised novels, the essays and criticisms, the ancient magazines, the fragments of biography, and the embittered wranglings that the author must have spent his time in fishing out from last century's Dead Sea. To myself there is a special pathos in his record of those personal wranglings, now all fallen silent. Criticism was harsher in those days, as all readers of Hazlitt's essays know. Mr. Elwin gives a lot of space to "Christopher North" (John Wilson), the athletic, robustious, domineering partner in *Blackwood's*, now chiefly remembered through Tennyson's epigram in answer to a criticism of his early poems, "mingling praise and blame":

"When I heard from whom it came,
I forgave you all the blame;
I could not forgive the praise,
Musty Christopher."

But cruel as the epigram was one should remember what Christopher North himself used to say of other writers. In a number of his famous *Noctes* (1825) he describes Brougham as "a Billingsgate fishwife", Leigh Hunt and Hazlitt as "soap-bubbles", Southey as "bad, bald, mean, and miserable, alike as poet and in person"; Scott as "a tame and feeble writer, except when his martial soul is up"; Wordsworth's *Excursion* as "the worst poem of any character in the English language"; while the poet is compared with "the bluestocking poetesses", is said "to labour like a whale spouting", and to "have the appearance of a Methodist preacher". Yet Mr. Elwin admits

that at his best Christopher North ranks with Hazlitt, Lamb, and Thackeray in the first flight of periodical essayists.

William Maginn, the original of Captain Shandon in *Pendennis*, follows; then the Rev. R. H. Barham, the fluent rhymester of *Ingoldsby*; then Harrison Ainsworth, whose account of Dick Turpin's ride to York (perhaps borrowed from the similar exploit of my distinguished ancestor the highwayman, John Nevins, who was ultimately hanged in York gaol) was written to 25,000 words in 24 hours; then John Forster, now only remembered for his *Life of Dickens*, but a portentous figure among the writers of his time; then Wilkie Collins, creator of the "thriller" with his *Woman in White* and *The Moonstone*, also an intimate friend of Dickens, too intimate to please Forster; then Mrs. Henry Wood, whose incredible story of *East Lynne* has sold beyond all calculation; then R. D. Blackmore, whose success with *Lorna Doone* has obscured the later works of which Mr. Elwin thinks very highly; Charles Reade, Whyte Melville, Smedley, and many others intervene, all good, all famous in their day; but last comes Ouida, of whom Mr. Elwin writes:

"The end of Ouida's career is symbolic of the end of the Victorian era; she died in 1908, a tawdry, bedraggled scrap of derelict wreckage, defiantly wearing her tattered and old-fashioned finery in surroundings of accumulating ruin, while raucously vociferating the wisdom of her superficial cynicism and ludicrously confident of her supposititious genius."

In the conclusion of his book, Mr. Elwin goes on to say that Ouida's worthlessness and artificiality typify the taste and mentality of the new reading public, created by industrial development and cheap education.

That makes a dismal outlook for us writers, and yet I know many who are sane, humorous, and even decent, but who, none the less, continue to live,

THE THIRD REICH

by JOHN HALLETT.

A HISTORY OF NATIONAL SOCIALISM, by Konrad Heiden. Methuen. 15s.

THIS volume, which will be indispensable to English students of National Socialism, has been put together from two German books by the same author, one written in 1932, the other at the end of last year. This fact accounts for a certain lack of unity. Although the translator gives no clues, it is not difficult to guess which sections belong to 1932 and which to the last months of 1933; and the second stratum is incomparably richer than the first. Writing before Hitler's triumph, Herr Heiden, like most people at that period, had no real conception of the strength of his position or of the psychological foundations of his appeal to the German mind. Otherwise he would scarcely have been content to describe his oratory as that of "an office-boy let loose on the dictionary"; and it may be doubted whether, writing in 1934, he would have referred to Captain Röhm's "honest and straightforward nature."

Once these criticisms are made, however, I have nothing but praise for this original, lucid and comprehensive book. If Herr Heiden is at his weakest in dealing with personalities, he is at his best in describing Herr Hitler's chequered path to victory and in analysing (in the latter part of the book) the state of feeling which made that victory possible. He is merciless in exposing the vacillations and contradictions of the Nazi programme. In 1920 the party adopted the famous twenty-five points, with their demands for the abolition of unearned incomes, of ground-rents and

of big business. Three years later, the "Leader" was denouncing attacks on private property as one of the "horrors" of Marxism. Since he came into power, he has not only dropped entirely the economic part of the original programme, but has made it clear enough that he has no economic programme at all. Again and again, in the course of his progress, Herr Hitler has lightly made declarations and given undertakings which he has afterwards as lightly abandoned. Is it pure opportunism? Or is Herr Hitler the latest and most perfect embodiment of the principles of statecraft preached by Machiavelli? Herr Heiden seems to incline to the second alternative.

But it is, after all, less important to pierce the many gaping joints in Herr Hitler's harness than to discover the qualities which have enabled him—so surprisingly and so disconcertingly to the outside world—to get away with it. There is no doubt that he has appealed with brilliant success to the famous German inferiority complex—aggravated, but not created, by the war and the peace—to that uneasy feeling that Germany has never been, in the complete sense of the word, a nation. Herr Hitler has made Germany conscious of her nationhood. He has been a tremendous leveller. Politically, he has dressed up the Prussian, the Bavarian and the Saxon in the same brown shirt. A good thick coat of brown paint has covered a multitude of sins—and of polychromatic idiosyncrasies which had hitherto defied unification. Socially, he really has fulfilled his boast—or has come nearer

than anyone else to fulfilling it—that he would abolish class-hatred. Inflation paved the way by wiping out the well-to-do middle class. Herr Hitler has cured the proletariat of their international leanings and the Junkers of their pretension to be a superior caste chosen by the Almighty to rule Germany. His ship of state may seem to be steering a crazy course; but at any rate everyone is in the same boat. You cannot, of course, do without hatred altogether. But Herr Hitler has substituted race-hatred for class-hatred. You must not hate the foreigner—for that might be dangerous. You must not hate your fellow-German (unless he is renegade)—for that would be fatal to the national idea. But you can combine every advantage by hating the Jew.

In fact, if Herr Heiden's book is, consciously and confessedly, an indictment of National Socialism, it is also, perhaps unconsciously, an indictment of that which National Socialism has overthrown. No German, or body of Germans, comes well out of this miserable record of the last three or four years of German history. The Social Democrats emerged with immense prestige from the revolution of November 1918—a revolution which they had not made. For ten years after they were the largest and most compactly organized party in the Reich. They controlled the Prussian state. They were masters of many municipalities. Yet the period of their supremacy was void of any concrete achievement; and they went under, when the Nazis assailed them, without striking a blow. In both respects, they cannot compare with the Austrian Social Democrats, though the latter were confronted from the outset by far stronger hostile forces. The German Communists have proved still more futile. They enjoyed for many years a large membership, and at one time returned some eighty members to the Reichstag. But

they have never performed any function except that of a scarecrow, just effective enough to frighten the more timid and less intelligent members of the middle class into the arms of reaction.

If, however, the Left cannot escape these strictures, what shall be said of the Right? Herr Heiden's narrative shows how, at every point, the German Nationalists have played into the hands of the Nazis, adopting in turn every unpleasant posture—and always in vain—from haughty patronage to abject cringing. They calumniated Dr. Stresemann because, though not one of the chosen, he had dared to govern Germany. They destroyed Dr. Brüning because he threatened, in the throes of the economic crisis, to lay hands on their sacrosanct and heavily subsidized estates. They destroyed General von Schleicher—perhaps for no better reason than that Herr von Papen was jealous of him. No single man has done more than Herr von Papen to bring about the victory of Herr Hitler, who has rewarded him by casting him for the appropriate role of Sancho Panza. Nor can President von Hindenburg be acquitted—except on the score of his extreme old age and of the palpable fact that, since the dismissal of Dr. Brüning, he has been in the hands of advisers who have been always unwise and sometimes unscrupulous. Herr Heiden concludes his book with a vision of the impending downfall of the Nazi régime, and sagely remarks that, if confusion worse confounded is not to ensue, "a movement must already be in existence capable of filling the gap". But where in German political thought and tradition can the beginnings of such a "movement" be found? It is not surprising that many Germans, even among those who were once Herr Hitler's bitterest opponents, have come to feel that the collapse of National Socialism might mean, not the regeneration of Germany, but her irretrievable ruin.

A PORTRAIT GALLERY

by SIR JOHN MARRIOTT

LEADERS OF EUROPE, by Emil Ludwig. Ivor Nicholson & Watson. 18s.

THERE is a certain nobility—I had almost written spirituality—about this book such as I had not hitherto perceived in Herr Ludwig's work. All the world knows that he is a portrait painter of the highest technical skill. He is widely recognized as an artist in words, and a great psychologist. But this book seems to reveal him as something even more than a great artist and a master of delineation. Fine portrait painting is not, of course, lacking here. Quite otherwise. Here we have wonderfully life-like portraits of Nansen and Rathenau, of Motta and Masaryk, of Venizelos, Stalin and Mussolini, of Briand and Lloyd George. Of most of these men Herr Ludwig writes with intimate personal knowledge, with deep sympathy, and (generally speaking) with fervid enthusiasm. These qualities are perhaps most noticeable in the portraits of Masaryk, Nansen, Rathenau and Motta. It is least noticeable in his analysis of the career and character of Mr. Lloyd George—a chapter to which most English readers will probably turn first. That is unfortunate, for the first impression of the book will be the least favourable, so unfavourable indeed that it may discourage further exploration. With the earlier Lloyd George, the ardent social reformer, the Welsh nationalist, Herr Ludwig seems to be in complete sympathy, perhaps even with the great War minister. Anyway he can write of him: "If Lloyd George had been assassinated in December, 1918, he would have gone down to history as one of the greatest men of our time". That is true; it has indeed, almost passed into a truism. But of the most magnani-

mous incident in that portion of Mr. Lloyd George's career Herr Ludwig makes no mention. He probably does not know it. Few people now living do. But apart from that obscure if important incident I cannot accept Herr Ludwig as an entirely trustworthy commentator on English history. Thus of Mr. Balfour's Education Act of 1902—one of the most important legislative and administrative achievements of the last half-century Herr Ludwig can write: "... the Conservative Educational Bill which was designed to strengthen the position of the Church of England, to the detriment of the Nonconformists, especially in Wales". (The italics are mine.) That the Act was so represented at the time is, of course, true; but most educationists, including most Nonconformists who are not blinded by ecclesiastical prejudice, would now, I imagine, cordially agree that no measure passed since 1871 has done so much for education, and few have done more for local government in general. But enough of a point that is merely incidental.

Let the English reader persevere with the other chapters of the book and he will be richly rewarded. I have been particularly interested in the chapter on Giuseppe Motta, four times President of the Helvetic Republic, and since 1920 its Minister for Foreign Affairs, having held that position "longer than anyone else in the history of the country". The Presidency of the Swiss Confederation is not in itself an important office. It is held in turns by members of the Federal Council, and does not in any way correspond to that of an English Prime Minister, still less to that of an American President. It is, indeed, like the position

of Switzerland in the European Policy, *sui generis*. It is Motta who has given distinction to the office, not the office which has made Motta eminent. Herr Ludwig confesses himself to be of those who hope to "see the example of Switzerland copied by the whole of Europe". That is, I imagine, why he writes so warmly not only of Giuseppe Motta but of Aristide Briand. It is interesting, in this connection, to be reminded that though Geneva is the home of the League of Nations "about half the Swiss population was opposed to the idea of their country taking a part in world politics". Motta, however, is a fervid believer in the latest experiment in the organization of world-peace and persuaded his fellow-countrymen that "the objection of the League of Nations was nothing less than the neutralization, or 'Swissification' of

all the other nations". Yet, more attractive even than the analysis of Motta's opinions is the personal portrait of the statesman himself. I think that I shall re-read this chapter more often than most in this fascinating volume.

Yet, there are other portraits equally beautiful, notably those of Masaryk and Nansen, and (most pathetic of all) that of Dr. Rathenau, though his claim to inclusion among the "Leaders" of Europe might perhaps be disputed. Nansen was, of course, a familiar figure in this country, and greatly loved and admired. So to the *cognoscenti* is Dr. Masaryk. Not everyone, however, will assent to Herr Ludwig's *obiter dicta* in the chapter on Masaryk. Some at least hold that the destruction of the Habsburg Empire has created more problems than it has solved. Consequently they will have more sympathy with Masaryk the federalist or "trialist" than with Masaryk the Czech nationalist. But I must not permit myself to get on to this highly controversial ground.

More to the immediate purpose is it to draw attention to one or two of Herr Ludwig's portraits of the *Rulers of the People* whom he puts in a different category from the *Servants of the People*. On the whole the former are less satisfactory than the latter, who are evidently better known to the author, and with whom he is evidently more in sympathy. The portrait of Stalin, for example, is almost entirely external, and, I should imagine, superficial. That of Mussolini is better, but it is purely personal. It helps to an understanding of the dictator, but very little to an appreciation of the dictatorship, still less of the complexities of the Corporative State. But one ought not perhaps, to look for this. Herr Ludwig is primarily a portrait painter; it is only when he is in complete sympathy with his subject that he becomes the trustworthy historian and political philosopher.

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IT WAS THE NIGHTINGALE, by Ford Madox Ford. Heinemann. 10s. 6d.

BROKEN RECORD, by Roy Campbell. Boriswood. 7s. 6d.

THESE two autobiographies, one by a member of "the old firm" and the other by a young poet, have little common ground but have certain common characteristics. Both are mixed in their Englishness and accept the English tradition with reservations—being, of course, most proud of the reservations. Both wheel themselves about like a Punch and Judy show, and proceed to thwack and declaim with gusto; and both have decided to defy foul chronology and to dress themselves up in the clothes of any event that pleases them as it comes along. This random literary garment Mr. Ford Madox Ford calls "the time-shift". "You may think you do not like my 'time-shift'", Mr. Ford says, "when the truth is that you do not like me!" Mr. Roy Campbell is lordlier; if you don't like him—and he writes a deal of sentimental stuff about the necessity of Fascism—you are a pedestrian, the degraded creature whom all equestrians, jousts, troubadours and bull-fighters despise. You gather Mr. Campbell is a devil of a fellow and the show keeps up the appropriate pace. Now he is in his native South Africa, now on an island off the Welsh coast; he is back in Rhodesia hunting, then sailing down the Rhone on a barge, working a passage on a Mediterranean steamer—one of the jobs was loading cement over that perilous gang plank at Cassis—fighting bulls in Provence and twisting the tails of literary lions in London. Mr. Campbell hits hard when his Colonial scorn is roused; that is to say, his blows would be good if they landed, but they spend themselves in the air most of the time and the interest wanes. When he has real matter to hand, such as the coming of the sardines to his native

coast, or the memory of some Rhodesian hunt, he can write those pages of clear and sonorous English prose which we expect from the most word-intoxicated poet of our generation. But from his random opinions, heaven protect us—and him.

Mr. Ford Madox Ford is much more the showman, a heavier and more festive fellow than Mr. Campbell, brilliant and laborious. He takes the floor—and this explains why a writer of his calibre, who can draw you an excellent young Galsworthy, a harassed Conrad, a suspicious George Moore and a fulminating Ezra Pound, becomes dull by being too brilliant for his own story. On the other hand, we get a picture of Mr. Ford protesting, enduring, denying, lauding, declaiming, parading and disarming and wandering on, which turns the rest of the circus into a side-show. And the reader will have the satisfaction of thinking that he has discovered things about the character of Mr. Ford which Mr. Ford himself has probably never suspected. An odd thing is autobiography. One of the odd things is his success in the little glimpses he gives of his mother. There has been (apparently) no elaborate working up to the incident—nor does the awful phrase "and here is the point of the story" occur—but they slip out as if by accident, and each is perfect.

Post-war Montparnasse, memories of Kent, Sussex, Campden Hill and New York, pack the book. Most of it is good stuff and all good-humoured. I liked Mr. Ford's habit of attaching the names of his friends to his potato plants; and the gardener's bulletin: "Mr. 'Enery James have picked up proper in the night, but Mr. Conrad do peek and pine and is yellowin'. Mr. Galsworthy's beetles 'ave spread all over Miss Austin . . ." That might have been the text for a picturesque book.

V. S. PRITCHETT.

POETRY DIRECT AND OBLIQUE. by E. M. W. Tillyard. Chatto & Windus. 8s. 6d.

THE mysteriously simple fact that poetry says more than it means, admitted by everybody who has ever experienced poetry at all, is the basis of Dr. Tillyard's book; a courageous book if ever there was one. For till now most critics have been content to treat this simple fact as an axiom, inexplicable and not possible to be argued. How simple it is may best be seen by an examination of the first chapter when Dr. Tillyard makes comparison between the poetic effects of an extract from Goldsmith's *Deserted Village* and Blake's song of innocence called "The Echoing Green." The Goldsmith he calls poetry of statement or direct poetry. But in reading the Blake he perceives that the statements of the poem are not nearly enough to account for the mysteriously significant and profound

effect of the poem. Blake's words describe a village holiday: "The sun does arise, and make happy the skies; the merry bells ring to welcome the spring . . ." His poem, however, portrays, like music, quiet happiness, satisfaction, the peace of desire unquestioned and fulfilled. This undercurrent of feeling, expressed but never stated, Dr. Tillyard calls obliquity. He finds it an essential of the highest poetry, and in some degree even of all poetry—for although he speaks of poetry of direct statement he does this only for convenience. Directness and obliquity are both matters of degree. He is too modest to claim this as a new discovery, but at least he has given criticism two very useful new terms.

One of the most interesting deductions in the book is, that good poetry of statement, unpretentious well-made possibly humdrum verse, with no profound inward implications, is necessary as a soil for the

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production of poetry of the highest obliquity. The reaction against long poems, and against social, satirical or descriptive verse, has reduced all poets since Victorian times to lyric writers. The loss of public interest in poetry may possibly be due to this, a kind of over-indulgence in the intoxications of obliquity, and in a final chapter Dr. Tillyard says that the only hope for poetry today is a return to a good form of social or direct poetry, out of which poets may rise and lift their readers and to which (supposedly) they may return. This is a good thing said, though how it can come about is difficult to foresee. Poetry cannot continue to be intense or nothing; for then there is no point of reference for the intensity. It must be level, then intense, then level again.

But perhaps the best virtue in Dr. Tillyard's book is not his finding words for what we have all been content to feel vaguely, though that is always one function of good criticism, but his discovery of an acceptable explanation of the exquisite pleasure given by melancholy or tragic poetry. This intense joy, always a mystery, Dr. Tillyard very convincingly explains as the release of a primal feeling—the burden of self-consciousness, the joy of knowing interrupted by the fear of knowing. "It is there, the blight, the burden, call it what you will, and it can only do damage if ignored or suppressed. And conversely, to have it sought out and dragged to the light may give intense joy and relief. Poetry is one of the chief means to this process."

Poetry Direct and Oblique may or may not present a new discovery in criticism. It does not matter much. The book shows a searching eager critic in action, example after example, supremely chosen, is analysed according to standards acceptable to modern scepticism, and a new lease of life to enjoy poetry again is given to those to whom it had become tiresomely vague and elusive. FRANK KENDON.

HERE'S ENGLAND, by Dorothy Hartley. *Rich and Cowan*. 9s.

FROM TRACK TO BY-PASS, by T. W. Wilkinson. *Methuen*. 10s. 6d.

THE COUNTRYMAN'S JEWELL, Edited by Marcus Woodward. *Chapman and Hall*. 15s.

MISS HARTLEY knows her England well—no doubt of that. And she knows, too, as nearly as is possible, how to catch the spirit of England in a net of words. Her's is no guide-book; she has merely set down, here and there, now and then, impressions of country people and country ways; and in so doing, because her knowledge of such things is considerable and because she knows how to impart that knowledge easily, conversationally, racily, she has produced a book which is a rare blend of the picturesque and the informative. Read her account of bread-baking in North Wales or her description of an English washing day; and it will be strange if your mouth does not water for Miss Jamie's "proper loaves", or your eye dazzle at the blowing of white sheets on the grass. But Miss Hartley is only half a romantic; she never lets mere imagination get the better of her finely practical sense; no sooner are you set dreaming among the "prettier" aspects of rural life when, pouf! there you are, landed right in the middle of such coarsely matter-of-fact things as cheeses, sheep-washing, peg-making, besoms and waste-paper mills.

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That is the charm of her book; you allow her, willingly, the licence of her chatty, easy-going style, because she does deliver the goods. And a word of praise must be said for her illustrations—a hundred or so photographs, taken by herself, extraordinarily individual and illuminating.

The romance of the English roads is by now a well-worn subject; but mostly the writers who dabbled in it have been of that class who cannot hear mention of a Roman place-name but their facile mind immediately starts conjuring up the ghosts of eagle-crested legions. Mr. Wilkinson, the newest comer in this popular field, is not of that kind. He knows his subject from A to Z, or, rather, from Roman road to Georgian by-pass; and for him the romance of the road lies less in what the imagination supposes than in what history tells for sure. Perhaps this is because he has a more than ordinary practical experience of roads. "He set out to tramp the country as a reporter", his publisher tells us. "At first he was an ordinary tramp, a vagabond, lodging in work-houses and breaking stones. His wanderings took him all over England." His book shows the vagaries of road-building in this country, from pre-historic "ways", through the paved, pitched or gravelled Roman roads to Telford and Macadam; it tells in some detail the history of our turnpike system; and it has an interesting section on guide-posts and mile-stones.

The Countryman's Jewell is sub-titled "Days in the Life of a Sixteenth-Century Squire"; more accurately, it is a compilation of extracts from the quaint writings of Squire Mascall, of Plumpton Place, in Sussex, strung together with a fanciful commentary by the editor. In common with most squires of his day, Leonard Mascall had some very odd notions about the countryside over which he (no doubt) lorded it;

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his writings, therefore, are more interesting today for their fancy than for their fact. Thus: "March violets", he says, "are good for the headach which commeth of to much drinking, and procure sleep. He that shall have taken a blow upon the head so that it hath astonished him, shall not have any greater hurt if he drinke violet flowres stampd and continue the same drinke for a certaine time". And the water of lilies "doth take away the wrinkles of womens faces and make them look very faire and white". Similarly, eye-bright, which "delighteth in a leane ground and shadowed place", is singularly good "against the dimnes, waterishnes, cataract, rheume and weaknes of the eies"; and periwinkle leaves, "if you make a collar thereof to put about your necke or a garland for your head or if you put them under the toong", will stay the bleeding of the nose. Nor is the squire's advice on the conduct of the more mundane affairs of farm-life any less fantastic; as when, for instance, he recommends for an ox that has a headache: "bray garlicke in wine and make him let it down through his nostrils; after bathe all his head with the decoction of the leaves of sage, marierom, lavender, rue, bay and walnut leaves in wine". But of such, apparently, were the foundations of English farming-methods.

C. HENRY WARREN.

SELECTED FICTION

THE ARTIFICIAL PRINCESS, by Ronald Firbank. Duckworth. 6s.

EDEN RIVER, by Gerald Bullett. Heinemann. 5s.

BOTH these stories belong to the realm of fantasy and they bear witness to the vast extent of that realm, for they are poles asunder. The reader (if such there be) who is bored by the conscious, but never self-conscious, simplicity of *Eden River*, will find a perfect antidote in *The Artificial Princess*, and conversely the reader who is exasperated by the exquisite insincerity of Ronald Firbank will turn with relief to the perfect sincerity of Mr. Gerald Bullett. There will be many readers, however, and I shall be among them, who get a great deal of enjoyment out of both these books.

But we who enjoy both will discriminate in our enjoyment. We shall be fully conscious, while we are being charmed and entertained by Ronald Firbank, that he belongs to a class of writers which never produces great literature. Firbank, in fact, is an entertaining trifle—a cocktail, icy and exotic as a cocktail should be, but none the less a cocktail. He was born out of due time, for his spiritual period is the naughty 'nineties. Yet he is not a mere mimic of the 'nineties: if he were, he would be unbearable. The 'nineties admired themselves and laughed at themselves simultaneously: but Firbank has the advantage in point of time, for while admiring and laughing at himself he can also laugh at the 'nineties and so add another spicy ingredient to the pie. He contrives to get his tongue even further into his cheek than they did, and being at least as clever as they were he is more amusing, though the present story has a flaw—a considerable one—which is, perhaps, the reason why Firbank

never published it. After climbing, like a brilliant rocket, to an alluring Ruritanian climax, it fizzles out: there is no resolving shower of stars. Here are three samples of his wit: he is describing a golden idol—"only a diplomatist could look so much, and mean so little;" a perfume—"that lingered amorously on the air, enfeebling the moral senses, undoing good resolutions—supposing any to have been made;" the Mistress of the Robes—"a Rubens on the verge of becoming a Jordens from a too ardent admiration of French cookery, and a preference for sleep." Yes, a cocktail, and a good one.

Mr. Bullett is no cocktail. He is a wine, a sound, natural wine of very beautiful quality. *Eden River* is the story of Adam and Eve and their children, but not the Old Testament story. There is no Jehovah, no serpent, no forbidden fruit nor angel with flaming sword. It is, rather, an Arcadian version of the myth, told with a really beautiful simplicity. The story opens with the boy Adam, alone in the garden, falling in love, Narcissus-like, with his own reflexion, and it ends with the aged Adam and Eve still happy and innocent in the garden, but Cain, grown fierce and superstitious since the murder of his brother, gone away across Eden River, taking his unwilling tribe with him. The psychology of male and female, and child and parent is subtly woven into the story with so skilful an unobtrusiveness that it never disturbs the simplicity of the tale. Mr. Bullett has perfectly solved the problem of appropriate style, for the style here always rings true because it is his own, simple, entirely free from archaisms, essentially modern. It is a beautiful piece of work, a prose poem vivid and moving and admirably constructed. MARTIN ARMSTRONG.

I, CLAUDIUS, by Robert Graves. Barker. 8s.

THE GINGER GRIFFIN, by Ann Bridge. Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d.

I, Claudius is a solid achievement, destined for long life. It tells, in the first person, the story of Claudius from childhood to the hour when the omen of his youth was fulfilled, and the unlikely stammering scholar was dragged out of his hiding place and hailed by mocking voices as Emperor. It covers, therefore, the last days of Augustus, the campaigns and death of Germanicus, and the reigns of Tiberius and Caligula.

Mr. Graves has begun by imposing upon himself a severe limitation, which, after the manner of all good artists, he has turned to strength. Adopting a flattened, bare prose style consonant with the character and writings of his hero, he has denied himself the high lights and the flourishes which would have been a lesser writer's paradise. His gain is twofold. First, to relate credibly, and keep as integral parts of a work of art, the fantastic excesses of Tiberius and Caligula demands a severe discipline; and Mr. Graves has chosen the best possible, that of seeing everything through the glass of an unexcited and consistent temperament. Second, the extraordinary passages in the narrative gain immeasurably in vividness from the simplicity with which they are set down. The fights in the arena, the death of Livia, the scene in the bedroom when Caligula first decided that he was a god, are cases in point. There are no purple patches in the book, yet none of its many bizarre and monstrous incidents gets less than its due. This, in the face of such material, argues an astonishing literary tact. An unspectacular but wholly convincing example of Mr. Graves' skill is the way in which he has adapted Tacitus's story of the German campaigns to the wholly different viewpoint and personality of Claudius. Quite apart from the care with which the back-

ground has been studied, work like this is only possible to the writer who really knows his job.

Born a stutterer, so nervous that he bungled every task that was given him, Claudius had to do without affection, and, save in a very few instances, without sympathy. To his ineptitude he owed his life. Had he revealed a spark of real ability, or aptitude for politics, he would have gone the way of Augustus, Germanicus, and the rest. Even so, he came several times very near to extinction. As it was, cherishing on the advice of the wise Calpurnia his post of buffoon, he survived even the madness of his nephew, Caligula. Mr. Graves, without a suspicion of sentimentality, makes Claudius wise, sensitive, humorous, and lovable. Tiberius is painted in dark colours—though, unless Tacitus and Suetonius are to be discredited, nothing else is possible. All

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the same, his good points are fairly put. Even the monstrous Livia emerges as slave to a sense of royal duty. Space, already over-occupied, forbids me to say more; but, if 1934 produces a much better novel than this, it will be an *annus mirabilis*.

Such a book makes anything else seem slight beside it; but *The Ginger Griffin* approaches perfection in its kind. As with Miss Bridge's first success, the scene is Peking, with its temples, its wide, bare landscapes, its European colony, and its horse-racing. In essentials, the story is an old one. Amber Harrison, a visitor, is torn between two worlds. One is typified by George Hawtrey—safe, obvious, and kind—the world of all that

Amber likes best. The representative of the other is Rupert Benenden. Both men belong to the Legation, which once more is in the foreground of the picture. Amber is forced to make a choice; and as the tale is told, it seems natural that she should choose the world she knows. Miss Bridge would appear to prefer conventionality, from conviction, i.e., not because it is "the done thing", but because she believes that within its fold a woman can thrive best. Certainly Nugent Grant-Howard, his wife Joanna, and Dickie, are strong arguments for such a creed. The whole thing is exquisitely done, and, within its limits, could hardly be bettered.

L. A. G. STRONG.

MARX AND MR. STRACHEY

To the Editor of the FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

SIR,—In his review in your June issue of my biography of Karl Marx, Mr. Strachey quotes my tribute to the far-sightedness of Marx's prophecies, and proposes to use this as a "test" of the correctness of his economic theories.

Did or did not [he asks] the Labour Theory of Value and the concepts based on it . . . enable Marx to predict the future course of the system? Who can possibly deny that they did? Mr. Carr does not deny it.

Of course I deny it—and for the most cogent of reasons. The most vital of Marx's predictions—the development of the class-struggle and of the political self-consciousness of the proletariat, the periodicity of economic crises, the disease of over-production, the decay of capitalism, the successive phases of *bourgeois* and proletarian revolution—had all been made by 1848, and nothing essential was added to them after 1850. It was not until 1857 that Marx began, as he told Engels, to "work out the fundamental principles of economics", which he presented to the world ten years later

in the first volume of *Capital*. In other words, Marx, like most human beings, first made up his mind and then looked round for arguments to prove that he was right; and, as often happens, the conclusions, reached by a process of intuition, came nearer the truth than the artificial arguments by which he afterwards sought to justify them. In such cases the correctness of the conclusions can afford no presumption of the correctness of the arguments.

All of which shows that, as I ventured to say in my preface, the study of Marx's biography is important—particularly for Marxists. It would at any rate save them from the "howler" of supposing that Marx's predictions of the collapse of capitalism and the triumph of the proletariat were deduced from his theories of surplus-value and constant and variable capital.

I am, etc.,

E. H. CARR.

Oxford and Cambridge Club.

June 6th, 1934.

THE FORTNIGHTLY

AUGUST, 1934

1914—1934

BY GEORGE E. G. CATLIN

TWENTY years ago, on August 4th, the World War began. Half a generation ago the Peace of Versailles was signed in the Salle des Glaces, amid memories of the glories of Louis XIV. It was signed there to obliterate the recollection of 1870. The pictures of the men of the old diplomacy looked down, from the walls of the Palace of the French kings, upon the cotton-gloved figure of Monsieur Clemenceau. But the Peace was to inaugurate, under such auspices, a world fit for heroes to live in. The sacrifices of Passchendaele were to be made worth while.

It appears to have inaugurated an epoch in which a man requires to be a hero to live in it. It inaugurated a period of irrationalism and revolution. It brought back, from the history books of the ancient world of slave civilizations, into the vocabulary of the present, the word "dictatorship". The wit who prayed Heaven that we might enjoy that world that the Peace cannot give appears to have been justified. The Congress of Vienna may have danced, but its fruits were characterized by a more constructive intelligence than were those produced by the allied democracies at Versailles.

The author of the Covenant retired to die in America, a paralytic, a defeated man, one of the great tragic figures of history. The spirit of Georges Clemenceau dominated the decade and detected nothing greater than the glory of France. Clemenceau was a Liberal. He taught this new world what French liberalism really meant. His custom was to eructate when the President ventured upon general propositions about mankind. He made it clear that peace was but an alternative political means of

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conducting war. Clemenceau begat his spiritual child in Hermann Göring, who talks of "this drivel about humanity". Göring is not a Liberal.

The psychological consequence of the war has been to leave almost all men, certainly in Britain and America, with a genuine desire for peace, not only as a material good but as a moral principle. It has left few men who are not prepared to look with favour on the notion of some kind of world government, if a means, neither foolhardy nor offensive to national pride, can be found to achieve it. It has made a Wellsian world not unattractive. We can count all this to the credit side.

On the debit side are the hopeless and pitiful divisions of the peace movement, once ways and means come to be discussed.

In 1919, after men emerged from the Gehenna of the war, they felt that an epoch of peace and of adventure in the work of civilization was ahead of them. Such an epoch, broadly speaking, had separated the Napoleonic Wars from the Great War, which was to be the last. The coming of Lenin and of Mussolini was a portent of other things. Lenin spoke of peace through war. Mussolini praised war the ennobler. The occupation of the Ruhr was significant. The capitalist world had no peace. Stresemann and Briand died. The Anschluss negotiations in Austria for self-determination, opposed by France and Italy; the failure of the Creditanstalt Bank of Vienna; the 1929 crisis in Wall Street; the rise of Hitler to power; the deposition of Brüning followed in quick succession.

Against this sinister trend the peace movement offered, and offers, a divided resistance because it has no common mind. One of the most disturbing things about the recent book, *Young Oxford and War*, is that all the contributors agree upon the need for peace, and all disagree upon the way to it. Instead, the peace movement offers, with innumerable minor variations, four major and inconsistent policies.

There is, first, the group of absolute pacifists, heavily represented upon the National Peace Council, who feel that the right course is to decline to fight in any war whatsoever. Force is their bugbear. They advocate, with the Bishop of Birmingham, the experiment of unilateral disarmament, or demand,

with Lord Ponsonby, that sympathizers sign a pledge undertaking to bear no part in war.

This attitude is one that keeps pure the moral garments of the individual. It is not dissimilar to that of the man who would go to prison rather than contribute to the support of the Metropolitan Police force, because the right way to deal with murderers is for all to sign a pledge not to murder. It believes that groups, at least, and nations can never be criminals against civilization by any act of deliberate choice. Only solitaries commit crime.

That the movement is unlikely to achieve adequate support to make it practically effective is, as a matter of conscience, a minor consideration. If it is charged with refusing, on principle, to bear the burden of international order, and to pay the exacting costs of peace, its representatives may reply that, in fact, they would fight in an international police force (or in a Red army), but that the actual issue is one of national wars. In this issue, the best tactical reply is an absolute negative.

The pacifist movement may be entitled to respect, and to co-operation, in so far as it stresses the importance of the "peace mind"—the supposition that peace is normal—but, tactically, it weakens support for any system of collective security and proportionately strengthens the "no commitments" policy of Lord Beaverbrook. What matters is the peace of the world; not the peace of mind of the pacifist.

Another section of the peace movement is outraged by the atrocities reported from Nazi Germany and by the war talk of Fascism. The war against Fascism assumes, for it, the prime place in the campaign for peace. It is rightly pointed out that the German electorate must assume responsibility (unless guilty of criminal cowardice) for the German Government which, by a 93 per cent vote, they have elected. The bulk of the pamphlets of the Friends of Europe group have been directed against this German threat.

Doubtless quite involuntarily, the effect of this movement may be to lend strength to the only demand more sterile than that of "no commitment," namely, a policy so strongly Franco-phil as to make the Foreign Office an annexe of the Quai d'Orsay. This is, of course, what French realists, in foreign policy, have been playing for since 1919. When English and American

diplomats have talked about world disarmament at Geneva they have meant no armed alliance for France; when French diplomats have talked about world security there, they have meant a signed treaty of alliance for France.

Again, there are the various Communist and semi-Communist bodies, such as the Anti-War Movement, that have sprung into prominence since 1930. They believe frankly in one more war to end war. Long live the class war. They believe, rightly, that a war with a useful social purpose is better than a war that merely perpetuates and confirms the international anarchy. The violent class civil-war is held to serve such a purpose and is held to be inevitable. The issue of their doctrine is not peace, nor can be until the last capitalist power lies prostrated in the dust. Then, alone, the defensive sword of Communist justice will be sheathed. What, however, we are here concerned with is peace. Without it, there bids fair to be little wealth for Communism to distribute.

It should be added that what is held to be the purest orthodoxy among British Communists may be detected as a Left-wing infantile deviation in Moscow, which shoulders rather heavier responsibilities. Russia, which now frankly appeals to love of the fatherland, finds in Geneva qualities that, although doubtless disfigured by capitalist deception, are not entirely black. The trade unions, in brief, are not necessarily guilty of "social chauvinism" because they feel that a peace system, based upon nations that may be made Socialist, may be better than such a class-war system as would precipitate fratricide, as a preliminary to justice.

Are we to say that there is yet one clear road of progress and advance to peace? This road is called "collective international security."

During fifteen years the various League of Nations Unions have done their job of unobtrusive laudation of the principles of Geneva. The Labour and Socialist Parties of Europe and America have put on record their resolutions. At Hastings, in 1933, the Labour Party of Great Britain endorsed the system of collective security, and resolved to favour an International Police Force, to take no part in war, and to discuss "what steps, including a general strike, might be taken to organize the opposi-

tion of the organized working class movement in the event of war or threat of war". These resolutions were felt to contain, not only a redundancy of phraseology, but a certain ambiguity concerning their intrinsic consistency. That feeling was not entirely justified—it is possible to regard the threat of a general strike as a sanction for the application of the principle of the Kellogg Pact—but it was a feeling certainly widespread.

This July, the National Executive of the Labour Party, conjointly with the Trade Union Congress General Council, with a view to clearing up misunderstanding, issued a statement of policy which distinguished between war of an aggressive character and "war" (*i.e.* police action) undertaken in defence of the collective peace system. It declared that the primary allegiance of the citizen, in a conflict of duties, is to the world community, but that this allegiance itself involved unflinching support of a government engaged in maintaining the collective system. It shelved the issue of a general strike, called by the trade unions, by pointing out the weakness of the trade union movement abroad and by insisting that the trade unions shall not shoulder, alone, the responsibility for such action.

Representative trade unionists have not aligned themselves with this statement with entire unanimity.

Mr. Bromley, on the one hand, of the Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen, speaking at Harlesden on May 27th, said that the members of the unions should not commit themselves too readily to the opinion, often expressed by people who had no authority or responsibilities, that the British trade union movement must prevent war by a national strike. At the moment a number of important nations were not governed by political governments, but were servile states under the heel of armed dictatorship, which aimed at smashing, by brutalized force, the trade union movement of the world, and he conceived circumstances which might occur when it would be to the interest of British trade unionism not only not to refuse to assist, but even willingly to help our country in the case of war. On the other hand, in a very militant speech, Mr. J. Henderson, of the National Union of Railwaymen, said recently at Carlisle that "the time has come for the workers of the world to put a foot down among these quarrelling, antagon-

istic 'statesmen' and to issue the ultimatum 'No war for us under any circumstances'". Mr. Greenwood appears to voice the official opinion of the Labour Party when he expresses his belief in the League, the whole League and nothing but the League—of Socialist nations.

It is customary in certain quarters, alike of conservative realism and of disappointed and temperamental idealism, to dismiss the League as now negligible. Many National-Coalition ministers, such as Lord Londonderry, appear to be of the opinion that the League is now merely a vague and uncertain moral force. Actually, however, it appears probable that the Disarmament Conference has been the theatre for such a re-grouping of great Powers, under the ægis of Geneva, as to rank behind the League a greater military force than has ever hitherto been the case during the years of its existence. Such an international force as must make aggression futile is the best security for peace.

At Geneva the old *Entente* is re-forming, reinforced by the Succession States, and regarded with benevolence by an America that views with disfavour Japanese ambitions. It looks as if the great military powers are unprepared to tolerate freebooter states, not necessarily for idealistic reasons, but because they keep them awake o' nights. A *Power-bloc* is taking shape. It will use Geneva. What matters is how it does so. The task is to see to it that the dominant Power that assures peace is avowedly international, not merely imperial or anti-German.

No fair observer can deny that Germany has a strong case in equity. The Polish frontier is drawn rather to propitiate the friends of the victors than from any respect for the wishes of the inhabitants of the lands affected. It is so drawn as to separate, by an alien strip, the capital of Prussia from the capital of Germany. The victorious Powers have scarcely interpreted their promise to disarm to the limits of security in any straightforward sense—nor is it an adequate excuse that, after the failures of Stresemann and Brüning, Germany is now rearming. France, when she speaks of honouring the treaties, steadily averts her eyes from Clause XIX of the Covenant and of the Treaty of Versailles, which makes provision for equitable readjustments.

Those who wish to denounce the hypocrisy of Liberalism

can scarcely have a better theme than that of the hard-boiled political bargaining that has gone on at Geneva behind pretentious declarations about justice, equity and humanity. The temperamental idealists have gorged themselves to the full when this opportunity has been presented to them to exercise their powers of denunciation. To have truck with Geneva, they have insisted, is not only to have truck with force, but also with dishonesty—with capitalist force and with middle-class dishonesty. Many drew the deduction that it is better not to have an international force, or an international organization, or peace, than to have it organized under the control of capitalist nations.

The Germans have not been slow to make the most of this so-called hypocrisy of Geneva. The Americans kept out of the League because the Senate, led here by such spokesmen as Senator Borah, has consistently regarded the Covenant as a ruse to impose for ever on the world the dictated terms of Versailles. Germany has walked out of the Disarmament Conference, proclaiming the same belief. This has had the odd result of leading M. Barthou to declare that he merely wanted his pound of flesh and that, for himself, he understood nothing of the Christian brotherly methods of vivisection considered reputable at Geneva. What, however, Germany and Japan have not been justified in doing is in walking out of the League itself and, thereby, out of the organized comity of nations.

Tardiness in securing an equitable redress provides no man or country with a justification for threatening to refuse submission to law and justice. The result of the German action may happily have been to bring Russia and the United States to the threshold of Geneva. But it does not make the action any less menacing as an act of secession. Germany's representatives thereby spat in the face of international law.

The disadvantage of trusting exclusively to collective security is that its effectiveness depends upon the *bona fides* of other nations. The same, of course, can be said of any treaty of alliance whatsoever. The collective system does, however, involve great and even revolutionary upheavals of thought. It involves the acceptance of the primacy of obligation to the world-community in process of organization. It involves the

abandonment of national absolute sovereignty. All this the Labour Party has faced and has admitted. It probably will come to mean the vesting of sovereignty in an international body, the recognition of decisions by majority vote and the development of a doctrine of high treason that would make secession from the League an act of war. These are great changes amid which it behoves the responsible government of any country to walk warily.

The road to the international reign of law, and to assured peace, is adequately clear. The problem is whether we are prepared to assume the immediate risks of taking it, with all the change of thought involved. Sir Norman Angell assures us that collective security is not only a peace measure, but a security measure—and the cheapest and the most effective security measure—if other countries play their part.

A peace programme presented merely as one of security and economy is probably not one well chosen. There are heavy risks. It is better to say so. They may be no greater than in any specific alliance of which each sovereign country remains judge. The guarantees, after all, in both cases, are those of honour and of interest. There may not be economy, if there is to be effective peace. It is perhaps as well to say that there probably will not be great economies. But effective peace is worth having. If rearmament is to come, it is important that it should assume an international shape. The alternative system is to return to the pre-1914 international anarchy and to scrap the Covenant. That Covenant is almost the sole positive benefit that has resulted from a bloody war such as nearly wrecked the Western World (for the benefit of the Eastern World) in 1914-18, and that left revolution in its wake.

Why not, indeed, obliterate those twenty years? Why not return to the pre-1914 system—or lack of it? Edgar Mowrer wrote a book called *Germany Puts the Clock Back*. Why should we not all put the clock back—to the days of Lord Salisbury and “splendid isolation”? The answer to Lord Beaverbrook’s thesis, trumpeted in all his papers, is simple. Lord Salisbury’s policy was not successful. The life work of Edward VII consisted in undoing it.

Britain never can maintain a splendid isolation, and least of all today. She is too deeply interested. What she can do is to maintain the balance of power. The proper British policy (and here Lord Lothian appears to be right) is to avoid specific entanglements which bind her to follow in the wake of the policy of particular nations. That was the danger of the Anglo-French pact of 1932, and maybe the danger of M. Barthou’s visit this July. But the appropriate course is not one of “no-commitments”. The public policy of Lord Grey of no decisions, and the actual policy of commitment to one country, were in large part responsible for the catastrophe of 1914. At all costs their repetition must be avoided. For this, a positive and constructive policy must be substituted.

This country has played a great international role. It is to be hoped that it will continue to do so. It will not do this by assuring its citizens, in one breath, that they belong to an imperial race, and the like, and, in the next breath, that they will never fight another war abroad. It is clever of Lord Beaverbrook to tell Cuthbert that he is a hero. Everyone, of course, wants to be a hero as cheaply as possible. But it is not fair.

This country will continue to play an international role by assuming international responsibilities, as it did in the days of the suppression of the slave trade. It must not leave it to Mr. Litvinov or Mr. Roosevelt or M. Barthou to make declarations which, whatever we may think of them, have the merit of being clear cut. A lead is required which will earn the respect of history for this country. It is such a lead which Mr. Lloyd George rightly demands. Such a lead spells the public acceptance by this country of the principle of collective security, with its consequent obligations of mutual guarantees and its acceptance on principle of the League as a sovereign assembly of free states, guaranteeing by that sovereignty the international reign of law.

To the obligations under the Covenant and the Kellogg Pact this country stands committed. To the more precise obligations under the Locarno Pact it stands committed. This country is not likely to be called upon to fulfil any heavier obligation than those incurred in this Pact. An Eastern Locarno, not unforgetful

of equitable claims for frontier revision, properly and precisely drafted, need not mean heavier obligations.

A system of collective security might mean that when, as on June 26th, British police are arrested for doing their duty in Shanghai by Japanese naval patrols and put in the guard-house for the night, British warships, flying not only the white ensign but the Geneva flag, would anchor outside Yokohama harbour the following week. That would have happened anyhow under Lord Palmerston's régime. What is required is that the obligations undertaken by this country shall be to the interest of this country and shall be precise.

The practical task is to discover what other Powers are also interested in a system of collective security and whether their pledge alone, even if there were no other, would, in effect, provide adequate security—something better than the quite illusive hope of security by building against all comers or the dangerous possibilities of individual alliances.

It can safely be said that two of the great Powers with permanent seats in the Council of the League—Japan and Germany—are not at present interested in any such proposal. Granted such a turn of the wheel as makes success possible, both Germany and Japan propose war. They offer Britain a share of the spoil if she will stand aloof during the robbery—at least, the robbers will be quite courteous to her, for the present.

France has repeatedly announced, in paper proposals, her interest in collective security. That interest may be expected to be genuine so long as France will be benefited, and the *status quo* will be maintained. The U.S.S.R. has not the same interest in the *status quo*, but she has a profound interest, on principle and in practice, in the guarantees of collective security. These, let it be added, are two of the Powers of the *Entente Cordiale*. Italy, for reasons connected with Austrian policy, would almost certainly side with them. These three, with the support of either of the Anglo-Saxon countries, can almost certainly keep and, if necessary, dictate the peace of the world. The weakest of the dictators, for reasons of geography and transport, would probably be the Soviet Republic. The evils of this system of mutual assurance is that it would be directed, pretty patently, against Germany.

The Anglo-Saxon countries, granted that they do not fall out between themselves, hold the balance of power. Conjointly they hold overwhelming power and can command their own terms. For that reason they can afford the luxury of being guarantors of a collective security, although they cannot afford the luxury of individual commitments. Upon them falls a proportionate responsibility for the maintenance of peace. The collective system, for them, need not necessarily be a synonym for an alliance against Germany. It would not be. Because these countries conjointly can exercise a dominant power but, in antagonism, can neutralize each other, there will naturally be the strongest endeavour on the side of interested parties to set them by the ears.

The policy of the United States, as represented by President Roosevelt, can reasonably be described as pacific. The semi-imperialism of the previous administration, in relation, for example, to Cuba, has been abandoned. The American objection to the League was that it was an exploitation of idealism designed to concentrate force against the vanquished in the late war. The United States has never been guilty of indiscriminate and rash commitments. In 1910 the Senate of the United States resolved that a commission should be appointed to constitute the combined navies of the world an international force for the preservation of universal peace. To that proposal Sir Edward Grey returned a sympathetic but ineffectual reply.

It is understood that President Roosevelt would welcome an effective fusion of the British and American fleets in the Pacific. The objections come from the British side. That understanding in the Pacific would require, as *quid pro quo*, a guarantee of the American navy of food convoys on the Atlantic and the placing of both arrangements under the limitations of an international, as distinct from an imperial, mandate.

Here is a basis for negotiation at the forthcoming Naval Conference. The Englishman must, in practice, think in the largest units available for the joint exercise of power for peace. The problem of this next decade is to explore the possibility of Anglo-Saxony as a standard bearer of peace. If that standard is seized, dominant power assures peace. If it is thrown down, the future holds in store the quick passage of the months from the situation of 1908 to that of 1914.

THE DEANS OF ST. PAUL'S

BY J. R. GLORNEY BOLTON

IN two months' time Dr. Inge leaves his Deanery, and into his place will come a man whose eminence as a philosopher of religion is already acknowledged. It is no secret that Dean Inge earnestly desired Dean Matthews to be his successor. So well did Dean Inge maintain the traditions of his Cathedral that his recommendation would have influenced the Prime Minister of any party. None the less, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald knew that he was making the one ecclesiastical appointment which, apart from appointments to Lambeth, Bishopthorpe and Fulham, seems most intimately to concern a great lay public.

To Gladstone and to Salisbury the privilege of appointing bishops and deans was one of the major consolations of the Prime Minister's office. Disraeli might profess a cynical disregard for ecclesiastical appointments and cause the Queen—at heart a good Presbyterian with an odd weakness for bishops—no little anxiety. On one occasion he requested Salisbury to provide him with a list of candidates suitable for episcopal preferment, stipulating only that the list should include no "damned fool". Yet, there is no doubt that he also, in his own enigmatic fashion, enjoyed the business of bishop-making as much as his Sovereign; and though a few conventional clergymen complained that a man of Jewish antecedents could hardly be trusted to appoint any bishops, there was no denying the fact that the Prime Minister was a baptized person, or that Canon Blagden had found him to be an exemplary parishioner who absented himself from morning service at Hughenden Church only when the wind was in the East and when the collection was on behalf of some foreign mission. Salisbury appears to have been the last Prime Minister whose churchmanship was never once held in doubt. Arthur Balfour was, indeed, religious, but in the public mind his writings obscured,

rather than clarified, his religious beliefs. Henry Campbell-Bannerman was a loyal and unaffected son of the Church of Scotland. Asquith used to read the lessons at Sutton Courtenay, though as a test of churchmanship reading the lessons is scarcely more satisfactory than blowing the organ. Mr. Lloyd George is an impenitent Dissenter. Anyone summarizing the religious views of Salisbury's successors would find that, like C. P. Scott, they fell back "on the practical life-activity, affection".

And yet the appointment of bishops by a Prime Minister who makes no display—and even no pretence—of churchmanship creates very little effective resentment. There was, it is true, trouble when Mr. Lloyd George appointed Dr. Hensley Henson to be Bishop of Hereford, and there was trouble when Mr. Ramsay MacDonald appointed Dr. Barnes to be Bishop of Birmingham. But Dr. Hensley Henson, translated to Durham, has become a model of orthodox propriety, and the episcopal status of Dr. Barnes is now chiefly deplored by those who believe that a deanery would have provided a more suitable arena for his talents. By no means all of Salisbury's successors have been indifferent to their ecclesiastical appointments. Asquith took a delight in appointing men who had distinguished themselves at Oxford or Cambridge. It was he who made possible the swift translation of Dr. Gordon Lang from Stepney to Bishopthorpe; and if the Archbishopric of Canterbury had fallen vacant during his long residence in Downing Street, who can doubt that he would have wanted to make the Socialist Charles Gore Primate of All England? On the whole, the episcopal appointments made during the past thirty years have been fair and almost entirely free from political bias which, flagrant during the Hanoverian period, was certainly not absent during Queen Victoria's reign. The cynic may attribute this improvement not to righteousness, but to Asquith's crippling of the House of Lords, in whose debates bishops with Oxford Union reputations behind them could cause graver embarrassment to the Government than they do today.

Since Asquith's day, however, the bishops have lost something far more significant than mere political prestige. If it was once possible for a Roman Catholic layman like Acton to have more than a bowing acquaintance with nearly all the

Anglican bishops in England—from Dunelm to Sodor and Man—a recital of the surnames of all the contemporary bishops would tax the memory even of the indefatigable editor of the *Church Times*. We have compelled Parliament to convert a number of parish churches into cathedrals; we have lent the names of obscure country towns and featureless London suburbs to suffragan bishoprics; we have, indeed, made an episcopal third cousin the proper possession of every well-esteemed *bourgeois* family. For this state of affairs the bishops have themselves to blame. It was they who encouraged the excessive organization of Church activities by which they are now victimized. They deprived themselves of their leisure and, so doing, they robbed the Church of their scholarship—when that is to say, they had any. There are probably times when the Bishop of Gloucester would willingly return to the Regius Professorship of Divinity at Oxford, and when the Bishop of Durham and the Bishop of Oxford wish that once again they could become the Deans of their own Cathedrals; for conditions are making it almost impossible to retain a learned episcopate, and unless the demand for innumerable conferences and complicated committees at Church House comes to an end, the learned bishop will soon find himself an anomaly.

Fortunately, there are compensations. While the prestige of the episcopate declines the influence of the deaneries increases, and with them increases the influence of offices like the Mastership of the Temple. We do not willingly allow our philosophers and scholars to be hampered by work which men with a mundane business acumen can do more effectively. That is why men who cannot remember the names of more than three of the bishops appointed by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald—and his Prime Ministership has already lasted longer than that of Mr. Baldwin—waited somewhat impatiently to hear the name of Dean Inge's successor. It was not so when Gladstone appointed Richard Church to be Dean of St. Paul's. Gladstone dragged Richard Church from his remote Somersetshire living in the hope that he was thus able to bring his friend a stage nearer the episcopal bench. When the opportunity arrived, he actually offered Church the Archbishopric of Canterbury. But when Mr. Ramsay MacDonald summons Dean Matthews from

Devonshire, it is because at St. Paul's he is to do his life's work. There will be no further preferment.

Officially, high distinctions are numerous. The Deanery of Westminster is not less exalted than the Deanery of St. Paul's. The palaces of Lambeth and Fulham gaze proudly on the Thames—the “liquid history” of England—from which the Deanery of St. Paul's is now completely obscured. But the remembrance of personal greatness has created a new usage. It was partly the triumph of Dean Church; for he fulfilled his purpose, which was “to set St. Paul's in order, as the great English Cathedral, before the eyes of the country”. The historian of the Oxford Movement was not afraid to develop within his Cathedral the manifold potentialities of Anglican worship, and he had an ardent supporter in Canon Gregory, the Treasurer, who was at last to succeed him as Dean. For Dean Inge there was a different purpose. Deaf and unmusical, he could not himself have initiated any improvements in the Cathedral services; but, absolved by the constitution of St. Paul's from many irksome duties which the Deans of most other Cathedrals cannot evade, he was able to speak freely to his countrymen and spiritually to bring all who would listen “beneath the Dome”. “Beneath the Dome” men found deliverance from shoddy thinking and false emotionalism, and in an unquiet time they were encouraged to see their lives and activities *sub specie æternitatis*. More than twenty years ago Asquith searched eagerly for the right successor to Colet, Donne and Church; and now that the Dean he appointed has entered the evening of life it became more than ever necessary that Asquith's successor should not through any hasty judgment cause the personal ascendancy of the Deanery to be impaired.

Revolutions in English life are silent and often unobserved. Who before the War supposed that the Deanery of St. Paul's might go to a man who had not been educated at one of the older universities? When Thomas Campbell and his friends decided to found the University of London, John Keble had not preached his Assize Sermon at St. Mary's. At the time only a few Oxford dons shared Keble's fear of secular opinion. To most of them the founding of the University of London was, at the worst, a rather poor joke. They believed that the

secularism of Zachary Macaulay and Joseph Hume could be quietly ignored. It did not concern them that Campbell, Macaulay and Hume had the support of old Catholic families as well as a number of Dissenters among the rising industrialists. That Lord John Russell should come to their aid was only to be expected, for his championship of Catholic emancipation had just lost him his Parliamentary seat. The powerful support of the Duke of Norfolk they could attribute to an aristocratic and amiable eccentricity. Had not people shaken their heads when the former Duke of Norfolk befriended the foolish poet, Shelley? Papists and Dissenters might protest for ever against the Universities which excluded them; but there seemed to be no need to take seriously the project to create a centre of learning, divorced from piety, in the heart of London. And when the University of London came actually into existence, it was by a simple device that loyal Churchmen frustrated the efforts of the Benthamites and the Nonconformists, both Dissenting and Papist. They created King's College, which was to set forth "the doctrines and duties of Christianity, as the same are inculcated by the United Church of England and Ireland". And when this was done, divines sought to forget what was happening in London. Until the end of time the knowledge of Greek would raise Oxford men above the common herd, leading them, as Gaisford predicted, not infrequently to positions of considerable emoluments. They would for ever succeed because of "the tranquil realization of their own effortless superiority". Who was to believe that King's College would survive even that seemingly immortal institution, "the United Church of England and Ireland"?

As the years rolled by, disturbing rumours reached Oxford. London was training the best medical men and the best scientists, and then Oxford, by the belated establishment of the School of "Modern Greats", forced itself into an effective rivalry with the London School of Economics. There remained at Oxford the unchallenged ascendancy of the *litteræ humaniores*. There remained theology. But when a graduate of London University and a former Dean of King's College sits in the stall once occupied by Richard Church, it becomes clear to all the world that the "queen of the sciences" is no longer served

exclusively by the theologians of Oxford and Cambridge. It is as though the Oxford and Cambridge crews, rowing their course from Putney, found an uninvited crew competing with them and—for the greater glory of London University—winning the race by a couple of lengths. The growth of this University has exceeded the hopes, and even the dreams, of its founders. No man can fashion life according to his own pattern, and just as Keble would find himself bewildered by the activities of his professed followers, so the founders of King's College would know not what to make of its present strength and influence; for while one of its members has become the new Dean of St. Paul's, another has just published one of the most sympathetic expositions of Continental anti-clericalism. It comes from the pen of M. Denis Saurat. Those who dislike his views can take comfort in the thought that, as the Professor of French literature at King's College, he occupies a position not dissimilar to that of the French master at an English public school. One suspects that the headmaster of more than one Woodard school, pledged to appoint as his colleagues only those whose Churchmanship is unexceptionable, has found the appointment of a French master exceedingly difficult, unless, of course, he has allowed good Churchmanship to take precedence over good French. King's College still sets forth the doctrines and duties of Christianity, as the same are inculcated by the far from united Church of England, but it does not do so exclusively. It is an inseparable part of a great University which reflects all the spiritual and intellectual activities of man. The University of London became many years ago one of the greater Universities of the world. The appointment of Dean Matthews to St. Paul's is an adjustment to a social revolution already accomplished.

From the laws of growth and decay no institution is immune. A century ago the position of the University of London in the social life of England was insignificant. But there is little to assure us that in a century's time the influence of Morrisville will bear comparison with the influence of Bloomsbury. The day is not far distant when Bloomsbury will dominate the life of the metropolis as effectively as the Sorbonne dominates the life of Paris, and since this is the destiny of Bloomsbury, no one would wish to shield St. Paul's Cathedral from its invigorating

life. To appoint a graduate of London University to the Deanery of St. Paul's in this period of our history is to bring ourselves in tune with the adventurous spirit of the generation which had watched the capital burn to the ground and then gaily rebuilt St. Paul's according to its own standards of taste and judgment. Yet, it is well to admit that there are dangers ahead. English life will be sadly impoverished when Oxford and Cambridge degenerate into provincial Universities that have seen better days. The spirit of Oxford is aristocratic, but with a shabby, pseudo-genteel aristocracy it should have nothing to do. In the long run Dean Matthews' appointment may have formed part of an inevitable process of centralization. Bloomsbury may regulate the intellectual life of England, as Church House now regulates the activities of the Church of England, and as Westminster controls the politics of England. The great personal qualities of the Primate should not have blinded us to the fact that it was probably a mistake to translate an Archbishop from Bishopthorpe to Lambeth, for this struck a blow at the old and once healthy tradition of provincial autonomy. The visitor to France may find himself intoxicated by the intellectual *milieu* of Paris, but he cannot ignore the fact that Paris has drained the provincial cities of their own intellectual life. Patrick Geddes warned us long ago against the perils of centralization, and there is very much to be said for the view that in a new process of devolution—for Parliament, the Church and education—will be found the most effective means for quickening the life of England.

Whether tendencies are inevitable or avoidable, it is as well that we should try to understand them, and those who love St. Paul's cannot help asking what Dean Matthews will make of his tenure of office. He is now two years older than was Dean Inge when he first went to St. Paul's. He has an expectation of twenty good years before him, and in this month of August, 1934, none can escape the thought of the disasters and changes that may occur in the apparently short period of twenty years. "The need for some synthesis between Christianity and the modern outlook", Dean Matthews has written, "was never more pressing than at the present time, and perhaps never more difficult to achieve". It was difficult enough to achieve

when Dean Inge went to St. Paul's before the guns were first heard to boom across the Channel, and the Edwardian period, which had survived the monarch by four years, came abruptly to an end. We live today in an intellectual climate in which an unrepentant Edwardian would find it almost impossible to survive. In what intellectual climate shall we be living when the time comes to choose a successor to Dean Matthews? For how can we find the synthesis between Christianity and the exasperating fluctuations of the modern outlook? The old attack on private property has assumed vaster proportions. Even our methods of currency, which the older Fabians never seriously questioned, are being heavily assailed. It is a bold man who claims to see the end of the social revolution through which we are passing, and one knows not what the particular contribution of the Church is to be.

Dean Matthews, however, will confront contemporary problems as his predecessors, Church and Inge, confronted them. All three have known the value of journalism. Church founded the *Guardian*, and through its columns helped to stress the importance of Carlyle as a writer and thinker, albeit a thinker from whom he differed profoundly. Dean Matthews has never shirked public controversy. It was he who wrote the sanest reply to Mr. Bernard Shaw's *Adventures of the Black Girl in her Search for God*. Moreover, he shares with Dean Inge the advantage of being a philosopher of religion rather than a theologian pledged to expound a particular creed. It would be intolerable that ever again there should be a Dean of St. Paul's unable to appreciate the merits of the Hindu and Mohammedan religions which affect so vitally the lives of millions whose political destiny is closely linked with this country. Year after year we send out men to India who come into contact with two religions as dynamic as Christianity, and which draw from the resident Englishman a keen though bewildered sympathy. And when these men return to England, they are expected to listen to preachers who have had no more than a slight academic interest in the religious beliefs of the Mohammedan and the Hindu. The times demand a closer understanding between the thought of the West and the thought of the East, and the pulpit of St. Paul's should be a bridge between them.

The great Deans of St. Paul's have always transcended the limits of their own Church. As a youth, Donne was taught to love the Church of Rome to which his mother was faithful to the end, and throughout his life he retained the inward grace of the Catholic mind. Richard Church owed more than he realized to his Quaker grandfather. Dean Inge openly regarded the Society of Friends as, perhaps, the best product of the religious spirit of England. Dean Matthews has already shaken the placidity of the West County by permitting a Nonconformist to preach in Exeter Cathedral. What he has done in Exeter he can scarcely fail to do in St. Paul's, and there will come a time when the voices heard "beneath the Dome" are no longer exclusively Anglican. This is not the place to enter into a discussion on the merits of the Liverpool Cathedral controversy. But one cannot fail to notice the irony of the situation. For many years Dr. L. P. Jacks has edited the *Hibbert Journal*, and the *Hibbert Journal* has done more than a thousand Cathedral sermons to fortify the religious consciousness of this country. And while there are clergymen who would treat Dr. Jacks as spiritually an outcast, Mr. Gandhi was able to come to London and receive the obsequious attention of a dozen prelates. He stayed in the Deanery at Canterbury and the Palace at Chichester. And yet, in what sense is Mr. Gandhi a greater ally of Christianity than Dr. Jacks? He has never acknowledged Christianity to be the greatest of the religions of the world, and by warring upon Untouchability, he has destroyed the most fruitful of Christianity's recruiting grounds in India. He was none the less hailed as a friend. Was Father Ronald Knox's *Reunion All Round* less fantastic than its author intended it to be?

We do not yet know who will be invited to preach at St. Paul's and who will not. It is an issue which the new Dean will decide with the help of the Chapter. The liturgy will, of course, remain Anglican; but one imagines that Dean Matthews will be reluctant to exclude the scholarly divines of other denominations. To the generation of Sir Christopher Wren there was ostensibly but one Church in the country, from which Papists and Dissenters represented tiresome deviations. The position is now fundamentally altered. The Roman Church in

this country and the Methodists claim a membership comparable to that of the Church of England. Moreover, the Church of England no longer possesses the monopoly of learning, and denominationalism cannot break up the commonwealth of learning. Men ceased long ago to be surprised by the collaboration of Anglicans, Romans and Free Churchmen in the writing of one symposium after another. Now that we have removed the old restrictions on the written word, we are less than ever justified in retaining restrictions on the spoken word. It was not in a spirit of exclusiveness that Sir Christopher Wren built St. Paul's, and the man who may still be Dean when we are mid-way through the twentieth century will take care that the pulpit fulfils its proper function, which is to express both the greatness and the many-sidedness of Truth.

St. Paul's is a place not only for sermons and prayers, but for silence. Day after day there is an unostentatious pilgrimage of men and women who seek a shelter from the perplexities and hardships of life. In Ward's biography of John Henry Newman there is a pathetic story of the future Cardinal passing the Cathedral of which his great friend, Richard Church, was Dean. A service had begun, and Father Newman heard music. The temptation to enter the Cathedral and listen to the prayers that he once knew by heart was too great for him to resist. He advanced a few steps into the Nave and stood where he was, entranced. Then a verger came up to him and requested him to leave. Father Newman was inured to ill-treatment, and perhaps the man who was indirectly responsible for the liturgical improvements of St. Paul's was dressed too shabbily to merit the respect of a Victorian verger. But today no one would dare to eject a man because of his shabbiness, for St. Paul's belongs to the people. In the daily pilgrimage are men unemployed and destitute. They are sometimes asleep. In their hopelessness sleeping "beneath the Dome" becomes a form of worship. Others from whom hope had fled have found comfort in their pilgrimage to St. Paul's because they know that it is impossible finally to despair of a nation that could build a Cathedral so serene and confident. It is the embodiment of England.

None the less, it is a Cathedral which Colet and Donne never saw. One day it may disappear as completely as did "old St.

Paul's". Two centuries had scarcely followed its completion before the fabric was put in peril. The fund opened to save the Dome brought subscriptions at a rate that left no one in doubt about the Englishmen's almost desperate attachment to St. Paul's Cathedral. Those subscriptions ranged from some thousands of pounds to the sum of one shilling sent by "thirteen loyal Scots". But though we have done our best to perpetuate the Cathedral, few are sanguine enough to believe that it will last as long as Westminster Abbey or York Minster.

What is the real expectation of life for the Dome, which until yesterday we could see as the right background for Waterloo Bridge? What effect will the prolonged drought have upon the foundations and the fabric? We do not know. Only one thing is certain. When the second Cathedral of St. Paul's falls to the ground, Englishmen will prepare to build the third. But it will be, indeed, a wonderful generation that can produce the peer of Sir Christopher Wren.

THE FRENCH POLITICAL MAZE

BY PHILIP CARR

[The political calm in France was broken on July 18th by an attack made by M. Tardieu on the ex-Premier of the Left, M. Chautemps, arising out of the Stavisky scandals. At the time of going to press the Cabinet crisis thus precipitated has not been resolved but the following analysis of the political position in France, written before these events, will explain the origin of the crisis.—Ed.]

IF a traveller in France wishes to find out what is going on just now in internal politics, he should begin by making sure that his information is not being derived exclusively from the prejudiced opinions of one side in the party conflict. This is all the more important as what will be told him by hotel-keepers and the people whom he meets in hotels, by most of those members of the upper and lower middle class, with whom he may come into contact in Paris if he has personal introductions, and by almost the whole of the Paris Press does not represent the view of the majority in the country or the majority in the Chamber of Deputies. It does not even represent the view of the majority in Paris, although many of those who hold it will declare, and will even believe, that it does.

France has long leant and still leans politically to the Left—principally, no doubt, even today, from anti-clericalism, but from democratic instinct also. Although Paris has often in its history been out of sympathy with the rest of France, the bulk of its population has leant to the Left still longer, and the opinions of that population have not changed. Many of the reins of real and effective power, as opposed to apparent political power in the highly centralised administration of which Paris is the headquarters have, however, been skilfully retained by a minority, which is composed of the directing personnel of finance, commerce,

the fighting services, the Bench and the Bar, and that small part of the old aristocracy which has not deliberately stood aside from public affairs since the foundation of the Republic. The incidental fact that the French public has never adopted newspaper advertising and that consequently hardly any Paris newspaper is self-supporting—though there are prosperous newspapers in the provinces—has put the Press at the mercy of the interests which can command money. For these interests can easily outbid the subsidies from the Secret Service funds, which always make the Paris Press the mouthpiece of official opinion where foreign politics are concerned, but which are not large enough to pull the strings for a Radical Government when home affairs are in question. The result is that the Left has no Press in Paris—or at least no Press with any circulation.

There is something else. André Siegfried's epigram, that the Frenchman carried his heart on the Left but his pocket-book on the Right, may only be a half-truth; but it is certain that he is always seriously preoccupied about what may happen to his savings. There is another preoccupation which can be relied upon even more to make him suspend, from time to time, his natural preference for Radical politics, and that is his security abroad. When he can be made to believe that there is danger of war, he will not only place himself in the hands of the military, whom in more comfortable moments he really detests, but will submit to a government of the Right.

Such was the position in February of this year. Paris and France were scared by the street rioting in the capital and by the disturbing aspect of the foreign situation into doubting whether their property was safe from loss and their country from invasion, and they hastily entrusted both to a government of the Right with a Field-Marshal as non-political Minister of War. For M. Doumergue's government was fundamentally of the Right, in spite of the inclusion of certain Radical members and the Radical leader, and in spite of the talk about a Government of Truce and National Union. M. Doumergue, director of the Suez Canal Company, could hardly make any other impression on a Radical, in spite of all his tact and his good-humoured smile. Radical France was nevertheless prepared to give him a free hand.

After six months of this free hand, however, the country and the Chamber of Deputies which reflects its moods, are beginning to ask themselves whether it has not gone on long enough. At the time of writing it seems unlikely that anything will happen until the autumn, for confident predictions that the meeting of the national council of the Confederation of ex-Soldiers' Societies on July 7th would provoke a crisis have been disproved. Indeed, I have frequently noticed that political crises, foretold for the end of the season, have a way of being carried over until after the summer holidays in France. Then—that is to say about November—there may be a change. For, rightly or wrongly, the Frenchman is no longer so uneasy, either about his savings or his frontiers; and the party struggle, which has, of course, been going on all the time behind the scenes, will perhaps be more openly renewed.

There are several reasons for anticipating this. One is that the ex-soldiers—three and a half million of them were represented in the Confederation—are by no means satisfied. This powerful body had made the acceptance of the three per cent. reduction in the ex-soldiers' pensions conditional upon the Government's carrying out a comprehensive, if vague, programme of reform, extending from the punishment of financial dishonesty and of tax evasion to the reduction of the cost of living as well as of unemployment, and they voted unanimously on July 7th that these conditions had not been observed. It is true that next day they passed a motion which abstained from pointing to the logical conclusion that their General Secretary should resign from the office of Pensions Minister to which M. Doumergue had called him, but they did so only by a majority of two. Consequently, while this professional association is no doubt at present of very mixed political views, yet its support of the Government can only be regarded henceforth as precarious; and it may be that by the autumn the ex-soldiers will—as they have in some other countries—develop a conscious political attitude as ex-soldiers, which attitude can by no means be assumed to be likely to lean towards the Right.

Again, the working alliance between the Socialists and the Communists, of which the foundations were laid in February, has now become almost an accomplished fact, and is being worked

out in detail by the National Socialist Council at their July meeting and by means of negotiations with the Communists at the moment that I write this. It was expressed in the open-air demonstration in the East end of Paris on July 8th, when a crowd, described by the police as consisting of 17,000 persons and by sympathisers as of 40,000 or 50,000, met to protest against Fascism.

This alliance may have far-reaching results, some of which may not ultimately be to the benefit of either the Socialists or of the Radicals; for if the Socialists are to become more extreme, co-operation between them and the Radicals may become more difficult, unless their right wing breaks away to join the Radical left. But supposing that party success in the near future is to be determined by violent demonstration in the streets of Paris, as the events of February might lead one to suppose, and as has happened more than once in French history, the chances of the Left will be improved by Socialists and Communists being in alliance instead of in rivalry. Many members of the parties of the Left believe that the Daladier Government would not have been overthrown in February if it had not been that the carefully prepared outbreak of the two large Conservative ex-soldiers' societies, the Croix de Feu and the Union Nationale des Combattants, and of the much more extreme Action Française—numerically insignificant but very well in hand—found no effectively organised counterpart in the forces of the Left.

Naturally, this is not at all the way in which sympathisers with the Right look upon the present or the future, and still less the way in which they interpret the events of the past. For them, the riot of February 6th was essentially the spontaneous expression of the disgust and indignation of the people of Paris at the corruption which the Stavisky affair had revealed in Parliament, the judiciary and the police, the last of whom are now openly accused in certain papers of having assassinated Stavisky to prevent his making inconvenient revelations about their political masters. In so far as the riot was organised it was—in the view of the Right—a healthy reaction against a *coup d'Etat*, by which M. Daladier and M. Frot had prepared to establish a dictatorship of the Left, but from which the Croix de Feu and their friends fortunately saved France.

In forming an estimate of the probable evolution of the French

political situation, the opinion of the Right—which, as I have explained, means that of the biggest circulations in the Paris Press as well as of a large part of the governing class—is of great importance. This opinion frankly recognises two forces against it, the Left majority of the Chamber and the potential violence of the sympathisers with that majority in the country. It believes, perhaps optimistically, that against violence in Paris it can hold its own. It makes no secret of the fact that the Croix de Feu are organised on military lines, and hardly pretends that they are not in the possession of arms; for it has indignantly protested against a proposal for making the possession of arms by any political association illegal, and has taken for granted that if such a proposal became law, the Croix de Feu would be disarmed, while M. Bergery's "Front Commun" against Fascism, which it freely accuses of having acquired arms from Germany or with German money, would escape disarmament, in consequence of the collusion of Radical and Socialist officials.

For while the Right believe that turbulent Socialists and Communists could be kept in check in Paris, it has no such confidence with regard to the provinces, and it points to recent disturbances in provincial towns, where it alleges that the Front Commun has had the tacit, if not the open sympathy of Socialist municipalities and Radical Prefects—the latter being officials who represent the central government in local affairs.

The Radicals in the Chamber are accused of preventing the two parliamentary committees of inquiry—the one into the Stavisky scandals and the other into the February riots and their suppression—from doing their duty and bringing the responsible and guilty persons to justice. They are also accused of preventing the truth coming out about the mysterious death of M. Prince, the judge who was found decapitated on the railway line near Dijon. The Right suggest that he was murdered because he was about to make unpleasant revelations about the complicity of the former Public Prosecutor, M. Pressard, and his brother-in-law, M. Chautemps, the former Radical Prime Minister in the Stavisky scandal, and particularly in the repeated adjournments of the prosecutions of Stavisky for earlier offences. The Radicals have done these things, it is suggested, partly on general party grounds, and partly because most of them

are Freemasons, and have responded to the secret masonic signals of distress thrown out by some of their leaders.

That the Radicals have been able thus to whitewash the responsible, to protect the guilty, to conceal the truth and to divert the course of justice is due, it is suggested, partly to their numerical superiority on the two parliamentary committees, and to their command of the chairmanship of one of them, but still more to the laxity of M. Sarraut and M. Chéron, the two members of the government chiefly responsible for the punishment of wrongdoers. M. Sarraut, the Minister of the Interior, is not only, it is pointed out, a lifelong Radical, but has at his hand the ready instrument of a political police riddled with Freemasonry, already heavily involved in the scandal and so corrupt that the very detective at first placed in charge of both the Stavisky inquiry and the Prince case is now to be prosecuted for accepting bribes—the payment of his tailors' bills!—from a man whom he had been ordered to expel from France. The other, suspected member of the Government, M. Chéron, the Minister of Justice, is described as a temporising Senator of Radical sympathies, who nourishes the ambition of becoming President of the Republic and consequently desires to please everyone. Both, it is argued, have an incorrigible tendency to compromise and none of the decision of character which the situation demands, while, if M. Chéron is honest enough, it is suggested that M. Sarraut is at the mercy of his own police, owing to having accepted from them in the past services the nature of which he cannot make public.

Above all, the principal, and in the eyes of public opinion the most damaging, arguments of the Right are, in regard to the events of February, that the Left, though they commanded a parliamentary majority, brought things to such a pass that the only escape from chaos was what was virtually a Government of National Safety, chiefly directed by the Right, and in regard to the Stavisky scandals, that the accused awaiting trial include two Deputies, Bonnaure and Garat, both of them Radicals, and the editor of a Radical newspaper, Dubarry, who had for years been subsidised by Radical governments, while the Committee of Inquiry has now recommended the prosecution of two other Radical Deputies, M. Dalimier and M. René Renoult, each of

whom has been Minister of Justice. It is only fair to add, however, that the latter has himself insisted on being prosecuted in order that he may have an opportunity of clearing himself of the charge that he used his official position as a Minister to obtain, as a barrister, favourable treatment for his client.

It will be seen from the references above to M. Chéron and M. Sarraut that the Right, who were really responsible for the formation of M. Doumergue's "Government of Truce" are no longer themselves entirely satisfied with it. The fact is that they no longer want a Government of Truce, but a government of action, and action of a very definite political character. They are beginning to hint that M. Doumergue is losing his nerve. They are saying that he must choose between the "nationals" and M. Bergery's anti-Fascist Front Commun, or he is lost. They are suggesting that while the country would at first have followed him in any bold policy, he is gradually losing that confident support because he will not make up his mind to be bold. They applauded his threat, a month ago, to a group of rebellious Radicals, that if they did not come to heel he would ask the Senate to consent to the dissolution of the Chamber before the expiry of its term in 1934, and had been assured that such consent would be given. It may be said in passing that such a threat has more than once been made by Prime Ministers in the history of the Republic, but that the Senators have not only never consented but have never been asked to consent, except in the case of MacMahon in 1878, when the result was not happy, and that they would very likely refuse at the last moment to consent today. It is doubtful whether the Right now trust M. Doumergue to make the threat again, for they are accusing him, on the contrary, of purchasing the Radical support which is necessary to secure the parliamentary existence of his government by conniving at the whitewashing of M. Chautemps in connection with the Stavisky affair.

A story was told a few weeks ago to the effect that M. Tardieu and M. Herriot, who had both been included in the Doumergue Government as representing their opposing parties, but had both been made Ministers without portfolio to emphasise their symbolical position, complained of their enforced inaction. "We are like ornaments on a chimney-piece", said M. Tardieu.

"There is no harm in that, if between you there is a clock whose pendulum swings regularly", is said to have been the reply of M. Doumergue. It is doubtful whether this story would satisfy the temper of the Right today. They no longer want the scales balanced equally between M. Tardieu and M. Herriot.

What do they want? Obviously to get direct and complete, instead of indirect and incomplete, control of the government. No doubt the Radicals want the same. No doubt M. Marquet, the neo-Socialist member of the government, who is almost a left-Wing Radical, would much prefer to be a member of a Radical government rather than having to fight inch by inch, as he has done, and having repeatedly to threaten resignation, in order to get his scheme of public works for dealing with unemployment adopted.

It is no doubt true, as the papers of the Right suppose, that the Radicals believe that when the Chambers return in the autumn, the time will be ripe for them to seize the reins once more. But the Radicals also suspect that the Right do not propose to wait until the end of the parliamentary vacation before making their bid for power. It is with this object, they say, that the Right are deliberately keeping alive the irritation and ill-feeling connected with the Stavisky frauds and the death of M. Prince, and are not immediately bringing to trial the prisoners who have for months been under arrest in connection with the former. It is because the Right want to keep irritation alive, say the Radicals, that the Croix de Feu made their very provocative march through Paris, with flags flying, on July 8th. It is because they want to keep bad feeling alive that they continue to put into relief the no doubt regrettable fact that Dubarry edited a Radical paper and received subsidies from Radical governments, while they neglect to add that it is also true that he was subsidised by M. Tardieu and M. Laval; that M. Tardieu recommended him, as a personal friend, for obtaining a territorial concession in Morocco, and that he certainly was a personal friend, as was also Zographos, the bookmaker and baccarat banker, of M. Chiappe, the former Prefect of Police, who has once more been drawing attention to his desire to return to that post by sending to the papers a letter in which he has refused the offer of a

candidature as Deputy by saying that he "prefers to hold himself at the disposal of the people of Paris".

What, then, are the Right preparing to do? According to the Radicals, their plan is to rush M. Tardieu into a premiership which is to be represented as a rallying of the forces of order and stability in opposition to the dangerous and revolutionary ambitions of the now allied Socialists and Communists, and is consequently to include M. Chiappe, not merely as Prefect of Police of Paris, but in a new post of Minister of Police, which is to be created. This government, once in office, would obtain from the Senate, as well as from the President of the Republic, their consent to the dissolution of the Chamber, and the elections, conducted in such an atmosphere, would result in a triumphant majority against the supposed disturbers of the peace.

However, the success of such a plan depends upon getting two personalities out of the way—M. Lebrun, the President of the Republic, who must be removed partly because he is known to have little confidence in the disinterested character of the offers of service of M. Chiappe and particularly because the only way to get rid of M. Doumergue from the Premiership is to send him upstairs to occupy once more the honourable but relatively powerless office of Chief of the State. For it is recognised that M. Doumergue no longer talks, as he did at the beginning of his premiership, of returning to Tournefeuille if he is not supported, and is less and less disposed to play the part of Cincinnatus.

Consequently, say the Radicals, the Right are vigorously preparing the first step in their plan by opening in their Press an active campaign in favour of the retirement of M. Lebrun before his septennate is over. In their more moderate papers he is represented as fatigued and anxious to seek rest in retirement. In their less restrained he is ridiculed as lugubrious in public—a terrible crime in France—and as so pessimistic in private that he tells everyone that he thinks he will be the last President of the French Republic.

I have tried to present objectively the two chief opposing views of the probabilities of French internal political developments, with perhaps a slight emphasis upon the view of the Left, because, for the reasons which I have explained, it is brought less frequently to the notice of foreign observers, in spite of its

importance in the country. There is, however, always the possibility of a regrouping of political forces, not only in consequence of the entrance into politics of the ex-soldiers as such, but because the evolution of the world is making it more and more difficult to maintain the financial and economic structure which has so long been the basis of French social as well as political life. The speech the other day of M. Paul Reynard showed that it is not only on the Left that the crushing burden of monetary deflation, with its high prices at home and its strangling of exports abroad, is beginning to be felt to be intolerable. M. Reynard frankly faced the alternative that the consumer can only be relieved either by monetary inflation—or at least by devaluation—or else by reducing the protection of French agriculture. It is clear that the industrial capitalist as well as the urban workman would benefit by cheaper bread and sugar; but the peasant farmer would be ruined—or is convinced that he would be ruined, which politically comes to much the same thing. There is little doubt that devaluation would relieve the French export trade; but the small rentier would be ruined again, after having already been ruined once in 1926, and moreover all the banking interests which centre upon the Bank of France are opposed to devaluation.

As France is built up around the peasant farmer and the small rentier, and they are also the electoral force of the country, the dilemma which confronts any possible government is not an easy one.

HOLIDAY

BY H. J. MASSINGHAM

WE live in times so threatening and sombre, so big with impending calamities which the mind shrinks from bodying forth to their full possibilities, that we are compelled by the steely pressure of circumstance to obey the scriptural injunction of taking no thought for the morrow. We live in the moment as our primitive progenitors used to do, and thus a holiday, however brief, acquires twice the value it was wont to do when our lives were girdled by more tranquil fortunes. That is my excuse for memorizing my own holiday of four April days in the retrospect of this record.

During the first day, I drove from Thame to Axminster, passing through seven counties, and viewing on the way almost the best of English country to be seen. The latter part of the journey, over high, bare, wild downs for mile after mile, is exquisitely prefaced by the richly wooded valley quietudes between Aldermaston, oak-renowned, and Kingsclere, Overton and Laverstock. But to get the due relish of the contrast, you must leave the Bath Road which, at any rate as far as Savernake, imposes a dictatorial blight upon all the country it rams its way through. Over the lofty watershed between Hampshire and Wiltshire, and after a brief journey, first past mountainy sheep suspended high up the steep slopes, and then a dull, drab, unsightly corner of Wiltshire defaced with bungalows, hoardings and petrol pumps, Dorset succeeds.

But what I remember most of the long journey, with the stupendous scene flowing past me in infinite variety of formation, are three particular and casual enchantments. I stopped to eat some sandwiches at a small copse a few feet off the main road close to Over, Middle, or Nether Wallop, but which of the three my memory betrays me. It was of larch, past its young splendour, and hawthorn, but so strewn with tins, broken bottles and paper-

litter that its small green world appeared stricken with some chronic skin disease. But no sooner had I cleared a place to sit down than a nightingale burst into song a few yards away, with the finer points brokenly touched (since he could only have arrived a very few days before), but the true nightingale's lyre, and it was the first time I had ever listened to it in the third week of April. His robin-like poise and colouring were very conspicuous among the shyly burgeoning trees, and it is the custom of early nightingales to be exceptionally restless before their mates arrive and to flit from tree to tree without pause, delivering snatches of their tumultuous song. There were eight other species of birds singing in this desolated, meagre, spindlery wood on the road to Andover. When I arrived at journey's end, I walked into a deep wooded combe winding down from a level of 800 feet. A stream ran through it over gleaming pebbles; lofty oak and ash overhung it on either side; the way was embroidered with wild strawberry and water-crowfoot; the cowslips were just opening and the banks were dim with violets, while wood-spurge, cuckoo-flowers, wood-sorrel, and celandine took up the figured tale. The place was prodigal: it blazed with gorse and shone with the lusty vegetation of the brook. The stony flanks of the gully were clothed in many species of fern, the male and the shield ferns, hartstongue, ceterach, and polypody, and in the shelter of the overhanging woods the stripling Devon spring had leaped a fortnight ahead of more northerly regions. Yet no bird sang, while in that starveling, desecrated copse . . .

The second visitation was on the road to Blandford. A gleam of primroses caught my eye and I stopped to inspect. The scene was a hazel spinney, most of the saplings budding, a few in leaf, but all no more than straight fastigate wands springing up from the ground centre-piece. There were no other trees nor undergrowth except a small group of silver-grey sallows in the middle of this newborn open wood. But the ground was so congested with primroses and violets and windflowers (clustered under the thin shadows of the hazels) that it was demonstrably impossible to walk without treading on them. Whatever was the secret of the magic, whether the openness of the spinney to the oceanic sky or the formal wands of the hazels or the altar of sallow or the mighty multitude of primroses and anemones or

all congregated into one, the scene was pure Spenser or out of Browne's *Britannia's Pastorals*: a something visionary rescued from a brighter past and suddenly made manifest out of its due time and plane.

Perhaps the third revelation was the best of all. It was a rolling back of the mists that gather between one promontory of one's life and another to see once more those great heights, Lambert's Castle, Pilsdon Pen, and dark wooded Lewesdon from Golden Cap inland across the Vale of Marshwood: an aspect very familiar to me in the past and still as lovely as, no, more lovely than when I saw it twenty years ago. I saw it again with the greater composure of middle age, more as a composition, but emotionally as well. It was something that I had really always remembered so that I knew it at once, and yet it was different and better than in the past. How can it ever be lost even in death, for it is part of me and was within my unthinking self all those years without my knowledge? It was better than the sea, molten silver, between the carved, irregular headlands looking towards Lyme Regis, than the smoothen grove-topped mounds of Wiltshire, than the old gabled farms of Dorset or the reverend oaks of Aldermaston, better even than the flowering blackthorn in the hedgerows, because it was inward landscape, a projection in terms of outward spectacle of the intricate country of personal being.

* * *

People who stray from the main roads of mass-living, regimented emotion and herd-mentality have always attracted me, even if they make but futile gestures of defiance. A Beckford, a Cruden, a Dyer or Tom Coryat melt my critical sense, and so to meet one of these gipsies of the spirit on my second day of holiday put a fine head on it. Overlooking the great range of hills above the valleys of the Axe and the Dart where Membury Castle catches the clouds trailing over its purple back and its supporting heights change countenance from indigo to straw-colour in their commerce with the skies, lies a bramble waste which was half swamp and quite o'er-canopied with violets. Two hundred yards to the left of where I stood was gashed a gorge or "goil" one hundred feet deep where many orchises grew, the hartstongue was three feet long and the male fern five, while over and between its massive boulders rustled a brook.

To the right stood a group of stormy Scots pines, just above where woodland stooped almost sheer down to the Valley of the Axe, and surrounded by ling, beloved of the stonechat and the adder. Here a pair of buzzards had built their nest and swung round the haunted trees, displaying their soft chestnuts in the brief sun-slants and with the sou'wester blowing through their upturned flight-feathers. Suddenly a carrion crow appeared and fiercely attacked one of the serene skiey birds. Again and again it half closed its wings and shot down for the hawk's back. The buzzard easily avoided the stoops, but sought the upper ether to be rid of persecution, and soared up to such a height that it was a speck in the embattled heavens.

Thirteen acres of this inviolable wild had been bought by a young German and his English wife for a total sum of seventy-five pounds. Being a thinking man, he had fled from Nazi Germany and within this sanctuary of swamp, common, gorge, and woodland he proposed to build himself a flat-roofed three-storied house. The architect was himself; the masons, the plasterers, the plumbers, and the labourers were himself, his wife, and another woman who was a friend of theirs. The material was the unhewn blocks from the "goil," hauled up by ropes to a wooden platform and then dragged for two hundred yards to the site of this modern Gryll Grange. And I would be prepared to stake a good deal that, if I were on that same spot a year hence, I should find the house completed. He was the sort of man who made you feel he could build coaches out of pumpkins.

In the afternoon I took the mighty coast-road, still only in patches defiled, from Bridport to Abbotsbury. From the tithe-barn, with its gabled doorways and buttresses, half way to a cathedral, I walked across the fields to the Swannery, now a sanctuary for birds. Even the flamingo and the osprey have rested there, and with the exception of the flats near Brean Down in Somerset, it is the only familiar breeding-place of the marsh-warbler in all England. Terns screamed from the Chesil Bank, ringed plover dabbled to and fro on the hither side of the brackish lake, and just beyond the swanherd's garden was the nesting ground of the swans. Their mounded citadels of reeds were higher this year than last, because, as the swanherd told me, they anticipated furious weather, verified up to date. Some of the birds flew by

with necks outstretched, making that wild harplike note, saga-fashion, with their wings, which increases the blood-pressure of their human observer; others sat on their nests with heraldic arched necks or lay across them in a maternal dream with necks as taut as on their glorious flights. Little scuffles took place, for a small circular strip of territory round the castellum is sacred to each pair and, since the whole area is very limited, trespassers are many. Mostly they went no further than demonstrations, exquisite rufflings of the wings and rapier-play with neck and bill. Though we could walk among the swans with but slight posings of white defiance and resentment, the sight of them in this wilderness of sedge and alder and reed-bed seemed the poetry of wildest nature, and when they came down upon the water, delicately treading it with uplifted wings, the human heart was fluttered in response to the beauty of it, like the rippling of the swansdown in the wind.

The two swanherds, an older man and his nephew, were attuned to the loveliness of the scene. The latter, a kind of idealized keeper, of a fresh and open countenance, bracing intelligence and harmonious country manner, was enthusiastic for his birds. His eyes flashed, his voice deepened as he told me how the osprey swung up from the water with a bass in its talons and exactly how the fish was held. As we passed among the swans, their aspect was sometimes alarming, but a word from him, a stroke along the snowy plumes and the menace abated, the hissings died away and the stiffened feathers sank into smoothness. Many things he told me about his birds, and especially one story which I believe is unique in all the records of bird-observation. It was about the marsh-warbler, the rarest and at the same time the finest virtuoso among all our warblers, for it imitates the songs of all the birds in its neighbourhood and interweaves their characteristic melodies into the substance of its own song. A cuckoo laid an egg in a marsh-warbler's nest which contained two eggs. A day or so later it was observed that the nest contained three of the marsh-warbler's eggs, and lying outside the nest was the cuckoo's egg with its shell punctured. This is the only instance I have ever learned of a victimized bird removing and destroying the interloper.

The swanherd's garden, which flowed into the alder-marsh

like a tributary stream into main waters, was a beautiful variation upon the wilder scene that was its boundary. Red and blue anemones of a greater size and brilliance than any I had seen, even in my own garden where I make a cult of them, grew in the rich black soil. The thornless rose from which the confection, petal-jam, is made, grew there. There was pampas grass and bamboo, and in no other place have I ever regarded them but with loathing. There they were in perfect accord with the swaying reed and marsh-plants, as were the pheasant-eye narcissus, the darkest velvety-red wallflowers, and the magnolia thirty feet high. All the incongruities were at one in a garden that was man's refinement upon the wilderness, but which never lost intimate touch with it, and by some alchemy of right choice and design the pampas and bamboo, a glaring artifice elsewhere, were here intermediaries between a natural and a cultivated garden. Their true concord was reflected in the liquid bubblings of the mated redshanks, intermingled with the leisured flutings of the more domestic blackbirds, and in the swans, at once the decorative citizens of the lake and the immemorial emblems of the inhospitable north.

Back to Devon, past those inimitable Dorset hills, each so individual, distinct, characterized in itself that they are dearer to me than the greater and stormier ranges over the border.

* * *

The next morning I returned to Abbotsbury and stayed the night there. The place drew me like a moth to the light. I had to go back. Never was there a village so haunted by antiquity, and so continuous with the remote past of human occupation that it is a palimpsest. Up on Portisham Down are the Hell Stones, the only dolmen in Dorset and so, quite probably, the seat in death of the sub-king or viceroy of this region forty centuries ago. On the way up I met a shepherd, and he was walking with a real crook, iron-shod, the true crook of tradition, the crook that the ancient church adopted. The Hell Stones were flung to their present position by the Devil from the still older ichthyosauric snout of Portland Bill, and the Devils of country legend are to be "equated" with the giants, and the giants with the first megalithic colonists from the ancient East who built

Avebury, the first capital of England. They are so mysterious, these mariner-migrants of our high places, and yet the secrets of their minds are to be revealed in the prehistory of Egypt, Crete and Mycenæ. The whole region is heavy with antiquity. On the summit of the terraced height that overlooks the russet Chesil beach is St. Catherine's Chapel, built, it is said, to expiate the shedding of blood between York and Lancaster. The environs of the tithe-barn are studded with the sad relics of an intensely localized monastic community, of the Abbey gardens and fishponds, its dormitory which is now a stable, sole standing porches and gateways, the isolated malthouse, the old grey church of St. Nicholas, the earthworks of Abbotsbury Castle, burnt by the Roundheads, and the cultivation terraces of the hoary megalithic culture making green billows along the flanks of the high shaven downs that hold Abbotsbury as in a cup, with a piece broken out towards the sea. To live at Abbotsbury might bring the sagging clouds of its antiquity down too humidly and oppressively upon the spirit, and the wind that comes off the Chesil Bank might sing too mournful a dirge. But as a respite from the fevers and confusions and disorders of our time, it is a place whose green enchantment is its rest. Wonderfully luxuriant it is and yet bare; melancholy and yet appeasing; strange and dim.

Once again I spent the morning at the Swannery, partly among the alders and poplars and reeds, partly in the swanherds' hut, watching them build up their tartly scented wood-fire to boil the maize in the cauldron for the swans, whose natural food, the *Zostera maritima*, has so inexplicably failed all over the world. Two swans we found dead from the hard maize lodging in their nostrils, and an autopsy showed their lungs affected. One was a female, and the male for hour after hour sat patiently on the nest waiting for the relief that never came. We walked through the swannery by unfrequented ways and, as we passed their territory, the birds were very hostile, hissing savagely and striking whip-lash blows with their shining wings. One that made for us the swanherd caught by the wing, when it became quite helpless. Those that nest late in the season have to peg out their claims further back from the lagoon than the other members of the commonwealth. Two days after hatching, the cygnets are led to the water by their parents. Constantly trespassing, they have

to fight their way through, the father leading to clear a passage and the mother and her brood following after.

Nothing could have been more enlivening than the view of the little poplar wood at a short distance away, waving its spring plumes over the brooding white swans. Their red catkins were falling and the trees were in flower, the softest silver-grey, surrounded by golden willows with sage-green reeds beneath them and the king-cups brilliant flecks in the marsh, and the alabaster swans swimming in the blue lagoon among black-coated coot and dark lines of cormorants. Overhead, the dazzling terns flickered their wings and dived. As we wandered, the swanherd told me more stories. One was about the ravens and peregrine falcons which nest on Portland Bill. The cock peregrine killed a pigeon, plucked it and carried it to the tiercel on her nest. She seized it and would not allow him (the smaller bird) even a morsel, and in the end drove him away. A raven appeared and filched the pigeon from the tiercel. Her model husband then gave chase to the raven, but the latter turned on his back, as is the way of ravens, and showed his talons, whereupon the peregrine turned tail and gave it up. He also told me that when a child and her mother were being conducted over the Swannery, the child suddenly jumped right on the top of the nest of a sitting bird. The male who was standing by and could have broken an adult's arm or leg with a flick of his wing, endured the invasion without even a demonstration. The swanherd's manner could be as ironical as it was engaging. He described to me the visit of a well-known publicist whose writings include every kind of reader except the fastidious one. He listened to the swanherd, and then in a subsequent article reproduced the information as his own. "That paper-rat," said the swanherd, and if there is a more eloquent term for the scribbler, charlatan, and pretender, I have yet to hear it.

The little poplar-grove where the swans nest was full of bird-song on that morning of proud-pied April when she walked over the land in her Elizabethan mask. "Thick chattered cheeps" came from the sedge-warbler in the reeds, and streams of bright, clear melody issued like running water from the throat of the garden-warbler. Blackbird, greenfinch, wren, song-thrush, missel thrush, and goldfinch enchanted all the air about us, so that the

grove reminded me of the legendary pie that was full of singing birds. No less than the birds, the vegetation paid its contribution in colour and freshness to the hymn of creation. The New Zealand flax, huge blades like Celtic swords radiating from a central bole, the bamboos and hydrangeas played a more stately variation upon the sedgy, reedy, grey-green wilderness about them, and the withy beds where three pairs of marsh-warblers nested last year. Within the grove is a small group of pines which is the sanctuary of a pair of tawny owls. We looked for the birds, and at last, after examining every twig and corrugation of bark, found one up aloft either dozing or in a meditative trance. To the naked eye the bird was but the apparition of a bough, but through the field-glass his magnificent plumage of chequered browns, like splintered sunbeams entangled in a network of shadows, was very conspicuous as he swung his large head to and fro. Rapping the trunk, waving the arms, shouting, nothing would dislodge him: sleepily and as though drawn unwillingly from some subliminal world of contemplation, he would open his eyes and glance indifferently downwards. He posed aloft there like a spectacled sage, perched in his tree like Simon Stylites on his pillar and made us feel like meddlesome imps to disturb him.

I finished the day in style by walking up to St. Catherine's Chapel, landmark for leagues of sea and land. On the way, I had the old walls of the village at eye-level and saw their fairy flora as it should be seen: the tiny wall forget-me-not, whose bravest length is two inches and its flowers like the sapphires of Lilliput, sedums, dwarf fool's parsley, polypody, the dove geranium and even groundsel and young ivy leaves were translated there into a beauty they lack in common life. In the open, the hares sported among the broad-kneed terraces and the goldfinches tossed above them, like visible notes of music thrown up by the magic and tranquillity of the scene. The abundance of these terraces throughout the district alone reveal that the country must have been more thickly populated in megalithic times than it is today.

The Chapel itself, whose walls are nearly twelve feet thick, is not beautiful in itself except for its ribbed and vaulted roof of stone. But on a clear day the view is from Portland Bill to Torbay. I preferred the near view of the green hills that held the ancient village in the hollow of their mighty hand, their

amplitude and grand simplicity of line and noble curves surging into the jewelled air from the cluster of cottages, the grey church, the lonely barn and relics of the monastic buildings so warmly set below. On the side towards Bridport you look down on the woods that border Lord Ilchester's sub-tropical gardens, for if the wind blows keen on the downs, the valleys are so fertile that the polyanthus grows a third larger than further north, and the traveller thence not only journeys south, but from April into May. These woods are finely poised on the slope of a hill, and the eye is delighted with the delicate contrasts in values of tone.

At night, it was interesting for me to compare the reception I, a complete stranger, got with the agricultural labourers of Abbotsbury, and my customary friendly relations with the same types in my home-village. I proved once more to my satisfaction that the village labourers of England are the friendliest, most human people in the world. Of course, if you enter a country pub in Dorset or anywhere else bringing *gaucherie* or arrogance with you, you will be met with silence, suspicion, and self-consciousness. But if you meet them as fellow human beings, you will be at home. I was struck with the good fellowship of these men towards one another. They were all smiles. They chaffed one another with the most amiable gusto, and beams from well-disposed faces pierced the smoke in every direction. When I was not playing shove ha'penny with them, I was listening to their dialect, very different from both the Cotswold and the Oxfordshire which I know well. They say, "I caynt doe nothen t'night", or "you doant hear 'ee a-whistlen and a-singen t'night", or "Th' beer a got praaper hold o' I", as though they curled their tongues when speaking. The Dorset speech is a slow, very soft drawl, with flat, prolonged vowels, clipped consonants and a rhythmic flow to the heave and fall of the words. But modernism has reached even these fastnesses of old time, and into the talk was dropped like a knell the Americanism, "do your stuff". It was like an aeroplane suddenly burring over the immemorial hills.

Next day I went home. My last memory of Abbotsbury was of a pair of merlins, the little blue hawks with a swallow flight that are so rare nowadays, quartering the enamelled turf on the high down above Portisham.

RUSSIAN ECONOMIC REALITIES

BY LANCELOT LAWTON

IT is a remarkable fact that seventeen years after the assumption of power by the Bolsheviks publications should still be appearing, some of which assert that the Soviet system is an economic failure, while others acclaim it as the greatest economic success known to history. Very often this difference of opinion is attributable to confusion of thought, and even to downright ignorance. Very often, also, it has its source in propaganda. In matters of propaganda the Bolsheviks are enterprising. They control it more rigorously than they do any other activity, and, having the resources of a State at their command, spend far more upon it than do the multitudes of individuals who compose "the capitalist system", and who are so exhausted by competition with one another in the making of money that they never consider that there can be any question as to their right to it when it is made. The present article is an attempt to clear away some of the outstanding misconceptions about Soviet Russia which still exist in the public mind, both those which have been deliberately implanted there and those which are the result of genuine incomprehension.

It was officially announced at the end of the Five Year Plan in 1932 that the gross production of industry was double that in 1928, when the Plan became operative, and thrice as large as before the war; whereupon Stalin and other leaders repeatedly declared that in no country had industrial progress been so rapid as in the Soviet Union. Hence it was claimed that the superiority of planned over planless economy—in other words, of Socialism over Capitalism—had been demonstrated. It is true that in Soviet Russia during the Five Year Plan industrial expansion proceeded more rapidly than it had done in normal periods in capitalist countries: at least twice as rapidly, I should say. But without any political change the speed of Russian

industrial development would have quickened. In a space so vast, so densely-populated, so rich in mineral resource as Russia, there was abundant scope for achievement; whatever the system of government, industrial revolution was bound to have come to her. Who can say that the pace of progress would not then have been as speedy as it proved to be under 'Bolshevism'?

Though the systematization of mankind has often been attempted, and usually with disastrous results, the idea of planning, thanks to what is happening in Russia, makes a magic appeal to the present generation. A plan to be effectual must be fulfilled in all its component parts; the over-fulfilment of it is as bad as the under-fulfilment of it. In either case confusion is caused, and this confusion may be worse than that resulting from no plan at all. In short, dislocation of industry is what is to be avoided: it is economic dislocation which is the cause of the world's present troubles. But in Russia it is customary for the plan of production, not merely for separate groups of industries but also for separate industries within these groups, to be either over- or under-fulfilled to a serious extent. The plan for the year 1933 may be cited as a typical example. It required that the gross output of large scale industries should be increased by 16.5 per cent.; that within this category the gross output of heavy industries should increase 21.2 per cent.; of light industries 10.5 per cent. At the end of the year it was found that the plan for large scale industries as a whole had been fulfilled by only 55 per cent., for heavy industry by 54 per cent., and for light industry by 61 per cent. Some industries had over-fulfilled the plan, others had almost fulfilled it, others again had fulfilled but half of it.

The whole case for planning national economy is based upon belief that, although productive processes are in reality interlocking, if left to private enterprise they will work at variance and primarily for the interests of their owners; while, if controlled by the State, they will work harmoniously as parts of a single vast but simplified mechanism. There is abundant evidence, much of it drawn from official sources, to show that in Russia this assumption has not been borne out. When introducing the Budget for 1933, Mr. G. F. Grinko, Com-

missar of Finance, disclosed the fact that numerous State organizations had increased their staffs and expenditure enormously in excess of the limits allowed by the Plan. He then went on to remark that "there grows up around the basic plan, which has been approved by the Party and the government, a great deal of unorganized, planless construction. Each enterprise considers it its duty to build something, even if the plan does not provide for it". But it must not be supposed that the enterprises were alone responsible for the planless activity that went on—for, in other words, the chaos that reigned under the name of planning. Within a short space of time, orders were not infrequently sent to them to effect at once large increases in their output. It was not foreseen that the carrying out of these orders would entail the construction, over a long period, of works and plant and in some instances of towns, harbours, and ports; the employment of many specialists and skilled workers, of whom no surplus was available; and the expenditure of vast sums for which no provision had been made. Repeatedly, too, orders were sent to enterprises, insisting upon the drastic lowering of costs of production, which was economically impossible, for the value of the rouble was falling, and the costs of essential materials and services were rising.

Yet when fixing the prices at which goods could be sold the State often ignored, or insufficiently accounted for, these circumstances; hence enterprises had to incur deficits of monstrous proportions. No one in Russia today can say what costs of production are: the Government has ceased to publish estimates of them. How in these conditions, it may be asked, can it be said that a planned economy exists? If the cost of manufacturing an article cannot be ascertained, even approximately, all subsequent calculation is fallacious, and planning becomes delirium, having no relationship whatsoever to actuality.

Because cost of production is obscure, wages which make up a large proportion of this cost are equally so. Mr. Grinko has stated that whereas during the period of the Five Year Plan the wages fund in capitalist countries declined by half, in Soviet Russia it increased almost four-fold, that is, from eight to thirty

milliard roubles. But he refrained from giving any indication as to the purchasing power of wages in the Soviet Union ; in other words, of the value of the rouble. It is a fact of significance that since 1930 the Soviet Government has not published cost of living indices. Doubtless it realizes that, were these indices disclosed, they would show that real wages have fallen, not risen, and that they are at present well below the level paid to workers in capitalist countries. How, when neither the cost of living nor of production is known, can it be possible to plan the operations of a single little factory, let alone the national economy as a whole ?

The quantitative results of planning in Russia have been examined, and it has been shown that these are irregular and distorted. But we must not stop here ; qualitative results, too, must be investigated ; for planning, if it is to be successful, should at least produce goods of average quality.

Soviet goods are well below average quality. There are three reasons for this : the first is lack of skill on the part of the majority of workers ; the second, belief that fulfilment of a plan calls for quantitative results only ; the third, demand for an excessively large output in an excessively short space of time.

Here we are upon ground that is non-controversial. The Soviet Government admits that the quality of goods produced by socialized industry is wretched. It could not do otherwise ; for the goods are there to be seen, and are witnesses to their own imperfection. Day after day the press tells of the high proportion of defective output. There is hardly a single industry that is not arraigned ; in some factories the percentage of badly-made articles reaches sixty. The consequent wastage is enormous ; the yearly loss on this account alone runs into thousands of millions of roubles. In 1933, for example, owing to negligence 12,000 tons of raw cotton and 4,000 tons of raw wool were wasted. Large proportions of substitutes for wool and leather are used ; most articles manufactured for mass consumption wear out quickly ; with a view to achieving simplification, styles, sorts and sizes have been reduced to a minimum, and consequently discomfort and drabness are widespread. In Russia, in fact, everything foretold

by the opponents of Socialism has come to pass. From the start the Bolsheviks were affected with "giganto-mania" ; no country in the world, not even the United States, contains so many gigantic works as does Soviet Russia. Now when the major part of the output of these colossal concerns (as, for instance, Magnitogorsk, the great metallurgical works in the Urals) is defective, it is realized that they are too large to be manageable, and henceforth works of more reasonable capacity are to be erected.

Planning has been even more disastrous to agriculture than to industry. The basis of it consisted in the collectivization or socialization of 65 per cent. of all peasant households (a total of fifteen million families) who cultivate nearly three-quarters of the grain-bearing territory. Bread is still the chief article of diet of the majority of the Russian people. The Bolsheviks point to the fact that since 1913 there has been an increase of seven million hectares in the area sown with grain. But concurrently they do not mention that in the same period the population has grown from 139 millions to 168 millions ; and that consequently the sown area for each head of population has diminished. Nor do they say that in the same period also, in all but one year (1930), the harvest was below that of 1913, and that therefore the amount of cereals available for each head of the population was substantially less than in pre-revolutionary times. During recent years the peasant has in this regard fared much worse than the townsman. This circumstance is explained by the insistence of the Government that, for the purpose of feeding the Red Army and the urban population, the countryside should deliver up large quantities of grain at prices little more than ten per cent. of those ruling on the free market. From 18 to 20 million tons were thus extracted during each of the last three years. The Government had hoped to secure even greater amounts, and it was only after a severe struggle with the peasants that it obtained what it did. At the end of 1932 and the beginning of 1933 came famine, chiefly in *Ukrainia* and the North Caucasus. No more remarkable instance of suppression has been recorded in history than the Bolshevik concealment of this great calamity. To the present day the Soviet Government does not admit that a

famine occurred. This pose of ignorance is absurd, for the fact has been proved by a host of eye-witnesses, including foreigners of repute. In the absence of official data it is impossible, of course, to say how many victims there were; no estimate places them below two millions, while it is allowed that they may have been as numerous as ten millions.

Following upon the period of famine, it was announced that the harvest for 1933 was one of the largest on record; the figure given for it was 89,000,000 tons, 9,000,000 tons at least in excess of the harvest of 1913. But it turned out that the Bolshevik method of estimating the harvest was haphazard and unscientific; that it took insufficient account of the heavy losses sustained in the processes of gathering, threshing and storing, some of which were due to honest negligence, others to deliberate sabotage. It is now believed that the harvest for 1933, instead of 89 million tons, was somewhere between 60 and 70 million tons, and nearer to 60 than to 70 millions. Still more difficult will it be to arrive at reliable figures for the harvest of 1934; drought, combined with incompetence and strife, may have wrought such injury to crops as even Russia has not known these years.

As collectivization was to be the basis of agricultural planning, so mechanization was to be the chief means for its realization. The farms were equipped with 240,000 tractors and numerous other modern contrivances. Yet, as we have seen, production was consistently below that of pre-war times, when all work was largely done by hand. One of the chief reasons for this backwardness was that, frequently at a time when they most were needed, as many as 200,000 tractors stood awaiting repair. "One would think", said Stalin recently at the 17th Congress of the Communist Party, "that the existence of an enormous number of tractors and machines would impose the obligation upon the land departments to keep these valuable machines in good condition, to get timely repairs done to them, to employ them in a more or less tolerable manner. But what do they do in this respect? Unfortunately very little The unsatisfactory position is so clear and so well known that it needs no proof".

As regards livestock the facts are even more depressing

than those bearing upon crops. Since the beginning of the Five Year Plan in 1929 up till 1933 the number of horses has decreased by 19 millions, of large horned cattle by 20 millions, of sheep and goats by 65 millions, and of pigs by 8 millions.

The reasons for the failure of the Socialist farms are clear. The individuals who belong to them have no sense of responsibility; while all expect to receive bread, each looks to the other to do the essential work, and to care for the communal property: but in fact no one does either. "We could give you many examples", said Mr. Yakovlev, the Commissar of Agriculture, recently, "of how even at the height of the season only a part of the collective farmers actually worked, sometimes not more than half or a third of them".

The majority of collective farms incur serious losses. Many industries, too, are unprofitable; the recurring deficits on heavy industry are enormous. Often it is said that profits have no place in the Soviet system; but I have never seen the reason for this assertion clearly stated. Seemingly, the presumption is that the workers produce surplus value, not as profit for capitalists but as contributions to the State, and therefore for their own benefit. Thus is derived the theory of "the common pool", in other words, of fair distribution of commodities among those who actually make them with their own hands. Experience has shown that the Soviet Government has secured from the population whatever wealth it needed, caring little as to how this wealth was raised, whether by means of profit or of expropriation, both open and disguised. Consequently, the Russians have been required to make cruel sacrifices such as were never demanded of any people in history.

Stalin said recently: "We cannot look upon whether an undertaking pays or does not pay from a huckster's point of view, from the point of view of the immediate present. We must look upon it from the point of view of national economy as a whole over a period of several years." Yet it must not be thought that the Bolsheviks are indifferent to profits. Stalin and other leaders often dwell upon the imperative need for making Socialist undertakings profitable; and, indeed, it is claimed that socialized enterprise, in its entirety, is profitable. But how is this conclusion reached? The Government easily

does it by yearly setting down a sum as profit from socialized enterprise, and then on the other side of the account, a sum three times as large, made up of subventions to industry. The subventions mainly consist of grants from the revenue of the State Budget, which are never repaid. Sixty per cent. of this revenue is provided by a turnover tax—a levy on all goods sold, “a general excise”, as the Bolsheviks themselves describe it. The effect of this and of other lesser imposts is seen in prices. Socialist enterprise is monopolist: it has the consumer at its mercy. Hence it is not surprising that the firm prices charged by State undertakings for commodities of common consumption should have ranged from three to ten times higher than in pre-war days; on the other hand, the prices paid by State undertakings to peasants for their produce were only one and a half times higher than those prevailing before 1914. In either instance economic justification was lacking; and had it not been for the ruthless exercise of monopolist powers the condition of the population would have been much easier.

It is sometimes argued that the Bolsheviks were prudent in pursuing a price policy, the purpose of which was to bring about well-being in the future; but so far, as a consequence, more lives have been lost than were given up in the Great War, and the date fixed for achievement, the year when the Five Year Plan ended, has gone by.

In Russia deficits are embarrassing, but much less so than in capitalist countries. The technical reason for this is to be found in the way in which money is employed. The State finds its chief use for the rouble as a unit in which to do its accountancy. Wages are paid with roubles; but by rationing commodities, the prices of which are fixed, the Government determines to a very large extent what the value of the rouble shall be for privileged categories of the population; what, in other words, they shall have for their money. If they want more they must go for it to the free market, where prices are fantastic. But even prices for rationed commodities move upward, and have to be revised from time to time. Wages, too, are continuously raised. The Government has never refrained from printing money for this purpose and has of late ceased to publish statistics showing the total amount in circulation.

But there has been no corresponding increase in consumable goods. Had prices not been controlled they would have soared. As it was, there never was a sufficiency of goods on sale, and real wages continually fell, and have always been far below the level paid in capitalist countries. By the method described the Soviet State has been able to command on its own terms a vast host of raw labour; in addition, it got for nothing the labour of a million more men interned in camps. These circumstances, in conjunction with equipment largely paid for by means of foreign credits, and with the services of foreign engineers largely paid for by means of foreign currency obtained for the export of produce for which the peasants were ill-remunerated, explains how resources were secured for the erection of so many works and factories throughout the U.S.S.R. Soviet leaders and economists point to these enterprises and to the volume of consumable goods in circulation when they declare that Soviet money has more solid worth than the moneys of those capitalist countries which adhere to “the fetish of gold”. But even though works and factories may have been erected with its aid, a currency does not derive present value from the prospect of goods becoming available from these enterprises in the future, while it is clear that, whatever the volume of consumable goods in Soviet Russia may be, even a privileged rationed purchaser by the expenditure of the whole of his income cannot procure anything like a sufficiency of them. The actual cover for currency in the U.S.S.R. is the labour of masses of men and women, but so incompetent and so inefficiently is it organized that it cannot produce and distribute the right kinds of commodities in quantities necessary to bestow serious value upon currency. Hence millions of people are continually hungry and in want. If that is the ultimate result of planning, then planning has indeed been a failure.

ON THE EDGE

BY MARTHA KINROSS

HER brother-in-law's letter did not surprise her. She had known during the year of waiting for the settlement of her husband's estate that he had not left much. There was less even than she expected, but there is always less money than one expects. She had gone on using the little she had in bank, with the ground hollow under her feet, for she had no income to stand upon, and no earning capacity. That was the trouble—no earning capacity. She had general intelligence, but no special equipment, and her age was now hopelessly against her. When Gerrard's investments turned out so disastrously and his health began to fail from worry, she had tried several ventures of her own. Part of her small capital she put into the tea-shop a friend was starting in Bloomsbury, but the shop had never paid expenses. Her last attempt had been a novel, because, it was suggested to her, she wrote delightful letters, so why not a novel? It was also the only thing that required no capital, only pen and paper and time. It was true that she had to live while she was writing, but then she *was* living, anyhow. So, although she saw no reason why another novel should be written while the world lasted, she had come abroad hoping for inspiration, and laboriously tried. A fortnight ago her MS. had been returned to her by her agent with a list of publishers' rejections. Extraordinary as often were their acceptances, in this instance she could not honestly dissent from their judgment.

Now James had written enclosing the statements, and saying how sorry he was that after all expenses of settlement had been met so little remained. She would have enough to live on for a few months longer without touching her capital, and perhaps in the meantime she would find something to do. He wished that he were able to help, but business was so bad that there were practically no profits—it was all that he could do to carry on—but if he were ever again in a position . . .

No, James must never have it to do again. He had been kind; the capital to which he referred—an impressive word for a thousand pounds—she did not consider hers; James had lent rather more than that, altogether, to Gerrard. He made no claim, which was decent of him, but all the same she owed it: it belonged to James. Even if she had the right to use it, in what should she invest? If she had not been able to make money before, she would not make it now; to make money—that inexplicable process—you must love it, you must believe in it, it must be an end in itself. For her and for Gerrard it had never been anything but a means. As for the one definite suggestion the letter contained, that she should return to England, had she not come away because there was nothing to do in an England so full of unemployed?—the young unemployed with the assets of training and health and strength and looks, and the old unemployed with the asset of experience—though experience counted for much less. She thought of her applications that had failed. . . . It all came to this: as James said, she had enough to live on for a few months—a few months of life. It was clear in a sudden vision—like a light, like a voice. Though in reality it was not sudden; it had been at the back of her mind for a long time, as an eventuality, as a fear. It was a fear no longer; it was a conviction, an illumination. It was inevitable. The inevitable has only to be recognized to be accepted.

Nevertheless, she was astonished at her feeling, it was so calm and lasting; not for a few hours only; it abided with her—almost a feeling of relief. All doubts, anxieties, problems, were resolved: the way was straight to the end. She was delivered from all the things she dreaded: money worries, old age, physical failure, dependence. For all uncertainty, this lucid certainty. And with the acceptance of death came something of its peace. For morally she had no doubts; she did not reject life, she renounced it. The big, personal things were over, but there was left such a sum of small satisfactions for every day that she might have gone on very pleasantly, very willingly, had she the means. Of course, she was inadequate for the existing scheme, but she could not altogether accept that scheme; it seemed to her arbitrary, fantastic, preposterous, that what was meant to serve as a mere useful denotation of

values—values of things—had become *the* value for life. Without those dirty little bits of printed paper, the proxy for two earth-dug metals, she could not enjoy this sunshine, this sky, this earth, those far blue mountains. Whose tenant was she if not the earth's? But the earth was civilized, and civilization had made that law: no life without money. She could not change it.

The why was immutable; the how and the where continued to trouble her. . . . She had had a life-long horror of publicity. Life-long, but *then* it need not concern her; her privacy would be complete, beyond all rumours, a curtain dropped behind her. She hoped there would be no publicity or annoyance for James, and for that reason she would not go back to England and risk the verdict of a Rhadamanthine dozen summoned from the weighing of sugar and butter and potatoes to weighing the motives of souls. She would give the least possible inconvenience to others, but after all, sooner or later, some one would have to attend to those details for her—it was the one thing she could not do for herself. Fortunately, there were people whose business it was; for whom, if not exactly a pleasure, it is at least a profit. But she discovered that if it is difficult to plan one's life, it is also extraordinarily difficult to plan one's death.

For the present she ceased planning: chance might present her with some unforeseen opportunity and make it simpler than it seemed. She would soon be going away to the mountains, to the high places—and she would not come back. It would mean giving up three months that with economy she might otherwise have, but what were three months? And with time her resolution might weaken, she might live herself back into life. She might lose the detachment, the sense of dedication. It was strange, that sense of dedication, and almost religious: she could imagine what some young priestess felt, vowed to sacrifice. For she had that intense consciousness of life that comes of the near consciousness of death. As a rule, we are hardly conscious of either.

Between herself and the people round her, all talking eagerly of their plans—"next winter we are going to Spain"—"next summer when we come back"—was the great gulf of her knowledge that for her there was to be no next summer, no next winter. And with that knowledge she began to feel excluded,

half-ghostly, already losing her place among the living. It was true, they had no certainty, either. Not one of them was sure of the next year. But they had not *her* certainty; not the reminder which sometimes, when she was forgetting and also thinking of next year, breathed suddenly like a cold wind upstream, against her blood. They were not whispering to themselves: "The bright day is done. And we are for the dark".

At times she said it with awe and incredulity, and again it was an item in her daily calculations. When she hesitated what frock to wear, she took down her best one: "What's the use of saving it?" She bought two thin frocks for the summer, and they cost her more than two weeks of life. It was so, now, that she estimated all expenditure. The tips to the servants, on leaving, cost her two days.

For time had gone very fast: the heat in Rome was exhausting; the guests in the pension where she was staying had all left, with the exception of one deaf old lady and herself; in a week or two the pension would close until October. "You're not leaving a box?" the padrona said, "then you're not coming back?" In packing Sara discarded every superfluous thing, and destroyed all letters and papers except a few business papers which she placed in an envelope addressed to James, containing the will by which she bequeathed him her thousand pounds in bonds. And she re-wrote the instructions she always carried in her passport: "In the event of my death".

The journey gave her a curious thrill, as if she were embarked for some further and stranger destination than a little hotel in the mountains near Bolzano. She had never so gone forth to the beauty of the world, the beauty of the world had never so come forth to her. The trees, the mountains, the clouds were edged with wonder: she remembered the young officer in Chekhov's play, *The Three Sisters*, going to his death in a duel, who looks back and sees everything as if for the first time. Yes, that was how she saw it: all the dullness of familiarity peeled away like a film, and the hidden marvel striking the naked sense.

One morning, coming out of the pine forest through which she had climbed, she found herself on an edge of the mountain that dropped a sheer two hundred feet to the rocks below. Wild

pink grew in the crevices of the cliff, and one lovely clump just out of reach, over the edge. Only yesterday she had read of a vendor of edelweiss who had fallen and been killed. . . . She stood there for some time, gazing down, and turning away, her eye was caught by a small white object—the bleached skull of a hare, lying beside its pelt—there were no other bones. Death had been here before. She could see the beautiful brown creature feeding on the verge, and the sudden swoop of the eagle. Far out above the valley, at that moment, a large bird was soaring; it might have been an eagle, or one of the pair of hawks she had watched yesterday, towering above these woods. But when she glanced down the cliff again she shuddered; she was suddenly conscious of her body as of a separate presence, standing there, the victim of a premeditated crime. After all these years together, all the pleasure it had given her—merely to look at it at one time had been a pleasure, when it was young. Now, it had lost all beauty; it was beginning to hang its weight on her as she had seen an aging wife hang on a husband's arm. But the bond was closer than that. What ingratitude! What a betrayal!

She did not return to the cliff, she avoided it afterward. But there was another spot which she often visited: a small, bare alp standing out into the valley, level and green on top where a little ancient church had once stood, since pulled down and rebuilt on a lower site. As she lay there on the smooth, short turf, high up, near the sky, with the mountain wind passing over her, the place had for her a peculiar feeling, as if the innumerable prayers and petitions of the human heart arising from it through so many years linked it with the above and beyond. How many of those prayers had been answered? There had been one answer for them all. Perhaps it was for that some had prayed. . . . Our debt to Nature, payable only on Nature's demand? Why should it be so one-sided? Did not Nature owe her a death? In this spot it almost seemed possible, by the intensity of her will to reach up, at need, and draw down that hovering shadow—that always hovering shadow that from the hour of birth opens its invisible wings and hangs, angel or bird of prey, over each man's head. She had felt that her life belonged to her; to live or not to live was for her to decide. Now she

was not so sure. If we are all under sentence of death, we are all under sentence for life.

More people were arriving at her hotel-pension. At first there were barely a dozen, all Germans and Austrians, but two Americans had lately come, and one Englishwoman, who was alone. Another withered leaf, she thought, like herself, attached to no family tree and blowing about the world. In this, however, she was mistaken; Mrs. Herndon owned a villa near Florence, and lived in Italy for reasons apparently not connected with economy, since the fall in exchange had not driven her home. Climate, presumably, was an inducement, for she said:

"If England only had a different climate, and was not inhabited by the English——"

A speech Sara resented. "From what I see on the Continent I do not feel that it could be inhabited by anything better."

"Quite", Mrs. Herndon agreed; "quite true. That's partly why I stay. It's pleasant to feel complaisant about one's country, even if to do so one has to leave it".

In spite of this opening passage they became friendly. Mrs. Herndon took *The Times*, and subscribed to several of the best English monthly periodicals, and these she passed on to Sara. They discovered a sufficient correspondence in their views on politics and religion, and in their taste for books. They were both widows without children, and neither of them regretted her childlessness. "If I ever did", Mrs. Herndon said, "I've forgotten, but I don't believe I ever did. Now I'm only interested in the adult of the human species, and not often in them".

"Do you live alone?"

"Except for my servants. Companionship is something one can't buy. The women who volunteer for it are those who aren't fit for anything else. They seem to think companionship consists in being entirely negative."

"It's safer being negative with someone who is very positive", Sara suggested, not knowing whether this would be taken as a compliment or a criticism, though Mrs. Herndon surely would not want to be considered negative, if that were possible. "And the job is usually so badly paid. One doesn't get ability for nothing. But brains aren't easy to live with."

"Neither is stupidity", Mrs. Herndon replied.

"Low wages and no fixed hours." . . . Sara had considered the question, for *she* was one of the women who were not fitted for anything more definite. "I could give up life all at once, altogether—but I don't think I could give it up day by day."

"Where are you going when you leave here?" Mrs. Herndon one day asked her, abruptly.

"I haven't the least idea." She did not think that Mrs. Herndon believed her, but she had never said anything more profoundly true.

The question recalled her to the facts. Not that she had forgotten them, but that one thought no longer so filled her mind. She had lost the first exaltation. Even during the first days of her stay here, as she walked this high ridge between two valleys, she had felt lifted up above life and death. Now, fragments of trivial conversation floated in her mind. There was no more self-communication; but, as in those moments when one lingers with a friend whom one may never see again, waiting for the ship to sail, or the train to start—nothing to say except goodbye. She had slipped back into the pleasant pettiness of life: she read, wrote letters, gathered wild flowers, had tea on the terrace, talked with people, and was stimulated by Mrs. Herndon to work at Italian—which last she knew was futile; better be occupied in knitting jumpers, like the other women, for a jumper was tangible, it would survive, while all the little heap of accumulated knowledge is scattered at a breath.

There was one hour when she always managed to be alone; when, with sunset the peaks of the Dolomiti rose, self-kindled, and burned with awful silent intensity upon the sky, like that great wave of horned flame in the Inferno of which Ulysses was a living peak, "*lo maggior corno*". But one afternoon she was late in starting, and observed from her window the different national reactions on the terrace below. The German ladies, after the consumption of three slices of cake and two iced coffees apiece, squared expansive backs to the hotel and became rapt in the right sensations; the Italians paused a moment to exclaim "*Che bellezza! Che bellezza!*" and resumed the discussion of vestiti, mangiare and bambini; and Mrs. Herndon was trying to look as if she noticed nothing.

When Sara appeared, she looked up and said: "If you are going for a walk, I should like to come with you. There is something I wish to discuss."

"I don't know", she began, when they were seated on a bench in the pine woods, "that there is much use for me to make my proposal. From what you said the other day, I gathered that you would rather die than be a companion".

"Did I put it as strong as that? A companion to whom?"

"To me. At the time I was not thinking of it. It has occurred to me since. I have never wanted to live with another woman—I don't think one does after one has lived with a man. Now, I suppose, I'm getting older—one shrinks, one doesn't fill one's shell. I have tried two companions: one was sentimental, the other was spinsterish—women usually become one thing or the other if they don't marry. I want an independent woman."

"As regards money? I haven't any", Sara confessed.

Mrs. Herndon was not referring to money. "You said it was the worst-paid job. I can offer you ten pounds a month, and you won't have any expenses. When we travel, all your expenses will be paid. And we won't see too much of one another. If we can help it, we'll never see each other before lunch. . . . You might try it."

"And if it doesn't work?"

"It can be terminated."

"Only then it might be too late—for something else."

"You have another offer?"

"No, one doesn't get offers. It is most unexpected to have this. It was something I had decided to do. I can't explain. But it would solve all my difficulties."

"Oh, well, then, of course. I can think of but one thing that would solve all of mine. . . . You couldn't do it afterward, if our arrangement failed?"

"I have the feeling that I couldn't do it afterward, that I must do it now", Sara said. "I appreciate your wanting me—the kindness of your offer. May I think it over?"

She might take what time she liked to consider it, and Mrs. Herndon enlarged her offer: she would advance three months' salary. "I think I'm perfectly safe in doing so. I believe we can stand each other that long, anyhow."

Sara was ashamed that she had felt and expressed so little gratitude. She could not perform the new orientation so suddenly. Once, after an illness when she had been very near death, she had felt it impossible to take up the whole load of life at one time—it had to be picked up piece by piece, like faggots. And now, as she lay awake all night thinking over this chance, she was not glad as she should have been glad. The spirit felt the chain. It was no final solution, it was only a reprieve. But life is a series of reprieves.

She rose, breakfasted on the terrace and went off early. Mrs. Herndon would not mention the subject again, she was sure, but she did not want to meet her until it was decided. It was curious that she should have appeared like the ram out of the bushes—that was hardly the comparison—like the goddess out of the machine, to avert a sacrifice. She, Sara, had never told her anything of her circumstances. . . . Mrs. Herndon had come between her and destiny, an intruder, arrogating powers of life and death. For though she had come away here into the woods, in the peace of the morning, to make her decision, it was already made for her. Mrs. Herndon had made it. By offering her a choice she had deprived her of choice. From the beginning she had said to herself: "It is only right because there is nothing else to do. If there were anything else I would not do it".

The narrow path she followed through the forest brought her out suddenly on the edge of the precipice where she had been a few weeks ago, where she had looked down and said: "It might be here. This might be the place". The pinks were done blooming; the hare's little grinning skull lay among their withered tufts. She sat down and stared at it, tired and relaxed.

She was not a tragic protagonist, she was a lady's companion. She was an anti-climax. But she had proved what it feels like when the spirit is drawn to its full height, to look—not challenging, not combative, but tranquil and equal—into the eyes of death. She could not forget that experience; though when she rose to go and stood a moment, something seemed to pass away on the flit of an invisible wing, something not seen nor heard, only felt as an infinite possibility. Of what she did not know.

JOSEPH CONRAD: TEN YEARS AFTER

BY RICHARD CURLE

JOSEPH CONRAD will have been dead ten years on August 3rd, and it seems fitting at this date to recall the personality and achievements of this extraordinary man.

And I would like to emphasise at once that, even if he had never written a line, the adjective "extraordinary" would still apply. He impressed everybody who met him by a quality of greatness which it is hard to define: there was something magnetic and vital about him. And yet, though time only seems to make Conrad's figure stand out more clearly, nevertheless I am very certain that no one really understood him. In some ways he was simple, as all natures must be that have a few deep roots in life, but in other ways he was highly complex. And those two sides of him intermingled to such an extent that in the midst of the most ordinary conversation a note of irony might creep into his voice and the whole tone of the discussion imperceptibly change. His regard for such words as honour, fidelity, and duty was perhaps the only final justification he found for existence, and he was, I am inclined to think, essentially pessimistic at heart.

But it was almost impossible to gather what Conrad truly thought about most things. I have heard him declare that some people gained success by a policy of never apologizing and never explaining, and though it would not have occurred to Conrad to adopt such an attitude, yet he was instinctively a man of many reserves and silences. Prolonged association gave one a sort of intuitive perception of him, but even that was very limited, and one always felt that beyond a certain point one would be left guessing. But if there was in Conrad a deep region of inner solitude, he was far from being a hermit, and he needed the companionship of someone who did not create nervous tension or react unfavourably to his moods. His own friends were immune from his irony, and they brought out the simplest side of his

complex nature. Conrad, who did not value possessions in the least, and whose elaborate politeness often concealed boredom and scepticism, did value his friends. Of them he would hear nothing ill, and their visits were a perennial pleasure.

He had the most astonishing memory for books or events that interested him, and to hear him discuss, for example, the intricate European politics of the Napoleonic era—either First or Second Empire—was to listen to a masterly and detailed survey. As to his own strange and varied experiences, fascinating glimpses of them would emerge in those intimate soliloquies, in which, without warning, he would sometimes indulge when sitting with one companion in his study late at night. I learnt to keep very quiet when this retrospective stream was flowing. Events never before described, places and people never before mentioned, were unrolled before one without a word of explanation, while, seemingly half-unconscious of another's presence, Conrad wound into the past. At such times his very expression changed, as if his mind were, indeed, far away, and his voice had a singular low-pitched note which spoke of the concentration of his thought. Nothing so yielded one an insight, not alone into the amazing background on which he had built his novels, but into the exciting and incalculable range of his own mentality.

Talking of this background, I would wish to stress here the autobiographical basis of so much of his work. It is not only *The Mirror of the Sea* and *A Personal Record*, but such novels as *The Nigger of the Narcissus*, *The Shadow-Line* and *The Arrow of Gold*, such short stories as "Youth", "Heart of Darkness," and "A Smile of Fortune" that have the very note of personal reminiscence in them. And in many of his other novels and stories the scenery and characters were developed creatively from his own observation. He used to say that he was not inventive, and that his ideas came to him unbidden—the hint for a tale from something he had seen or heard or read. I have sometimes wondered whether it be this foundation of reality which helps to give so convincing an air to his writings.

And Conrad's memory was vivified by strong sentiment. His was not a passive friendship: he was always trying to help and encourage those he cared for. His generosity was only too boundless. He had no money sense, and was open-handed to

an incredible degree. And sometimes, I am afraid, he was taken advantage of. On one occasion I induced him to send only £50 to an acquaintance who had stated that unless he received £250, ruin stared him in the face. However, he managed to evade destruction, though I never heard that he either acknowledged or returned the £50. But Conrad, who had had bitter experience of financial want, was always ready to give or lend on the slightest provocation.

Which leads me to say that he got on easily with all kinds of diverse types and was not always, in my opinion, a good judge of character. But he liked to have people about him, and was compassionate to those who were down on their luck. In fact, if not bored or irritated, he was remarkably lenient in his opinions of others. And he derived amusement from some of his visitors and even from some of the more fantastic letters he received. Conrad had a marked sense of humour, though I admit it was not always of the English variety—I can never understand why critics assert that his books are lacking in humour—and odd incidents or personalities would arouse his mirth for days afterwards. The ludicrous affected him rather as an anodyne, and he was momentarily able to escape from his own sombre brooding by a kind of hilarious gaiety.

When Conrad felt well he was the most enchanting of companions. The richness of his mind and personality played about one like a flame. More than anybody I have known, he entered into the interests of others and drew his friends out by sympathy and tact. The sardonic and melancholy tinge of his thought might lie there beneath the surface, but he obtruded it as little as possible.

But when gout was on him he seemed to recede into gloomy and inaccessible depths, and to be the victim of an overwhelming darkness. He would sit hunched in his chair, crossing and uncrossing his legs and nervously tapping the table by his side. An occasional explosive "damn!" would burst from his lips, and his expression wore a sort of haggard fierceness as if he were facing alone a crowd of demons.

Somebody asked me recently whether Conrad wrote because he had gout. The question, as put, sounded naïve, but it may fairly be argued that if he had not suffered from gout—it all

began with his desperate illness in the Congo in 1890—he would very probably have remained at sea and not been forced to take up writing as a career. Though gout caused him endless tortures, he always used to argue, citing the case of Lord Chatham in the eighteenth century, that it was a preserver of the intellect. But if it were—and Conrad's intellect certainly was preserved—he paid dear for the privilege. It cost him untold anguish, and it shortened his life. But he was not unwilling to die, and he passed away at the very height of his renown and prosperity. Perhaps it is as well. The changes of the last ten years would have brought him little happiness. His work was done, he was tired out, and death came to him swiftly.

By the exigencies of his calling, Conrad had been a world traveller in his day, sailing to such distant places as Venezuela, India, Siam, the Dutch East Indies, Australia, South Africa, and the Congo, but he always insisted that he merely travelled because he had to, and latterly, at any rate, he appeared to dislike the very idea of the tropics and of far countries. He infinitely preferred his home in Kent to all the splendour of the Orient, and had practically no wish to wander any more.

In the literary sense of the word Conrad was not a nature-lover or one of those writers inspired by what Theodore Watts-Dunton called the renaissance of wonder. Historic association meant more to him than beauty, and perhaps the part of the globe which attracted him most was the shores of the Mediterranean. He came more and more to ignore those passages in his earlier works, in which scenery is painted with such eloquence, and the distaste he had for anthologies of his work was bound up with the feeling that its importance had nothing to do with individual extracts, but depended entirely on the total achievement of each book.

I am not sure that Conrad had any particular affection for the sea, though he did have an affection for sailing ships. He wrote and spoke about them with real warmth, but how often does he emphasise in his books the heartless cruelty and indifference of the sea. But while he loved to expound the points of ships and was quick to resent the inaccurate use of technical phrases concerning them, yet nothing annoyed him more than to be called, as he so frequently was, "a novelist of the sea".

When on his voyage to America in 1923 he was addressed as "Captain Conrad", the compliment irritated rather than flattered him.

All such things, he held, tended to distort the main purport of his work, and he used to assure me with considerable emphasis that no matter where he placed his settings, his concern was with people. It is true that he had an admiration for the sea stories of Captain Marryat and Fennimore Cooper, but that, undoubtedly, was because they pictured with graphic accuracy the kind of seaman's life he had himself experienced. And there was something about that life, with its need of precise mastery and its call for loyalty and fortitude, which appealed to him profoundly.

Even after his first book was published, late in 1894, he was still trying to return to the sea; and he went to Glasgow to interview a shipowner, to whom, I believe, R. B. Cunninghame-Graham had given him a letter of introduction. Certainly it had not occurred to him yet that he could make a livelihood out of writing—he told me that when he posted the manuscript of *Almayer's Folly* to the publishers he never expected anything to happen, and, indeed, he sold the copyright for about £25—but behind all that there was a nostalgia for the life itself.

When he first left the sea for good, and had a house in Essex, he would sometimes go yachting in the estuary of the Thames, as though loath to cut himself off altogether from his old existence. A friend of his described amusingly to me one of those expeditions. The sailing boat was trying to make the shore, which was only a few yards away, and the landlubber guest innocently suggested to Conrad that he should grasp one of the overhanging branches and pull the boat in. But Conrad, who was acting the part of chief mate on that occasion and obeying orders with nautical promptitude, turned on him a look of withering indignation, and the elaborate tacking continued.

But even so trifling an incident was typical of Conrad's insistence that things should be done *right*. His record as a seaman—he always cherished his various "discharges"—was one of honourable efficiency, and it was a similar spirit which inspired his work as a novelist. He never slurred over a line, he never allowed himself to fall short of his own ideal of artistic integrity. In brief, he never took the easy road. Slovenliness was abhorrent to him.

In later years Conrad composed very slowly, dictating, maybe, 350 words a day, and then re-writing over the typescript; but he told me that he had written *Heart of Darkness*, which is 40,000 words in length, in a month, and when he had the strength for it he would slave over his work as did Flaubert. I think that *Nostromo* and *Under Western Eyes* cost him the most toil of all his books, while his own favourites were *The Nigger of the Narcissus* and *The Mirror of the Sea*. He did not regard them as his greatest books, but he had a peculiar affection for them. In my copy of *The Nigger* he wrote, "By these pages I stand or fall"; and in my copy of *The Mirror*, "I have a special feeling for these pages. Twenty best years of my life went to the making of them".

Conrad was the least egotistic of authors, and had no wish to discuss his work unless the subject was brought up naturally. Then he would speak freely enough, though with an underlying restraint typical of his wisdom and good taste. But there were only a few critics, such as Arthur Marwood and Edward Garnett, whose opinions he really valued. It was very easy to rub him up the wrong way by unintelligent praise, and, being human, he was apt to belittle the books most people admired, and to find points about those that were not so popular. He thought well of *Nostromo* and of *A Set of Six*—"I consider this a collection of no mean tricks", he wrote—which were rather neglected, but he did not give *Lord Jim* the place it had in public esteem. "When I began this story, which some people think my best—personally I don't—I formed the resolve to cram as much character and episode into it as it could hold. This explains its great length, which the tale itself does not justify", was his comment—and he believed that *Chance*, the first book of his to bring him wide recognition, had received an undue share of praise. However, this rule of contraries was by no means universal. He agreed with the public in thinking but little of *An Outcast of the Islands* and *Within the Tides*, while *Victory*, an outstanding success, was one of his own favourites.

Conrad felt that his time was short and that *Suspense* would be his last novel. A few hours before he was seized with his fatal illness he told me that he saw five different ways of finishing it; and though an American weekly, *Suspense*, loved as he loved it, offered a prize for the most satisfactory solution of that problem, I can

only say that Conrad himself had come to no decision. Another American publication offered the trustees a large sum of money for the serial rights of *Suspense*, provided permission were given to have it completed by any one of about fifteen submitted names. I have not kept the list, but if I remember aright, one of the names on it was that of Rex Beach. The offer was declined. Needless to say, *Suspense* has never been finished; the only thing to do was to leave it the gigantic fragment that it is.

Many myths have sprung up around Conrad. Most of them are of the type that carry their own contradiction, and are not worth mentioning. But there is one which, though constantly exposed, is almost universally believed. I refer to the story which says, with varying embellishments, that it was to John Galsworthy that Conrad, an officer in the sailing ship in which he was a passenger, showed the uncompleted manuscript of *Almayer's Folly*. It is totally untrue. Galsworthy did sail in the *Torrens* with Conrad in 1893, but his voyage was from Adelaide to Cape Town; whereas it was on the voyage out to Australia that Conrad showed those chapters to a passenger, and his name was W. H. Jacques. But surely it was strange enough that Galsworthy and Conrad should have met at all in such a manner, particularly when we learn that Galsworthy had gone to Australia with the intention of sailing thence to the South Sea Islands to meet Robert Louis Stevenson, but failing in that plan had happened to take ship with Conrad instead.

Conrad had pronounced likes and antipathies, and while he was more than just to his friends, who, in his sight, could scarcely do wrong, he was at times extremely quick to take offence with people who, more often than not, meant no harm, but were merely thoughtless or stupid. In his anger he was unapproachable, his deep-set eyes literally blazing, and his voice cutting as a whip, but unless deliberately insulted, the flurry soon subsided. I have known him furious at such seeming trivialities as a business letter accidentally left unsigned, the denseness of a waiter in an hotel, muddle about meeting someone at a station, but such outbursts were purely the result of his high-strung temperament and frayed nervous system. Before the real blows of fate Conrad was dignified and heroic. His was an intense nature, and the more one knew him, the more one discounted his

flashes of annoyance. For at heart he was just and magnanimous, and though he had his prejudices he allowed for the prejudices of others. Once, I recall, when he was about to abuse Dostoievsky (one of his pet aversions) before some guests, he first turned to me, who admired that Russian, and apologized for what he was going to say.

Conrad had, in truth, the manners of a grand seigneur, and it was charming to watch the way he would raise his wife's hand to his lips. He was not angular, as so many creative writers are, and he never condescended in the least to even the simplest of persons. His understanding courtesy was such that children, who are quick to grasp shades, were captivated by him, and immediately felt at their ease. And that is a sound test of unassuming graciousness.

One of the most marked characteristics of Conrad was his tenacity of purpose. When he had made up his mind to anything he finally achieved it. As a boy he had determined to go to sea—an almost unheard of act for a Pole—and against all persuasions and obstacles he did go to sea. He put *The Rescue* aside for twenty years because he could not get on with it, but finally he took it up again and rounded it off superbly. But these concrete examples do not really convey the measure of his tenacity. It is when one considers how he triumphed over poverty and ill-health, never yielding an inch or allowing his mind to wander from the goal that one is forcibly struck by the tremendous resolution and perseverance of his character.

Conrad was an omnivorous and very fast reader and, within broad limits, a critic of depth and discrimination. He loved old memoirs and travels—I think Wallace's *Malay Archipelago* was his favourite bedside book—and he never tired of picking up the books of such authors as Turgenev, Flaubert, Maupassant, Anatole France, Henry James and W. H. Hudson. But, indeed his reading was vast and desultory, and was not confined to one group of authors or to a few chosen subjects. It was not even confined to one book at a time. When he was in bed he would have, perhaps, half a dozen volumes turned down open on the coverlet, glancing at them in haphazard order as the fancy took him. Against that boredom or weariness with life which so frequently descended upon Conrad, books, and especially the

tried books whose savour he had often tasted, were his unfailing standby.

Some surprise has been felt at Conrad's political conservatism, particularly as his own father played a prominent part in the last Polish uprising against Russia in the early 'sixties. But Conrad always maintained that that was not a revolutionary movement, but a fight for freedom; and to the end of his days he had the profoundest distrust of radical policies and an utter contempt for internationalism. Once when I was out of England, a friend of mine, an ardent admirer of his work, wrote to Conrad, introducing herself and asking permission to bring down a Polish artist who was anxious to make a sketch of him. Conrad, with his usual politeness, invited them both to lunch, but when at the table the lady impulsively exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. Conrad, you of all men ought to be an internationalist!" it would appear, from what she told me, that he flew into a rage and declared that he would not have such conversation in his house. And it does not astonish me: I could have warned her that she was on dangerous ground.

To what extent Conrad had faith in the established order of things I am not sure—his opinions might look simple when the reasoning behind them was extremely subtle—but there was something idealistic in his sense of patriotism. For Poland, the downtrodden, and for England, the home of liberty, he had a close and personal devotion. Indeed, in his philosophic attitude towards England he was in some aspects more English than the English, and his conservatism may have been partially due to a foreigner's conception of that historic role England has played in the affairs of Europe.

Again, his seaman's upbringing, with its insistence on discipline for the safety of all, may have helped to mould the tenor of his thought. There is no room at sea for social, or other, experiments, and Conrad, while he hated tyranny and autocracy, was a believer in tradition and efficiency.

I have said that in some respects Conrad was more English than the English, but I must add that in others he remained very un-English. He spoke with a foreign accent, he never really accustomed himself to many English habits—I may name, as small instances, his dislike of draughty open windows and of

English mustard, the use of which he compared to swallowing a poultice—and he would at times feel an irritation at our insular smugness, which is very typical of the cultivated stranger. I have heard it maintained that Conrad's literary reputation may ultimately suffer because, though dwelling and writing in England, he was not by birth an Englishman. I cannot believe it in Conrad's case, his unique and powerful genius being great enough to rise above all general rules, but by and large it is unwise for a writer to expatriate himself. Poland, of course, was part of Russia when he became naturalized in the 'eighties, but even so he felt the disabilities of his position. He would never accept honorary degrees for that very reason, and he declined the knight hood (though he would probably have declined that in any case which was offered him by the Prime Minister towards the close of his life).

Nevertheless, he was bound to England by a spiritual affinity that went to the very core of his being. He wrote to me from Boston in 1923, "In the midst of New England my thoughts are fixed on *England (tout court)*, where my affections for my family and my friends dwell immovably". I am aware that it has been asserted that he thought of writing in French, but the fact remains that he *did* write in English. Polish, of course, he wrote and spoke as a Pole; his French, I have been assured by a Frenchman, was perfect; and as for his English—well, we all know what his English was! His only trouble seems to have been with "will" and "shall", and I remember correcting many of these misuses when his collected edition was being prepared.

Conrad had a habit of voicing momentary fancies, not taken seriously by himself, that floated through his brain; and if he ever made the remark about writing in French I suggest that that was one of them. And I suggest it also of the statement, which has been put forward, that, if he had survived, he had intended to go to Poland to finish his days. For I am sure he would never have left England for long. It was his permanent home, the only place where he felt really comfortable, and he was actually just about to move into a new house along the Dover road, some eight miles from Oswalds, when death overtook him on August 3rd, 1924.

But though he would never have abandoned England for Poland, he did retain for his natal country a devotion as instinctive as second nature. But truth to say, he was not unduly elated at Poland's recovered freedom. He feared that it would not last, and that once again Poland would become a storm centre and be divided up. The Poles, themselves, had an exalted regard for Conrad, both as author and patriot. He was, indeed, a great son of Poland and a great adopted son of England, but the two loyalties never clashed, because they were on different planes.

Conrad's fame has not escaped that belittling process which is the lot of all creative artists within a few years of their death and lasts until the prejudices of the moment have been forgotten and time begins to sift the immortal reputations from the ephemeral. A novelist such as Miss Rose Macaulay may declare that "Conrad's ship is already sinking below the horizon", but, as a friend of mine puts it, "It will circumnavigate the globe and reappear before Miss Macaulay's astonished eyes".

It most assuredly will! Probably it is correct to say that genius, in its very nature, arouses antagonism as well as admiration, but one thing is certain, and that is that it cannot be ignored. The author of *The Nigger of the Narcissus*, of *Lord Jim*, of *Youth*, of *Typhoon*, of *Nostramo*, of *The Secret Agent*, of *'Twixt Land and Sea*, of *Chance*, and of *Victory*, which, without dogmatism, I would call his greatest books, though others may think differently, is, I maintain, one of the supreme novelists, and when most of the clever writers of this era and the last are fading names Conrad will emerge in his true stature, towering like a beacon far above them.

THE FUTURE OF THE SMALL STATES,

BY DR. R. HERCOT

THE Four Power Pact, put forward by Signor Mussolini and accepted in principle by Great Britain, France and Germany, has aroused in the smaller states a lively apprehension, which has not yet calmed down, even if it is no longer openly expressed. It matters little that the Pact is practically dead and buried. The Duce is tenacious; he does not readily sacrifice his plans, and the little nations already at themselves delivered over without defence to a new Ho Alliance to be disposed of at its pleasure. They are quite willing indeed to admit that the great Powers may discuss important international questions without inviting Luxembourg or Albania to join in their councils. But although peoples, like individuals, have short memories, they remember what took place yesterday, and they have not forgotten that the father of the Pact has declared more than once, in the trenchant and slightly aggressive language which he likes to employ in his oratorical manifestations, that the role of the small states in the history of the world has come to an end and that their existence is no longer justified.

Doubtless there is no reason to fear that the small states will be annexed by their more powerful neighbours; the times of the partitions of Poland have gone by, and only a victim of persecution mania could imagine that Great Britain would ever annex Norway, or French troops occupy western Switzerland. As for Italy, it is but fair to recognize that Signor Mussolini has never claimed Italian Switzerland, and that when exalted spirits have attempted to foment pro-Italian agitation among the Italian-speaking Swiss he has always promptly intervened, and it has ceased.

In the case of Germany the position is less clear. Nazi theorists consider all people of German race as among the elect: those living beyond the frontiers of the Third Empire are

separated brothers whom it is hoped to see restored to the arms of the Fatherland. Certain Nazi circles quite fail to understand why Swiss Germans or Austrians betray so little eagerness to respond to the appeal addressed to them, and these zealots doubtless would be willing to bring these lost sheep into the fold by force. It must be acknowledged, however, that the attitude of official Germany, towards Switzerland at any rate, is quite correct, and there is no reason to attribute to it annexationist designs.

But there are indirect ways of exercising authority, and it is this form of subjection that the small nations fear. It is possible, while respecting the political independence of a people, to reduce it to servitude commercially. And in our days economics outweigh politics. What partially justifies these fears is the fact that the four big Powers are not, and cannot be, disinterested arbiters with but one aim—to create order, peace and justice throughout the world. They must naturally consider their own interests. The interests of Great Britain do not always coincide with those of France, nor those of France with Germany's, so that the sessions of the Council of Four, if they ever met, would often tend to be stormy. To appease these conflicts, what more natural than that the great Powers should make *mutual* concessions at the expense of the smaller states, dividing the European world into spheres of influence?—to England the Scandinavian countries; to France, Western Europe; to Italy the region of the Danube and the Balkans; to Germany the Baltic States and Russia. Those who follow this reasoning doubtless go too far. But they may recall the famous Hugenberg memorandum at the London Economic Conference, in which the Nationalist Minister proposed to lay Russia under regular contribution to the profit of Germany. The uneasiness of the small nations is accordingly to be understood, even if their fears are exaggerated.

There are some among them who, like Signor Mussolini, believe that concentration is the natural law of the present day, and that it would be vain for the small states to try to oppose an inevitable evolution. Others, on the other hand, endeavour to face the facts, to examine in what consists the inferiority or the superiority of the small peoples, and to consider how the small states might justify their right to existence and contribute to the

progress of the world. We would note in particular the interesting study by a brilliant Swedish publicist, M. Sven Backlund, professor at the Nordic Peoples' College at Geneva, dealing with the question we are discussing. ("*Europas oförenta stater*"—"Europe's Disunited States".) Although M. Backlund seems sometimes to leave the solid ground of reality for the realms of Utopia, his ideas well deserve examination. He endeavours to approach his subject with strict impartiality and without preconceived notions. If his examination should prove that the small states have indeed no longer any serious reasons for existence, he is ready for his own country to accept the solution, favoured, it appears, in some Swedish circles, of attachment to the British Empire as one of her Dominions. May one venture to state in passing that a Swedish Dominion would be worthy of her sisters, New Zealand, Australia and Canada?

The small nations, it must be admitted, are subject to many limitations. They depend, much more than the larger states, on foreign countries. This is the case not only in the political and military domains, where numbers play a preponderating part, but also in the economic field. Most countries to-day, as a result of the economic crisis and in order to provide work for their own people, are endeavouring, as far as possible, to be self-sufficing. Autarchy is their ultimate aim. It is obvious that this system, which can with difficulty be applied even by great nations with vast resources like France and Germany, is out of the question for the smaller peoples. Were they constrained to adopt it they would relapse into primitive barbarism. Switzerland realized this during the war. She discovered that from the resources of her own soil she could not live more than a few weeks, whilst her specialized industries, deprived of foreign markets, must inevitably dwindle away and disappear. Had the Allies not conceded the necessary facilities for importing foodstuffs, and had their orders for war material not sustained her declining industries, there would have been widespread unemployment and famine. The war was an exceptional and unforeseen event; but if, after long previous preparation, Switzerland desired to introduce autarchy, her people would have to give up most of the commodities of life, replace machinery by hand-labour—in other words, return to the middle ages; and even then the country

would not be able to feed her four million inhabitants. Many of them would be forced to emigrate. Other small countries in the same circumstances would be little better off, although Norway and Sweden are richer in raw materials. In order to live, the small states must be able to exchange their products with others from abroad: their home market is absolutely insufficient.

This dependent situation reveals itself also in the cultural field. We hear indeed of Helvetic, Swedish, or Finnish culture, but this culture consists in great part of elements borrowed from several foreign civilizations. For Switzerland the fact is evident, since her inhabitants speak the language of the three great nations by whom they are surrounded, and have in reality three different cultures, which exist side by side but do not blend. Sweden, Finland, Norway have the advantage of possessing their own languages, but the radius of these languages does not suffice to satisfy the aspirations of the nation's intellectual *élite*. They are constrained to borrow largely from foreign literature, to attach exceptional importance to the study of foreign languages in their school curricula. Examine the booksellers' shop windows in Oslo, Stockholm or Helsingfors: most of the books exposed for sale are translations. The Englishman, the Frenchman, drawing directly from the wells of an extraordinarily rich national literature, may find there all they need for their intellectual development; not so the small nations.

Not less is the inferiority in the scientific field. Doubtless the small countries have made contributions of the highest value to science, but at the price of what difficulties: laboratories often poorly equipped, niggardly material support, and above all what I will call a weak "sounding-board." The English inventor will immediately find a public, restricted it may be at first, who will understand the interest of his invention and afford him the means of exploiting it. How many Swiss inventors have I known who have exhausted themselves in vain efforts to gain a hearing and who, in despair, have had to offer their invention to foreigners!

Suppose that a small country gave birth to a great writer, that Albania had her Shakespeare: how many years would it take for his genius to be recognized by his fellow-countrymen? Perhaps, for lack of a public, he would die unknown and it would

be left to posterity to discover a genius ignored by his contemporaries. It is almost impossible for a writer of a small country, whatever his talents, to become widely known abroad. I can think of none but the Norwegians Ibsen and Björnson who have taken their place in world literature. And yet Norway, Sweden and Finland have produced, besides these two great men, other writers of the highest merit.

There are doubtless in the North thousands of people who have the complete works of Galsworthy and read them in the original. How many Englishmen read, even in translations, the works of the Norwegian writer, Lie, or the Swede, Rydberg, or the Finn, Runeberg? And yet, from a literary standpoint, they are quite on a level with Galsworthy. One more example. All Finland is preparing to celebrate the centenary of the birth of Alexis Kivi, commonly called the Finnish Dickens, whose profound and humorous work, *The Seven Brothers*, ranks among the great masterpieces of literature. I do not ask how many Englishmen have read Kivi in the original, for the Finnish language, with sixteen cases in its declension, may well discourage foreign readers, but how many have read him in a translation, if one even exists in the English language? Whereas the works of Dickens, in the original or in translation, have long been popular, in the strict sense of the word, in Finland.

There is the same limitation from the political point of view. The Prime Minister or the Minister of Foreign Affairs in England and in France make their influence felt far beyond the limits of their frontiers, even to the uttermost ends of the earth. Let Mr. Roosevelt, like Jupiter of old, frown, and the whole world holds its breath. As for their colleagues of the small states who may have the making of great statesmen, who, born under another sky might have played the part of a Cavour or a Bismarck, they draw up commercial treaties, settle trifling frontier incidents, and occupy themselves with humble administrative duties. The League of Nations has enabled some of them, in spite of their modest reserve, to emerge from the shade—a Branting, a Benesh, and, may a Swiss venture to add? a Motta.

The *élite* in the small countries are keenly conscious of the inferior and dependent situation which fate has reserved for them. They react in different ways. There are some who, often from

personal vanity, in the hope of finding wider scope for their ambitions, would willingly allow their country to be peacefully absorbed by one of the great Powers. These, it must be said, are rare cases.

Others make an actual boast of their isolation and weakness, and fall into a distrustful and absurd nationalism. "*Mon verre n'est pas grand, mais je bois dans mon verre*", as the poet says. In their eyes their own country is the most beautiful in the world, their population the most intelligent, their institutions the most wisely conceived. In my student days we used to sing with gusto a popular refrain: "There are none like us, no, none like us in all the earth." We had enough sense to make a joke of this manifest exaggeration. But among wide circles of the population in the smaller countries this state of mind prevails. It is displeasing enough to see a great nation imbued with her own perfection, the German's pride of race grates on our nerves, but a similar attitude on the part of petty republics or principalities is somewhat ridiculous.

But there are others who take a wider and deeper view. In our inability to be self-sufficing lies our strength as well as our weakness, for it is this inferiority which makes us the champions of a lofty idea, on which depends the salvation of Europe and of civilization—that of the drawing together and friendly collaboration of peoples. Doubtless in our case there is no choice; we must draw together or perish, collaborate or lose our cherished independence.

It is here that we rejoin M. Backlund. In the course of the Disarmament Conference it struck him as significant that eight of the smaller states—Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Switzerland, Spain, Belgium and Czechoslovakia—repeatedly combined in drawing up a common policy. Quite recently again, a Swedish memorandum was countersigned by the two other Scandinavian states, Switzerland and Spain, and approved in its main lines by Holland. The Swedish publicist sees more in these consultations than an occasional friendly gathering without further consequences; he believes they are to lay the foundations of a confederation of small European states, associated in the pursuit of a common policy of peace, social progress and international collaboration.

The group foreseen by M. Backlund would not attempt to pose as a great Power alongside the other great Powers, although with its 82 million inhabitants it might have some right to do so. Realizing its own powerlessness from a military point of view, its members being dispersed and separated by other important groups, it would resolutely discard force from its policy and would practice an absolute pacifism. A political union appearing to be rather problematical, the members of the Federation would endeavour, in the first place, to practise among themselves the economic collaboration which is one of their conditions of existence. They would ensure a ready outlet for one another's products. They would harmonize their social legislation, endeavouring to be the first to apply the international conventions drawn up by the International Labour Office which the great states are sometimes so slow to ratify. As members of the League of Nations they would work closely together, endeavouring to appease conflicts, to propose solutions inspired solely by the spirit of equity and of international collaboration. Such a policy, according to M. Backlund, could not fail to have a favourable influence on the great nations and, to employ a liturgical expression, "to turn their hearts."

These are fine expectations, too fine even, for in his enthusiasm our guide seems to wander from the world of realities into the realms of chimeras. The federation he imagines is impossible for a long time to come. To unite for a common policy, and that not for a particular occasion, but regularly and permanently, Scandinavians and Dutchmen, Slavs from Czechoslovakia and haughty Spaniards, this appears to us a task beyond the powers of the most subtle diplomats. Discord would speedily break out in the camp of the Federates as soon as one passed from general declarations to practical policy.

There exists, however, already the embryo of a federation, more modest, it is true, than that conceived by M. Backlund, but which seems to be more capable of realization, one formed of the Scandinavian peoples: six million Swedes, three and a half million Danes, and as many Finns, three million Norwegians, to whom might be joined later on the five millions of the Baltic States when these latter have got over their nationalist fever. That makes a total of over twenty millions, quite a respectable

figure, especially as the geographical situation of these peoples along the sea coast increases their importance.

The desire of the Scandinavian peoples for closer union does not date from yesterday. Already during the war the sovereigns of the three countries held combined consultations on the difficulties of all sorts which assailed neutrals in those days. Since then they have drawn together still more and Finland is now included. The relationship between the races and languages of these peoples has created an atmosphere of mutual comprehension, and features in common, so marked that a foreigner who does not look below the surface will scarcely distinguish between Swedes, Danes, and Norwegians. It is therefore possible for them to fulfil M. Backlund's desire: a system of social legislation, not identical, but analogous.

From the political point of view the Scandinavian "entente" may be said to exist in fact, although no treaty has confirmed it. The Baltic States will still have to be brought in—a more difficult matter, for the divergencies of temperament are much more accentuated. As regards the other states mentioned by M. Backlund, rather than seek to bring about a union which is impracticable for the time being, once the Scandinavian or Nordic block is sure of itself, it will be sufficient for it to approach them whenever a definite political question requires to be settled. The Geneva meetings provide ample occasion for such negotiations. These states, quite especially Switzerland, Holland and perhaps Belgium, will generally be found willing to listen and to understand. If the relations become more intimate in the course of years, so much the better, but it is inadvisable to try to hasten the evolution.

If the small nations, conscious of their responsibilities and of the moral force that their union will confer upon them, take action in this sense, they will indeed have deserved well of humanity.

HORACE PLUNKETT'S RURAL PHILOSOPHY

BY SIR MALCOLM SETON

FOUR years ago Sir Horace Plunkett, in a letter to *The Times*, expressed an opinion on the position of agriculture in England, which it may be opportune to recall today.

"English farming as a whole [he wrote] need not fear comparison with that of other countries, but it is intensely individualistic—almost a one-man industry. The larger farmers, the natural leaders of the farming community, the dominant element in the politically most powerful agricultural organizations, resent all interference with their farming operations. Personally, I think they are right . . . but where I think they are wrong is in failing to realize that the more individualistic the industry is, the more essential it is that collective methods should be applied to the business side of farming. A large proportion of this is still contributed by individuals who in every transaction with organised industries are pitifully helpless . . ."

Since 1930 events have moved fast in the system of English agriculture. The economic world crisis, tariffs and quotas, and the general recognition of the extraordinary plight of primary producers throughout the world, have combined to make English farming the subject of national attention and Governmental experiment to a degree that few could have foreseen. But the English farmer does not seem very happy at the moment. He has never liked the idea of dictatorship, and while it is arguable that a body of producers, whose importance in the national fabric has rather suddenly come to be recognized, must pay for their failure to organize themselves by submitting to organization at the hands of the State, the new agricultural policy will fail in one of its chief objects if it does not secure to the producer an adequate return.

Whether, or how far, the accepted policy is in harmony with the principles laid down by a man of exceptional gifts who devoted a long and unselfish life to the reconstruction of rural society, has recently been discussed in an interesting little book*

* *England and Sir Horace Plunkett; an Essay in Agricultural Co-operation.* By Rupert Metcalf. With Introduction by Sir Daniel Hall. (Gerald Howe, 1933.)

by Mr. Rupert Metcalf, the late Assistant Secretary of the Horace Plunkett Foundation in London. On the particular question of the Milk Scheme, Mr. Metcalf was certainly correct in predicting a year ago, as regards its general lines, that Plunkett would not have been satisfied that "the farmer was either to be assured of a fair price or was taking his full share of responsibility." To him the doctrine of self-help was paramount, and his devotion to the cause of agricultural co-operation, due primarily to recognition of economic necessities, was mainly inspired by his belief in its regenerative effect upon country life, and its ultimate consequences to the body politic.

Horace Plunkett's career was identified with Ireland, but his interests were not limited to his own country. Though not a farmer, he had an unusually wide knowledge of agricultural problems. One of his most readable books was on *The Rural Life Problem of the United States* (1910), and it was to that country that he owed the greater part of the income that enabled him to spend his life in public affairs. For ill-health drove him to the Western States at the age of twenty-five, and ten years successful ranching provided him with the income that he devoted to the causes which he espoused. But Ireland claimed his service when he returned, a vigorous man of thirty-five, though he was always physically delicate.

The times were propitious for the launching of a new national movement. For the years of agrarian agitation had secured for Irish farmers fixity of tenure subject to rents fixed by the Land Commission, while the political developments consequent on the deposition of Parnell postponed any immediate prospect of Home Rule, and turned the attention of the younger generation to new interests. Plunkett was a Protestant free from sectarian feeling, and a Unionist because he believed that the Union was to the ultimate advantage of Ireland. And, being a younger son of the sixteenth Lord Dunsany, he was not himself an Irish landowner. His family was deeply rooted in Irish soil. The Plunketts, in the middle ages, seem to have taken little part in political affairs, but their descendant unearthed one interesting episode in their story which he mentioned at a meeting held to encourage touring facilities in Ireland, the complaint of an English traveller in the fifteenth century. Any stranger setting

out from Dublin, was likely to fall into the hands of the people of my Lord Fingall, who would rob him, and if he had aught left it would be taken by the people of my Lord Dunsany. "I had no idea", said Horace Plunkett, "that my ancestors had taken such a keen interest in Irish Tourist Development!"

The position in rural Ireland was widely different from anything to be found in Great Britain. In the first place, the agrarian question had dominated the political field and engendered bitter controversy for over a century, so that Irish politicians, though often of urban origin, were steeped in an atmosphere that was—and is still—almost unknown to the average English or Scottish Member of Parliament. Plunkett and his friends struck out a startlingly new departure when they began to urge on their fellow-countrymen that the development of Irish land was to the nation as a whole even more important than the possession of it. Farmers are seldom versed in economics, and in Ireland the ameliorative land legislation had, to uneducated countrymen who took short views, put a temporary monetary premium on bad farming, as sure to lead to the reduction of "judicial" rents. It was only the passing of Wyndham's Land Purchase Act—the result of a Land Conference of Irishmen—that destroyed this unhealthy process. The "magic of property" inspired the farmer with a desire to make the best of his farm. But, taught for generations to consider his landlord as his arch-enemy, he had regarded as necessary evils certain factors in Irish life that remained in full vigour when the landlord was eliminated. Rural indebtedness was the normal condition, and since the shopkeepers and money lenders of the small towns, ever since the Home Rule party had utilized agrarian discontent as the engine most likely to draw the cause of nationality to triumph, had been the political allies of the farmer, they had acquired a very firm grip on the countryside. In India times of scarcity have generally led to a crop of murderous assaults upon *banias*, but it is doubtful whether an Irish farmer ever shot a gombeen-man.

Plunkett's originality showed itself in his quick perception that agricultural co-operation provided the one means of saving the Irish farmer. Credit banks on the Raffeisen system could release him from indebtedness, while co-operative creameries

could enable him to get a fair price for his dairy produce. Further, he had a vivid belief in the moral effects of co-operation. Not only must a co-operative movement cut across the divisions of creeds and parties, but it would, he trusted, by bringing together a mass of isolated individuals in a common economic object, lay the foundations of a new and better rural society. His difficulties were great, for most of the vested interests in rural Ireland were against him. However, he succeeded in 1894, after five years' spade work, in founding the Irish Agricultural Organization Society, and next year persuaded influential Irishmen of widely divergent political views to meet in the "Recess Committee." This collected a mass of information on agricultural conditions and co-operative methods in the countries of Europe, and revealed to Ireland the amazing transformation that forty years of co-operative and educational effort had wrought in Denmark—a country less favoured by conditions of soil and climate. The sympathy of Mr. Gerald (now Lord) Balfour, Chief Secretary, led to legislation, and in 1899 a new Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction, adequately endowed by the State, was brought into being, with Horace Plunkett as its first Vice-President. He resigned the Presidency of the I.A.O.S., to which, characteristically, he handed over his own ministerial salary, while procuring for it a State grant of £4,000 a year.

Nevertheless, though he chose to pursue his aims as a servant of the State, he always took a sceptical view of the results of State action if it passed beyond certain definite limits. It may possibly be paradoxical that a man who believed so intensely in co-operation must be reckoned an Individualist when the State appears on the scene, but Plunkett—who incidentally knew a great deal about the natural history of politicians—valued the principle of Self-Help, in the sense in which Self-Help does not entail disregard of one's neighbours, and found in voluntary association virtues which State control is likely to injure and compulsion from above to destroy. However, thirty years ago we had not all become Socialists, though Sir William Harcourt imagined that we had, and the troubles upon which the Irish co-operative movement soon entered were not due to political metaphysics. In 1892 Plunkett had been returned to Parliament

as Conservative Member for South Dublin County, and it was as a Member of Parliament that he held his new office. The Irish Nationalist Party, reunited before the latter event, naturally looked on the new Vice-President as a Parliamentary opponent. And the long struggle for political autonomy had engendered a feeling that any movement that tended to divert popular attention from the Nationalist movement was in effect anti-national. It was a short step to the assertion that it must be intentionally anti-national. The belief that co-operation was an attempt to draw a red herring across the path of Home Rule, genuinely held by many Irish politicians, exactly suited the book of less disinterested persons. Misunderstandings and misrepresentations combined to frustrate any efforts in which either Unionists or landlords joined to improve social or industrial conditions.

Plunkett enormously increased his own difficulties for the time being by publishing, while Vice-President of the Department, though no longer in Parliament, *Ireland in the New Century*, an admirable analysis of Irish conditions combined with an account of the new movement. The critic who "lays his finger on the spot and says 'Thou ailest here, and here'" is seldom popular, and the book, with occasional phrases (such as "lack of moral fibre") that lent themselves to denunciation, brought the majority of the Roman Catholic priesthood into active and sometimes violent opposition. Its main thesis, that whatever the political future of Ireland might be, the immediate necessity was rural reconstruction, was furiously assailed. Unfortunately the independent attitude of their Member on many questions had largely alienated the Unionists of South Dublin, and he had already lost his seat in 1900, and failed to secure one at Galway. The intention of the Act that established it had been that the Vice-President of the new Department should sit in Parliament, but it was not so set down, and for seven uncomfortable years Plunkett occupied a limbo between the status of a Minister and that of a permanent official. Many English Liberals were strong admirers of his work, and after the fall of the Balfour Government in 1906, Mr. Bryce, the new Chief Secretary, retained his services. But when he was succeeded by Mr. Birrell, the Nationalists secured Plunkett's resignation. His post was given to Mr. T. W. Russell,

who at once marshalled all the forces of his Department against the I.A.O.S., depriving it of its Parliamentary grant, and preventing it for several years from obtaining a subsidy from the Development Commissioners. Plunkett showed his attitude towards State control by refusing firmly to accept a grant coupled with a proviso that the Government should take charge of agricultural co-operation, and in 1913 the grant was made without this condition. But these years were full of disappointments. One of the provisions of the Act had established an Agricultural Council for all Ireland, containing representatives of the county councils, to work with the Department, and the Vice-President set special store upon this practical experiment in Home Rule. It was an interesting and instructive experience to attend a meeting of this body and observe the practical attitude of its members and their cordial relations with their Chairman. But it found no more difficulty in always saying ditto to Mr. Russell than did the Secretary of the Department, an ex-Parnellite M.P., whose appointment to the post had been one of the main causes of the alienation of Plunkett's constituents.

It is noticeable that men reluctant to accept wholeheartedly the tenets of a particular Party, who have, as Lord Milner once said of himself, "a Cross-Bench mind", often find themselves embarked, as Lord Milner became, in keen political controversy. Plunkett, in his book, likened his own position between the Unionist and Nationalist parties to that of a dog on a tennis-court—equally unwelcome to both sides. He cared little for consequences if he felt it his duty to express a strong opinion. "Why not let sleeping dogs lie?" once said a friend when deprecating his determination to state his views on a matter of controversy. "Certainly", he answered, "but I will not let lying dogs sleep!" It is often said that he disliked politics, which is certainly true in a sense, but intimate friends could not but observe in him a nostalgia for the House of Commons, which had given him many interesting days and valued friendships. Twenty-two years after he lost his seat at St. Stephen's he became one of the original members of the Senate of the Irish Free State, a position which he held for a year, and which caused, merely because he was a Senator, the burning by Irish Republicans of his house Kilteragh, the seat of constant hospitality and the

gathering-place of many notable guests from England, the Dominions, and the United States.

And so he sought a home in England when he was sixty-seven, bitterly unhappy over the chaos in Ireland and the frustration of so much good work and so many hopes. The Irish Convention under his chairmanship in 1917 had failed, and after the War he became a Dominion Home Ruler and started in Dublin a weekly paper, the *Irish Statesman*, to fight against the disruption of Ireland (for he never sympathised with the Ulster point of view) and the alienation of Southern Ireland from England. But it was too late. One of his disappointments was that, having made many friends among Irish-Americans, some of whom substantially helped the new journal, he found gradually that after the "Treaty" of 1922 most of them ceased to interest themselves in Irish affairs. Their hatred of England once satisfied by the establishment of the Free State, they seemed no longer to care whether Ireland prospered under the new regime. His last years were tormented by ill-health, and saddened by the death of friends—notably Lord Monteaigle, his constant associate and helper. But his spirit remained indomitable. One of the earliest pioneers of motoring, and a keen horseman until a broken leg in the hunting field crippled him, he took up flying when well over seventy and got a pilot's certificate. He found it very good for insomnia, he said—raising appalling visions in the minds of friends who had seen him dozing over the wheel of a motor car, though indeed never colliding.

Three of his leading associates remain in Ireland, Father Finlay, S.J., Mr. R. A. Anderson, and Mr. George Russell, who had edited the *Irish Homestead* and its successor the *Irish Statesman*. And he formed a high opinion of Mr. Hogan, the Minister of Agriculture in Mr. Cosgrave's Cabinet. Indeed the matter in which there has been most continuity in Southern Ireland between the old and the new is agricultural co-operation. The Free State has adopted the system as part of its Government policy, and has gone so far as to buy out the proprietary creameries and place them in the hands of the farmers' organizations. In fact State control has gone further in Ireland than Plunkett liked. He did not live to see the amazing agricultural policy of Mr. De Valera.

State control, if intelligently conducted, should secure one of the three objects which Plunkett had at heart, better farming. Whether it will, from the farmer's standpoint, secure better business, is less certain. But the third, and most important, better living, is not a thing that can be fostered by Control Boards. Plunkett regarded the agriculturists as the most stable, and, in certain national aspects, valuable elements in any country. He realized, of course, the inevitable preponderance of urban interests in Great Britain, but he deplored the rural exodus, and he forestalled our post-War efforts to improve the conditions of rural life by his scheme for the development in country districts of social amenities and mental interests. His "United Irishwomen"—a Society ruined by the War and its aftermath, hoped to bring together the wives of farmers and villagers on the same lines as those of the Women's Institutes of post-War England, and to mitigate the dullness of rural life. The antagonism between town and country was ever in Plunkett's mind, and he strove to reconcile them. He hoped that the new electorate in Great Britain might be induced to take an interest in the country, and some interesting letters that he sent to *The Times* were really the skeleton of a pamphlet that he hoped, but failed, to write. He delighted to shock serious friends by threatening to entitle this "The Farmer and the Flapper."

He had to recognise that English farmers are as a rule not attracted by Co-operation, the primary requisite of which is that a man cannot altogether "keep himself to himself". Contrary to accepted notions, the Irishman is a far more secretive being than the Englishman in most matters, but sees no reason for reticence about business affairs. But a perhaps typical English farmer, on hearing that a neighbour had talked freely about the price he had obtained for some of his stock, said sadly "He oughtn't to have told that to his own brother!" Compulsory co-operation, however, was distasteful to Plunkett, who had advised the Government of South Africa against it.

The English distributive co-operative societies, after the interest that some of their leaders showed in the introduction into Ireland of the doctrine of co-operation, had done little to help the agricultural movement. The Co-operative Wholesale Society was concerned to buy butter as cheaply as possible for

retailing to its members at a low price, and did not care whether its Irish butter was produced by co-operation or proprietary firms. And it is indeed difficult for an outsider to find much of the original spirit of co-operation in societies that exist to sell articles (not only to their members, but to the general public) at a price below that of the shopkeepers. It is, of course, true that co-operative producers equally aim at getting the highest market price for their products, but the incidental results of the co-operation of farmers in a country district should, as Plunkett hoped, include a recognition of common interests and a friendliness that can hardly be expected from a ring of "co-operative" stores in towns. Plunkett thought that farmers' societies would make a grave mistake in attempting to retail their produce, and the Irish Agricultural Wholesale Society was founded to sell the produce of the rural societies.

The antagonism of producers and distributors is not mitigated by the enrolment of the latter in co-operating trading societies, and one of the most interesting features of Mr. Metcalf's little book is his discussion of the possibilities of a better way. He realises that the countryman whom townsfolk are inclined to deride is in many ways the better man, being, in fact, a craftsman with wide, practical skill and knowledge, whereas the town workman has become a very narrow specialist, but not an expert. The unorganized farmer is, as he points out, the only producer and seller who has no power to fix prices, since so much of his produce is perishable, and the middleman generally takes care that the low price paid for farm produce shall not benefit the consumer. Mr. Metcalf has visions of factory farms as a possible solution of the problem, and his thesis at least deserves study. His leitmotiv, the permanent value of Plunkett's ideas under radically changed conditions, should commend it to all who care for the countryside and to all who are interested in the life-work of a true patriot and fearless thinker.

NON-BRITISH ELEMENTS IN CANADA

BY GEORGE GODWIN

DURING the past month Canada has been celebrating on the grand scale the passage of the four centuries that have passed since the Breton navigator, Jacques Cartier, sailed with his two ten-ton ships into the Gulf of St. Lawrence on that saint's day and there, on the empty shore, set up the cross of Christ and the fleur-de-lys of King Francis the First of France.

Those for whom symbols are significant may well see in this piece of pious and patriotic ritual the prevision of the explorer, for religious and national conflicts were to become, through the centuries, the dominant factors in the shaping of the new land's destiny, and, indeed, remain as such to this day. It is a conceit, however, that collapses in the face of historical fact, since Cartier was not the first of the European navigators to look upon the continental shore; the names of Corte Real, Gomez, and Verrazano, not to mention that of Cabot himself, take precedence of Cartier's in time; while the old map-makers, Gaspar Begas, Salvat de Pilestrina and Pedro Reinet had already sent their high-beaked ships among the slow processions of the icebergs before the Breton sailor had so much as left his native St. Malo.

Cartier's importance in the genesis of a nation may very easily be over-estimated. He crossed the Atlantic, as did most seamen of his age, and the ages that followed after, in search of that fabled North-West Passage that was the *idée fixe* of all navigators. And, like Columbus, he misread geographical facts before his eyes, seeing in the immense waterways of the new land a potential passage to the Far East. It does not appear to have occurred to him that here was a new jewel for the crown of France. Thus, when he sailed home, carrying the two young Iroquians, it was to argue the possibilities of the Passage rather than to report the acquisition of a New France.

That the New France emerged was due to Champlain, who sailed with missionaries to convert the Red Man to Catholicism, and thus founded the French Empire in the West.

It was appropriate, therefore, that La Société Champlain, composed, as it is, of descendants of those French nobles who have played a large part in the history of Canada, should last month have taken a prominent part in the celebrations. †

Throughout her history, Canada has been faced by two problems: the one religious, the other geographical. That she has solved the first is due to that political sense which has gained for the British character a reputation for a tolerant wisdom in such matters. That she has never solved the second is due, perhaps, to the insoluble character of it.

Yet, though the French character has been preserved, with its religion, Civil law, language and racial integrity, Quebec remains at heart antipathetic to the English-speaking and Protestant Canada that has grown up with the westward expansion. Quebec enjoys complete freedom by virtue of the Quebec Act, but the duality of the Dominion, French-speaking and English-speaking, is a reality: there is political marriage, but it is a marriage of convenience and no more.

To-day, the chief factor influencing the future of Canada, so far as resolution of racial types is concerned, is the rapid increase in the numbers in Quebec and the homogeneity of the type. French Canada has one of the highest birth rates among the white peoples of the world. On the other hand, the population of English-speaking Canada is stationary, and the steady process of fusion is proceeding on the same lines as in the United States, though at a slower rate.

Population pressure in Quebec might suggest 'colonization beyond the western bounds of the province. But there is no such population movement. The life of the *habitant* has no appeal to the younger generation, whether in his native province or in the great wheat belt beyond it. In 1911, 51.80 per cent. of the Province's population was rural; in 1931 it had fallen to 36.90. Moreover, it is still remembered that not so long ago the French-Canadian was the "outcast of confederation," that his pioneers were too often belittled as the "half-breed members of a priest-ridden population." There is, therefore, no remote possibility

of French predominance in the Canada of to-morrow. And the grounds upon which this view are based link up with the geographical factor of the situation.

The surplus population of Quebec is drifting, not West, but South, and in ever-increasing numbers. And the claim is frequently made that in New England there is more toleration than in Ontario. To-day, there are some 620,000 French Canadians in New England, and such towns as Haversville, Worcester, Lowell and New Bradford are authentic offshoots of Old Quebec. This tendency to drift out of the Dominion is regrettable, for the French contribution to the greatness of Canada cannot be easily over-estimated. Since the earliest days the French have played a vital part in the growth of the country, and in Canadian history one finds a great number of the great names to be those of Frenchmen. They were the first adventurers in the land, soldiers and traders (among whom it is necessary to mention but such names as those of La Salle, Radisson and des Grosvilliers, the *couriers de bois*) to people those first glamorous chapters. These men steered a course by the star of a mighty dream, thrusting westwards into the unknown, and for the acquisition of the fur trade they contended with the factors of the Hudson's Bay Company in the days when its charter was new.

West of the old province the racial problem is not acute. There is that process of fusion which can be seen so clearly in the United States, but it proceeds more slowly and in the face of greater prejudices. It is the paradox of Canadian sentiment that she welcomes least heartily the very type of citizen best adapted to settle on her empty lands. The Ukrainian peasant, for example, is regarded as a racial inferior; yet, with fifteen centuries of pastoral life in his blood he is the ideal type for settlement on the remoter lands. In a country where, admittedly, the ideal population distribution is 80 per cent. rural and 20 per cent. urban, the newcomer who seeks land is none too warmly welcomed unless he be of British stock. That the European peasant does go on to the marginal lands is evidenced by the statistics, some 54.32 being thus employed against 34.70 per cent. of the British population.

The case of the Doukhobor in this connection

the general attitude of the native Canadian and British new-comer to the peoples of eastern Europe. The Doukhobors, a primitive Christian sect, are, admittedly, virtuous, industrious and inoffensive. That is the fundamental fact about them. Wherever they have settled they have turned wilderness into flowering gardens. But the Doukhobor has demanded the right to organize his community life on his own lines and, these being by British standards eccentric, conflicts between the settlements and authority have been and will continue to be numerous. Yet these hardy and simple people possess every quality that should recommend them to longsighted statesmanship: they are hard-working, they have a simple standard of living, they can endure poverty, cold, and hunger.

Speaking of these people, Mr. Petersen, a Canadian of distinction and a Dane by birth, says: "It is highly significant that these are practically the only class of people who have stayed with the job and succeeded in our drier prairie districts and on our bushlands. If we conclude that we can afford to do without them, well and good, so long as we fully realize the cost."

The drift of native-born Canadians from Quebec into the United States is one not confined to the younger generation of that province: there is a general southward drift. There are domiciled in the United States some 1,300,000 native-born Canadians, according to American figures, Canada providing only statistics of those who drift back again—some 29,411 in 1932. Mostly they are settled in such cities as Boston, Chicago, Buffalo, Los Angeles and in New England. This is a tendency about which Canadian feeling is somewhat sensitive, nor is its magnitude denied; yet to ignore this movement is not to halt it. Canadians go to the United States, it is said, because there, in a country of 131,000,000 population, there are, normally, greater opportunities than can be found in one of a mere ten million.

If one looks at a map of the North American continent it is apparent that the logical course of her expansion and development should have proceeded along lines of communication following roughly the lines of longitude. This plain fact had to be ignored, however, since Canada, for purposes of development, was under the necessity of ignoring her geographical relationship with the southern half of the continent. Thus the great transport systems

of the American continent, regarded as a whole, present an illogical picture and, in practice, involve waste and inconvenience, and ignore the geographical and economic factors. In a word, as an imperial unit, Canada had to drive her outposts against the hard logic of geographical fact; thus, when development should have linked eastern Canada to the south, it was pushed towards the empty west. Setting aside political considerations, it cannot be denied that Canada represents a geographical divorce, and it is one that has impeded her progress and must continue to do so. Those who thus banded the Dominion with steel foresaw an influx of population that did not materialize. To-day, the Canadian transport systems, among the finest in the world, require a population of at least thirty millions to become economic. Without that population, financial difficulties were inevitable, and thus it is not surprising to find debt and interest charges running into \$800,000,000 as the result of the building and operation of the Canadian National Railways.

Political separation has not availed to prevent the steady process of Americanisation of Canada. This was inevitable. American influences on Canadian life, language, manners and social customs are everywhere apparent—as they are becoming apparent, thanks to the cinema, in England. And along with this process has gone another perhaps more impressive: the invasion of American capital and, with it, control of industry. Here the figures are somewhat startling. Already nearly one-half of the stocks and bonds of Canadian enterprises are in American hands. Mines, forests, mills, wholesale houses, all are honey-combed by American money and American direction. In the great wood-pulp industry seventy-five per cent. of the holdings are American, and much the same condition prevails in the meat-packing, refined petroleum, condensed milk and other industries, a grand total of American capital in the Dominion of \$4,107,803,000.

Indeed, it is not easy to discover the full extent of American control of Canadian enterprises, since many firms operating on Canadian soil are the offspring of American parent companies. Operating in Canada, these concerns enjoy such trade arrangements as exist at any time between the Dominion and the Mother Country.

Yet despite so many influences making for the absorption of Canada into the American pattern, there remain others that mark her off from her neighbour no less clearly. Perhaps the thing that must most strike the traveller who crosses the international boundary on to British soil is the sense of security conferred. Canada is a country of law and order, a country of people, outside Quebec, chiefly in the Nonconformist tradition, prone, it is true, to be parochially minded, but possessing that respect for personal liberty that is everywhere the distinguishing mark of British rule; a people virile and resourceful, with a strong sense of nationalism; her judges as incorruptible, her courts modelled upon our own, her police second to none in the world. These are fundamentally important things, and they provide a dramatic contrast to the traveller who enters Canada from the United States.

If one views the Dominion as, fundamentally, an agricultural country, then it follows that one must seek for the solution of her economic difficulties—not those of the abnormal present, but in times of normality—in the development of her empty lands. Here two problems present themselves for solution. The first concerns location, the second price. Agricultural lands in Canada along the railway belt are highly priced, though the present world depression has brought the fabulous prices of the past nearer to reason. Thus, the settler in the past found himself faced by the problem of seeking land within his means. Land near transport—and how vital transport is to the farmer!—was beyond his means. Even lands distant from the railway were priced so high as to be obviously uneconomical. He therefore, as often as not, pre-empted—that is to say, took up the usual quarter section far from civilization, transport and roads.

There have been hardy men who have battled with conditions and won through; but many more have found the odds too long and have left the land to seek work in the cities. This drift from rural to urban life is proceeding from coast to coast. For example, in agricultural Ontario, in 1911, 47.43 per cent. of the people were on the land; in 1931 the figure had fallen to 38.92. Like falls are shown in the other prairie provinces.

The basic need, then, is for cheap agricultural land near railway transport. And this is a problem that can be solved only by those landowning companies that have, in the past, stood out

for high prices and, by so doing, have retarded land development.

What is true of the prairie lands is also true of farmlands in British Columbia. Here the settler has to face the forest and to conquer it. The very clearing of his land is a gigantic task. Yet, not only has he had that to face, but also a price that foredoomed his enterprise from the start. The present writer has seen land beside the Fraser River priced, even before the costly process of clearing, higher than most Sussex farmlands. The artificially high cost of land, the result of the periodic land booms when properties frequently changed hands several times within a few hours, has saddled the genuine buyer for occupancy with a load of debt beneath which he has too often sunk a disappointed and embittered man.

Given cheap land, near cheap transport, Canada still offers to the settler with a moderate capital opportunities of an attractive kind, for the life is free, and if there is much hard work, it remains true that deep down in the blood of most men there is that land hunger whose appeasement spells happiness and a sense of self-fulfilment. For—and this is rather often overlooked—the man who turns to the soil and succeeds emancipates himself largely from the chances of world economic conditions. And there are vast tracks of land in the Dominion where a man can become, if not entirely, almost self-supporting.

It may be considered that the way to Canadian prosperity here diffidently advanced suggests a nation of peasant proprietors, rather than an advancing industrial country. It does. In the end the greater Dominion may find in the simple way of life of the old *habitant* of Quebec the solution of her economic and financial difficulties; it is even possible that she may learn from the humble Doukhobor, from the "man in the sheepskin coat with the big, broad wife," to use the words of Sir Clifford Sifton, and that, whether this man hail from Kent or the Ukraine, he is of more value to Canada than any other element in the population.

THE ANTHROPOLOGIST IN AFRICA

BY FRANK MELLAND

"WHAT has anthropology to do with us?" is a question that many may ask in connexion with the International Congress that will be sitting in London when this article appears. Before attempting the answer I would couple with it another question: one recently put by a Central African settler, of the rapidly increasing type that takes an intelligent interest in the welfare and future of the natives, and it was put in that stronghold of the modern school of anthropology, the London School of Economics. He asked the assembled professors and students "What are you trying to do?" I understand that the audience was somewhat surprised, but I was not present and I have not inquired into the matter, because second-hand versions of other people's views have little value, and I prefer to attempt an original answer, even if it does not carry the weight of some of the better known authorities.

Let us look into the first question. Many people in England last year read an anthropological book about themselves without being aware of the fact. Miss Winifred Holtby's brilliant satire, *The Amazing Island*, is an excellent example of modern anthropology, though I would only place it in the hands of advanced students from, let us say, Africa, and then only if they were armed with a concordance. An earlier satirist, Daniel Defoe, wrote for us a delightful anthropological poem about ourselves in 1717 called "The True Born Englishman": from which two lines may be taken for the clarity of their definition of the subject:

The customs, surnames, languages and manners
Of all the nations are their own explainers.

This will show, I hope, that this science with an austere name is not really terrifying and that it does concern us.

And what are anthropologists trying to do? Primitive races are no longer studied for academic reasons, or as museum pieces, but with the desire to acquire knowledge of their past and of their present so that we can be of some assistance in their future. That is the side of anthropology that I am here discussing, but it should be made clear that this is only one branch of a many-sided science. For instance, there is the archæological side of it, dealing with early man; the anatomical and physical side, the physiological. Also there are branches dealing with technology, arts, and sciences, with language and writing. With none of these is it proposed to deal in this article, important as they are, and although they have their bearing on real life.

Ethnography, sociology and religions briefly sum up the side with which I propose to deal. They form a branch of the science which Professor Malinowski, one of the greatest authorities, has called the anthropology of the changing native. Because we, as a nation, have made ourselves responsible for millions of native races of other continents and other creeds, and because it is largely we who are also responsible for their changing, this side of anthropology is very much our concern. It is a popular fallacy, though not so common as it was, that this change is due to commercially minded exploiters, to the "selfish Imperialists" of the Victorian age. They have had their share in the change, whether engaged in mining, railway building, or opening up estates; but the two most revolutionary changes introduced into places like the interior of Africa have been Christianity and Western government. Education—in its more narrow sense—is a good third. These are the genii that we have allowed to escape from the gourd, and which we can never bottle up again. It does behove us, therefore, to try to divert their activities into paths that will lead to something better, and not to disaster. Unless we use every means at our disposal to achieve this end, disaster will come, and the fault will be ours.

There is a *cliché* which raises a groan among students of African affairs whenever they hear it: "We do not aim at turning out imitation Europeans, but at making better Africans." For all its triteness, this has reason on its side, but it is valueless unless we realise its implications, the chief of which is that we must first learn what it is we are trying to improve. This is where

so many ardent reformers fail, wasting time, money, and energy and, still worse, defeating the very object they have in view. No one can build without a plan, nor without some knowledge of the materials to be used, nor can one make a road, a good road, without a survey and a knowledge of topographical conditions. This is where the anthropologist comes in; it is he who can provide that knowledge. Two classes of severe critics of anthropologists are to be found: those who are trying, blindfold, to help the African, and some Africans themselves, especially educated Africans. This opposition is due to a failure to understand, which is partly due to the early work of anthropologists. It is worth making an appeal that the present generation should not be condemned for the essays of their forerunners, who did carry on rather as busybodies, with no apparent or articulate aim beyond that of classifying weird customs, arts, or implements. We do not judge modern surgeons and physicians by their precursors, whose methods even two hundred years ago were not far removed from those of the witch-doctor. And even to-day anthropologists may appear to the uninitiated to be busying themselves with undue energy about something not visible to those outside.

In what follows I shall confine myself to African examples; not because Africa is the only area that has an important bearing on this subject, but because it is the only one of which I have a personal working knowledge. Most people know that over a large part of our African colonies we have recently changed from direct rule to indirect rule: that is, instead of District Officers themselves controlling, governing, taxing, and administering justice, these powers have, in varying degrees, been handed over to native chiefs and councils, with the D.O. in an advisory capacity. When we exercised direct rule it was obvious that a knowledge of the ruled should have been an essential, but it was then that it was most completely lacking, and all of us who started without that knowledge made the most appalling mistakes. It is wonderful that we were able to carry on. My own idea is that this was due to a combination of circumstances. We were then much less tied down by forms and regulations, so that we could feel our way, and work by intuition; the natives were, largely, accustomed to obey unquestioningly; they are philosophical, and

they did not expect us to stay—we were looked upon as a passing nuisance, for although individual white men were then, as they are now, very much liked, as a race we were never welcomed. Time passed, the value of anthropology became obvious, some of us acquired the elements of it early, and now a grounding in it is compulsory before the embryo D.O. starts on his career. It is reasonable to ask if, now, under a system of indirect rule it is of paramount importance.

To answer this it is necessary to explain that the establishment of indirect rule was every whit as autocratic as our original assumption of direct rule. It is we who have decided how the African shall be governed, and as our ideas have changed, so has governance, just as we have decided what laws he shall obey, to what parts of his religion and customs he may adhere, what he shall or shall not learn. We need not flatter ourselves that we shall always be able to maintain this control of direction, but so far we have done, and indirect rule is not in origin a democratic growth, but an autocratic decree. We are now indeed beginning to realise that in our haste to put the new idea into practice, we made, through ignorance, many mistakes which are endangering the success of a plan which seems inherently sound enough, and are making enemies where we look for friends. Our motives are being impugned, our high ideals looked upon with suspicion. We find we have grouped natives wrongly, made the wrong men chiefs, put the wrong men on councils, given judicial power to those not qualified, misunderstood, and therefore legislated faultily for, some of the most basic customs and beliefs. To make this clear to the layman, let me give an example of each of these last two errors. The miscalled bride-price, or dowry, which was of the nature of an insurance, we have tended by our blundering legislation to turn into an actual barter, which (when it did not exist) was the idea that horrified us. We have shown confusion between native religions, the pivot of social life, and witchcraft, which is essentially anti-social; and as regards the latter we have made confusion worse confounded by waging war on the wrong section of those mixed up with it. Like blunders can be quoted in other spheres.

Coupled with these errors is the accepted fact that Africa is waking up. Close on twenty years ago I wrote an article on

"Growing Pains in East Africa". Now we have to face the deeper trials of young adolescence. Quite a percentage of Africans receive some kind of education in schools, but all are being educated in the broader sense by their contact with us, while a small minority come over here for higher education. These few will ultimately exercise a big influence on Africa's future (and at present they are not particularly friendly to us, and definitely hostile to indirect rule, which they consider a Machiavellian design to keep the African in his place, and also to anthropology, which they have yet to learn is their, and our, potential saviour). All this tends to make criticism of our blunders more articulate, more influential on the masses, than anything which existed in the early days of our amateur patriarchal direct rule. The whole position is infinitely more complex. We well-meaning amateurs, given some genius for governing and blessed by much good luck, managed to muddle through. Now there is an absolute need for sound and far-reaching knowledge of the whole make-up of these races. Then such knowledge would have saved us from mistakes; now it is needed to save us and—what matters infinitely more—to save Africa from disaster.

It is an excellent sign that the realization of this is not now confined to the administrative sections of government. Educationists, medical men, agriculturists, and, above all, missionaries have grasped the new idea. Within memory a missionary anthropologist seemed a contradiction in terms, but Henri Junod and a few others showed the falsity of this view, and this year for the first time a missionary, the Rev. Edwin W. Smith, has been elected President of the Royal Anthropological Institute, in recognition of his work, and as an appreciation of the example he has set.* In June this year, at an inter-denominational missionary conference in Northern Rhodesia, a resolution has been passed that in future all missionaries should go through an intensive course in anthropology before they go out for the first time. This is a big step forward, and should help enormously in what, being old fashioned, I still call our Imperial task, which

* Since writing this, Mr. Smith has delivered his presidential address on "Anthropology and the Practical Man." His mind has obviously been working on the same lines as mine, but his treatment is different and he speaks with greater authority. The address will be published in full by the Royal Anthropological Institute, and I am sure that all who read this article will find it interesting and very helpful.

though self imposed—and for a variety of reasons!—is one from which we cannot now in honour back out.

I have described this decision as a big step forward because the old idea was that the "pagan" religions of Africa must be uprooted and the new message of Christianity given to the natives in their place, whereas now it is being grasped that this is not the way. While there are many parts of native religious custom and procedure which are incompatible with Christianity, yet there is much more in the essentials of those religions which, once they are understood, form a fine stock on which to graft our religion. The early Christian missionaries in Britain, and elsewhere, adapted and used many of our old pagan customs, which—to put it mildly—provided no more suitable stock. For instance, Christ told us that there are two great commandments on which hang all the law and the prophets. The Bantu races of Africa have the second of these commandments highly developed, in that service to the community is their guiding principle; so that all that is needed is to develop that idea, and to add to it the first commandment, teaching them the love of God, and duty to God, plus the knowledge of Christ. Even in this there is a groundwork ready, because they believe in an invisible creator, and have an ardent faith in after-life. Theirs may be an incomplete and unsatisfying religion, but, as far as it goes, it is sound enough, and excellent ground on which to work, provided that the mistake is not made of baldly condemning what to them is sacred, and so antagonizing them. It is in some such way as this that we can avoid giving them a white man's religion and a white God, just as we are trying, somewhat impetuously, to help them develop an autochthonous rule rather than imposing on them for ever the white man's government. Some day, perhaps, we shall do the same with the law.

An understanding of such points as these can help in many ways. For instance, at last year's conference of the British Medical Association in Dar-es-Salaam, a paper was read with reference to the difficulty of training natives for medical work because they lacked the ideal of service which generations of association has ingrained in the pupils at our medical schools. Anthropology can teach the doctors that this ideal is not lacking: it is as ingrained in them as in any of us, but its

aspect is somewhat different, so that they have not recognized it.

There are many major problems in Africa: tsetse fly, soil erosion, and, connected with both, over-stocking of cattle. There is animal husbandry as opposed to mere ownership, peasant holdings as against shifting villages, and other like difficulties which can only be solved by the aid of anthropological research. One soon realizes that religion pervades the native's life—it is never a thing apart—which is why it is so dangerous to uproot it to make room for an exotic faith, however perfect. But knowledge of a greater truth comes more slowly, and that is that this pervasion of the African's life by religion is so complete that everything is bound up with it: cattle and crops, arts and industries, warfare and marriage, so that no would-be reformer in Africa can hope to be effectual unless he understands the ramifications of what he is trying to reform, and the first step is to learn the inter-dependence of everything, big and small, in the social fabric of the African. The town-bred man or woman from industrial England is particularly handicapped by his upbringing and divorce from the soil for such a task—some of the most successful missionaries come from the prairies of America—wherefore it is the more essential for them to give this matter serious study.

I write as an amateur anthropologist, a field worker who has groped his way and tried to learn before it was too late, but no one can "pick up" a science like this, and the ordinary official or missionary has not the time for more than an elementary grounding, plus observation, application and adaptation. It is here that the whole-time anthropologists come in, and the work that they are doing is of incalculable benefit to mankind. They are not dangerous, or even futile, busybodies; anthropology is a help and not a danger. From Frazer, down through Haddon, Seligman, Malinowski, Marrett and others to the keen young men and women now carrying the torch, these are they who are providing the knowledge which will give other workers an adequate background on which they can fill in the detail. Moreover, these new anthropologists are not content to study the past. That is still of importance, because without knowledge of the past we cannot understand the present nor help in the future. Who could understand England and her present troubles without

knowledge of her past—political, religious, sociological and economic? With their training and technique these professional anthropologists are able to help us understand the changing, or emerging, African; they are studying closely the effects of our contact on him, and all the reactions of these puzzled races to a new world.

The suspicion of anthropology is dying slowly. In African government headquarters it is still viewed somewhat sceptically, and at times with tolerant amusement, but active opposition is dying, and a true appreciation of its value is in sight. Despite the anthropological courses now given to cadets for the service, such appreciation is less noticeable where it is most needed, where rests the ultimate responsibility for all that we do, and that is at home. The value of anthropology for a race that has undertaken such a vast responsibility over primitive and alien races needs to be grasped fully and unequivocally in Whitehall, and at Westminster, yes, and even by the electorate.

The Congress now sitting is the first full-dress international anthropological congress to be held. It is to be hoped that, backed by public understanding, its deliberations will help towards an appreciation of the fact that this science has become essential for the solution of the problems of real life, and is the indispensable ally of all other workers: it deals with the application of every other science to the life of living races, and forms the connecting link between seemingly disconnected avenues of research. It aims at accomplishing nothing by itself, does not put itself forward as providing any panacea, does not arrogate to itself the right to lay down policies or to dictate methods of progress. These are the concern of governments, educationists, economists, missionaries. Anthropology can, however, supply to all these something that they need, something they cannot be expected to find for themselves, but which is essential for their work. They, and many others besides—settlers, miners, traders—are all dealing with living folk in some way or other, and the life of these folk is what anthropologists are working to reveal to them.

Every European in Africa is setting in motion forces the effect of which is as yet only dimly realized. So as not to ask for too many bare assertions to be taken on trust, I would give one or two

examples. The reclamation of land from tsetse fly (wholly admirable work) increases the danger of soil erosion, a most alarmingly pressing danger, carrying famine in its wake, and it looks as if the solvent link between the two may well prove to be the anthropologist. The introduction of Christianity has, in parts, actually weakened the marriage tie, and tended to break down the structure of the home. Education is sapping the whole social structure. The cultivation of economic crops, providing the native with the means of earning money at home, is proving in some ways even more disruptive than absence from home of wage-earners, both these examples being linked with the entirely foreign idea of money—which we introduced. Gaols, another of our innovations, are bringing their own sociological problems, and so on, through a long list. In all these directions those concerned come up against difficulties that bewilder them, obstacles that impede them, because they lack understanding. Anthropologists do not understand everything, they are under no delusions as to that, but they have learned much, and are learning every day, and are putting their knowledge at the disposal of the various executives.

Africa is moving infinitely more rapidly than any part of the world has ever done before, and from a terribly backward start. Our impact with India, the emergence of Japan, the rise of the United States, were sluggish in comparison. We need to use every ally we can to keep pace with this hectic rush, or Africa will beat us, and its state will then be a thousandfold worse than if we had never intervened. There is no ally that can take the place of anthropology, the handmaid of everyone working for Africa, and, above all, the handmaid of the Africans themselves.

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

HERR VON PAPEN has considerable claims to be regarded as the bravest man in Germany. He is, it is true, Vice-Chancellor, and as such might be presumed to possess some right of expressing an opinion; yet the European world was surprised when in a public speech he recommended that some degree of humanity should be shown to those who were not Nazis.

Von Papen's Courage

As to the inner world of Germany, we cannot easily know whether the surprise for it was welcome or shocking. Neither can we do more than guess whether this first open symptom of dissatisfaction had any relation to the violent events which followed a few days later. What we do know (if reports are to be trusted) is that Herr von Papen once more has had the courage to utter an unofficial sentiment. There is said to have been a plot. He went to the President and asked for some evidence that a plot existed. The public at large (again if reports are trustworthy) accepted the executions as proof sufficient of treason, and cried "Heil! Hitler" with more enthusiasm than ever. But Herr von Papen, unlike the crowd, wanted to know why certain persons who were his friends, whom apparently he regarded as men of honour, had been shot like dogs without form of trial. It seems a modest request; but doubtless he took his life in his hand when he made it—a life indeed that was already not too secure. Probably any gentleman in any normal European country would have done as much, and been expected by every gentleman to do it. But in the Germany of to-day the action was singular and honourable. The measure of respect which Herr von Papen inspires is the measure—by contrast—of the feelings which civilized Europe entertains towards Germany at large.

Whom else in Germany can civilization respect? Herr von Papen—if the action attributed to him really occurred; if he, Vice-Chancellor, second officer of the State, went to the State's Head, demanding what presumably was withheld by the State's first officer—evidently counted on finding in the old Field-Marshal the ordinary principles of conduct, the rudiments of common fair play. And yet—one has to keep on repeating this proviso—if the official German press can be trusted, Hindenburg sent to the *Führer* a message of grateful congratulations on his brilliantly energetic stroke. There must surely be Germans who in that message saw with bitter resentment the prostitution of a great character. For the message attributed to the President was in essence such a one as Al Capone might have dictated; and, indeed, perhaps that American hero has in his time sent or received similar congratulations when one gang successfully shot up another. But we had learnt to regard Hindenburg as embodying all that was most respectable in the soldierly German tradition. Can one conceive of Wellington applauding such a display of gangsters' justice? Indeed, the American killings are less revolting because they are more intelligible. Nearly a fortnight after the bloody business started, no one yet knew the complete list, nor can class into reasonable categories the victims that are known. Unless, indeed, it comes down to this, that Hitler determined to make away with every man who could challenge his personal ascendancy, no matter from what quarter; and to do this he had inevitably to sweep out some close associates. But, also in order to carry his purpose, he must have taken to himself some variants of Röhm and Heines; and these gentry will have had their own scores to wipe at.

It is not a party stroke, for the good reason that there are now no parties in Germany. That country enjoys the full blessings of personal rule. Hitler has chastised the Hitler organization, lest it should get out of his hand. But such proceedings can never be carried out by an individual; there must always be a camarilla, a gang; and the gang will always tend to keep changing. If a personal ruler does not feel strong enough to dismiss or degrade, there is only one thing for it: he must kill or be killed.

Gangsters' Justice

As French critics are summing up the matter, Hindenburg is marked for disappearance, in a whirl of intrigues as to who shall be the new figurehead; but of the active men, there remain von Papen, representing the unorganized elements of honourable militant German tradition; Göring, who appears to have control of the police and in general of all the striking forces; Goebbels, who, as the organizer of frenzied nationalism, has always gone a step further than his leader; and, at the centre, Hitler himself. So stated, it looks as if Göring's position might give him at any chosen moment effective control, unless Hitler retains to the full his magnetic influence over the crowd. It is a question whether he may not find himself in danger of being outbid by Goebbels in popular appeal; and whether he can afford to tolerate that menace. For necessarily a great shock must have been given to the personal devotion of the whole Brown Shirt organization. They are assured, indeed, that no one questioned the loyalty of the rank and file; that the disaffection was limited to a few unworthy chiefs; but will they accept these assurances when the brown shirt becomes in some degree proscribed? It is as if a Messiah had suddenly been obliged to tell his followers that they must not practise the rites of the religion with which he had mystically imbued them. Certainly the Germans obey orders with extraordinary submissiveness; but it is hard to believe that even Germans can settle down into tranquil acceptance of this surprising new presentation of leadership.

So far as France is concerned the effect of all this on the average man is some degree of relief. These people cannot, he thinks, very well attack anybody else while they are so busy slaughtering each other. More calculating minds reflect that a ruler who feels his position challenged within will often seek to restore unity by picking new quarrels with some old enemy; and it is worth remembering that, according to a vivid account of an eye-witness of the events of that bloody night at Munich, the word had been passed round among the Brown Shirts that Hitler was betraying the country to France. This report, said to be the journal of one of the black-shirted S.S. who carried out the arrests and killings, does not represent the *Führer* as having played a decisive part on his arrival. What was done

Brown Army's Faith Shaken

was done by other men, and though he arrived dramatically, he does not seem to have asserted his personality with the usual histrionic touch.

There is certainly no probability that France will feel justified in lessening any of her precautions. But her Government may have rather more freedom to attend to its internal affairs; to set its house in order, as is expected of it. A leading paper in Brittany (where I write this) has very little to say about the general situation, but puts it bluntly that Parliament, accused of incapacity to manage the nation's affairs in this crisis, has abdicated, and has now risen for a long recess; the Government has three months in which to use what are virtually full powers entrusted to it. This may be taken as fairly representative of average opinion: but it is reinforced by the very remarkable action of French ex-service men, who for once have contrived to bring their dissident organizations into united action. The ex-service men, whether they be pacifists, as one group is, or militant Croix de Feu, have behaved like intelligent citizens, disgusted by the incompetence and corruption which have beset the parliamentary life of the nation for which they fought; they have spoken with one voice, and they have been answered with promises that concern, not their sectional interest, but the interest of France and its civilization.

All this seems to be a confirmation of the view held by close and able observers that the Stavisky scandals and even the Paris riots had strengthened France, not weakened her, by determining the most virile elements in her people to assert themselves in defence of the national honour and national welfare. England, it is to be hoped, will note the corporate action of those who knew what war was—(action so unlike the march on Washington of Americans clamouring for some scores of millions of bonus.) It is also much to be desired that M. Doumergue may begin to create on our own side of the Channel something of the respect which he enjoys in France; and that is the more possible because any reform likely to be attempted is almost certain to mean the introduction of well recognized English principles into French constitutional practice.

Unfortunately, however, the reactions of the ordinary Englishman will be to keep clear of all continental associations. The Stavisky revelations filled him with contempt; Germany, first by its persecutions, and now by its mediæval butchery of candidates for power, disgusts him. But still Germany has, with timely prudence, given a preference to England in the choice which debts she shall continue to pay. France is in no position to oblige England commercially or financially; and moreover she stands constantly in the way of England's aspiration after disarmament, unless on condition of mutual guarantees. Mr. Eden has repeated the English answer, that Locarno is commitment enough. So it is, if the agreement is interpreted as Sir Austen Chamberlain undoubtedly meant it; but as has been pointed out since, the loopholes for evasion of the obligation are wide, and much more has been heard in England by way of dissuasion from acting upon this covenant, than in assertion of a will to make it good. Frankly, more could be done for the peace of Europe by a definite declaration that England will use her power unsparingly to repel any act of aggression anywhere along the western frontiers of Germany, than by any conceivable measures of disarmament. It is a danger to Europe that no one really knows the mind of England—no doubt for Metternich's reason, that England does not know it herself.

And yet surely there are matters at stake to which England cannot be indifferent: spiritual values. As *The Times* pointed out in a remarkable leading article, Europe has to deal at its centre with a State whose Government adopts and justifies methods practised by Abdul Hamid in the old days of Turkey. That State is in some ways, technically and materially, the most advanced in civilization; and it presents Europe with a pious justification of its proceedings by saying that if revolt had broken out more men would have been killed. Now the answer to that hypocrisy is simple. Even admitting that there was a danger of keeping these men prisoners for a few days—though we have no evidence whatever of any such danger—yet there are risks that a State must take. It is more important to observe the principle that no man must be put to death without fair trial than to save the lives of men who might have died

in consequence of going into rebellion or even of the State's soldiers who might have died in repressing it. The plea carries no weight. What these men feared was not bloodshed: they were afraid of justice.

It will be interesting to observe the attitude of other societies to this new Germany; and chiefly to observe Italy's. Signor Mussolini has contrived to achieve complete personal ascendancy without any of these extreme expedients. For the most part, voices of dissent have been merely choked with castor-oil; in others, there has been expulsion, like that so freely practised by the Nazis in their early period. One could suspect that the Duce's inner emotion will be one of resentment against a bungling and brutal imitator. But the Pope? He is, apart from his papal position, a highly civilized European; as Pope he is head of a world-wide Christian community which numbers Herr Hitler among its adherents. The Vatican is in touch with Berlin, in constant negotiation with Herr Hitler's representatives. It surely must have been matter of grave thought for the Pope, whether in such a case he could maintain a public silence for the sake of safeguarding his power to use influence on behalf of Catholics in this menacing country. However, it is probably a Protestant idea that the Pope should assume at his own discretion the office of moral censor, and become a voice in Europe. England once had that kind of Pope; but there has been no successor to the chair of Saint William Ewart Gladstone.

It is really necessary, however, for civilized people to bear in mind that civilization has a common conscience. Evidently this is not understood in Germany. A week after this outrage on every principle of which civilization holds itself justified, Herr Hess, one of the Hitler Ministry, comes forward at Königsberg with most ingratiating advances to France. He invited the French to distinguish between "the Germany of peace" and "the Germany of pacifism"; and to remember that Adolf Hitler has always said that Germany asks only for an equality of rights in all directions. By implication, however, they are to forget so many other things that the same Hitler

has addressed to his own people, including the repeated claim to bring into Germany whatever in Europe has German blood. But, above all, there is the assumption throughout that France and England should concern themselves not at all with inner German happenings.—This is too much to ask. Where rudimentary good faith and civilized observance of law between ruler and subjects are flagrantly disregarded, compacts of nation with rival nation are not likely to hold firm. It is against the interests of Europe that Germany should be accepted without demur into any friendly partnership so long as it is her choice to adopt standards of conduct that put her definitely on a lower level than normal in our civilisation.

Heaven knows, the bribe which Germany holds out to Europe is hard to resist, since for all Europe a good understanding between these two countries is the key to everything; and there will certainly be many pious

War
as it is

English pacifists to say that if France does not accept the proffer of this outstretched hand (without considering recent splashes on it) there is proof conclusive of France's ingrained "militarism". I wish some of them would read the works of Dr. George Duhamel, who has done more than any writer to bring out the sense of what war is, and of what civilization is in its essence. A very notable woman wrote to me in 1915, from Serbia (where she was soon to die at her post): "The only place to see war is in a hospital". It is precisely that view of war, and of civilization conceived in relation to war, that Duhamel has given us in a whole series of volumes, inspired by his experiences as an army surgeon. They began with sketches of the individual patients, or groups not too big to smother individual character; studies of these men in their weakness, in their heroic endurance, in their absurdities, in their goodness to one another, in all that made them human and lovable. They were individuals, knocked to pieces in a duty imposed on them; men destroyed in a war between men; individuals of the most ordinary kind, picked out pell-mell from the general mass of the nation; but because they were what they were, the nation was what it was.

To this thinker, the individual does not exist to produce the nation : the nation is organized that the individual may have his fullest human development. War has to be avoided because of what you will do in war to the individual, in both sets of combatants. That is, I think, the view entertained vaguely by most Englishmen ; but I do not think one will find so well set out anywhere in English the rights of the individual body and soul against those abstract organizations which claim the right to throw them into a mill. Now, Nazist Germany stands for the opposite view in its extremest form. Nothing should count but the hive. It is the old contrast of Sparta and Athens, and if military efficiency is the supreme test, Sparta always has it and will have it ; though on occasion the Athenians did beat the Spartans, just as the Germans have by no means always won against the French. In British education Sparta has always been held up as the worthier example, though in practice this meant no more than that every British boy was expected to play football—and to play the game. But a nation living cheek by jowl with the modern Sparta could not afford to leave war, as it was left in England, to a limited number of professionals ; and war means to M. Duhamel, as it does to every continental citizen, an affliction that may fall on every easy-living greengrocer or ploughboy. In that affliction, the individual loses all his personal life ; he is to that extent dehumanized, less of a civilized man ; his individual life only asserts itself fully when he is brought into hospital, and other men have to try to save it that he may be used again.

There in hospital, the individual asserts to the full his individual power of suffering ; there is nothing automatic about his ultimate reactions to torture. Yet in one of his latest and most remarkable books M. Duhamel tells us that as the war developed, and as technique was perfected, the ministrations offered to wounded men by other men became more and more automatic. Surgeons operated faster, operated better ; the work was divided so that one man had only one part in the process ; and yet, looking back on it, recognizing all this, Dr. Duhamel holds that as the standard of material efficiency rose, there was loss elsewhere ; the doctor

**Sparta
or Athens ?**

**Too Perfect
Technique**

had cases, he had no patients ; there was no chance for establishing that human sympathy (so admirably suggested in his sketches of the period when organization was less complete) in which, to his mind, lay the essential part of cure. The patient as a patient is entitled to be dealt with by a man, not by a machine.

And to Dr. Duhamel the gravest danger for individual rights comes not from war but through peace ; through America and through Germany. His book on the United States (*Scenes of a Future Life*) is a singular arraignment of what the world is offered now by way of civilization. "The individual withers", but very definitely "the man is" less and less—not according to Tennyson's prophecy. Instead of the theatre, appealing in one language to a limited public, you have the film for everybody's comprehension, most admirably simplified down to rudimentary minds in the home of its origin ; instead of fifty different kinds of pear, each with its own exquisite charm, you have one that is most proper for mass production and transport to all corners of the world ; instead of houses appropriated to one family, you have pigeon-holes in a vast dovecote, cells in a hive ; instead of privacy, you have a mob pervaded by loud-speakers : and this is Progress.

Well, Dr. Duhamel exaggerates—especially when he is face to face with the extreme expression of organized Publicity in Chicago. His own countrymen have managed to put even on the cinema the strong individual stamp ; M. René Clair's *A Nous la Liberté* seems to be just as characteristic an expression of one French mind as any of Dr. Duhamel's own writings—and one could not put it higher. What is more, that mind is interpreted to us by actors each completely and admirably expressing a whole human being. The individual is not dead yet. But it is true that Europe has to choose at present between two ideals, in one of which the individual is the object of society ; civilization is organized to favour the free development of varying excellences. In the other, strict regimentation is the objective ; symbolized by a shirt—though it is the privilege only of the completely standardized to wear this badge of conformity. But the essential is regimentation of the mind, ensured by sanctions against indiscipline,

**Regimentation
of the Mind**

which in the more perfected states of this kind operate leniently by the administration of castor oil. One comes back always to the Spartan type, which suffered from a degree of intellectual sterility. "Fear naturally represses invention; for in a nation of slaves, as in the despotic governments of the East, to labour after fame is to be a candidate for danger." So Goldsmith wrote nearly two hundred years ago. Nowadays he would realize that a great amount of mechanical invention is encouraged in the States which discourage freedom; but he would also see that without going so far as Asia he could find countries where the noblest roads to fame are also the most dangerous.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

A GREAT JOURNALIST

by H. M. TOMLINSON.

C. P. SCOTT OF THE "MANCHESTER GUARDIAN," by J. L. Hammond. *Bell*. 12s. 6d.

THIS story of the life of a famous journalist and his doings prompts enough questions to fill a shelf with books, if they were followed up with liveliness. Inevitably Dr. Hammond's biography of "C. P." is a social and political history of the years through which Europe drifted to where we see it. We may note the engendering of events, and ruefully observe that we ought not to have been surprised because they were ugly; so were their causes. C. P. Scott's letters and private papers, relating his converse with Their Eminences, the chief actors in the tragic drama in which only wrong cues were heard, throw queer reflections on the statesmen we are in the habit of calling "great" because we haven't found the right word for them yet. Great? The impression of them is that of children confidently experimenting with the controls in a power-station. No wonder the lights went out!

A short review is inadequate where, for one interesting theme, there is whatever may be implicit in a tribute once paid to Northcliffe: "He found journalism a profession and turned it into a branch of commerce." Of little import? Well, it was not C. P. Scott who, after the war, enlisted the hallucinations of the fevered multitude, its fears and hates, to the work of rescuing Europe to sanity and peace with the

programme of hanging the Kaiser and making Germany pay. Nor did Mr. Lloyd George and most Liberals mock that nightmare; they accepted it as a vision of Zion. The soldiers concluded the war one November, and the politicians, in the very next month, dropped peace down the drain. To what extent, after the 1918 election, was our country indebted to Northcliffe for the power given our Premier to aid in shaping a treaty that is heading us straight to a greater war?

Now as to Northcliffe, even at a time when the scene of continuous battle was enough to make an onlooker think our planet was decaying, out of his wisdom he remarked to this reviewer that war has a definite benefit: "It reduces the surplus population." That was the jejune mind he had, when not considering journalism as a profitable branch of commerce. But his influence, in a great crisis, was effective; its consequences are with us; but he is forgotten.

It isn't as if C. P. Scott were dead—that cannot be while Manchester lasts. On the other hand, the cause served by the newspaper he created, the social code he upheld, is rather like a white rag fluttering in the last ditch, even though some devoted souls, as devoted as Scott himself, are determined to die rather than surrender. The white flag is not for them. "C. P." will be remembered as a noble character who

built a local newspaper into a national institution which has respect and admiration from envious strangers not always accorded to our Foreign Office. Yet the cause for which he strove looks as cheerful to-day as a citadel ranged by conquering barbarians. They were let in, the gates were opened for them by the very statesmen "C. P." supported (as well as their lack of principles would allow a high-minded publicist) throughout his career. His name is honoured and his newspaper flourishes, continuing happily as he would have had it. But the civilized society for which that paper spoke the word is now wondering whether its period is closing. Liberalism to Scott was righteousness; to some others its tenets were as the cards which gamblers shuffle.

The diplomatic intrigues for accession of power which brought the war about, the conduct of the war, the loss of the peace, Black and Tannery—it will hardly bear looking at, though Dr. Hammond compels our attention, urbane, tolerant, making his demonstration of facts and consequences with the ease of a master. His book makes swift reading, yet with undertones. There is, in his chapters relating to public affairs from 1905, a suggestion of evil inherency, such as gives to ancient drama the sense of doom through lightly challenging the gods. It is easy enough to see, from this impartial narrative, that if Mr. Lloyd George had attended to Scott, though only at the end of the war, instead of to other counsellors, the affairs of Europe might have a different aspect to-day. "But Power, like a desolating pestilence, pollutes whate'er it touches."

If "C. P." had had a stronger sense of the comic, he might have more easily resisted the fascination of the Welsh Wizard. One cannot blame him. Fascination there was, and woe to those who resisted it. I myself know that it was not the turn to the Left of

another great editor which led to Massingham's downfall; it was his immunity from sorcery. Journalism used to be a dangerous occupation, and was all the better for it. Now it is a branch of commerce, safe for whoever will keep that in mind. "Prove to me," said Northcliffe once, "that two-thirds of England is pro-Boer and I'll make the *Daily Mail* a pro-Boer newspaper to-morrow."

Not by such frivolity did Scott build his newspaper. Still, he found plenty of fun in it; and made still more, not always discerned by himself, for his admiring staff. This biography twinkles with it. Dr. Hammond himself smiles over the handsome and whiskered figure of chivalry, seriously choosing a windmill for the Long Leader for next day's *Manchester Guardian*; and, more than that, he makes this biography of a famous editor indispensable to a student who is really concerned to find the causes of our present discontents.

There is a chapter in the book by Mr. W. P. Crozier, the present editor of the *Manchester Guardian*. It is a character study of his old chief. One is not seldom surprised by a little pale sneer from a modern critic when he refers to the Manchester school of writers. Such a critic has a special dislike of C. E. Montague. That is not surprising. We never particularly care for the fellow who could swallow us; and we are never mollified by the fact that evidently he fails to notice that we are about. On the *Manchester Guardian*—I was never on it—you had to serve both Scott and Athene, and such servants are not found by advertisement at the usual rates. Mr. Crozier's piece about Scott has the gaiety which convinces us of its truth; and it also shows—what its writer never intended—the reason why he is in Scott's chair. Let biographers write as well as this and we will always read them.

THE BALKANS THROUGH AMERICAN EYES

by SIR HARRY LUKE.

THE NATIVE'S RETURN, by Louis Adamic. Gollancz. 12s. 6d.

THE author of this book was born in 1899, of Slovene peasant stock and one of a large family, in a village of what was then the Austrian province of Krain or Carniola and is now a part of the Yugoslav Banovina of the Drave. At the age of fourteen he emigrated to the United States, became an American—he thinks perhaps "more American than were most of the native citizens of my acquaintance"—was for three years a soldier in the United States army, married an American wife, and became "an American writer, writing on American subjects for American readers". Then, in 1932, he obtained a Guggenheim Fellowship requiring him to go to Europe for a year and, at his wife's suggestion rather than at his own wish, began his European journey with a visit to his old home, with which his contact, since he left it nineteen years previously, had been limited to about two postcards a year. It was consistent with this somewhat atrophied family feeling that in the plan of his journey he should have allotted to this visit the space of one afternoon; but in the event he remained in Yugoslavia for ten months, and the result is *The Native's Return*.

It was thus a man with a dual personality who revisited the land of his birth: intellectually and politically an American, but an American in whom the Slovene peasant's love of the simple things of life and nature had survived sufficiently to be rekindled by contact with its source. And this dualism is perhaps the outstanding, as it is the

most interesting, characteristic of the book. It is an arresting and unusual psychological and intellectual experience that we witness here: that of the keen-witted, interested man of a certain type of Western outlook returning to his Eastern home and still sufficiently its "native" to appreciate its gentler virtues. Here he is the Slovene who can enter sympathetically and with a revived understanding into the hopes and fears, that is, into the lives of those who were his fellow-peasants in Central Europe before he became a modern American. The part of the book in which he does so is sheer delight. "Home again in Carniola" consists of a collection of almost idyllic little pictures—does not the very word idyl mean "a little picture"?—in which we see his relatives and their friends depicted in plain, unaffected language of a dramatic simplicity well suited to its subject. Nothing of its kind could be better than "My Cousin Toné Marries" or "Death Waits for my Uncle Yanez"; even though in the latter chapter, in which he delays almost too long paying an ardently desired visit to his dying uncle and godfather because he regards death "with fear and hate and false bravado", we note, as in the first chapter, symptoms of a rather unattractive lack of *pietas*, which, be it added, the author makes no attempt to conceal.

The second part of the book is travel—the Dalmatian Coast, Montenegro, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Old Serbia—with the occasional but increasingly insistent incursion of politics. The travel part is well done, although it could be done

equally well by a skilled and observant writer without the author's special racial affinities with the country. Here the writing is more uneven, but there are some good things, among which I would cite the vigorous appreciation of the role of the Republic of Ragusa in history. His appreciation of the Montenegro that ceased to exist after the War is less good in that it reflects more of the author's somewhat peculiar political outlook. It is tersely worded but its judgments are inclined to be naive; nor is Mr. Adamic always right in his facts. For example, old King Nicholas was not, as is stated here, the first lay ruler of his country, but the second.

In the third part of the book, which deals with Croatia and with Belgrade, the political centre of gravity of the kingdom, the book becomes predominantly political, to the disadvantage of the author, who here does himself less than justice. His racial background fitted him well for the earlier parts of the volume, but his intellectual background serves him ill in this one. Does he not tell us himself that during his American life "events and things outside of America interested me but incidentally; only in so far as they were related to, or as they affected, the United States"? How then could he hope to form a discerning and objective judgment of this highly complex post-war Europe of ours? His hatred of tyranny and injustice is honest and sincere and does him credit, but his unfamiliarity with European history and political development leads him into crude summarizing and confused thinking. Thus, in his denunciation of the present dictatorship in Yugoslavia he appears to premise that parliamentary institutions are the only form of Government suited to a Balkan State, yet in his "Conclusion" he declares that "the salvation of the Yugoslav people and

other small backward nations in that part of the world lies, clearly and inescapably, in the direction of Russia. They will have to overthrow their present racketeer rulers, form a Balkan or East European federation of collectivist national republics, and, in some mutually satisfactory way, attach themselves to the U.S.S.R."

His immature political outlook also leads him into exhibitions of bad manners. Most of the author's readers will agree, whatever their views on Yugoslav politics, that in his interview with King Alexander, at which he stayed beyond his due time because "he felt a satisfaction in keeping him from his work"—the king had told him that he was very busy with a debate on the budget—it was the king who made the better showing. His condemnation of the Yugoslav regime does not wholly convince us, for the reason that it is an indictment, not a judgment, making no attempt to give the other side. And his hatred of "European Imperialism", which would appear to embrace every country in Europe except Soviet Russia, would evoke more sympathy if it came from the head as well as from the heart. The author is so firmly convinced of the moral superiority of America and the U.S.S.R. that he sees the destinies of humanity in their hands. "I love America", he says: "I think that, with Russia, she will be the most important factor in the future of the world and mankind . . . America will have to go Left". Elsewhere he declares: "The Belgrade Government is part of the post-War political gangsterism in Europe". The words "gangsterism" and "racketeer" recur in many places in this book to describe political conditions in Western no less than Eastern Europe. I wonder if Mr. Adamic is conscious of the origin of his favourite terms of political invective.

LORD LLOYD'S APOLOGIA

by KENNETH WILLIAMS.

EGYPT SINCE CROMER, Vol. II, by Lord Lloyd. *Macmillan*. 21s.

LORD LLOYD's first volume took the story of Egypt since Cromer down to 1919 and the appointment of General Allenby as High Commissioner. This sober yet virile second volume carries the tale down to the author's resignation from the High Commissionership of Egypt in 1929. The broad outlines of that resignation, which was effected during the regime of Mr. Arthur Henderson as Foreign Secretary, and which created considerable stir, are not yet dim in the public memory. The point of view of the Labour Government in the matter was given wide prominence; Lord Lloyd's point of view was but imperfectly interpreted. This volume, however, supplies the deficiency. It is Lord Lloyd's apologia, and while some may disdain, and others prefer, a heavy personal interest in the narrating of history, it is certain that to all students of Egypt, and, indeed, to all students of British Imperial affairs, the book is indispensable.

It opens with the visit of the Milner Mission to Egypt. The report of that Mission, issued in 1921, was such as wildly to encourage the demands of the extremists in Egypt who were demanding the complete evacuation of the British. It led on to the famous 1922 Declaration of Independence, which gave Egypt independence, subject, however, to the four vital "Reserved Points". Naturally, and as anyone versed in Oriental affairs could have told the British

Government, the Egyptians accepted the independence and ignored the conditions on which it had been granted. It was, I believe, always the view of Lord Milner himself—though the point is not emphasized in this book—that the "Revised Points" should be settled before, and not after, Egyptian independence had been conferred. But the Government of the day ignored his advice. The policy of "self-determination" was in the ascendant. What was right for one country was right for another, and so were imposed upon Egypt the "blessings" of constitutional government and the right to direct her own affairs.

The immediate aftermath of this concession was unhappy indeed. Murder after murder of Britons was accomplished by Egyptian Nationalists, culminating in the assassination in 1924 of Sir Lee Stack, Sirdar of the Egyptian Army and Governor-General of the Sudan. So far from fostering the growth of a strong Moderate opinion, grateful to Great Britain and desirous of strengthening the Anglo-Egyptian bond—a consummation which the officials in Whitehall had apparently predicated as the certain result of a "generous" policy towards Egypt—the country had manifested not a glimmering of a sense of real responsibility or any resolve to govern the land on aught but self-seeking lines.

When Lord Lloyd succeeded Lord Allenby in 1925 as High Commissioner, the internal situation presented, in effect,

a dilemma. The country had either to be "ruled" by a democratic gang—for the dominant Wafd under Zaghlul Pasha were little more than that—or by an equally obnoxious Palace party. From that dilemma, however, Lord Lloyd, whose cardinal principles were the welfare of the masses (a trust which he identifies with good administration) and a vigilant regard for the "Reserved Points", escaped by asserting the influence of the Residency. No one who knows Egypt can deny that he thoroughly cleared up the position—except in a political sense. Yet, that omission, deliberately made by Lord Lloyd, was to prove his undoing.

The Conservative Administration which had succeeded the Labour Government of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was lured by the prospect of definitively regulating the Anglo-Egyptian situation by means of a Treaty, and it soon became obvious that Sir Austen Chamberlain, who was Foreign Secretary, had, under the manifest inspiration of the permanent officials of the Foreign Office, different views from the High Commissioner on the manner of negotiating with Egyptian politicians. Lord Lloyd's view was, in effect, though, of course, never declared, that no Egyptian could be trusted constantly to play fair by Great Britain; Sir Austen, on the other hand, greatly charmed by the person-

ality of Sarwat Pasha, appeared to think that any "reasonable" Egyptian would infallibly be supported by his own people. So deep was this gulf between the two men that the High Commissioner, when the Sarwat Treaty was being negotiated, was not even consulted; an amazing fact of which no Conservative can now feel very proud.

Lord Lloyd, who strove unceasingly to prevent the Government's weakening in the matter of maintaining the *status quo* of the 1922 Declaration until such time as it should be changed by a Treaty, was, patently, out of harmony with a Conservative Administration which, contrary to Conservative traditions, imagined that it knew better than the "man on the spot", and still more so with the subsequent Labour Administration, which added to the "liberal" tendencies of Whitehall the generosity and omniscience of the doctrinaire. Lord Lloyd has no difficulty in showing that he was shamefully misrepresented by Mr. Arthur Henderson, but one cannot resist the feeling that his position had been hopelessly undermined during Sir Austen Chamberlain's tenure of the Foreign Secretaryship.

The author's general philosophy upon administration and the duties of Governments may be open to argument, but for his particular Egyptian case his book will gain many sympathizers.

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THE WOMEN OF MY TIME, by Janet Courtney. Lovat Dickson. 12s. 6d.

"I HAVE", says Mrs. W. L. Courtney in the preface to her book about contemporary English women, "limited myself to the women with whom I have been brought into some sort of personal contact at first—or second—hand". This sentence is far less candid than it sounds and covers a far more wilfully including and excluding method in the pages to follow than it leads us to expect. For Mrs. Courtney is the least egotistic, most generously admiring of friends, and though she lacks neither humour nor discernment and can hit a fault off very neatly, sometimes by quoting a third person's estimate of the women described, she has had to cut down at least half her gallery into the swiftest of snapshots in order to make room for other, not always equally important, full-length portraits. It is difficult in many cases to be sure which of the women she presents has been a first or a second-hand contact in a life which is full of such contacts, and this is a matter for regret because, when Mrs. Courtney does let us know that she has known her subject at first hand, she always convinces us that she has known her well.

The first of these portraits dates from 1884 when, as an observant but inexperienced girl of eighteen, she was taken to Cheltenham to see Miss Beale in all her majesty reaping the harvest of twenty years' work for the Higher Education of Women. With Miss Beale, and on the third page of the book, Mrs. Courtney's gift for critical portraiture lets itself go at once:

"Miss Beale had great qualities, but she had also their defects. She ruled an unquestioned autocrat, and her standards of scholarship had never been sufficiently tested. Deficient herself in the foundations, she flew higher than she could reach. Neither her ethics nor her metaphysics would have stood the stern test of logical examination. She got

the first from Browning and the second from a mixture of St. John and Plato misread in translation. When girls were told that *εἰρήνη* (peace) meant unity, because it was derived from *εἰς ἓν* (into one), they probably were none the worse for not knowing that this was etymologically impossible."

From Miss Beale and the Cheltenham Ladies' College a great part of this book takes its rise, for a large proportion of the women who have made their mark in English public life since 1890 were educated there, or at St. Leonards, the school which grew out of it and, like so many daughters, set itself against the tradition of the parent house.

From Miss Beale it is a natural transition to Miss Wordsworth of Lady Margaret Hall, since Mrs. Courtney's education continued at Oxford and was completed, as only teaching can complete education, when she left College to teach under Miss Beale. Roedean and the Lawrence sisters come into the category of things and people known only by second-hand by the writer, as does Wycombe Abbey.

Novelists follow schoolmistresses with Mrs. Humphrey Ward, who appears to be one of the second-hand; though not the least deeply admired of Mrs. Courtney's contacts, and Lucas Malet, whom she certainly met in the flesh at least once. On this unique occasion the novelist astonished her young visitor by the make-up, then so unusual on any conventional woman's countenance. The name of Mary Cholmondeley would, one might suppose, have followed those of these two other late Victorians, but there is no mention of her work in Mrs. Courtney's survey of the field; and Miss May Sinclair, representing the Edwardian period, is given the consideration due to her distinguished talent, though without any mention of two of her greatest achievements, *The Combined Maze* and *The Tree of Heaven*.

When we come to scholars and travellers, the same arbitrary but not un-

justifiable selection confronts us. Rosita Forbes, though not Lady Dorothy Mills, is allowed to accompany Mary Kingsley, Gertrude Bell and Mrs. John Richard Green in a chapter which also pays a graceful tribute to Jane Harrison and Mrs. Arthur Strong.

"The New Philanthropy" introduces us to Octavia Hill and to Emma Cons, with a single line of reference to her great successor and niece, Lilian Baylis, of whom Mrs. Courtney could if she would have made a truly Shakespearean portrait. We are given an affectionate and vivid account of the married life and work of Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Webb, and an almost pre-Raphaelite sketch of young Mrs. Park Pattison in a brocade dress and a belt of Russian silver playing roquet in the garden of Lincoln College.

The Duchess of Atholl, Lady Astor, Susan Lawrence and Mary McArthur lead the chapter on women in Parliament; Lady Rhondda and Dr. Maude Royden are most sympathetically drawn for the Gallery of Public Service, and an admirably critical appreciation of Edith Sitwell's poetry closes the book.

It will be a disappointment to those who used to meet Mrs. Courtney occasionally in the small drawing-room of a lady, now dead, where all the brightest stars of the theatrical sky congregated to find no reference to these amusing gatherings in her pages. Mrs. Courtney excuses herself for omitting women painters, musicians and actresses from her already crowded book, and may be forgiven on her own plea; but, seeing now gifted a portraitist she is, we may hope that before long she will open another gallery and include both Dame Ethel Smythe and Lady Oxford, possibly the two most remarkable English women of their time, and add her own personal impressions of Dame Sybil Thorndike, Dame Madge Kendall, Dame May Whitty and Miss Lilian Braithwaite.

NAOMI ROYDE-SMITH

THE CHARM OF IRELAND, by Stephen Gwynn. Harrap. 7s. 6d.

MR. STEPHEN GWYNN has written an informative postscript to his book on Ireland, published in Harrap's Kitbag series seven years ago. Reproductions of the work of some of Ireland's most distinguished artists add a pleasant note to this new edition. Mr. Gwynn gives welcome news of the considerable improvement in the standard of cleanliness and comfort of a very large number of Irish hotels due, he claims, to the holding of the Eucharistic Congress in Dublin two years ago. Thousands of visitors poured into Ireland for the Congress, and nearly every village whitewashed its houses for the occasion. Mr. Gwynn comments also on the increase in "guest-houses", the improved bus services all over the country, and the excellency of the roads. He recommends a visit to the site of the "Shannon scheme", and has some interesting things to say about the effect of the scheme on fishermen and on the fish. Not only have salmon been affected by the damming of the river, but thousands of young eels which come every year to the Shannon from the Sargasso Sea were unable to get up the new salmon pass until the authorities placed long twisted strands of hay-rope down the water-fall, thus enabling the little eels to wriggle up.

There is some valuable extra advice to anglers in this postscript on sea, lake and river fishing, and how much it is likely to cost; and there are a few passages arising out of the description of the new War Memorial, which is being erected in Dublin, of a semi-explanatory, semi-apologetic nature which should conciliate and soothe the susceptibilities of the politically passionate. Mr. Gwynn is a master of tact, and his guide book to Ireland is as pleasant an introduction as one could wish.

E. M. P.

THE BOOK OF CRICKET, by P. F. Warner. Dent. 7s. 6d.

THERE is, as everyone would suppose, a good deal in Mr. Warner's book that will interest any keen cricketer; and Mr. Warner deserves high marks for sometimes taking a plunge. He says, for instance, that Constantine "is the finest fieldsman the world has ever seen": a pronouncement which is even more impressive when we learn that "Hammond and Hendren . . . are emphatic that Constantine stands alone." Again, he is brave enough to say of Verity that "he may yet emulate Rhodes and go in first for England in a Test Match".

It is also interesting to hear, from so high an authority, that Ranjitsinhji, "like Bradman", seldom played a genuine forward stroke because he found that "balls to which he could not play back, he could, with his quickness of

foot, get to and drive". Again, I have often felt, as many others must have felt, that it is almost as important to know how quickly a bowler takes his wickets as the number of wickets which he has taken. Indeed, I would strongly recommend the editors of our newspapers to let us know not only how many runs each wicket has cost a bowler, but also how many overs he had to bowl in order to take a wicket. Mr. Warner makes a beginning in this kind of statistic by telling us that in 1906 Mr. N. A. Knox took "a wicket in every five overs". On the other hand, Mr. Warner is often disappointing. How unsatisfactory, for instance, it is to read, in respect of Bradman's capacity for "evolving a new idea in dealing with a type of attack to which he was unaccustomed", that "a good example of his genius was to be found in his playing of Ironmonger in the

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Send 1/6 for a reprint of the Presidential Address by the Rev. Edwin Smith on Anthropology and the Practical Man from the Jan.-June (1934) issue of the Journal.

inter-state matches. Ironmonger, a most accurate left-hander, invariably keeps men entirely on the defensive, but Bradman smites him hip and thigh". What we are all expecting to hear is how Bradman contrives to do so; but of this we learn nothing, and the passage, therefore, is of no interest at all.

Indeed, although the first part of the book, which deals with "Batting, Bowling, Wicket-Keeping, Fielding" and "Some Thoughts on Captaincy", should be of value to any schoolboy who can afford seven-and-sixpence, the book, on the whole, is ineffective. There have been, within the last few years, two or three writers on cricket who have set up a very high standard in cricket-literature; and I must admit, in honesty, that Mr. Warner has not the knack of bringing bygone cricketers again to life or of conveying a sense of the game's curious charm. I am afraid, also, that he has not acquired the exceedingly difficult art of using the first person singular in the most engaging manner.

Nothing in his book is more interesting than his outspoken condemnation of "body-line bowling". Mr. Jardine has denied that Larwood ever bowled at a batsman's body. Mr. Warner seems not to be so sure. The truth is, apparently, that all the trouble about this type of bowling might have been avoided if Mr. Jardine had possessed, on a crucial occasion, more sensibility and a little elementary tact. CLIFFORD BAX.

BESIDE THE SEASIDE, edited by Yvonne Cloud. Stanley Nott. 7s. 6d.

HERE is what might be called the *de luxe* guidebook to the Big Six of seaside towns: Southend, Brighton, Bournemouth, Blackpool, Scarborough, and Margate. Each essay is written by a well-known author whose interest in the human herd, judging from such of their respective books as I have read,

is analytical rather than humanitarian. Yet, called upon to sing each his own variation of the theme "I do love to be beside the seaside", it is not surprising that there is a certain similarity of interpretation. Only Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge dares to strike a discordant note of criticism at the Edwardian refinement of Bournemouth and to suggest that an advertisement should be put in the *Daily Worker* inviting the proletariat to come and "study the pure bourgeois type in a pure bourgeois environment". What would Mr. Muggeridge have made of Southend, I wonder? But it is left to Miss Kate O'Brien to conduct us, in a spirit of surprising detachment, on a leisurely tour down the mile-long pier and along the swarming front, with its decorations of whelk barrows and ice-cream vendors.

Apart from Mr. James Laver, who cares not a rap for art or ancestry in the make-up of his charmer, Blackpool, one is left with the feeling that most of the authors of this book are slightly ashamed of their protégés. There is a D'Urberville-like insistence on length of pedigree and blueness of blood to excuse a present over-liveliness of conduct. Margate, Miss Yvonne Cloud tells us, has known the rough caresses of Hengist and Horsa, and been patted on the head by the Venerable Bede. Brighton—well, we all know what a raffish royalty thought of her—but the dignity of her ancestral name of Brighthelmstone excuses much. Only Mr. V. S. Pritchett has had the courage to blow the gaff about this seaside business. Any seaside resort, he avers, is a courtesan among towns, whose virgin beauty is her undoing. For him Scarborough is Roxana, the Fortunate Mistress, whose beauty is her triumph and her downfall. Whether this opinion is shared by the Town Council Scarborough is, perhaps, beside the point. M. M.

AFTER SHELLEY: THE LETTERS OF T. J. HOGG TO JANE WILLIAMS, Ed. by Sylva Norman. Oxford Press. 7s. 6d.

SHELLEY, by Ruth Bailey. Duckworth. Great Lives Series. 2s.

MISS SYLVA NORMAN has written a long introduction to this small collection of letters written by Hogg to the lovely "Miranda" between 1822 and 1851. It is a witty, learned, and just piece of work, preparing the prejudiced reader to accept a new side of the man so vilified by history. It is now more possible than ever before to look upon Hogg as a person of great sensitiveness, and even as one possessing a fundamental timidity. This may account for the fact that he made no mark in the profession of the law. It certainly suggests that his rugged surface, his bluntness and roughness, were an armour of self-protection against a world that affected him too poignantly.

These few letters, written as suitor

and as husband of the serene, sufficient-for-the-day Jane Williams, show a liberal-hearted and courteous man with an inclination to be ingratiating, and also with a strong desire to help and cherish both Jane and her two children. They show him also making a brave effort to keep up his studies while working his way through the monotonous years of middle life with their increasing burden of responsibilities.

It is true that he did some unpardonable things when he wrote the "official" life of Shelley. He altered Shelley's letters in order to show himself in a less foolish light. But this action, as well as the tone he frequently adopted in writing his book, may be interpreted as the effort of a nervous man to propitiate the good opinion of people towards whom he felt strongly. That he succeeded in annoying them is proof that he was also something of a fool, blinded by his own anxious preoccupation with his self-esteem.

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These qualities in his character are patent from the beginning, if we care to reconsider the events of his relationship with Shelley. Miss Bailey, in her concise essay which *almost* reveals the greatness of the poet, remarks how, after Hogg's attempted seduction of Harriett, Shelley "went at once to find Hogg, and they walked out into the fields beyond York. Hogg was now 'pale, terror-struck, remorseful'; Shelley told him that he forgave him and would still be a friend to him; Hogg protested his remorse and begged for Harriett's forgiveness."

Then she says later that "early in November they left York without telling Hogg, who came home one evening from his work to find the lodgings empty. They had left an address at Keswick. Hogg sat down at once and wrote to Bysshe, threatening to follow them and blow out his brains at Harriett's feet."

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It is obvious that Hogg's "crime" for which he has been so violently castigated was not the action of a tough blackguard, but rather the impulse of an emotional boy, who afterwards was aghast at his own conduct. It has also to be remembered in his favour that he was aware that Shelley was not in love with Harriett. Then again he had, with Shelley's help, thrown away the supports of religion and convention with which adolescence so often bolsters up its reluctance to launch out upon the sea of life and action.

To say that Miss Bailey *almost* reveals the greatness of Shelley is not a condemnation of her book. It is an indication that she has caught the modern convention of writing biography with a humorous detachment. The method has its merits; but they do not include the one essential thing: a conviction that the subject is sufficiently important for it to be written about; and this creates, therefore, a sense of contradiction which disturbs the reader.

RICHARD CHURCH.

THE AGE OF REASON, by R. B. Mowat. *Harrap*. 6s.

By a well-known professor of history, this book, with its 336 pages, its eight full-page illustrations, and its satisfactory index, is excellent value as to those physical features and even better as to its historical qualities. The work begins and closes with a short and valuable essay on the general characteristics and achievement of the century in Europe. (England is by no means ignored in this book, which is in companion volume to the same writer's *England in the Eighteenth Century*, but it is Europe, the Europe of culture and civilization, which provides the theme.) There are essays on cosmopolitanism, with especial reference to Goethe and Voltaire; on peace and war; on crime

and the opera; on salons and scoundrels; (three) on enlightened monarchs; on Italy; on schools, universities, and academies; on the Christian life and the return to Nature; and on the closing years of the French monarchy. The work, therefore, is not a formal history; the diverse subjects, however, are given a clear and adequate background.

Although Professor Mowat, judged strictly, is not a great nor a delightful stylist, he yet can write with clarity, concision, and charm. While he does not aim to be epigrammatic, he sometimes achieves an almost epigrammatic effect by his grasp of essentials, as in "Reform is always possible, revolution is never inevitable". The tone of this invigorating work may be gauged by its conclusion: "Voltaire, Goethe, Franklin, Kant, Pitt, had no doubt of the existence and of the need for a citizenry of Europe, the freedom of which was possessed by all people who followed Western civilization. This is the political faith, embracing and transcending all competing schools of opinion, held by men of goodwill."

In addition to the well-digested, well-ordered mass of information (not of the trivial or statistical kind), there is a genial humanity, a quiet sense of humour, an eye for character, a gift of narrative, and the rarer gift of determining the spiritual importance of physical facts and historical events.

ERIC PARTRIDGE.

JOURNEY TO THE END OF THE NIGHT, by L. F. Céline. *Chatto & Windus*. 8s. 6d.

THE TALES OF JACOB, by Thomas Mann. *Secker*. 7s. 6d.

DEFY THE FOUL FIEND, by John Collier. *Macmillan*. 7s. 6d.

GOING ABROAD, by Rose Macaulay. *Collins*. 7s. 6d.

CÉLINE'S *Voyage au bout de la nuit*, which caused a stir when it was published in Paris last year, has now been

translated by Mr. John Marks under the title *Journey to the End of the Night*, so that those who do not feel equal to attempting the original can gain a very fair idea of it at secondhand. Céline is not a stylist, but his novel should be read in French for its full effect. Mr. Marks has made no attempt to find a parallel for the clipped slang of the original. The turn of expression, particularly in the opening pages, is so much part of the central character, who tells his own story, that a good deal has been lost here. Nevertheless, in its present form the novel is still impressive; and it is one which the critic cannot ignore.

Novels written since the War can be divided into two classes; those that take the War into account, and those that do not. The number of novels which have really succeeded in conveying the emotional changes brought about by the

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War are exceedingly few. In many, of course, the War is a background, an interlude, an ordeal from which the survivors come back to resume their lives at the point where they left off in 1914; the tragedy of the returned soldier, who finds himself "out of it" in a jobless world, has been sensitively and even passionately described. But in all these cases the author has thrust himself back into a pre-war world of feeling and experience—a convention in which he feels safe—so that the very terms of his description are false. It's no good writing a pre-war novel about a post-war world, but how few of our novelists seem to have realized this!

"Before the War we knew nothing", says Bardamu, the hero of *Journey to the End of the Night*. The book begins with a conversation in a café; gesticulation and rattling generalization accompany the chink of glasses; then everyone gets up to watch a band, led by a colonel, marching up the street; and Bardamu, without thinking why, leaves his companions and marches in the wake of the band. The gates of the barracks close on him. He knows he is trapped. And from that moment his experience of life—the peculiar consciousness of which he had known almost nothing before—begins to crystallize.

We see him in the War, and afterwards in America, the tropics, and a Paris slum. As he relates his adventures in jaunty and cynical phrase, we are aware of this commonplace individual with a terrifying actuality. The swindle of the War—the filthy reality behind a flourish of flags—is repeated for him everywhere; and behind the sham beauty of landscapes and cities, of words like "happiness" and "duty", he finds the same oppression, brutality and ugliness. "Life's a bad joke", he says; and yet he is very much alive, determined to survive, aggressively patient. Not a pretty picture!

English reviewers, I notice, are inclined to dismiss the book as exaggerated and to protest that Céline gives us a one-sided picture of life. The same reviewers, however, do not protest when a novelist like Mr. Priestley writes a *Good Companions*—which is even more one-sided of its sort. And who would want to read the amiabilities of Mr. Priestley, if not to escape the less pleasant realities of life? Americans in this matter are more realistic than we are, and I suspect that *Journey to the End of the Night* will be far more widely read in America than it is likely to be here.

Thomas Mann's *The Tales of Jacob* disappointed me so much that I shall not attempt to criticize it seriously. I have read all his other books with a profound admiration; he is probably the greatest novelist alive today; but I found this new volume—the first of a trilogy—completely unreadable. It is massive and slow moving, and saturated in Hebrew folk-lore and the "mysticism" of the author's approach. No doubt it has suffered in translation.

Mr. John Collier's *Defy the Foul Fiend* and Miss Macaulay's *Going Abroad* are lively entertainments. The first is a comedy of modern London, done in the eighteenth-century manner; rather too mannered but (as one of the characters might say) "devilish smooth". It is certainly not Mr. Collier at his best, but the book is continuously witty, fresh and surprising, and I enjoyed it with only faint regrets for Mr. Collier's better achievements. *Going Abroad* was rather too determinedly gay for my taste; the Bishop, the don, the leisured ladies enjoying gossip on a Southern coast, have already been fixed to perfection by Mr. Norman Douglas; and the introduction of a gang of Buchmanites, though topical, was hardly enough to rescue the novel from the shadow of its predecessor.

G. W. STONIER.

THE FORTNIGHTLY

SEPTEMBER, 1934

AUSTRIA'S DARK OUTLOOK

BY G. E. R. GEDYE

THE chaotic state of politics in Austria can be regarded from many angles. The simplest view, and that which is most generally taken, is that the whole trouble comes from across the frontier. The Munich Radio, Herr Habicht and his secret couriers with their abundant supplies of money, propaganda, arms and explosives are seen as both the creators and fomenters of discontent in Austria, of which little would be heard if their activities ceased. There is, of course, a good percentage of truth in this view, and the man who takes no interest in foreign affairs may quite well be satisfied with it. In point of fact it is only a part of the truth. It is a fact that the leaders of German National-Socialism encourage discontent in Austria and lead it into violent channels by every means in their power. Their guilt in this matter is beyond dispute. It is not correct, however, that they created political discontent in Austria, nor would it cease if Herr Hitler and all his works were swept away tomorrow.

Austria is in the throes of political unrest owing to the collision of various political forces, both internal and external, which were in opposition to one another long before the Nazis came to power in Germany. When Austria became a Republic in 1918 the Social-Democrats who made the revolution made the fatal mistake from a Socialist-Republican standpoint of not carrying it through to its logical conclusion. It was the same mistake which the Social-Democrats made in Germany, and has had the same result. They contented themselves with the acquisition of political power, and left the executive in the hands of the

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servants of the Monarchy. They did, indeed, try during the brief chancellorship of Dr. Renner to create a Republican army through their Minister of War, Dr. Julius Deutsch. It was defeated by the regular forces under Fascist leadership and Fascist volunteer formations last February, and Dr. Deutsch is now a refugee in Czechoslovakia.

A counter-revolutionary Fascist army—the Heimwehr—grew up almost simultaneously. Its nucleus was the self-defence corps formed on Austria's Southern frontiers to resist the threats of Yugoslavia and Italy to increase their holdings of Austrian territory. Within a year of its inception, the idea of using it eventually for counter-revolutionary purposes had come into being. On July 15th, 1927, Socialist masses demonstrating in Vienna against the acquittal of two Heimwehr Fascists who had killed two Socialists, came into collision with the police. In the ensuing riots the Palace of Justice was burned down, 95 civilians and five police killed. From this moment successive Austrian Governments, which were steadily reactionary, made little secret of their illegal arming of the Heimwehr in preparation for the day when they could be used to destroy the Socialists and the democratic republic.

But the Heimwehr, although purely reactionary, purely Fascist, were never a homogeneous body. At the time of the Revolution, it is hardly an exaggeration to say, all Austria, democratic and reactionary, wished to revive the old association with the federal states of Germany which had come to an end in 1866. The Heimwehr quite as much as the Socialists approved of the idea of the Anschluss. For the matter of that, even Dr. Dollfuss himself had in those days pan-German sympathies. Though perhaps not whole-heartedly, even Seipel paid lip service to the Anschluss idea, and coined the phrase for Austrian foreign policy: "Anything with, but nothing against, Germany".

This growth of Italian influence was resented by very many of the Heimwehr, who were imbued with the spirit of German nationalism. The German Nationalist wing exercised the greater influence up till 1930, when their plans for a Fascist Putsch were not supported by the Clerical wing, which had come under the influence of Italy. It was, indeed, Signor Mussolini's

desire that Austria should become Fascist, but, as Fascist Austria was to become a barrier between Germany and the Brenner, her Fascism had to be of the Italian brand. A number of German Nationalist Heimwehr became disgruntled and left that body to join the little Austrian National-Socialist Party. They formed the nucleus of the Austrian storm troops and S. S.

Thus the militant forces of Nazism in Germany have roots reaching back beyond the date 1933, when the generous watering with arms and funds from the newly "arrived" Nazi Party in Germany caused the dangerous plant to burst into abundant foliage. The less militant general bulk of the Party can be traced back to the days of the Monarchy when the pan-Germans always fought the power of the Catholic Church, were hostile to the non-Germanic races of the Monarchy, and in theory stood for the union of German Austria with Germany.

It is impossible to judge the Austrian situation accurately without realising that this German-National, strongly anti-Clerical, and mildly anti-semitic movement is so deeply rooted that it was one of the factors which contributed most to the difficulties of Francis Joseph. It was in 1878 that the Austrian Liberals, whom the Emperor had reluctantly allowed to govern for eight years after Sadowa, were driven into opposition. The Emperor began his experiment of playing off the various quarrelling races of the Monarchy against one another and took the Poles and Czechs into the Government. The Liberals quarrelled and broke up into a German group, the *Deutsch-Freiheitliche*, and the Jewish Liberals. For the Emperor these German Liberals who dared to oppose the policy of the German House of Habsburg were the real traitors to the Monarchy; of Slavs, Italians and Rumanians nothing better than treachery to himself was to be expected. The *Deutsch-Freiheitlichen* (later the *Alldeutschen*, and after the war the *Grossdeutschen*—Pan-Germans) were inevitably attracted by the magnet of Hitler triumphant, although their anti-semitism, unlike Hitler's, amounted to little more than prejudice, without persecution or pogroms. With the slogan:—

"Ohne Juda, ohne Rom,
Wird gebaut Germanias Dom."

they pursued, although themselves mostly Catholics, a policy

directed chiefly against that very domination of Austrian political life by political Catholicism which Dr. Dollfuss revived. The answer to the current Nazi riddle, "Why was Dollfuss like Pontius Pilate? Because both were Governors appointed by Rome in Judea," shows how little German-National ideology in Austria has changed in half a century. Dollfuss earned its undying hostility by tearing up, together with the Republican Constitution, the elements of the Habsburg Constitution which the former embodied, thereby conferring greater political power on the Church than even the Habsburgs had allowed it.

When Dollfuss took on the destruction of the greatest party in the State, the Social-Democrats, and began the battle against the determined anti-Clericalism of the German-Nationalists, he simultaneously embarked on a third task, the creation of a non-existent Austrian national consciousness. Local patriotism had always existed, pride in being a Viennese, a Tirolese or a Styrian. There was also pride in being a German by race. Until Dollfuss tried to popularise it, the one phrase one never heard was "I am an Austrian". Austrian patriotism, in fact, was not tolerated by the Habsburgs. Legally, Austria never existed—only "*die im Reichsrat vertretene Königreiche und Länder*". "Patriotism is the illegitimate child of the French Revolution" was the phrase coined by Metternich's powerful confidant, Gentz.

For Francis Joseph, patriotism was democratic and therefore dangerous, vulgar and likely to consolidate against himself the members of each of his many subject races. He wanted only "Patriots for Me", subjects denationalised, deprived of all patriotic pride in their own race or country, but filled with a military and feudal loyalty to the ruling house. When his greatest General, Benedek, received the Emperor on the plains of Lombardy with words of flaming loyalty and patriotism, calling upon the troops for three cheers for the Emperor, which were enthusiastically given, the Emperor turned his back on the field and galloped off in fury. Benedek was told: "From my Generals I want words of military command, not speeches, and from my soldiers the movements laid down in the drill-book, not cheers."

This may suggest some of the difficulties with which Dr. Doll-

fuss was confronted, despite his full use of the methods of propaganda copied from the Third Reich—endless patriotic sermons on the radio, in the completely controlled press, parades, banners and junketings—in trying to reverse this ancient anti-patriotic tradition in the past twelve months. In the same twelve months he tried to destroy the fruits of the Party jobbery in Austria. To secure since 1918 the co-operation of the anti-clerical Pan-Germans against the Social-Democrats, his own Clerical Party had paid the price of handing over the whole department of Justice and most of the Universities to the Pan-Germans. No one could become a judge, very few could receive a University appointment unless they subscribed to Pan-Germanism. And in the professions the *Alte Herren* system resulted in Pan-German professional men finding jobs for members of their old University Corps and no one else. This is the main reason why the police are now so permeated with Nazi sympathies. Most of their officers have been members of Nationalist student corps at the Universities and are trained in German racial, not in Austrian Clerical patriotism. Hence the long list of police presidents and high officials dismissed under the Dollfuss regime; hence the discontent of many of the rank and file, filled with disciplined loyalty to their superiors who have been degraded; hence the trial of nine picked police officers, the arrest of some 60 more and the flight of many others because they favoured or took part in the Nazi *Putsch*.

What foreigners fail to realise when they talk of Dr. Dollfuss and his Clerical associates as Austrian patriots is that to the anti-Clerical Austrian of German Nationalist views they are just as much traitors to German-Austria, whom they are considered to have sold to the Quirinal and the Vatican, as the Austrian Nazis in the eyes of the supporters of the Dollfuss policy are traitors to independent Austria, attacking their fatherland with the explosives and arms of a foreign power, Germany. The present Clerical Fascist dictatorship in Austria suffers under the great difficulty inseparable from dictatorships—that for those who are dissatisfied and hold the existing Government responsible, as the average human being in every country is accustomed to hold his Government responsible, for all economic

and political ills, there is no possibility of effecting a change save by revolution. Under existing economic conditions Austrian youth, as it emerges from school and university into an adult world which offers for the great majority no hope of employment, is bound to be dissatisfied and under a dictatorship, therefore, revolutionary. After the crushing defeat inflicted by the Government on the Socialists, there has been created since February something like a monopoly in youthful recruits for the Nazis. The German tourist barrier, the ruining of Austria's vital tourist industry by terrorist outrages and other anti-Austrian economic measures thus serve not only to exercise steadily increasing economic pressure on the Government, but stimulate a steady flow of recruits into the Nazi ranks.

The legend is now in course of creation that before his death Dr. Dollfuss realised that the greatest mistake he made was to refuse the constant offers of the Social Democrats made between March 1933 and February last to form a common front against the Nazis. Those who knew him as he really was, not merely as he wished to appear in the eyes of democratic countries, assure me that this is not so, and that up to the last Dollfuss never wavered in pursuit of the Fascist Corporative State which he had made his model. Today there can be few outside the ranks of Fascists for Fascism's sake who do not realise what a serious mistake this was. The late Chancellor, although at one period of his life in favour of a (very conservative) democracy, was impelled by his Church to move against the democratic republic of the Socialists because of the barriers which it offered to Clericalism. Sensitive as he was, he was often stung to the quick by the insults which Austrian Parliamentary custom, with its lack of restraint in language, allowed his Socialist opponents to hurl at him across the floor of the Chamber. He had sought in vain from other Powers for concrete assurances of armed support against the Nazi forces which were pressing him so hard, and found only Italy so closely concerned with the danger of German control of Austria and so anxious to acquire such control herself, that she was prepared to give him what he needed. Many circumstances combined to make it not uncongenial for him to fulfil her preliminary

condition, the destruction of the Socialist administration of Vienna which, despite the untold benefits that the Socialists had conferred on the masses of the population since the War, was the objective of Heimwehr and Nazis alike. Such destruction would, he knew, be popular with the large body of citizens who objected to the Socialist taxation of luxuries, to the landlords whose rents were restricted, and to the builders who had been practically forced out of business by inability to compete with the wonderful housing blocks put up by the municipality for the masses.

Instead of purchasing the co-operation of the compact Social-Democratic Party against the Nazi peril by some slight concessions in the way of democratic guarantees, Dr. Dollfuss resolved to continue the path upon which he had entered by the suspension of Parliament in March 1933, destroy the Socialist Party which required this price for their co-operation, and trust to the individual worker's fear of the Nazis bringing them in to support him without having to pay the price. He miscalculated the strength of the Party, the genuineness of their warnings that they would take up arms and fight to the last against the triumph of any brand of Fascism, and the workers' tenacity and loyalty even after defeat to the Party which since 1918 had conferred such enormous benefits on them. He allowed the Fascist Major Fey to smash the Socialist resistance with the utmost violence. The resulting bitterness at shell-shattered homes, confiscated property, loss of political liberty, and devotion to comrades who died in battle and on the scaffold left the masses in such a temper that the vast majority remained to the last bitterly opposed to him. Those who lost faith in their own Party were more ready in their blind desire for revenge to join even their worst enemies, the Nazis, or to take on the Communist label, rather than to support Dollfuss. His successor, Dr. Schuschnigg, and even the Fascist Prince Starhemberg, realise the urgent necessity of obtaining mass working-class support against the Nazis. Unfortunately nobody in authority seems yet to appreciate that this can only be obtained at the cost of restoring to the workers their old party and most of the political rights and property of which they have been deprived.

The extraordinary obsession of Dr. Dollfuss's Government.

(and the Cabinet of Dr. Schuschnigg has practically the same composition) with the idea that the Socialists were their real enemies who had to be crushed before they could turn to the Nazis, was partly due to Clerical influence, and partly, to the Heimwehr Fascists (particularly Major Fey and his Vienna Heimwehr), who looked on the "Reds" exactly as the Nazis did, as the natural enemy to be destroyed root and branch. The Nazis appeared as their bitter rivals in carrying out this desirable task, and every effort was concentrated on completing it rapidly in the hopes that the forces of reaction generally would be compelled, from admiration of Heimwehr prowess, to support them rather than National Socialist reaction. While Dr. Dollfuss's Cabinet as a body was issuing month after month *pro-nunciamentos* against the Nazis, individual members of it indulged from time to time in more or less discreet flirtations with Habicht, Frauenfeld and other Nazi leaders. The whole truth about the Heimwehr leader, Count Alberti, who on the initiative of Major Fey was trapped while conferring with Frauenfeld in his house a few months ago, has never been revealed. Count Alberti claimed that he had written authority from Prince Starhemberg for the negotiations, which Prince Starhemberg, of course, denied.

More light is needed on the question of why no precautions were taken to protect the Chancellery from attack on July 25th. At the trial of the nine police who accompanied the rebels on the Chancellery raid, Detective Inspector Marek proved that he had twice telephoned to Major Fey's adjutant in the Chancellery, Major Wrabel, at 12.10 and again at 12.30 a full account of the preparations of the rebels which he was watching for the seizure of the Chancellery. Yet no defence measures were taken, and even the gates were not closed when the rebels arrived at 1.15. The accused rebel Hudl, who was sent to penal servitude for life, alleged in Court that they had been received "enthusiastically" by Major Wrabel. The evidence given at the trial of the police made it seem very doubtful whether Major Fey, as was first reported, was actually being threatened by armed men when he parleyed from the balcony on behalf of the rebels with Baron Neustädter-Stürmer, who was representing the Government at the head of the loyal forces outside. It was Major Fey who asked for extensions of time in the

evacuation of the building by the rebels and who forbade the storming of the Chancellery, having to be told by Neustädter-Stürmer that as a prisoner in the hands of the rebels he had been temporarily deprived of all authority. Major Fey remains in the Cabinet. It was under his influence that the obsession of the Dollfuss Cabinet with anti-Socialist ideas was maintained up to the last. While the last touches were being put to the Nazi plot in the days immediately preceding July 25th, three thousand arrests were made, but of Socialists and Communists, not Nazis. Dr. Steinhäusl, the head of the detective force of Vienna, who carried out this diversion, is now in prison awaiting trial for high treason as a Nazi. On the eve of the murder, the Dollfuss Cabinet sent to the gallows the first victim of the various decrees against Nazi terrorism which had been in force for months. He was, of course, not a Nazi, but the Socialist, Joseph Gerl.

Between the foolish Socialist boy Gerl—who, against the policy of his party, made an unsuccessful attempt to carry out a pointless outrage, then lost his head and fired on a policeman, influenced, as he said, by the knowledge that death would anyway be the punishment for dynamiting—and the trained gunmen-desperadoes, Holzweber and Planetta, there was this in common, that all three faced fearlessly a painful death by the slow Austrian process of strangulation. There is no drop used in Austria. The condemned man is hoisted off his feet, the executioner seizes his neck and tries to twist it while his assistants drag down on his shoulders.

Here is the eye-witness account by the Vienna correspondent of the pro-Heimwehr Budapest newspaper *Magyarsag* of how Major Fey on the fatal July 25th met the menace of a possible pistol shot while in the hands of the rebels. It furnishes also valuable evidence bearing on the question of the safe conduct promised, but not accorded, to the rebels, which is going to cause a lot of trouble to the new Government.

"Four p.m. Minister Fey appears on the balcony. His face is pale, his whole body trembles. We have the feeling that he can hardly stand. . . . The commander of the besieging forces with an escort is admitted by the rebels to the Chancellery for negotiations. 4.15: The escort returns with the message: 'Minister Fey says everyone is to stay where he is. No unauthorised attack must be made . . .' At 5 p.m. the Heimwehr tell

us, 'Rintelen has been chosen as the successor to Dollfuss. The executive forces will remain under the command of Fey.' At 5.15 Inspector Eibel of the police tells us: 'I hear that Dollfuss is dead.' At 5.20 Neustädter-Stürmer shouts to Fey who is on the balcony, 'If the Chancellery is evacuated we give safe-conduct to all and will secure that they reach the German frontier without obstacle.' At 6.10 Fey comes again to the balcony. His face seems whiter than before. He says to Neustädter-Stürmer: 'Please extend the time limit for evacuation until 7 p.m.' Neustädter-Stürmer: 'We cannot grant that. I extend it to 6.30 and re-affirm the safe conduct, and support it with my word of honour as an officer. Not a hair of their heads shall be injured.' 7 p.m.: Secretary of State Karwinsky [in the hands of the rebels in the Chancellery] appears at a barred window and says: 'The German Minister, Dr. Rieth, must come here. Fey and I have promised it.' Fey is then released from the building. At 7.15 Rieth arrives. At 8 p.m. the police enter the building."

A very similar account is given by Mr. Nypels, the well-known correspondent of the Dutch paper *Allgemeene Handelsblad*, who was also an eye-witness. He heard a police officer instruct one of the police officials to ask the rebels if a doctor was needed for Dollfuss. At 4.18 the official returned and said: "That is no longer necessary." In court Holzweber said, uncontradicted, that Fey was allowed before witnesses to telephone to the Minister of War at 2.30 p.m. that Dollfuss was dying. In court also Fey said that the promise of safe conduct was given unconditionally; so did Secretary of State Karwinsky. The official statement of the German Minister Dr. Rieth also makes it plain that the first thing which Neustädter-Stürmer told him when he arrived outside the Chancellery was that Dollfuss was dead, after which Neustädter-Stürmer detailed to Rieth the guarantee of safe conduct "for the whole body of armed men inside the Chancellery. This Fey confirmed". Incidentally, it is clear that Dr. Rieth did not "negotiate" with the rebels. He merely witnessed the safe conduct agreement at the request of the Austrian Ministers, as without this the rebels (rightly, as events have proved) distrusted the promise of the Government. Evidence was given in court that Police President Skubl had told the arrested rebels that if the murderer of Dollfuss owned up, all those unconnected with the murder should go free. This promise also has been ignored.

The strange thing is that the Nazis did not remember a previous promise of free pardon which was not kept. On the third night of the bombardment of the workers' houses

in February, Dollfuss personally proclaimed on the Radio that all Socialists who were not ringleaders who laid down their arms by noon next day should go unpunished. All newspapers published the proclamation, which was placarded on the hoardings. I myself heard the Minister of War, Prince Alois von Schönburg-Hartenstein, reading out the free pardon proclamation to Socialists next day, explaining it in simple language and giving his officer's word that it would be observed. Later, Socialists who had believed in it and surrendered their arms were given heavy sentences, the courts declaring that they could not recognise such a promise by the Chancellor as a legal instrument.

No better propaganda could have been devised for the Austrian Nazis than the ignoring of the safe-conduct which certainly was, but, of course, never should have been, promised to the murderers of the Chancellor, and naturally they are making every use of it. *The Times* remarked:—

"Major Fey has clearly lost all prestige—and could only have retrieved it if he had resigned his office at once—by giving promises at the point of the pistol which he was not able to perform."

The Times did not overstate the position.

I have dealt at length with these two questions of the unfulfilled promise of safe conduct and of the retention of Major Fey, because they are the most serious burdens with which the essentially weak Schuschnigg Cabinet has saddled itself at the outset. How weak it is was evident on the Sunday night, when it was hastily got together behind machine guns, police and Dr. Schuschnigg's Catholic Fascist *Sturmscharen*, who were guarding the Ministers as a whole against a threatened *Putsch* by the Heimwehr on behalf of the Heimwehr Ministers. Everyone agrees that it was the only possible Government for Austria at the moment. A purely Heimwehr-Fascist Government would have meant a general reign of terror such as followed a Nazi triumph in Germany, except that it would have been directed against Nazis, Socialists and Communists alike. Against the Heimwehr, Schuschnigg and his Clerical following could not stand alone. The defeat of the Socialists is too recent for them to be ready to establish even a revolutionary regime. If Schuschnigg had wanted it—and he certainly

did not—a Socialist admixture would have caused a Heimwehr revolt. Supposing that any Socialists had been found so ready to forget the February killings as to lend themselves to a coalition. A Nazi Government would have meant a fresh civil war. The Communists are powerless. Under the circumstances the Cabinet of Schuschnigg, the intimate friend of Dollfuss, was certainly the only one which could hold out any hopes, uncertain though they were, of tiding Austria over the immediate perils.

It seems quite impossible that Austria can continue to be governed for long by this coalition of Clericals and Heimwehr-Fascists against the powerful internal forces of both the Left and the Right opposed to them, quite apart from the question of whether or not Germany can be forced to cease her criminal interference. Of this few in Austria have any real hope. There is no belief whatever in the sincerity of Hitler's appointment of von Papen with a "special mission of reconciliation". On the contrary, the belief prevails that von Papen's mission is to split the Austrian as he did the German Catholics on the Nationalist issue, and thus further weaken the Clericals. The German Press and radio propaganda since July 25th shows signs of caution, but none of repentance. The Austrian radio, it must be admitted also, continues its counter-propaganda and busies itself with German internal affairs to the disadvantage of Hitlerism. In Germany it has long been obvious that Hitler has lost control over his second rank leaders, and could not force them effectively to change their attitude towards Austria, even if he wished it changed. Those who know Hitler best say that Austria is one of the two subjects about which he refuses to reason with anyone, the other being the Jews. On these two subjects he is conscious of full inspiration by the Almighty or the gods of Valhalla, so that reason is superfluous. His anti-semitism, his anti-Clericalism are not German but Austrian. He learned them both in the land of his birth and considers it his supreme mission to put them into force there even more than in Germany. His Austrian ambitions he will only abandon with his last breath, however effectively other Powers may prevent him from openly attempting their realisation. The Austrian Nazis talk of two or three months peace to re-

cuperate and then a wave of assassinations and general terror. Prince Starhemberg has told me that he expects another Nazi *Putsch* within a few months.

Dr. Schuschnigg or his successor cannot hope to consolidate Austria with the bayonets of the army and the Heimwehr, or to pacify permanently the population by putting into prison all those who actively disagree with him. In Carinthia alone, with a population of 370,000, over 6,000 Nazis were captured by the Government in the July fighting and another 2,000 to 3,000 escaped into Yugoslavia. In this province at least to talk of "terror groups" as the official communiques did, was clearly an understatement.

By the suspension of Parliament, the destruction of the Constitution and the violent suppression of the Socialists, Dr. Dollfuss committed himself to a course where only expediency and not legality counts. With the exception of anti-semitism, most of the methods of Hitlerism (in a form modified by the milder and less thorough Austrian temperament) have been introduced into Austria, and the adherents of the largest party, the Socialists, made to feel their full rigour. There is the system of hostages, of imprisonment without trial, not necessarily for any action, but for having occupied a prominent position in a political party, the concentration camps with their maddening barbed wire fences and detention without sentence for indefinite periods, the confiscation of the property of Socialist political organisations and of the trade unions. Opposition newspapers have been suppressed, and the remainder, as in Germany, have been so effectively tamed that when you have read one you have read all. The foreign correspondents have not had to suffer the same attacks as have those in Germany, because the present regime is so dependent on foreign support, of which Nazi Germany has no hope.

Broadcasts to Great Britain have, however, been quite effectively brought under Austrian Government control. I myself have been barred since February from the necessary facilities for broadcasting for the B.B.C. to Great Britain by the Austrian authorities, partly on account of my evil reputation for plain speaking, and partly perhaps on account of a refusal (in accordance with the wishes of the B.B.C.) to submit for censorship

an unimportant three minute broadcast in November on "Armistice Day in Vienna". My colleagues in the Anglo-American Press Association of Vienna unanimously decided, with a fine loyalty to American and British traditions of press liberty, not to give any broadcast for the B.B.C. or for America until the ban on me was lifted. The Austrian authorities refuse to lift the ban (which the B.B.C. first imagined to be a "misunderstanding" which would be cleared up in a couple of weeks), so that any broadcasts from Vienna to Great Britain on Austria have to be given by those better able than my Anglo-American colleagues and myself to temper the wind of plain speaking to the shorn dictatorial lamb.

Austria, like Germany, has her police terror. The torturing of Socialists last February has been too well established to need amplification here; the latest examples were Gerl and Anzboeck, the two young men tried—and one of them hanged—the night before the Dollfuss murder. They appeared in court as physical wrecks from beating. Many concrete instances are furnished in the vivid story of the aftermath of the Fascist destruction of the Social-Democrats contained in "Naomi Mitchison's Vienna Diary" which has just appeared. Whatever other accusations may be brought against me, that of sympathy with Nazi terrorists will hardly be one. But on July 25th I witnessed scenes which I can only describe as revolting, as the Nazi prisoners from the Ravag (broadcasting headquarters) were brought out by the police. One at a time boys of nineteen and twenty were marched out, each surrounded by a dozen burly policemen who in the open street were already kicking them brutally, striking them with clenched fists and with rifle butts, while the boys staggered and tried to keep their hands above their heads, despite the brutality. I cannot share the view of many of my Jewish friends in Vienna, though I understand it, that the more young Nazis who are hanged and tortured the better. The Austrian press states that all these Nazis from the Ravag have had to be treated in hospital for wounds; I saw half of them led out, and these had certainly not been wounded before capture. On the other hand, the Nazi prisoners captured in uniform at the Chancellery, as far as I have seen them in court, had not been mishandled. The

explanation is probably that when the police secured the Ravag Nazis, who were in civilian clothes, they did not know whether it was Socialists, Nazis or Communists who had carried out the *Putsch*, and treated them as Socialists.

Typical of the state of Austria was an answer given in court by one of the policemen who took part in the raid on the Chancellery. They put up the stupid defence that they had believed the raid to be a perfectly legal action. "How could you imagine", asked the judge, "that it could be legal to arrest the Chancellor who had been nominated by the President of the Federal State?" "Why should there have been anything illegal in that, when only a few months ago I myself had orders to arrest the legally elected burgomaster of Vienna, the Socialist Herr Seitz, in his mayoral chair while he was engaged on his work of administration?" came the pertinent answer.

The Nazi *Putsch* will oblige the Government to uphold extra-legal measures against the Nazis for some time to come, but they cannot do this and at the same time continue the persecution of the Social-Democrats, for whom 40 per cent of the population and 66 per cent of the population of Vienna voted at the last election. Internal pacification is Austria's most urgent need. The Fascist experiment is a failure here because there is no great Fascist Party carried on a wave of popular enthusiasm which, however despicable, unfair and brutal the means by which it has been brought into existence, does give life and strength to Fascism in Italy and Germany. The opposition both of the Left and of the Right is too strong in Austria for a Government to be able to build up a healthy State merely by stifling both opposing voices. Dr. Dollfuss's supporters always claimed that he was forced to destroy Parliament because the Nazi wave would have swept the country if he had held elections. The Nazis would indeed have secured great gains at the expense of the Clericals, but it is not true that they ever had a hope of gaining a majority over Clericals and Socialists combined. For years the Socialist 40 per cent of the electors had proved itself, thanks to the solidity of the Party organisation, a rock against which the waves of other Parties beat in vain. The 40 per cent was not capable of much increase, but it was incapable of being reduced.

It is less true today than ever, after the German massacres of June 30th, and the Austrian murder of July 25th, that Austria would be swamped by the Nazis if democratic elections were held. If moderate Clerical leaders can find the courage to take their stand on democracy and call on the Socialists to fight shoulder to shoulder with them against the Brown danger, the response would be overwhelming. Certainly the first essential is to root out the Nazi terror centres. But after that is done—and it will have to be done very quickly—Austria will have to restore the right of self-expression and self-government, of which the population have been deprived, if anything in the way of permanent reconstruction and consolidation against the Nazis is to begin. Anything short of this is patchwork—the kind of patchwork which, alas, has been the curse of this “people of half measures” for centuries. Certainly it would result in German Nationals (most of them with Nazi sympathies) obtaining parliamentary representation. But the advantage of a safety valve over a burst boiler does not need to be pointed out—to Englishmen at least.

July 25th and the succeeding week are now known to have brought the world infinitely nearer to war than it has been since 1918. The regulation of the Austrian question means not merely the permanent restraint of the Nazi bully and intrigant in Germany but internal pacification. The issue of democracy or repression within Austria is thus one which concerns every Englishman, and indeed every European who does not consider that he would be unaffected by the outbreak of another European war. At the price of the pacification of Austria through the restoration of democracy it might be worth while for Great Britain to go beyond the very cautious Three-Power Declaration of February last on the understanding, of course, that not only German but also Italian interference in Austrian affairs must cease. For such an incalculable gain to the prospects of world peace it might even be worth while for Great Britain to dip her hand in her pocket and join other Powers in contributing something towards the crushing burden of past military and police expenditure under which Austria is staggering.

SIR OLIVER LODGE, F.R.S.

BY SIR ARTHUR KEITH, F.R.S.

“IT has been half jocularly said”, Sir Oliver has written in his autobiography,* “that it is most important to select one’s parents well, so that the new organism shall get itself well born”. He then asks: “Is there any truth in such an idea?” and answers: “I have been tempted to think so”. Whether we take this suggestion seriously—as we shall see Sir Oliver himself does—or merely as banter, we have to admit that he himself was fortunate in his choice of parentage, for it has clothed his great gifts of mind in a presence which is both commanding and imposing. He stands 6 ft. 3 in. in height and weighs 15 stones. His carriage is easy and dignified; his expression is both friendly and sagacious. Time has mellowed his features; the fact that his most cherished ideas have been rejected with contumely by many of his scientific contemporaries has left his temper unsoured.

Sir Oliver’s appearance arrests the attention, not only of the casual observer, but also that of the professional anthropologist. His high, massive head, with its upright occiput, has the shape and characteristics of a race of tall men who began to invade and settle in Britain early in the second millenium B.C. This people, usually spoken of as the “Beaker Race”—because of a clay vessel usually found in their graves—has continued to reproduce its type sporadically in the population of England ever since. The late Lord Salisbury, who, in 1902, included Sir Oliver’s name in the list of Knights created at the coronation of King Edward VII, was a representative of the Beaker type; so was his nephew, Lord Balfour, who entered with sympathy and zest into many of Sir Oliver’s speculations. The best-known, however, of the modern representatives of this ancient type

* *Past Years. An Autobiography by Sir Oliver Lodge.* Hodder & Stoughton.

was Charles Darwin; he retained the prominent eyebrow ridges and low forehead of the race, whereas in Sir Oliver's case the eyebrow ridges have been smoothed out and the forehead has become high and full.

It is strange, too, that both of these representatives of the Beaker race should have devoted their lives to the same great purpose—namely, to a bold endeavour to understand the nature of the universe of which they formed a living part. It is instructive as well as strange for us to note that as the result of their inquiries they came to diametrically opposite conclusions. Darwin, fixing his gaze on the earth, saw in it all the forces which had shaped man and beast; Sir Oliver, looking upwards, has sought for the powers which create and control all forms of matter—living and dead—in the ether of space. But, although Sir Oliver's interpretation of life and of mind is so different from that of Darwin, the reader must not think that he rejects the doctrine of evolution; the opposite is the case; Sir Oliver accepts Darwin's theory of man's origin. He has spoken of Charles Darwin as a "patient observer and deep thinker".

Although, as we have seen, Sir Oliver holds that there is more in the personality of every individual than can be accounted for on the score of man's parentage, yet in his own case it will repay us to inquire how far the orthodox laws of heredity may be applied to explain his own peculiar gifts. At the date of his birth, June 20th, 1851, his father, Oliver Lodge, aged 25, and his mother, Grace Heath, also aged 25, were living in North Staffordshire, on the edge of the Potteries, their home being in Penkhull, a suburb of Stoke-on-Trent. His father, whom we shall designate Oliver II, was the 23rd child of the Rev. Oliver Lodge (Oliver I), who held a living in Essex and afterwards in Cambridgeshire. He was an Irishman; the mother of Oliver II was an Irish lady; altogether Oliver I had a family of 25 children. Oliver II also had a family of eight, seven of them being boys, of whom Oliver III was the eldest. Constance Lodge, who became Principal of Westfield College and a historian of note, was the youngest of the family. The Lodges were tall; Sir Richard Lodge, the historian, the fourth of the family, stands 6 ft. 5 in., and his sons were still taller. Two of the Penkhull family developed mathematical ability of a

high order—namely, Sir Oliver himself and his brother Alfred. This ability came to them not from their father's, but from Mrs. Lodge's side. Her nephew won distinction as a mathematician. She, too, came of a clerical family.

In due time Sir Oliver himself married. In 1877 he and Mary Marshall faced life together; bridegroom and bride were of the same age—namely 26—a year more than in his own parents' case. The traditional stork, which had waited so assiduously on former generations of Lodges, did not forsake them; they became the parents of twelve children. As we have seen, Sir Oliver does not look on birth as most of us do. Unless we are aware of his unorthodox interpretation of the facts of birth, we shall be puzzled by a remark he makes in his autobiography regarding his own children. The remark is this: "Often have I half humorously expressed gratitude that such delightful people thought it worth while to come and live with us . . . I have sometimes chaffed the twins" (his youngest daughters), "who arrived last, by saying that when the door was closing they just managed both of them to squeeze through". Then he asks the question: "How comes it that they are so admirable? It is not my doing. It is not good to be so busy that one cannot attend to the children, but roughly speaking that was my case. Their mother's influence must have been supreme." When we come to examine, as we shall do presently, the wholehearted way in which Sir Oliver devoted himself to the development of new and difficult fields of knowledge, we must keep in mind his home responsibilities if we are to understand the magnitude of the task he undertook and which he brought to a successful issue.

Early in Sir Oliver's childhood his father gave up his stool in the office of the Stafford Railway Company and started business on his own account. He opened an agency for the supply of materials needed by master potters. He immersed himself in business and was soon successful. Oliver's mother kept the accounts of the business and also looked after the affairs of her household and family. As the boys grew up they were sent off to preparatory schools. Oliver went to Newport Grammar School, Shropshire, at the age of eight, boarding in the house of a clergyman who had married his

aunt. At the age of fourteen his schooling ended and he entered his father's business. Like all men of genius, he looks back on his schools and schoolmasters critically; he preferred geography, history and Euclid, and they gave him grammar and classics. As a matter of fact, there is only one kind of education possible for a boy so strangely constituted as was Oliver Lodge: that is the kind known as self-education. Sir Oliver has been his own schoolmaster; he owes the high position he has taken in the world to this fact. Certainly Samuel Smiles influenced him; he read *Self-Help* with avidity and also a fair share of the fiction which appealed to the youth of his time. Astronomy fascinated him; when he made a model out of homely things to illustrate the peculiarities in the rising of the harvest moon he was revealing, quite unconsciously, the individual bent of his genius.

But I fear as he drove round the Potteries with his father to obtain orders and receive payments, he must have been a trying companion. His father was alert and observant; while he was noting all that passed him on the road or in the street, knowing everybody and remembering every name, he found that his son neither observed or remembered. He had already become introspective. His gaze was turned inwards in search of the unseen causes of outward appearances.

And so life went on in the Lodge household until 1873, when Oliver entered the twenty-second year of his age. A train of events, only some of which I need mention here, led to his departure from home. Years before, during a visit to London, he had heard Professor Tyndall lecture on "Heat as a Mode of Motion"; he attended other lectures while staying with his London aunt, and became particularly interested in electricity. On his return from this visit he devoted his spare time to the making of experiments in chemistry and physics with homely apparatus, and to reading the *English Mechanic*, the *Penny Cyclopaedia* and such works as helped him to a knowledge of the elements of science. He attended classes at the Wedgwood Institute, Burslem, on chemistry and allied subjects; he again made a visit to London and passed the matriculation examination of the University of London. The Science and Art Department held examinations in Burslem; he took heat, light, sound,

magnetism, electricity, mechanics, algebra, geometry and steam as his subjects—eight in all. He obtained a first class in all of them. One result of this signal success—he owns that he really enjoyed examinations—was that he obtained a grant from Government which permitted him to study in the Royal College of Science, South Kensington, London. His father gave a reluctant consent. He might have worked under Huxley in the Royal College of Science, but preferred Frankland the chemist. He was blessed with deft fingers and excelled at manipulation. He strove for extreme accuracy in his analyses; he worked out his quantities and percentages to the second or third decimal place. At this time he also passed the examination needed for the first part of the B.Sc. degree of the University of London.

After a busy winter in London, he returned to his father's business in the summer of 1873. In the autumn of that year an event happened which decided him to abandon business and trust to science for a livelihood. His father's affairs had taken him to Yorkshire in the month of September; he noted that the British Association for the Advancement of Science was meeting in Bradford. He resolved to attend, and sought out Section A (mathematics and physics) and frequented its meetings. There he saw the leading mathematicians of the time, including the man who was to fire his enthusiasm for pure science, James Clerk-Maxwell. The President of the Section noted the presence of the lank young visitor and threw him into a state of ecstasy by speaking to him. Oliver Lodge thereupon resolved he was to be one of them. A few years later he became the secretary of Section A; in 1891—at the age of forty—he became its president; in 1913 he was elected to be president of the whole Association.

On his departure for London at the end of 1873, Oliver was regarded by his father as a deserter from duty. Two of his younger brothers had just obtained scholarships at Oxford University; Oliver resolved to win one in the home of mathematicians—Cambridge, but Cambridge preferred a biologist. So in January, 1874, he resolved to study mathematics and physics at University College, London, and complete the examinations needed for the degree of B.Sc. in the University of London.

An unexpected thing happened to him when he entered University College. Carey Foster, the Professor of Physics, enrolled him, not as a student, but as a demonstrator and teacher, at a salary of £50 per annum. It is strange that a man who was to play so prominent a part in the University life of his time never was a resident undergraduate in any university. He passed his days in Carey Foster's laboratory teaching and researching; he spent his nights in cheap lodgings in Camden Town, immersed in study and thought. One book had become his Bible of Science—Clerk-Maxwell's treatise on *Electricity and Magnetism*, which appeared just before he entered Carey Foster's laboratory. As my readers know, Clerk-Maxwell in this treatise gave a mathematical treatment to observations which Faraday had made on the flow of electric currents. In due time, as we shall see, Oliver Lodge demonstrated that the electro-magnetic waves which Clerk-Maxwell had proved to exist in theory did actually exist in reality. Simultaneously but quite independently these waves or pulses were discovered in Germany by Heinrich Hertz. As we shall see, it was from Hertz rather than from Lodge that Marconi drew inspiration.

Almost the first research he undertook, on entering University College, was to study, in association with his chief, Carey Foster, the lines of flow which appeared between two electrodes when these are applied to a conducting surface. These lines were plotted out theoretically and verified experimentally. The nature of this research shows the influence which the discoveries of Faraday and of Clerk-Maxwell were exerting on the mind of young Oliver Lodge. We see the same influence at work when he constructed "a model to illustrate mechanically the passage of electricity through metals, electrolytes and dielectrics according to Maxwell's theory". Maxwell's theory became his special study; his knowledge of it and his application of it to explain electrical phenomena gained for him in 1877 the degree of Doctor of Science in the University of London.

After serving Carey Foster as demonstrator and then as assistant for seven years—that is from 1874 to 1881—Dr. Oliver Lodge succeeded in being appointed to a chair of Physics in University College, Liverpool—a college which was then being established in that city. The Liverpool phase of his career

proved to be the most fertile and most brilliant of a busy and successful life, but before we follow him northwards there are certain aspects of his life in London which we must touch on now. There is first the "bread and butter" problem which every dependent young man has to face who resolves to devote himself to science. This problem in his case became acute in 1877; it was in this year that his resolution to keep clear of matrimony and all social entanglements, so that he might live alone for science, broke down; it was in this year that he married Mary Marshall and so saved his soul. He was angry with Mary's guardian for darkening the idealism of a lover by a stipulation about income. He had to satisfy her guardian that his income had reached £400 a year, otherwise matrimony could not be contemplated. So he set to work furiously; besides filling his post at University College, he was appointed to lecture on physics to the newly-founded college for women—Bedford College. He sought to augment his income by correcting examination papers at so much a score. He was able by a superhuman effort to make not only £400 a year, but almost double that sum. And thus earned the right to marry.

He proved to have the gift of clear exposition to an uncommon degree: he was a born teacher. It was during his time at University College, London, that two inventions appeared in England—Graham Bell's telephone and Edison's phonograph. His exposition of the principles underlying these discoveries filled the larger theatre of University College with enthusiastic listeners. He became a prince among the popular lecturers of his day.

One other aspect of his life in London must be alluded to. Will not a young man immersed in the pursuit of one branch of knowledge, and sacrificing the social side of life to attain pre-eminence in his chosen profession, tend to become a technician rather than an educated man? Oliver Lodge did run this danger, but he was saved by the depth and width of his sympathies. Education is not knowledge but insight—intelligent insight into all phases of human life and endeavour, past and present. It was the philosophy of John Ruskin, not of John Stuart Mill, which appealed to him. He was born great-hearted; he was sensitive to the misfortunes of his fellows;

he was public-minded ; never for a moment has he given way to a petty jealousy or cavilled over matters of priority. And always he has been insistent in proclaiming the truth as it appeared to him.

He was thirty years of age when he made his home in Liverpool in 1881, and there he was destined to remain until the end of the century. He found a building which had been used as a madhouse being converted to serve as a college. His laboratory was carved out of rooms which had been occupied by patients : one had been a padded cell. He soon made his name and laboratory known throughout the world. The age of electricity was just beginning ; the discoveries of Faraday were being applied to industry. The improvement of the dynamo had made the production of electricity possible ; the problem was how to store this new source of power when it was produced. Professor Lodge threw himself successfully into the production of secondary or storage batteries which could be used in commercial enterprises. He made no secret of the manner in which he overcame practical difficulties : he published his discoveries as soon as they were made.

One of his earliest researches at Liverpool was to explain an observation made by Tyndall. When a hot piece of metal is placed in a beam of electric light, black smoke appears to rise from it. Professor Lodge discovered that the appearance is due to molecules of hot air, which rise from the hot body, bombarding and driving away from the body the specks of dust in the air. Thus the body comes to be surrounded by a dust-free space—which appears dark because the light passes through it without scattering. The opposite happens when warm air surrounds a cool body ; the adjacent particles of dust are driven towards, and settle on, the cool surface, as happens above gas stoves and above radiators placed against walls. He found that when a metal rod was electrified, it caused dust specks to disappear from the surrounding air with great rapidity. At a later date this discovery was applied to commercial purposes by one of Sir Oliver's sons.

After Professor Lodge had been a few years in Liverpool he was invited, by the Royal Society of Arts, to give a lecture in London on "Lightning conductors". Following his usual

practice, he devised experiments to demonstrate to his audience the manner in which a conducting metal rod protects a building from lightning. In the course of making these experiments he made three fundamental discoveries. He demonstrated : (1) that the discharge from a Leyden jar gave rise to electric waves along "insulated conductors going right round the lecture theatre" ; he not only demonstrated the existence of such waves, but also measured their length. (2) He discovered the "coherer principle"—"the fact that a couple of knobs in light contact, not sufficient to transmit a current, cohered" whenever even a minute spark passed. He thus discovered in his laboratory in Liverpool not only the existence of waves now known as "wireless", but also a means of detecting them. (3) He discovered at the same time the principle which underlies the practice known to wireless or "radio" listeners as "tuning in". Saul went out to find his father's asses and found a kingdom. Oliver Lodge went out to find how lightning conductors work and brought home tidings of a new world.

His lecture on lightning conductors appeared in the *Philosophical Magazine* for August, 1888. His discovery and measurement of electric waves—"conducted along wires"—was mentioned at the close of this article. He was proud of the discovery he had made ; not because of any practical gain, but because it was a realization of an early dream—that some day he would find a proof of the truth of Clerk-Maxwell's theory of light and of electricity. He did not stop to think whether or not his discovery had any practical application, but set out for a well-earned holiday in the Tirol.

Just before setting out he learned that his friend Heinrich Hertz, assistant to Von Helmholtz, whom he had met several years before in Berlin, had been investigating the spread of "electric force" and had demonstrated that it passed into space in the form of waves. It is characteristic of Lodge that he felt no tinge of jealousy towards Hertz. The opposite was the case ; he exerted himself to make Hertz's discoveries known in England.

It was while in Liverpool that Sir Oliver took to the game of golf ; he learned not only to hit the ball, but to "follow through" after he had hit. In the great game of science it

was the "follow through" that he lacked. When he had opened up the field now known as "wireless" he left its practical exploitation to others. In 1894, that is, six years after he had discovered the existence of electric waves, he gave demonstrations in London and in Oxford of a method of signalling by means of these waves.

Two years later, in 1896, the British Association had its annual meeting in Liverpool. Sir W. H. Preece—knowing nothing of the researches of Hertz or of Lodge, "announced to Section A at Liverpool that a Mr. Marconi had come from Italy with a box giving a *quite new* system of space telegraphy". One can forgive Sir Oliver for feeling slightly sore when Sir W. H. Preece, an electrical engineer, made this announcement in Sir Oliver's adopted city. But he was the first to recognize and acknowledge the immense importance of the discoveries which the genius of Marconi had added to those made by Hertz and by himself.

With the demonstration of the existence of electric waves and a verification of Clerk-Maxwell's theory, Sir Oliver turned his attention to the ether which was supposed to fill all space and to serve as a medium for the propagation of light and of electromagnetic waves. Attempts had been made to prove that ether existed in reality as well as in theory, but with negative results. The elaborate experiments which he made in Liverpool to prove the existence of ether he regards as "the most important of his life". He designed what has been described as an "ether-whirling" machine. The liberality of a friend, Mr. George Holt, enabled him to erect this "cute" and costly apparatus in his laboratory. Like others before him, he had to acknowledge defeat. When he published the results of his experiment in the *Philosophical Transactions* of 1893, he confessed that he had failed to elicit any positive evidence of the existence of ether. The younger physicists of today deny its existence. "Let us try to keep the question open", Sir Oliver wrote in 1931. As we shall see, he not only postulates the existence of an ether as a universal constituent of space, but ascribes to it qualities which I, as a biologist, find hard to believe. Mind and intelligence he believes to be derived from the ether.

Hitherto we have concentrated attention on the additions

which Sir Oliver Lodge has made to our knowledge of physics, but we must now turn to his inquiries into what seems to most people a totally different realm of the "imponderables"—that of psychics. Sir Oliver, we shall see, believes that the ultimate secrets of physics and psychics, of body and of mind, lie hidden together in the ether of space.

Up to the time of his arrival in Liverpool he had accepted the doctrine held then by most men of science—namely, that body and mind were inseparable. In London he had met F. W. H. Myers and E. Gurney, founders of the Society for Psychical Research—the society which is known, for short, as the S.P.R.—but they failed to enlist his interest. Soon after his arrival in Liverpool he was called upon to investigate certain cases of "thought transference", or telepathy. The result of a prolonged investigation was to convince him that the human brain could receive impressions from another brain—not through eye or ear but by some unknown means.

It was possible for Sir Oliver to believe in the existence of thought transference and still accept the teaching of orthodox biology. But when in 1889 an American medium, named Mrs. Piper, placed him in communication with his dead Aunt and with others who had long since "passed over", he found himself compelled to give up the tenets of orthodox biologists. The "phenomena" elicited from Mrs. Piper, while she was in a state of trance, could be explained only by supposing that a human body is merely the husk of an ethereal duplicate, known as the spirit or soul. The ethereal duplicate could temporarily vacate the body—as many savage peoples believe. At death the physical body disappeared, but the ethereal passed out into space and, although it became merged with the ether, yet retained its individual identity.

More and more the investigation of psychical cases seized his attention and occupied his time. The announcement of the results of his researches, which he published from year to year, have been received by his scientific colleagues with a tired indifference. Nor is it possible for those trained in the manifestations of life to reconcile psychical phenomena, which are accepted by him as genuine, with biological fact. Yet Sir Oliver owes his high position in the popular esteem of the modern

world, not so much to his discoveries in the world of science as to his revelations from the realms of the Unseen.

At the beginning of the present century, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, on looking round England for a man to fill the Principalship of the University, which the city of Birmingham had just set up, let his choice fall on the Professor of Physics in Liverpool. After some hesitation Sir Oliver accepted, and with his arrival in Birmingham, as he began his fiftieth year, his life enters a new phase—one which is humdrum compared to those which had gone before. He stipulated, before accepting the Principalship, for a laboratory in which to continue his physical researches, but with twelve young souls at home to be clothed and educated, with a young University to build, equip and advertise, and with problems of finance and of organization to solve, we need not wonder that his output of research fell far short of the record he had established in Liverpool and in London. More and more he was called on to advise in questions of University education and to expound the latest advances in physical science to the English-speaking world—for in clarity of thought and of speech he had no equal. He became immersed more and more in the affairs of the unseen world. In the Great War he lost his favourite son, Raymond; a book bearing his son's name on its title-page gives revelations which excited the greatest interest when published.

At the end of the war, and at the age of 69, Sir Oliver resigned from the Principalship of the University of Birmingham and ultimately found a home for his "retirement" on the edge of Salisbury Plain and quite near to the famous megalithic monument of Stonehenge. In his "retirement", as during the days of his principalship, he was busy and successful as author and lecturer. In 1927 he and Lady Lodge celebrated in the midst of their family—the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding. Two years later Lady Lodge died; she was beloved by all who had the fortune to meet her.

SCIENCE AND THE COMMON MAN

BY ROBERT BELL

WHEN Sir James Jeans, Sir Arthur Eddington, and Sir Oliver Lodge took to speaking on the wireless the common people heard them gladly. Though they knew little of science beyond the boyhood tradition of "stinks", they were aware that tremendous upheavals had taken place, that Newton had been dethroned, that there was a mysterious doctrine of Relativity which played strange tricks with Euclid and the multiplication table: that, in fact, things were moving with extraordinary speed. They did not want to be left behind, and they listened with both ears. They even went so far—a remarkable thing in this country—as to buy books to satisfy their curiosity, and Eddington, Jeans and Whitehead found themselves among the best sellers. They even read reports of British Association meetings (Physics Section).

That was some half-dozen years ago, and the position today is not quite the same. Perhaps it would not be going too far to say that Everyman fainted by the way. He did his best, both to learn and unlearn. He followed the Atom at least to the opening of that dark cavern where it carries on its mysterious activities; he thrilled at the alacrity with which n th powers could clamber about the universe; he took off his hat every time he met the square root of minus one; and he enjoyed (for a short time) the notion of a universe so paradoxical as to be at once finite and unlimited, though he never could gather the least idea of what happened at that perplexing frontier. It was, if one may put it so irreverently, a little like the child with a new toy. And if he has got tired it is not entirely his fault. The most elaborate of toys is still adapted to the juvenile intelligence. It was rather a shock to find, after those first primrose paths, that the road became presently so steep and thorny that it could not be followed.

It is not merely a matter of what is very unjustly called

"jargon". People who talk about novel and unfamiliar things must use novel and unfamiliar language. The late Arnold Bennett, commenting on Sir James Jeans's *The Mysterious Universe*—that of all books, and that of all names!—said that the great Huxley would have done much better. "When Huxley wrote for the plain man he remembered the plain man all the time, and the plain man could understand what he wrote." The difference is that Huxley had to deal with the plain man's conceptions, and Jeans has to deal (very largely) with conceptions intelligible only to the scientist. The plain man can barely grasp the meaning of time-space, or quantum, or indeterminacy, and such things are the very alphabet of modern research. He found himself in the position of a dog who, instructed in dietetics, recognized only the words "bone" and "biscuit". He came to realize that it would take him half a lifetime to acclimatize himself to this rarefied atmosphere. The scientist was talking about things he could not understand, even when they were explained to him. That, indeed is the meaning of the practical disappearance of the "scientific column" from the general newspapers, even the best of them: it is a tacit admission that science can no longer be made clear to the average reader.

The men of science were not to blame. They had got to the point—which even Jeans, with his unusual gifts of exposition, has reached in his latest book—of not being able to explain without the use of mathematical symbols, and to the common man, as to the simple eye of childhood, all equations are Sanskrit, without the nowadays compensating quality of being Aryan. The equations, it was realized, were not going to get any simpler, or the number of dimensions fewer. Even the new conceptions showed a surprising faculty of multiplication. The protons and electrons which we had managed, with an effort of the imagination, to substitute for the indivisible particle of our boyhood had added to themselves neutrons and positrons and others of the family in a line that might stretch out to the crack of doom. New elements, too, continued to appear, though we had thought the list complete. No wonder the earnest student found it too difficult, and left the scientists to work it out in their own way.

But the story does not end, we will not say so happily, but so neutrally as that. What one suspects, if one dare not actually formulate it, is that the new "boom" in science has ended, in the case of the average man, in estrangement rather than appreciation. The grapes have proved to be out of his reach; and they were really such exciting and unique grapes that disappointment might well turn to dislike. And it has to be remembered that science has not only failed to give him the expected pleasure: it has even taken away that sort of pleasure—or should we say pseudo-pleasure?—he once had. Mr. Chesterton once wrote a poem regretting his Lost Eyes, which,

long ago,

Saw two red daisies in a flower-pot grow.

Have we not all rather regretted the lost sky of our childhood, when the stars were candles to lighten the darkness or kindly eyes to watch us in bed? Philosophers gave them names and linked them up with human destinies; but for the great part of history they remained, for the great mass of men, just an acceptable display of pyrotechny. Childish, perhaps, but how much pleasanter to think about than an infinite (or, let us say, all but infinite) abyss of chilly space, in which our plain arithmetic throws up its hands in despair, a space peopled by myriads of Cepheid Variables and Megallanic Clouds, and stampeding nebulae, and Giants and Dwarfs that bear no relation to the much friendlier ones of Grimm. The astronomer no doubt feels in a superlative degree the thrill of the explorer as he strides with his light-year boots from system to system, but the rest of the world finds nothing but—bleakness. Vastness, cold, emptiness are qualities that affright the human mind, and it will not be comforted even by knowing that the sun's light is the equivalent of three-and-twenty-seven-nought candles, or that in the vicinity of Sirius you could carry a ton or two in your waistcoat pocket.

The turning point, I think, was the discovery that the universe was "exploding"—or, as Sir Arthur Eddington put it reassuringly, had already exploded. We had quite understood that we were no longer, as we once thought, the centre and special audience of these events, and that the solar system was of the utmost insignificance and unimportance. But it seemed a

sort of ultimate indignity that the innumerable comparisons nebulae were fleeing *from* us, at increasing speeds, as far as they could go. (There seems to be no talk of coming back, in spite of the alleged curvature of space.) That sort of universe is this in which everything is running away from everything else? In Newton's time everything was running into (or tending to run into) everything else, which was, if sometimes a perilous, at least a friendly gesture. There is no intimacy in putting another million miles between us with every second that passes. It is all of the stuff of nightmare, and a startling change from that sober, matter-of-fact universe that gave us so much reassurance in the nineteenth century. O. Henry has a story of a young lady who went up to the top of a New York skyscraper with a companion who told her many cheerful things about billion distances and temperatures and luminosities. When she came down she went at once and married the proprietor of the smallest store in New York, with just room "for the proprietor, his wares, a stove the size of a vinegar cruet, and one customer". The common man is in complete sympathy with the young lady, and hugs the intimacies and trivialities of this unimportant globe all the closer because of the frowning and illimitable background.

Nor will the common man, brought up on the simplicities of Newton and the apple, be easily reconciled to the space-time continuum, with its twists and wrinkles which, we are told, explain all the phenomena which had been put down to gravitation. The apple falls nowadays, not because the earth attracts it, but because there is some incomprehensible kink in space which prevents it from going in any other direction. We have loved the securities of earth, but what can one do but suspect this conception of the universe as something like a sheet of crumpled paper or a battered tin can? You may be offended, like Prince Hal, at the unsavoury similes, but what else can you liken the new space to? No doubt we misconceive the position, and no doubt the three-dimensional dictionary is ill-fitted to describe these mysteries; but I fear that the popular impression gathered from recent explanations is that we have exchanged a clean and homogeneous ether for a peculiarly complicated disorder. There is an ineradicable housewifely

suspicion of untidiness about anything (in however many dimensions) that is described as "crumpled".

We find ourselves in a new world, and a world, it seems, changed for the worse. I speak, of course, only from the layman's point of view: nothing that adds to knowledge can really be for the worse, and the very quest itself is one of the things that makes life worth living. There have been backwashes before when the uprooting of beliefs left an uncertainty among scientists and bewilderment among the public. In reality a whole faith of mankind has just been swept away; not, as usually happens, when it had already fallen into decline, but when it was in full vigour and supplied the working basis of human thought and activity. It is no wonder that the world is disconcerted: none the less because it is theory, rather than practice, that is revolutionized. That mood is in no sense diminished as we descend from the infinitely great to the infinitely small. The atom is not less dismaying in its invisibility than the heavens in their incomprehensibility. What is the plain man to think of the statement that "a particle may have position, or it may have velocity, but it cannot in any exact sense have both"? What is he to make of an energy that works only by jerks, as if it were a railway station chocolate machine? What is he to make of an electron that moves from place to place without covering the space between: of effects without causes and causes without effects: of a finite universe that still goes on perpetually expanding: or even of such a rudimentary problem as the question of what lies "outside" the finite universe? He finds himself lamentably out of his depth even when he is told that his knowledge of the world "reduces merely to a contact between mind and mind—like the reading of a book, or listening to music". It is an Alice-in-Wonderland universe dreadfully unfamiliar and disquieting. We never know what may happen next, though it is pretty sure to be something still more unsettling. The journey to Childe Roland's Tower, or Hänsel and Gretel's wanderings through the enchanted forest, contained no greater possibility of sensation than a stroll through the scientific world of today. Compared with some of its surprises, a bear or a witch would be a reassuring phenomenon.

So the common man realizes that he has to begin to ^{ly think} again, and think differently. Science has stepped into a ^{darkness} where he cannot follow her. It is a blow both to his ^{ambition} and his self-respect. The whole scheme of things has shattered, and so far from remoulding it to our heart's desire, we dare hardly put one brick upon another; for all that we know today is that we must on no account put any trust in our senses, or our "commonsense", or our reason. There are psychologists who would add conscience to the list of things calculated to mislead. We are bidden to hold on to the speed of light as the one fixed point, the one unshakeable fact, in the shadow-land, but even that straw hardly suffices to keep the drowning soul afloat. We have yet to hear of the man so up to date that he wakes o' night and finds comfort in the reflection that light travels 186,325 miles a second and all's right with the world. The solid world has become a ghost and the static world a whirling dervish dance. Our self-confidence is utterly shattered, and we have yet to see how a community can get along with so severe a shock to its mental balance. Fortunately, it is a lighthearted public, easily diverted by racing odds and cinemas; and it is on the whole more likely to put science aside than to brace itself to a study of unexpected severity.

The Plain Man is, indeed, an hard case, for little by little his progress is barred in every direction. Time was when a man of intelligence could get a general smattering of half a dozen sciences and keep in touch with them. That time is far past. Practically every science is becoming interdicted to the amateur by reason, not only of its increasing range and complexity, but by the terminology which it has had to invent for its purposes. Specialization increases year by year; and the once-humorous definition of the expert as a man who knows more and more about less and less has become a grim reality. Does it not in its extreme form indicate a man who knows everything about nothing — a lamentable conclusion? Certainly there is no denying that we grow less and less a world of professors and students and more and more a world of experts and ignoramuses. And there always looms ahead the danger that a world of specialist will be very short of men capable of handling *universal* problems. It is a deficiency already becoming obvious.

There is a rather grim parallel even in the scientific discoveries of today. Under our eyes the various branches of science are moving apart from one another—"in ever-increasing velocities"—exactly as the nebulae of the heavens are receding from one another; and not only from one another, but from the earth, which may be taken to typify the common man of our discussion. The prospect is equally bleak for physics and for human life. But there is, we are told, just a possibility that we are wrong, and that the spectral lines in question may yet be accounted for in other ways. Let us hope that, in any case, the parallel to that reconsideration will hold true, and that the world's knowledge will not fly apart in irrecoverable splinters.

One would like to believe that the present attitude of disillusionment and disappointment is only a passing phase. This is admittedly an age of transition; and a melting-pot is always in a sense a witch's cauldron. There is the encouraging thought that the human brain responds to stimulus, and it may be that, to boys brought up in the four-dimensional atmosphere, the Einstein doctrines may prove no more difficult than the Pons Asinorum was to our grandfathers. But against that is the fact that science is progressing much faster than any curriculum can keep up with, and it seems that the average brain must always lag hopelessly in the rear. Disillusion is usually a wholesome process, for it means that truth is substituted for error; but where is the advantage if the new truth cannot be assimilated?

It is, no doubt, just possible that science may take a turn for simplicity (one feels it in one's bones that the ultimate secret is simple); and it would certainly be regrettable if, when the final explanation is forthcoming, only half a dozen professors of mathematics can understand it. At the moment this seems a fairly probable denouement; and it is so far from exhilarating that a man may be excused for wishing that he could pick his science from the past, at preference, as he can pick his music or his art. But in this matter we are all bound upon the wheel of time, and can do no more than utter a protest against what seems the unreasonable limitation that we can get only a passing glimpse of knowledge before it vanishes into the impenetrable thicket.

THE PRICE OF PEACE

BY W. WATKIN DAVIES

LOOKED at from the standpoint of mankind as a whole, perhaps the most important aspect of the Nazi revolution in Germany is the enormous emphasis which it puts upon racial purity. For quite obviously such a doctrine is not merely a domestic concern.

When we look at a map of Europe we see that it is divided into a number of differently coloured areas, to which such names as Italy, Germany, France, Norway, Denmark, are appended. These areas differ widely in size, as well as in natural riches. The disparities between them have always been a fertile cause of international jealousy; and many wars have been waged with the express purpose of adding certain square miles to this one, and taking certain square miles from that one. Much more frequent, however, would such wars have been were it not for the fact that the dominant racial group inhabiting each of these areas adopted, in the main, a tolerant attitude towards other racial groups living within the same area. Thus it did not matter so very much to the Dane that his was a small country if he could freely emigrate to the larger spaces of Germany, and have there equality of opportunity to use his bodily and mental vigour. Sentiment apart, it must have been some consolation to the Jew to know that if he was deprived of the possession of Palestine, he could nevertheless hope to become Prime Minister of England, or Viceroy of India.

Now, however, if the example of Germany is to be widely followed, the position will be very different; and the difference will be entirely for the worse. For what the dominant racial group there is saying is that the entire area belongs to it, and to it alone. All other races there are trespassers, to be allowed to remain on sufferance, if at all. Such a claim can have only one result: the smaller racial groups, deprived of equality,

and even in effect of the right to exist at all, will become an ever present disturbing influence in the international system.

It behoves us, therefore, to put the question quite bluntly: What should confer a title to any particular portion of the earth's surface? Time was, and that less than five centuries ago, when the Pope claimed to have the right to all undiscovered lands vested in himself; and he could transfer them to the nation of his choice. And so, in virtue of this claim, when geographical discoveries were following one another thick and fast in the age of the Renaissance, the Pope drew a line from Pole to Pole, and presented all new lands situated to the east of it to Spain, and those to the west to Portugal. Thus it was that Spain came to have a vast empire in America, and Portugal an unchallenged dominion throughout the Indian Ocean. Not unnaturally, however, the Protestant nations, not to speak of the non-Christian ones, would have nothing to do with such claims. Nevertheless they hit upon a method which was, on the whole, a good deal less sensible, viz., that the daring explorer who had succeeded in planting his country's flag on a particular territory, not hitherto claimed in virtue of a similar act by any other Christian country, should thereby be deemed to have established in perpetuity a title to the entire territory on behalf of his own nation. It is obvious that the reasonableness or absurdity of this method must vary in accordance with the size of the territory in debate. Most people would probably allow that the man who first discovered Sark should be entitled to annex it for ever to his country. But what of an island the size of Borneo? And what about Australia? In the case of the last named we have an island hundreds of thousands of square miles in extent, only the minutest fraction of which was ever beheld by the eyes of its first explorers; and yet claimed by the English, in virtue of their discoveries, as an eternal possession.

So long as these remote lands were of trifling economic worth, and while there was an abundance of other territory which rival Powers could acquire by a similar title, the claim was never seriously disputed. But now the position is very different. Some of the territories thus acquired (*e.g.* Australia and East Africa) are obviously under-populated. Think of

hungry Japan with its 404 persons to the square mile or of India with its tens of millions dwelling ever on the verge of starvation, and compare them with Australia, with its two inhabitants per square mile, South Africa with its 15, East Africa with its 20, or the United States with its 36. The argument that Australia and Africa will be filled with their own people a century hence carries no conviction; for no one will readily consent to suffer privation in the present for the purpose of making adequate provision for the unborn descendants of an alien race in the remote future. Can we wonder that the people who live in the congested areas of the earth look with envy, and even with resentment, at the immense empty spaces which nobody uses, and which nobody is likely to use for many years to come, but which for them would mean a good and healthy life?

It is natural that an over-populated country should desire that, if some of its people are compelled by economic pressure to emigrate, they should not be for ever lost to it; that they should not be absorbed by some foreign state, but retain their own civilization and, if possible, their old political allegiance. It is thus that the great colonizing nations have always thought. When Britain sent her sons and her daughters to Canada, to New Zealand, to Australia, and to various parts of Africa, it was in the hope that, in those far-off lands, they would build new Englands, close patterns of the Old Country, to be for ever bound to it by the most intimate ties of sentiment and politics. The gallant Pilgrims of the Mayflower were not willing to remain in Holland, despite the fact that there they would have enjoyed complete religious freedom and a civilization not inferior to their own. No, rather than see their grandchildren become Dutchmen they crossed the Atlantic, faced innumerable perils in a wild land, there in a new world to found a home which should still be England, and in which they would still use the familiar place-names—Boston, Plymouth, New-haven, Hampshire, Cambridge, Portsmouth, and a host of others—still speak the old tongue, still take a pride in the ancient heritage. And as one stands to-day within the beautiful precincts of Sulgrave, nestling so peacefully amid its flowering gardens in a fold of the Northamptonshire hills, and ruminates

over the sentiment which led the Washingtons from it to Virginia, with all the marvellous consequences of that migration in the subsequent two hundred years, it is impossible not to feel thankful that those men and their descendants, despite all rivalries and bitterness, retained the rock-bottom foundation of British civilization, and that they did not allow themselves to be absorbed by an alien race.

And it is not only sentiment which makes a state anxious to retain the allegiance of its own children: that desire is reinforced by at least two other considerations. One is a purely economic argument: To bring up children, feed them, clothe them, and give them a sound elementary education, is a costly matter. It has, in fact, been estimated that by the time a child has reached the age of fourteen his country has spent no less than £300 upon him. And then, having invested that not inconsiderable sum, are we to make a present of him to a foreign nation; a nation which, having been exempt from all the expense attending his unproductive period, immediately begins to reap the fruits of his productive years? The enormous prosperity of the United States in the early twentieth century may be attributed, at least in some measure, to the fact that its population was largely built up of annual increments of adult labourers, all of them nurtured and trained at the expense of some other state. Furthermore, be it noted that the emigrant is, as a rule, a being well above the average in body, mind, and character. The second argument is a political one: Whatever we may think about the propriety of so doing, it is indubitable that states regard their population in the light of cannon-fodder; as a reservoir of strength from which they can draw in times of war. France's perfectly genuine feeling of insecurity, both before 1914 and after 1918, is largely based upon the fact that her own population, relative to that of Germany, is growing steadily smaller. In international conferences France now sits with the *immigrant*, not with the emigrant, countries. In the same way, and for the same reason, Japan, seeing herself beset on three sides by the teeming millions of Russia, China, and the United States, is eager to call into being as big a population as possible.

The unfortunate thing to-day is that, while the arguments

in favour of colonial possessions are as cogent as ever, there is not a foot of the earth's surface which is not already either crowded, or else owned by some powerful state which cannot be persuaded to relinquish its hold upon a morsel of it. So far as Great Britain is directly concerned there is not much semi-vacant land that she could dispose of even if the wish to do so were present; for no one imagines that Australia or New Zealand or Canada would cede a portion of their territories at the behest of Downing Street. But indirectly, of course, our responsibility is great; inasmuch as it is only the knowledge that the British Navy is in the background that keeps intruders out of the desirable lands of the Pacific. Colonists do not go to countries which are already adequately peopled save as exploiters, or to hold the few higher positions in the professional or business world to which their superior skill, or their possession of capital, entitle them. Of desirable lands still under-populated to an unfair extent the greater part by far belongs to the various nations of the British Commonwealth, and consequently it is upon the citizens of that Commonwealth that the heaviest responsibility rests.

But although the ideal from the point of view of a self-respecting nation is that its emigrants should retain their ancient political allegiance, and consequently form colonies, they are for the most part willing to accept what appears to be inevitable, and rest satisfied, at least for the time being, with ordinary emigration to another sovereign state. Such emigration is at least capable of relieving the terrible pressure due to over-population, with its consequent lowering of the standard of living. It should, however, be borne in mind that in the past an overflow has been limited almost entirely to the white races. An easy first as emigrants is claimed for the British people. For some time now, however, the coloured races, the yellow ones in particular, have begun to stir. Most noteworthy is the tremendous rate at which the Chinese have been swarming into surrounding territories.

Time was when the newer countries, great in area but meagre in population, warmly welcomed all immigrants of ordinary capacity and respectability. But that is no longer the case. To-day the gate through which the would-be immigrant has

to pass is being made so strait that comparatively few are able to squeeze through it. Prior to 1914 emigration was practically unrestricted; but now it is hampered on every side. Even Great Britain, for so long hospitably open to all, to-day sifts very carefully the aliens knocking at her doors, and allows only some 6,000 to be admitted every year. Unfortunately, whatever wisdom there may be in this policy of restriction is neutralized by the freedom which we allow to about 20,000 subjects of the Irish Free State to come in annually. It ought to be obvious to every politician that it is futile to send at great expense a few hundred boys every year to Canada or Australia as an aid to the solution of our unemployment problem while at the same time we fill, and much more than fill, their places with Irishmen, the majority of whom immediately join the necessitous classes, and become foci of revolution in our industrial areas and big towns.

Other States are very much stricter than Great Britain in the control which they exercise over immigration. Here we have one of the thorniest problems in the whole field of international relations; and it is more than usually clear that there is much to be said on both sides. For, on the one hand, we have the traditional view of State Sovereignty, which insists that it is for the nation itself to determine its own racial composition, and consequently to allow, or refuse to allow itself, according to its good pleasure, to be contaminated by other stocks. In some cases a refusal to permit such an admixture may rest upon prejudice pure and simple; in others, however, it may flow from a well-considered policy. But in every case the principle is the same—namely, that a state, if it be truly sovereign, must be entitled to slam the door in the face of all outsiders.

We can construct imaginary cases, or we can cite actual ones, in which this policy of excluding foreigners altogether, or of admitting them in such small numbers that they can be easily assimilated, appears to be dictated by the highest political wisdom. Aristotle, when laying down the indispensable conditions of a healthy state, insisted that it must possess a definite character of its own, and be powerful enough to impress that character upon all its members. In order that it might be so,

he declared that the community must be a small one ; for the unit of loyalty may easily be so large that the true sense of fellowship is diluted into something mechanical and nondescript. Athens must be Athens ; and Sparta must be Sparta ; and their respective citizens should be capable of being recognized in virtue of their inherent qualities. The modern state would have appalled Aristotle by its magnitude. In all probability he would have dubbed it a perversion, and not a true political society. No doubt he would be ignoring the fact that modern means of transport and of news transmission—trains, steamers, cars, aeroplanes, newspapers, telephones, wireless telegraphy, etc.—have made it possible for a nation of many millions, so long as it is racially more or less homogeneous, to attain a real sense of community. Nevertheless a state may become too big for such consciousness of unity to be produced even by the aid of all the devices with which science has equipped modern governments. And, furthermore, it may be extremely perilous (as the experience of the United States between 1914 and 1918 clearly proved) for a state to have within its boundaries communities of alien speech and culture, whose hearts are still in the homelands from which they came, and not in the political society of their adoption. It is also probable that to admit large numbers of another race whose members are accustomed to a much lower standard of living, and who consequently are willing to work for a pittance, would mean the infliction of untold harm, not only upon the economic life, but upon the entire civilization of the nation.

Here, then, is a powerful *prima facie* case in support of a stringent anti-immigration policy. It is met, however, on the other side by a most pertinent query from the overcrowded country : viz., " Seeing that we are unable to support our population, a population which apparently will continue to expand for at least some years to come ; and seeing that we have not, nor ever can have, empty colonies placed at our disposal ; what are we to do if the nations which could accommodate our surplus refuse to do so ? " And at this point there is one observation which ought to be made : which is that in erecting artificial barriers on the path of migration an attempt is being made to hinder a phenomenon which has been a marked feature

of human history from time immemorial. Just as water will find its own level, and wherever it is prevented from so doing a trial of strength between it and the opposing barrier will inevitably take place, so it is with the migrations of peoples. Populations have always moved about, countries that were too full emptying their surplus into those that had empty spaces. Where they were hindered in the process, a trial of strength between the invaders and those already in possession of the soil took place. Now let no one imagine that this restlessness is a thing of the past only ; for, on the contrary, it is at present in full swing in many parts of the world ; while in sundry other parts it would be in operation but for the fact that the opposing forces are too powerful to be overcome. Prior to 1914 there was a rising tide of Indians, Malaysians, Chinese, and Japanese ; not to speak of Poles, Irish, Jews, Italians, and Russians ; all of them beating against the barriers of the under-populated countries. The war naturally stayed the torrent ; but after 1918 the movement was renewed with increased force ; while at the same time the opposing barricades were strengthened. In that fact lies the tragedy, as well as the pressing danger, of the situation as it exists to-day. The country which, in recent times, has had by far the most experience of immigration is the United States ; for its population has been largely recruited from foreign stocks. Between 1880 and 1914 emigrants were pouring in at a tremendous rate ; up to 1893 mainly from Britain, Germany, and the Scandinavian countries ; between 1893 and 1914 mainly from Russia, Italy, and the several component parts of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire.

The years of the war revealed to an over-optimistic America that these enormous numbers of aliens had not been assimilated ; that they constituted little foreign enclaves all over the country ; and that they were capable of anti-social conduct. Americans of British descent began to set up the cry that the purity of the race, and even American civilization itself, was in danger. The alarm soon spread ; with the result that there was a pronounced nervous reaction of the original stock against all foreigners, not only negroes and yellow folk, but Slavs, Latins, and Jews as well. In the days when we believed that environment was of greater importance than heredity, it was confidently

assumed that the aggressive Yankee would easily succeed in imprinting his own image upon all foreigners who settled in his country. But to-day neither science nor the experience of the recent past leads us to believe that the eleven million negroes and the thirty-six million foreigners of diverse races in the United States will be easily or quickly assimilated. The reaction was sharp; and now the born American is a fervent believer in heredity. Eugenics has become not only a popular subject of study but a plank in a political platform.

It is only natural that the wave of intense feeling roused in the United States over the question of racial composition should reflect itself in the statute book. The Immigration Laws of 1917, 1921, and 1924 are, in fact, only a registration of the changed views of American politicians. It is all a matter of political eugenics; the right to admission being regulated in accordance with the principles of heredity—so-called Nordics being welcomed on the whole, provided they are not likely to become an economic burden; Latins and Slavs being carefully sifted; while Asiatics are excluded altogether.

That the United States has achieved the purpose which it set out to achieve must probably be allowed; but since in the world of to-day no nation can live unto itself alone, the reaction of other countries to the anti-immigration policy is enormously important. By the law of 1924 (the most drastic of the whole series) the real sufferers were Italy and Rumania. Naturally exclusion was regarded by them as an insult. It is the exclusion of Orientals, however, that has created most bad blood. At Paris, in 1919, speaking as the most advanced representative of the coloured man, Japan had asked for a plain declaration in favour of racial equality; but the demand had been emphatically rejected. And soon it began to be evident that the inferiority of the coloured peoples was to be no mere academic principle, but that the great white Powers were going to give it expression in terms of practical affairs, particularly in the case of immigration policy.

A small infiltration of Japanese into California had sufficed to alarm American opinion. It was the not unnatural dread that a small percentage of workers on a lower economic level would drive out the majority on the higher level; just as

Gresham had taught that a small quantity of bad money will always suffice to drive out the good. Japan could never have considered seriously the emigration of her subjects to California as a possible or adequate outlet for her surplus population. It was the insult to the national honour implied by the racial discrimination of the new Immigration Laws, rather than the actual economic injury sustained, that rankled in the mind when the United States bolted and barred its doors against any further influx of Asiatics.

Canada had already, in 1923, imposed stringent restrictions upon the admission of Chinese, by an Act of Parliament which is noteworthy as the first instance of the exclusion of a particular race by unilateral legislation instead of by treaty. The American Immigration Act of 1924 in that respect followed the example set by Canada: it put on one side the former custom of "Gentlemen's Agreements," and substituted for it the unilateral law enacted in virtue of state sovereignty. One after another of the prominent statesmen of the day, in their public utterances, endorsed the contention that a state possesses an irrefragable right to control immigration solely in its own interests, and without regard to the sentiments of other countries.

That a similar policy of discrimination, levelled not only against yellow men and black men, but also against various European races, is in vogue in South Africa, in East Africa, in Australia, and in New Zealand, we all know; and in every case the state would lay claim to an absolutely free hand in the matter by virtue of its sovereignty.

Underlying the whole of the argument contained in this article is the assumption that the halt which has, on the whole, been reached in the rapid expansion of the white peoples will continue indefinitely; and that likewise the unrestricted fecundity of the coloured peoples will continue. It would not be surprising therefore if some reader should advance this criticism: "On your assumption the argument may be all very well. But what we all know is that the white peoples are deliberately restricting births, on the principle of adapting the mouths to the quantity of food known to be available. Having previously made up their minds as to the standard of living they are determined to enjoy, they then take good care

that the population shall not be so big as to impose a strain upon that standard. Can the people who are on a lower scale of civilization really expect to be able to convince the higher nations that they must make irksome sacrifices in order that the former may continue to swarm indiscriminately? To that argument a cultured Chinaman or Hindu would perhaps retort that this boasted western "standard of living," made up as it is of so many luxuries, is not demonstrably more civilized than the simple life, without motor cars, or *de luxe* trains, or elaborate cookery, which he prefers. For, after all, it is not self-evident that a film star, living in a luxury suite in some palatial hotel, is higher in the scale of humanity than Mr. Gandhi in his almost naked simplicity.

To determine who has the best of the argument is, perhaps, impossible. Nor does it matter very much. If the white peoples resort to birth control, it is for their own pleasure and convenience that they do so. And, likewise, if the coloured people continue to regard birth control as an abomination, they will please themselves in the matter. The stark reality of the situation will remain in spite of all argument and counter-argument; and that reality indicates that the white and restricted peoples will be able to hem in the coloured and unrestricted ones only so long as they have the physical power to do so.

So much of our peace propaganda is not merely futile but definitely mischievous, owing to its failure to appreciate the act that peace cannot be a negative thing, that the world cannot suddenly be made static. We praise such international agreements as the Locarno Pacts, with their crystallization, apparently for all time, of existing boundaries; yet nothing could be worse for the world than a universal "Locarno," dooming all peoples, whether progressive or stagnant, to remain strictly within their present frontiers. Such a negative peace, fortunately for human progress, must always prove impossible of attainment, no matter what documents statesmen may sign. It must prove impossible because, in a world which from its infancy has had ample demonstration of the power of the sword to bring tyrants to reason, and to compel the redress of grievances, covenants and pacts, conditions which large masses of mankind firmly believe to be unjust and intolerable, could not be perpetuated.

What revolution often is in the domestic sphere, that war often is in the international sphere: both are drastic methods of making actual conditions square with ideals where peaceful and constitutional ways of so doing are not available. For the nations of the earth are divided, just as individuals for the most part are, into "haves" and "have nots"; and to-day it is not easy, save where there is express moral justification, to argue in favour of such a position of accidental superiority and artificial inferiority. Fascist Italy gave unequivocal expression to its determination not to allow the "saturated" Powers to retain the spoils of the past, while sheltering behind the shield of modern peace propaganda, in its comments upon the Kellogg Pact. The *Popolo d'Italia*, the personal organ of the Duce, on the morrow of the signing of the Pact, uttered these significant words: "France, England and the United States may well speak with horror of the war which would alter the present *status quo*; but we, who breathe with great difficulty, can but see in every League, in every collective move of those who have and will give nothing, an Insurance Committee working against the interest of the rising peoples." Precisely the same view of the matter prevails in Japan, with the additional exasperation due to wounded national pride. To many of the most enlightened statesmen of the Island Empire of the Far East it is now beginning to appear that the whole policy of association with Geneva has been a mistaken one, and that Japan's slogan had better be: "Back to 1915."

We who were born into the great heritage of the British Empire, not unnaturally find a good deal of this argument distasteful; yet when we are disposed to lend an ear to the voice of conscience we are forced to admit that there is something to be said for the contention of the less lucky nations. And even if we fail to be convinced of the justice of their claim, we assuredly ought to be able to see that to flout it unsympathetically is to make war sooner or later inevitable.

AMATEUR JUSTICE

BY CECIL FIFOOT

ONE of the most curious and characteristic phenomena in English national life is the cult of the amateur. The professional, as practitioner, administrator or expert witness, is *prima facie* an object of suspicion. Even the schoolboy shares the distrust of the prize-winner who has notoriously worked to gain his end, and reserves his applause for the athlete who has added a scholarship to his laurels as an interlude in sterner tasks. In sport, indeed, amateur worship is under a temporary eclipse, though the House of Lords has recently ruled that to cast a doubt upon a golfer's amateur status may still be considered defamatory. But in politics and in the administration of justice little encroachment has as yet been made upon the sacred principle.

The higher courts have "from time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary" been staffed by professional judges. The reasons are sufficiently obvious. In the first place, law is a science as well as an art, and demands a series of reasoned judgments so that its principles may be elaborated. A story is told of Lord Mansfield and a general in the army whose appointment to the governorship of a West Indian island involved him in the adjudication of legal causes. Lord Mansfield said to him, "Take my advice, and you will be reckoned a great judge as well as a great commander-in-chief. Only hear both sides patiently, consider what you think justice requires and decide accordingly. But never give your reasons: your judgment will probably be right, but your reasons will certainly be wrong". The advice was wholesome, and may be recommended to all laymen whom circumstances place in a judicial capacity. But had it been followed by English judges, the development of a scientific body of law would have been impossible. In the second place, a trained mind is required, not only to sift the evidence

and disentangle the issues in a complicated case so that a jury may neither be misled nor bewildered, but also to ensure the attitude of impartiality, without which the administration of justice is a mockery. Not until the attempt has been made does the layman realize how difficult it is for him to eliminate prejudice and decide a dispute without reference to the personalities or social issues involved. These considerations are admittedly decisive in determining the personnel of the higher ranks of the judicial hierarchy, but in the lower courts, where the multiplicity of cases and the scanty time available for their decision render their application still more desirable, they have not yet been allowed to prevail.

It is worth while to examine the origin of the amateur Justices of the Peace. They were first instituted by a Statute of 1346 to "keep the peace" by repressing riots and supervising the "hue and cry". In 1330 they were given power to arrest persons charged with crime and send them for trial to the King's Judges, and in 1360 they were empowered to try cases themselves. In the next century they began to be entrusted with administrative duties which, under the Tudors and Stuarts, they exercised subject to the searching supervision of the Star Chamber. This Court, which has incurred more obloquy than any other tribunal in English history, has a more favourable record than prejudiced or indolent historians are accustomed to portray. At least it was not until its abolition that the Justice of the Peace was able to emerge as the unfettered ruler of the country. The eighteenth century was the golden age of territorial influence, and its literature testifies to the power of the amateur alike in politics and in law. Squire Western and Sir Roger de Coverley not only presided at Sessions, punished the normal offences of country life and expounded to admiration the technicalities of the Game Laws, but concentrated in themselves the activities that are now associated with county councils and municipal corporations, or with such of them as an unenlightened age considered necessary or desirable. "As to the powers given to them", said Blackstone, "by the several statutes which from time to time have heaped upon them such an infinite variety of business that few care to undertake and fewer understand the office, they are such and of so great importance to the public

that the country is greatly obliged to any worthy magistrate that, without sinister views of his own, will engage in this troublesome service".

The "infinite variety of business" thus heaped upon a tolerably complacent squirearchy comprised administrative, police and judicial duties. The first have not survived, save with rare exceptions, the reforms of the nineteenth century, but the last have been little impaired by the passage of time. The gross abuses which stained the exercise of their police duties were purged towards the close of the eighteenth century, largely through the exertions and influence of Henry Fielding, himself a magistrate between 1749 and 1754. At this time there existed in London a race of "trading justices", who made their money by the most flagrant exploitation of their position and opportunities. An account of their activities was given to a Parliamentary Committee of 1816 by one Townsend, a Bow Street runner, who had been in the police service since 1782. "At that time", he said, "it was a trading business, and there was Justice This and Justice That. Justice Welch in Litchfield Street was a great man in those days, and Justice Blackborough a trading justice at Clerkenwell Green and an old ironmonger. The plan used to be to issue out warrants and take up all the poor devils in the street; and then there was the bailing of them, 2s. 4d., which the magistrates had, and taking up 100 girls, that would make, at 2s. 4d. a time, £11 13s. 4d. They sent none to gaol, the bailing them was so much better". Fielding himself, who, like the other London magistrates, was paid almost entirely by fees, said of himself in 1754: "By composing instead of inflaming the quarrels of porters and beggars and by refusing to take a shilling from a man who most undoubtedly would not have had another left, I reduced an income of about £500 a year of the dirtiest money on earth to little more than £300". Outside London, of course, magistrates received no remuneration whatever, and the temptation and opportunity of extortion alike were absent, but no reader of Fielding or Smollett can feel satisfied that the powers of the country justices to issue warrants were exercised with a single eye to a proper observance of the peace.

All this is now a distant story. The "trading justices" have followed Dogberry and Verges into oblivion. Nor is the issue

of warrants in ordinary criminal cases likely to cause difficulty or require reconsideration. But there remain occasions when this power might more safely be entrusted to professional judges. The Sedition Bill at present before Parliament, though in Committee it has been shorn of some of its more objectionable features and now requires the concurrence of two Justices of the Peace before a search warrant can be issued, still confers on magistrates the right to issue something dangerously like a general warrant. Even if controversy be waived and the existence of the Bill admitted as necessary to secure the loyalty of the Forces, it would surely be more compatible with elementary rights of liberty and justice to require the authorities who seek to use such powers to obtain them, like a writ of Habeas Corpus, from one of His Majesty's Judges, or, at least, from a professional magistrate.

It is, however, in the exercise of their judicial duties that the present system of amateur magistrates is most open to criticism. It must be remembered that there are two distinct courts held by Justices of the Peace. The first is Petty Sessions, called sometimes the Magistrates' Court; sometimes, with a more sinister connotation, the Police Court. The activity of this tribunal is familiar to the reader of every newspaper in the country, but the diversity of its powers is not more remarkable than the gravity of its decisions. Not only does it range from matrimonial causes to assaults, from betting and licensing offences to poaching, from petty theft to infringements of the traffic laws, but the average number of persons annually sent to prison by the magistrates is seven times as great as those committed by all other courts put together. The character of its cause list, moreover, raises issues of exceptional complexity. Applications for separation or affiliation orders require the exercise of tact and judgment, motor accidents present questions of fact notoriously difficult to disentangle, ejectment summonses involve legal issues which are among the most delicate that County Court Judges, in their somewhat parallel jurisdiction, are called upon to solve. When it is added that the average litigant is a comparatively poor and uneducated man, to whom the proceedings are a necessity and not a luxury, the need for an exceptionally careful and impartial administration of justice is evident. Yet Petty Sessions remains,

par excellence, the preserve of the amateur judge. Of its innumerable courts, only eighteen, outside the Metropolitan area, are staffed by professional whole-time Stipendiary Magistrates.

The complaints proffered against the Justices sitting in Petty Sessions may be summarized under five heads. The first concerns their composition and method of selection. Until comparatively recently they were appointed by the Crown on the nomination of the Lord-Lieutenant in each county, but the criticism provoked by the curiously uniform conservatism which they evinced led in 1910 to the establishment of a Royal Commission. Acting on its recommendations, Advisory Committees have been formed to assist the Lord Lieutenant and secure a more equitable distribution of political favours. The result has not been satisfactory. The office of Justice has become a minor, but tangible, reward for political services, the party organizations use their best endeavours to "get their man in", and the average Bench resembles a Committee of the House of Commons rather than a body of impartial judges. The evil has been admitted and condemned by the present Lord Chancellor, speaking at a meeting of the Magistrates' Association, but the prospect of reform is apt to be obscured by the mass of vested interests involved.

From Benches thus constituted it would be idle to expect any profound appreciation of the legal issues which they have to try. Occasionally, indeed, a lawyer may slip through the meshes of the Advisory Committees and confound the practitioner who relies on the normal incapacity of his Bench to understand the law. More than one unwary Police Court advocate came to grief when Professor Kenny, the famous criminal jurist, presided over the Cambridge Petty Sessions. But such incidents are exceptional. Ignorance of the law is, if not a necessary qualification, at least an almost inevitable concomitant in the selection of Justices, and each year more problems of an intricate legal character are set for them to solve. Equally grave is their ignorance of, or contempt for, the ordinary rules of evidence. No rule is more rooted in the English system of justice than the principle that a man's previous record shall not be allowed to affect the question of his guilt or innocence on a new charge. He is arraigned upon a particular issue, not upon the history of his life. It is not because he is a person *likely* to commit crimes that he is to be punished,

but because he *has* committed the very crime in question. Yet nothing is more usual in Petty Sessions than the disregard of this elementary principle. Defendants are convicted on their record, on the magistrates' knowledge of their private life, on the attitude which the police adopt, and the Justices appreciate, towards an "old hand". Defendants represented by counsel can keep the Bench in order: the more frequent and unfortunate litigant who is not legally represented has little chance of an acquittal.

Ignorance of the law and of the rules of evidence has two further undesirable consequences. In the first place, the magistrates place themselves, almost necessarily, in the hands of their Clerk. He is, indeed, the power behind the throne. Not only is he the one official who knows anything about the law, but he is usually the one person whose notes of the evidence are intelligible. Unfortunately the Clerk is, in the majority of cases, a solicitor in private practice, and, though not permitted to take cases in his own court, his position is obviously invidious towards the litigants upon whose trial he exercises so profound an influence. In the second place, the magistrates are consciously or unconsciously biased in favour of the police. It is impossible to attend Petty Sessions either as a practitioner or as a spectator without observing the different treatment accorded to the witnesses for the prosecution and to those for the defence. The police are in the main an honest and competent force, but their evidence is often not unnaturally coloured by a desire to secure a conviction and thus justify themselves and their colleagues. Both judges and counsel in the superior courts realize the caution with which police evidence has to be sifted. The Justices of the Peace seem in some strange way to think it necessary to promote *esprit de corps* by "supporting the police" wherever this is humanly possible. Almost the only class of cases in which the Justices enjoy the privilege of thinking for themselves is to be found in Licensing Sessions, where the grant or refusal of an application depends notoriously upon the personnel of the Bench. If it contains a majority of temperance advocates, the application is hopeless, if of "publicans and sinners" its success is inevitable. An impartial survey of the issues raised is practically unknown.

Finally, it is necessary to observe the variety of sentences imposed by different benches for the same offence. Absolute uniformity is impossible and perhaps undesirable, nor is it attained by the judges in the superior courts. But the diversity of opinion displayed in the punishment of such cases as motoring offences not only reflects a lack of common policy, but tends to cast the whole administration of the Law into disrepute. Nor do the magistrates distinguish, on any intelligible principle, the comparative gravity of the different offences under the Road Traffic Acts. The same fine is too often inflicted alike for technical contraventions and for wild and deliberate hooliganism on the roads. There is much to be said for the view that the heavy toll of road accidents can be reduced, not by multiplying offences, but by securing uniformity of administration. The existing law, properly enforced after a manifestly impartial examination of the evidence, would probably prove an adequate safeguard. Earl Howe, in the recent debate on the Road Traffic Bill in the House of Lords, proposed to try all offences under the Bill by special courts, assisted by two assessors "having special knowledge and experience of the driving of motor vehicles". It may be that the Government was right to resist a proposal which would have created anomalous tribunals with their suggestion of class preference; but at least it must be said that the administration of the motoring laws by the present Justices of the Peace precludes the hope of a solution which shall be at once reassuring to the public and fair to the motorist.

The second court held by Justices of the Peace is the Court of Quarter Sessions. This court, as its name implies, is held four times a year for the trial before a Jury of charges too grave to permit of their summary determination at Petty Sessions. The jurisdiction of the court is extensive. It can try all criminal offences save those punishable by death or penal servitude for life and a few specified exceptions, such as perjury and forgery, which involve peculiarly difficult questions of law. Even with these reservations, the number and quality of serious offences thus entrusted to Quarter Sessions remain high. Whereas over the last six years an average of 3,000 cases went to the Assizes, presided over by Judges of the King's Bench Division, in the same period the average number determined in Quarter Sessions

exceeded 4,000. It is true that 108 cities and boroughs have now obtained the privilege of a local Court of Quarter Sessions, in which the presiding judge is a Recorder, necessarily a barrister of standing and experience. But in the counties the lay magistrates remain, and it is significant that they are called upon to try twice as many cases as their professional colleagues in the towns. If the presence of the amateur in Petty Sessions is surprising, his persistence in Quarter Sessions is an anomaly incapable of defence. Not only is he entrusted with the prime responsibility for the liberty and reputation of his fellow citizens in cases of the utmost gravity, but he has to disentangle complicated issues and explain them to a jury. This latter is one of the most difficult tasks that can be thrust even upon a trained mind, and the Courts of Appeal are constantly engaged in checking the errors of the superior judges who seek to perform it. The mental condition of the juror who has looked to a lay magistrate for guidance in a case of fraudulent conversion, or sought to appreciate from his lips the distinction between larceny by a trick and false pretences, had better be imagined than described.

If these are the facts, what is the solution? In a book entitled *English Justice*, published in 1932 by an author who, for intelligible reasons, writes under the pseudonym of "Solicitor", the position is examined in detail. The author, obviously familiar with the *minutiae* of the courts, sustains a detailed and, in the main, a convincing, indictment of the present system, and offers a series of suggestions for reform. His two most striking proposals relate to the method of appointment of the magistrates and of their Clerks. The former, he suggests, should be selected from a panel, to which nominations should be made by various bodies such as Chambers of Commerce and Agriculture, County Councils and the local Law Societies. After selection by the representatives of these bodies, a further examination of the nominee's qualifications should be undertaken by trained officials. The Clerks themselves should be permanent, full time Civil Servants, appointed and paid by a central authority. With the latter suggestion there will be general agreement: the former seems of more doubtful value. The process of selection proposed is not only cumbersome in itself, but scarcely appears likely to achieve its object. Even if the best possible amateurs are

appointed, they will still remain unqualified to deal with the problems that beset them.

Surely it would be better to abolish the present system in its entirety, to appoint Stipendiary Magistrates to all Courts of Petty Sessions and Recorders to all Courts of Quarter Sessions. A major operation of this character would arouse no more opposition from vested interests than the more timid and less valuable reform already suggested, while it would succeed, at one blow, in eliminating the evils which accumulate around the voluntary system like barnacles on the hull of a ship. The undue influence of the Clerk and of the police would be removed, the impartiality which results from a scientific detachment secured and the deliberations of the jury properly controlled and directed. The initial cost would in some measure be offset by the diminution in the number of appeals required, and in any event is hardly to be measured in the scale of justice. It has been laid down as a legal axiom that "it is important, not merely that justice should actually be done, but that it should *seem* to be done". If English citizens are to feel satisfied that this axiom is fully translated into practice, the lower courts, in which the more familiar questions of law and order are determined, must be as adequately staffed as the higher, and the anachronism of amateur justice relegated to the archives of legal history.

PHANTOM HORSEMAN

BY MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MRS. TARRAS, the farmer's wife, turned over in bed and opened her eyes. She had already been asleep a long time, it seemed, but her husband hadn't yet come to bed. She glanced at the floor over beside the window. If he was still sitting in the kitchen she would see the three short streaks of light from the room below shining through the joins in the warped floor-boards. But all was dark; he wasn't there. Then he must have gone. Well, let him go, she thought resentfully, so long as he left her in peace. Good riddance! What annoyed her was that he should think her fool enough—her who had lived on a farm all her life—to believe that it was some job on the farm that kept him out all night once, if not twice, a week.

It had been going on over a year now. It was always the same. She would come up to bed, leaving him reading the paper, and when she put out the candle she could see those three streaks of light on the bedroom floor. At first she had kept awake, watching them and listening. She would hear the dry rustle of the paper when he moved or turned the page, the gritting of his boots on the stone floor when he stirred his feet, his short, gruff cough. At last there would be a louder sound, the concluding skuffle of the paper and simultaneously a harsher scraping of his boots and of the legs of the chair pushed suddenly back. Now she would listen for the decisive sound. She would hear now whether he was taking off his boots before coming up to bed in his stocking feet, or whether he crossed to the door in his boots. In either case the three golden streaks on the bedroom floor would fade out a moment later. Then, if his boots were off, would come the dull, heavy stumping of his feet on the stairs, and then the abrupt opening of the bedroom door. He never thought—not he—of opening it quietly in case she was asleep. But if he still had his boots on she would hear the

house door open and shut, and then the house fill with silence. He had gone out. Still she watched, watched until a lantern carried across the yard sent a distorted, magnified, dimly luminous pattern of the bedroom window swinging slowly and briefly round the walls. Five minutes later she heard him lead his cob out of the stable, clop, clop, clip, clop; a brief pause while he mounted, and then the cob's hoofs, loud and slow, across the yard, then quicker and fainter as they turned out on to the road.

But nowadays she didn't bother to watch or listen. Let him go, so long as he left her in peace. Good riddance!

* * * *

Twenty minutes after the sound of the cob's hoofs had died out, they emerged, vague, muffled, hardly audible, in a soft, grassy cart-track between high hedges. At the bottom of the lane a lonely cottage stood behind the hedge. There was no light in any of its four windows; in the vague darkness of the night it looked like a solitary mound of earth half-hidden under two enormous elm trees. In one of the two small rooms under the thatch a little boy was asleep; in the other lay a woman, listening, listening as Mrs. Tarras had listened twenty minutes ago, to the sound of the cob's hoofs. She could not be sure at first whether the faint, dull, pulsing rhythm came from the lane or from the heart thumping softly in her own body. Then came a clean, sharp sound. A short interval, then another—the familiar, unmistakable sound of one of the cob's shoes striking a loose stone. Even the soft footfalls were distinct now. Then there was a pause, and then the faint metallic clink of the gate-latch and a repeated clinking, almost identical yet different, the cob clinking his bit. Then dull footfalls went round to the back of the cottage.

She waited for a moment, then got up and crept downstairs in her nightgown. Very cautiously she unbolted the door. Yes, he was there, the tall black figure waiting, noiseless and motionless. She drew the door wide open and stood, a faint white wraith, in the dark doorway. The dark shape stirred, black and white ghosts were merged in one, faded, and the door closed noiselessly on the night.

* * * *

The following afternoon Mrs. Mornington called as usual for her eggs. She always got her eggs, and a fowl or a duck when she wanted one, from Mrs. Elsted, and she usually called for them herself. It would have been easy to send the gardener's boy or one of the servants, but she liked the walk and she liked Rose Elsted. She had always thought her mother, who still lived in the village, a most respectable woman, and she had known Rose ever since she was a small girl. It must be lonely for her nowadays, poor woman, in that solitary cottage with her husband dead and no one to talk to but her little boy. And so she walked over, with a basket for the eggs, about twice a week, and always stayed for a little chat. Rose Elsted seemed to do pretty well with her chickens. She had always kept a few, but after her husband's death she had gone in for them on a larger scale. Now she had about a couple of hundred. Mrs. Mornington had wondered at first how she had been able to afford them, but she had gathered from Rose that Tarras and one or two other farmers in the neighbourhood had set her up, giving her a few fowls and ducks and some sittings of Rhode Island Reds, and she was allowed the use of a field and orchard behind the cottage. Tarras sent daily for all the eggs she could give him, and disposed of them along with his own, so that she was saved the trouble of marketing them herself. Mrs. Mornington, when she called for her eggs, occasionally brought clothes or shoes for the little boy, or an old dress or shoes of her own for the mother. Rose liked her, she knew. They understood one another, and Mrs. Mornington found she could talk more freely and intimately to the handsome, gentle-mannered young woman than to the other cottagers she knew.

"You know, Rose", she said, as she sat down, small, middle-aged, energetic and authoritative, in the chair Mrs. Elsted drew up for her, "what you must do is marry again".

Rose smiled and shook her head.

"Yes, I mean it", said Mrs. Mornington. "This is no sort of life for a fine young woman like you, stuck away here miles from anyone."

"Oh, I don't mind being alone", said Rose. "Besides, who could I marry?"

"Who could you marry? You know perfectly well, though

you may think *I* don't. Why, Jenner, of course; George Jenner. He wants you to." She held up her hand to stop Rose speaking. "Oh, don't tell *me*. I've heard all about it. He's asked you more than once, and you couldn't have a better husband."

Mrs. Elsted shook her head again. "No, ma'am, I couldn't marry him."

"Why not? Nobody could help liking him."

"Oh, I *like* him, but . . . well, I don't fancy him, not for a husband."

"H'm! You're too particular, that's what it is. However, if you won't, you won't, I suppose. Then why not go and live with your mother, or get her to come here? That would be better than living all alone."

Rose Elsted laughed. "We shouldn't get on, Mother and me. She's difficult, Mother is. Her ways aren't always my ways, and if things isn't done in her way, well . . .!" She shrugged her shoulders and a humorous smile lit up her handsome face.

"I don't know what to do about you", said Mrs. Mornington, smiling at her severely. "You're so stubborn."

"Just do what you do now, ma'am; come and see me and keep me cheerful."

Mrs. Mornington got out of her chair and took up her basket. "I've no patience with you", she said.

* * * *

It was a week later, when the man from Tarras's farm called for the eggs, that Rose first heard the news. "You've heard about the boss?" he asked.

A cold hand gripped at her heart. "Mr. Tarras? No. What is it?" Her voice was hardly more than a whisper.

"He's pretty bad. One of the horses got him against the wall yesterday. She always was a bad 'un, that mare. You've got to be nippy when you takes in her fodder, or she gets you up against the stall. Crushed in his ribs, she did. Doctor says it's pretty serious."

She felt her face shrivel and turned away so that the man shouldn't see. At last she managed to speak. "Have they taken him away?"

"No. He's at home, at the farm."

She had had a sudden hope that he had been taken to the hospital at Woolchester. Then she might have been able to go to him. But she couldn't go to the farm unless he sent for her, and she knew he wouldn't do that.

All day and all night, in her agony of anxiety, the physical sense of the accident tormented her, the sense of the great strong body that she loved, crushed in, the ribs crushed in against the stall. Was he thinking of her, longing to see her, she wondered. Or was he unconscious? Terrible pictures of him haunted her, his face lying back on the pillow horribly transformed, his keen blue eyes tight shut, the long gaunt mould of his great body under the blankets.

Next day the man brought the news that he was dead, and all that day and the next she passed in a kind of stupor, sometimes seeking refuge in the false belief that it was only a dream, and then, with the pretence suddenly stripped from her, facing, naked herself, the terrible naked reality. She had the strange feeling that if only she could make some immense effort of the mind, she would force the reality to become untrue, wake up from it as from a nightmare. But something that was too strong for her frustrated the effort, thrust the reality back on her, and she sank under the strain.

By the second night her emotions had for the time exhausted themselves and she lay in bed resigned, almost apathetic. She was dropping off to sleep, tired out, when suddenly every nerve in her body tightened. For a moment she believed that the dreadful reality had been conquered at last, that she had awoken; her nerves relaxed and a blissful relief flooded her like a warm tide. But only for a moment. Then inescapably, inexorably, it all came back. It was no dream; he was dead, and her nerves tightened again. She listened, strained her ears till the silence seemed to hiss softly, continuously, like a distant waterfall. But through it, unmistakably, came the quiet, dull pulse, so familiar during all the past months. It must be her heart this time. What else could it be? And then indeed she heard her heart thumping fast and thick against her throat. But this sound of her heart was different, it was not what she had heard at first, and now that other sound was audible through it, pulsing, pulsing

softly outside in the lane ; and then, sharp and clean, came the well-known noise of the cob's shoe striking a loose stone.

A cold terror crept over her skin. For the first time she realized the utter loneliness of herself and the boy in the cottage, of the cottage in the great dark stretch of empty country. They were alone, far from any comfortable human being, alone with this, coming towards them down the lane. Her thoughts flew to the boy in the next room, but she felt at once that he, at least, was safe. Whatever it was that was coming, was coming not to him but—she faced it with cold terror—to her. The leisurely pulse of the hoofs came on ; they were close, terribly close now. And now, as usual, they paused at the gate and a moment later she heard them move round the cottage and then stop. What was going to happen now ? If she went down and opened the door, what would she see ? She was overwhelmed with terror mixed with the heartrending conviction that, dead though he was, he wanted her—a dark shadow, with no substance now behind the shadow, waiting for her to open the door. She couldn't face the appalling possibility ; terror prevailed, and she lay immovable, every sense astrain, huddled in the bedclothes. Her nightgown clung to her naked body ; she was bathed in sweat from head to foot, and she felt the sweat freezing on her. Not a sound came from below, not a sound on the stairs. Could it be that he had entered the locked door, glided noiselessly upstairs, that he was with her now ? This shuddering chill that possessed her, the icy touch of her nightgown, could it be . . . ? She thrust the thought from her before it could complete itself, and lay frozen, not daring to stir a finger, the bedclothes drawn up about her ears.

She felt the hours pass over her. Then by slow degrees her blood flowed back, the mortal chill began to abate, and she fell into a doze.

When she awoke, the room was full of grey light. The night terror had gone ; she was calm, exhausted, marvellously relieved at the escape into the sanity of daylight, as after a night of fever. But she knew none the less that what had happened last night was no feverish dream, but plain fact. She got out of bed, crept downstairs, half-opened the back door, and looked out. There in his usual place under the bough of the apple-tree, the

bough round which Tarras always tied the halter, stood the cob. She knew, or thought she had known, he would be there ; yet the actual sight of him appalled her. At the sound of the opening door he raised his head and pricked his ears. She shrank back with a shudder. The cob, quietly leaving his place, went off slowly round the cottage. Trembling violently, she bolted the door and went upstairs. When she reached her bedroom she heard, as she had heard so often before in the early morning, the cob's hoofs in the lane below, their soft thud sharpened now and then by the sharp click of the shoe against a loose stone. But this time he did not, as always before, break into a smart trot, but plodded on at a languid, funeral walk until he was out of hearing. She stood, pale and spellbound. Then, struck to the heart by the piercing familiarity of it all and that one desolating difference, she covered her face with her hands and burst into sobs.

When she and the boy had had their breakfast she packed a few things in a string-bag and locked up the cottage, and they set off down the lane.

"Where are we going, Mother ?" the boy asked.

"To stay with Granny", she told him.

But they did not go direct to the village. They struck across a field-path where she knew there was a chance of seeing Jenner. She came upon him sooner than she had expected, loading turnips into a cart. He smiled at her, stuck his fork in the ground, and ran over to speak to her.

But it was she that spoke first. "I'll marry you if you still want me to, George."

He stared in amazement, believing that she was joking. "You will ?" he said.

She nodded.

"When ?"

"As soon as you like", she said.

A warm flush flooded his face. He put his hands on her shoulders and kissed her forehead. She received his kiss without response. "I shall be staying with Mother in the village", she said.

"What, leaving your cottage ?"

"Oh, I shall be at the cottage most of the day, I've got the

chickens to see to ; but I'll be going back to Mother at nights."

"Are you coming back to the cottage today?"

"Yes, when I've been over to Mother's. I've got the chickens to see to."

"I'll be along this evening before you go", he said, and then added: "Shall I?"

"Yes", she said; "I'll wait for you till seven", and she and the boy went on their way.

A CHAMPION OF THE COMMON LAW

The Tercentenary of Sir Edward Coke

BY SIR JOHN MARRIOTT

"BETTER free than sober". The Episcopal dilemma was not, in fact, absolute. John Bull, loving both his freedom and his beer, has always declined to be impaled on either horn. With his beer this article is not concerned. Its theme is the fight waged by a great English lawyer for liberty, personal and political. As to the Englishman's attachment to liberty there is no dispute. "Liberty", wrote Sir James Mackintosh, "is the object of all government". Mackintosh, like the two Mills, belonged to the Utilitarian School and wrote in the heyday of Benthamite Liberalism. We may assume, therefore, that he identified liberty with *laissez-faire*—the absence of restraint, whether exercised by government or by his fellow citizens. That conception of liberty does not in these days go unquestioned, yet it is not long ago that a great contemporary satirist—more serious, perhaps, than he wished to appear—declared that "the great purpose of democracy is to prevent your being better governed than you want to be governed". That purpose was, in Mr. Bernard Shaw's judgment, better attained—at any rate up till 1933—in the United States than anywhere else. Mr. Shaw interpreted the American Constitution as "a great protest against this tyranny of law and order . . . a constitution of negations to defend liberty, liberty, liberty—life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—against the only checks on anarchy that could secure them". It was a characteristic Shavian outburst. Whether recent events in America have altered Mr. Shaw's opinion I know not. But it would greatly interest me to know how the "laughing philosopher" would define "liberty". It would not, I suspect, be in the terms of the Benthamite philosophy.

Yet powerful as is the contemporary reaction against *laissez-faire*, most Englishmen are still instinctively responsive to any suggestion that their freedom is imperilled :

*All we have of freedom, all we use or know—
This our fathers bought for us long, long ago.*

So Mr. Rudyard Kipling sang in *The Old Issue*. The old King, as the poet hints, is apt periodically to reappear in different habiliments, under a new name. Tyranny, we had been taught, was decisively defeated by our fathers. Are the sons called upon to renew the contest ?

*How so great their clamour, whatso'er their claim,
Suffer not the old King under any name.*

The adjuration may be deemed superfluous ; yet it is less than half a decade since the Lord Chief Justice of England deemed it his duty to descend from the Bench into the market place in order to warn his countrymen against the tyranny of the " old King " under a new name and in strange garments. Whether the warning uttered by Lord Hewart in *The New Despotism* be called for or not remains a hotly disputed question. Be that as it may, it seems not inappropriate to recall today the memory, and comment briefly on the career, of a great English lawyer, with all his faults a stout champion of liberty, who died just three hundred years ago (September 3rd, 1634).

Sir Edward Coke, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, was born at Mileham on February 1st, 1552. In 1582 he married Bridget Paston, a member of the famous Norfolk family whose letters, happily preserved, have thrown so much light on the social life of England in the fifteenth century. Miss Paston brought Coke a dowry of £30,000, besides a large estate in land. Further favoured by the patronage of Lord Burghley, Coke made rapid progress at the Bar, entered the House of Commons as Member for Aldeburgh, a Suffolk borough, in 1589, became Solicitor-General in 1592, and two years later Attorney. His appointment as Attorney brought Coke for the first time into collision with the man destined to be for a quarter of a century his keenest rival and most persistent opponent. But Coke was, paradoxically, the official candidate, favoured by the Queen and the all-powerful Minister ; Francis Bacon

was the candidate of the Earl of Essex, but had given offence to Essex's mistress by his opposition to subsidies. Coke's high repute as a champion of the Royal Prerogative was further evidenced in 1593 by his nomination as Speaker of the House of Commons. In that delicate position he showed his dexterity. The temper of Parliament was rising rapidly after the defeat of the Spanish Armada ; the Tudors had accomplished the purpose for which dictatorial powers had been conferred upon them. The office of Speaker—then the Crown's representative in the House of Commons—called for exemplary tact. Coke conspicuously displayed it both as Speaker and as Attorney. In the latter capacity he acted as Counsel for the Crown in the prosecution of Essex and Southampton, and also, after the accession of James I, in the prosecution of Sir Walter Raleigh and of Guy Fawkes and his fellow conspirators.

In his conduct of the case against Raleigh, Coke was seen at his worst. Raleigh's guilt or innocence is not the point now at issue. The insolent brutality with which Coke conducted the prosecution has deservedly linked his name in the history of our criminal law with that of Judge Jeffreys. He described a great Englishman as " a monster with an English face and a Spanish heart ", a " spider of hell ". " I will make it appear to the world ", said the Attorney, addressing the prisoner, " that there never lived a viler viper upon the face of the earth than thou ". A blustering bully, Coke did not hesitate to kick a man when he was down, but his conduct in the present case had the usual result. Popular feeling, strong against Raleigh at the outset of the trial, gradually veered under the influence of Coke's violence in favour of the accused. Found guilty by the jury and condemned to death by the judge, Raleigh was reprieved by the King, but only to die, fifteen years later—nominally under the sentence passed on him at Winchester in 1603—really to placate the Court of Spain.

The year after the Gunpowder Plot, Coke was appointed Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. It was in that position, curiously enough, that he began to play an important part in politics.

The apparent paradox is easily resolved. One of the great problems which the seventeenth century had to solve was the

place of the Judiciary in the Constitution. The Stuarts were determined to make the Judiciary the handmaid of the Executive. Bacon's view was in accord with that of the Crown, and of late years Bacon's star had been steadily rising. For more than twenty years the rivalry between himself and Coke had invariably issued in the triumph of Coke and the discomfiture of Bacon. From the Forum, it had extended to the domestic hearth. Shortly after the death of his first wife, Coke had contracted (1598) a second marriage with Lady Elizabeth Hatton, the widow of Sir William Hatton and a granddaughter of Lord Burghley. For this matrimonial prize Bacon had also been a competitor, and his defeat did not improve the relations between him and his rival at the Bar. But after 1606 a marked change took place in Coke's attitude towards public affairs. Hitherto the champion—not unrewarded—of the Crown, he stood forth, henceforward, as the jealous guardian of the liberty of the subject, the persistent apologist for the supremacy of the law.

This change is commonly attributed to Coke's elevation to the Judicial Bench. That it coincided with his promotion is undeniable. It is not certain that it can be ascribed to it. There is, I submit, an explanation more creditable both to Coke's character and to his intellect. It is this. So long as Queen Elizabeth reigned, any good patriot, any man of sense, would, on broad issues, have supported the Crown. But the Stuarts had not been long on the English throne before it must have become clear to any man of intelligence that great issues would have to be fought out. It is outside the scope of my immediate purpose to discuss on which side the balance of argument lay. There was evidently room for a difference of opinion. Bacon sincerely believed that it was all-important to maintain intact the Prerogative of the Crown. Good government still demanded that the Executive should be strong. Parliament, therefore, must not encroach upon the Prerogative. The judges must support it. Bacon's language in his essay, *Of Judicature*, is almost an echo of that used by the King:

It is a happy thing in a State when Kings and States do often consult with judges; and again when judges do often consult with the King and State; the one when there is matter of law intervenient in business of State; the other when there is some consideration of State intervenient in matter of law. . . . Let judges also remember that Solomon's throne

was supported by lions on both sides. Let them be lions, but yet lions under the throne, being circumspect that they do not check or oppose any points of sovereignty.

To Coke, the champion of the Common Law, this doctrine was anathema. It might commend itself to the head of the Court of Chancery; Bacon might, as Lord Chancellor (since 1618), or as politician, desire to see the precepts and the practice of "Administrative Law" introduced into England. Most continental countries have accepted the principle and have established *tribunaux administratifs*. There are, indeed, eminent lawyers in England today who hold that personal liberty would be less insecure, under existing circumstances in this country, were we frankly to follow the example of our neighbours. It may be so. For the moment I am concerned only to make clear the point at issue between Bacon and Coke. Coke believed that the judges ought to be entirely independent of the Executive. Such independence constituted the strongest guarantee for the liberty of the individual citizen. At the moment when the issue was raised in an acute form the position of Parliament appeared to be precarious.

The "Addled Parliament" had been dissolved with contumely in 1614. How long it might be before Parliament met again no one could at the moment foretell. The States-General of France was also dissolved in 1614, and never met again until 1789. Was there any certainty that the English Parliament would not suffer similar suspension?

These, be it remembered, were the circumstances under which Coke came forward as the champion of the Common Law, and encouraged the judges to impose some check upon the autocracy of the Crown. More than one quarrel between the Crown and the Courts occurred about this time. In 1615 a certain Somersetshire parson, the Reverend Edmund Peacham, had been sentenced by the High Commission Court to deprivation for libelling his diocesan. Subsequently indicted for treason, Peacham was sentenced to death; but before indicting him the King and Council, to make sure of their ground, consulted the judges individually. This right of auricular consultation tending, as he thought, to sap the independence of the Judiciary, Coke strenuously denied. The quarrel was carried

a stage further by a more famous case, that of *Commendams*. Bishop Neile, a leader of the Arminian party, was presented by the King to a valuable living to be held *in Commendam* with his bishopric. A dispute as to the appointment having arisen, the case was referred to the whole court of twelve judges. The King therefore ordered the judges to stay proceedings until they had taken counsel with him. Instigated by Coke they refused; but, being summoned before the King in Council, they all, with the exception of Coke, made their submission and accepted the contention of the King. A few weeks later James summoned the judges to the Star Chamber and addressed to them an elaborate allocution on the relations between the Crown and the judges. "Encroach not", he said, "upon the prerogative of the Crown . . . the absolute prerogative of the Crown is no subject for the tongue of a lawyer, nor is it lawful to be disputed. . . . It is atheism and blasphemy to dispute what God can do. . . . So it is presumption and high contempt in a subject to dispute what a king can do."

That was the Stuart theory of monarchy set forth in all its nakedness. Coke indignantly repudiated the doctrine. A fortnight after the delivery of the King's allocution, the Chief Justice was suspended from his office (June 30th, 1616), and in the following November was definitively deprived. The reasons for his dismissal were announced to the Council by the King himself. The Chief Justice had brought condign punishment upon himself by "perpetual turbulence towards the Church, the prerogative and the jurisdiction of certain courts", his hunting after popular favour; his refractory conduct in the Council, "rather busying himself in casting fears concerning what they could not do, than joining his advice what they should do". The reason was expressed more tersely by Chamberlain, the Horace Walpole of that day: "The Common Speech is that four p's have overthrown and put him down—that is pride, prohibitions, præmunire and prerogative."

Coke did not, however, pass entirely out of favour. He had a powerful friend at Court, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. Buckingham persuaded James I to restore Coke to his place on the Privy Council, though not to the Bench, in 1617, and—still more remarkable—to promote his election as Member

for the Borough of Liskeard to the Parliament of 1621. These favours were purchased at a price. The price was the marriage of Coke's young daughter to an elderly roué, Sir John Villiers, the elder brother of the Duke of Buckingham. The child was only fourteen years of age. Lady Coke strongly opposed the odious transaction and appealed to the Privy Council against her husband's abduction of the child from the custody of a devoted and distracted mother. Bacon, now Lord Chancellor, magnanimously repaid the lady's rejection of his suit by supporting her appeal against her brutal and callous husband. In so doing he not only risked the friendship of the all-powerful Buckingham, but further embittered his relations with Coke.

Sir Edward had not long to wait for his revenge. He had now exchanged his seat on the Bench for a seat, kindly but most incautiously provided by the King, in Parliament. He thus passed at a bound from the Presidency of the King's Bench to the leadership of the House of Commons. Once the champion of the Crown, then the assertive champion of the Judicature against the Crown, he was now to become the still more persistent vindicator of the rights of the Legislature against the Executive.

Before the crisis of the Parliamentary shuffle was reached, the personal rivalry between Coke and Bacon was ended by the "last enemy"—the dread power alone capable of ending it. In 1621 the Lord Chancellor had been impeached by the Commons and found guilty by his peers in the House of Lords. It is beyond the scope of this article to discuss the rights and wrongs of the case. Macaulay accuses him of having been "a servile advocate that he might become a corrupt judge". That is grossly exaggerated censure even for Macaulay. Bacon was, in truth, better fitted for philosophy than for politics; his real home was the study rather than the forum or the senate. But he knew himself to have "clean hands and clean heart". He did not rise superior to the abuses characteristic of his time; but he was the victim, not the author, of them. He admitted that he was frail, and unfitted "by the preoccupation of his mind" to "play a part in civil causes"; but he strenuously pleaded his innocence of heart, and, even though the sentence on him was just, the plea must be admitted. Disgraced in 1621, Bacon died in 1626. The grave at last closed over a lifelong and bitter rivalry.

Coke, meanwhile, was going from strength to strength in Parliament. The crucial issue between the first two Stuarts and their Parliaments turned on finance. The deflation of the currency had made it quite impossible for the King to "live of his own", or to keep the machinery of government going on the income which sufficed for frugal princes like Henry VII and Queen Elizabeth. But while the Crown was increasingly impoverished, Parliament was determined to use the instrument of finance to obtain a larger and larger measure of control over the Executive.

This was keenly appreciated by Coke, and so vehement was his opposition to the demands of the Crown, that in 1626 he was pricked as a sheriff, and so was excluded from the Parliament which met in that year. But the disqualification was merely temporary, and in the Parliament of 1628 he took the lead in promoting the Petition of Right.

Of the four points raised in that historic document Coke regarded two as pre-eminently important. In both the liberty of the individual citizen was deeply involved. The first demanded that no man should "hereafter be compelled to make or yield any gift or loan, benevolence, tax, or such like charge, without common consent by Act of Parliament. . . ."

Even more directly did the second point refer to personal liberty. The whole crisis had, indeed, been precipitated by the arrest and detention of a number of persons for their refusal to subscribe to a forced loan demanded by the Crown. Among them were five knights whose case was destined to make history. The knights appealed to the Court of King's Bench for a *habeas corpus*. One of the most famous clauses of Magna Carta had declared that "no man shall be imprisoned except by the legal judgment of his peers or by the law of the land". Relying upon this clause the knights urged that they were at least entitled to know for what cause they were detained. The Crown lawyers contended that it was a sufficient return to a writ of *habeas corpus* to certify that the prisoners were detained *per speciale mandatum regis*. The judges accepted the contention of the Crown so far as to refuse to liberate the prisoners on bail, but they definitely declined to admit the principle that the Crown might persistently refuse to show cause. The knights remained in custody.

The battleground was then shifted from the Courts to Parliament. The judges might be right or wrong in their interpretation of the law. As a fact they were more often right, less subservient to the Crown, than the Whig historians have been willing to admit. It is for judges to administer the law. If the law be bad or defective it is for the Legislature to alter it. But the English Parliament is instinctively conservative. It prefers to reaffirm an old right rather than proclaim a new one; to put patches on an old coat rather than cut out fresh cloth. Accordingly, the Petition of Right recited the clause of Magna Carta already quoted and subsequent statutes reaffirming the principle contained therein. It then went on to declare that "against the tenor of the said statutes . . . divers of your subjects have of late been imprisoned without any cause showed and when for their deliverance they were brought before five justices by your Majesty's writs of *habeas corpus* . . . and their keepers to certify the causes of their detainer, no cause was certified, but that they were detained by your Majesty's special command, signified by the Lords of your Privy Council, and yet, were returned back to several prisons without being charged with anything to which they might make answer according to the law. . . ." The petition, accordingly, humbly prayed that no man should be "confined or otherwise molested or disquieted . . . and that no freeman, in any such manner as is before mentioned [i.e. without cause shown] be imprisoned or detained".

The drafting of this great document was the work of Sir Edward Coke. The credit of extorting the King's assent to it must be shared by Coke with John Pym and Thomas Wentworth, afterwards Earl of Strafford. With the Parliament of 1628 Coke's political career reached its climax. The last days of the session of 1628 were days of high emotion. There was general agreement in the House of Commons that Buckingham, standing between the King and the Commons, was the cause of all the trouble. But when Sir John Eliot rose to express the sense of the House and reached the words: "I am confident no minister how dear soever can—" Speaker Finch started from his chair and stopped him. "There is command laid on me", he said, with tears running down his face, "to interrupt any that should go about to lay an aspersion on the Ministers of State".

Eliot sat down at once. Coke essayed to take his place ; stood up, but, overcome by emotion, faltered and without a word sat down again. Then, quickly recovering, he spoke his last words in Parliament. They were aimed at the all-powerful favourite. " Let us palliate no longer. If we do God will not prosper us. I think the Duke of Bucks is the cause of all our miseries, and till the King be informed thereof, we shall never go out with honour, or sit with honour here. That man is the grievance of grievances." The old man had boldly said the word that was in every mind. Members found their tongues. The whole House followed the lead Coke had given.

Two days later the King's assent to the petition was reported : *Soit droit fait comme est désiré*.

In 1629 Parliament was dissolved, not to meet again until 1640, and with the dissolution of 1629 Coke's career came to an end.

" Sir Edward Coke, one of the most disagreeable figures in our history, is one of the most important champions of our liberties ". Such is Mr. Trevelyan's verdict. I respectfully concur. Professional opinion, while paying just tribute to the colossal industry and rare acumen displayed in his *Reports* and *Institutes*, inclines to the view that he insisted rather on the technicalities of law than on the essentials of justice. As compared with Bacon's, his intellect was narrow ; but the comparison is not fair to any man. After all, breadth of vision is rather inimical than otherwise to success in politics. Most politicians run best in blinkers. Coke succeeded ; Bacon failed. Coke's quiver was less generously supplied than Bacon's, but his arrows went straight to their mark. Had the Stuart claims to Prerogative been admitted no man's person or property was safe.

Coke had to deal with a particular menace to liberty, at a particular time. He repelled it with eminent success. Narrow, coarse, brutal, intolerant he may have been ; but greater men have achieved less.

PIDGIN - ENGLISH

By O. M. GREEN

" My name b'long Norval. Topside that too high mountain
" My too muchee olo fata pay that sheep he chow-chow "

WHICH is the purest classical pidgin-English for that ponderous recitation dear to our grandfathers : " My name is Norval. On the Grampian hills my father feeds his flock."

Through many years' residence in China pidgin-English was a never-failing delight to me, as it has been to thousands of other " China hands ", for its exquisite expressions, unexpectedness and unconscious humour. But, like too many other relics of the good old days which Young China is determined to sweep away, it is but a pallid image of the rich vocabulary in which the inmates of the Canton factories a hundred years ago built up huge fortunes. Foreigners, ceaselessly admonished that they can never do business in China without knowing her language, are labouring to learn Chinese ; hundreds of mission schools have for years past been turning out thousands of Chinese who speak English at least as well as most non-English peoples ; even among servants there are those who really resent being addressed in pidgin—my own No. 1 boy, for instance, a most dignified person with whom I certainly never ventured to take liberties. When a nurse whom we once had in the house, my wife being laid low with some ailment, addressed him with, " Boy, Mississi say you just now please go office-side talkee Master what time he wantchee chow-chow ", the boy simply ignored her and waited for my wife to repeat the order.

Classical pidgin-English is very rarely heard now. Even the modified pidgin, which is hardly more than a sort of slang adapted to the Chinese idiom and very easily acquired, is going out, though, by the way, it is still vastly different from the gibberish that passes on the London stage for pidgin. Before this racy invention of two civilizations, equally anxious to traffic together and baffled by each other's tongue, altogether disappears, it may not be uninteresting to give some notes of its origin and verbal blossomings.

It must be admitted that, to sinologues, pidgin-English is an abomination. Thus the late Rev. Samuel Couling, learned author of that valuable and interesting work, the *Encyclopædia Sinica*, defines pidgin-English as follows:—

“An extraordinary jargon in use between native servants, shopmen, etc., on the one side, and foreigners who do not speak Chinese on the other. The word ‘pidgin’ is supposed to be the Chinese attempt to pronounce the word ‘business’; pidgin-English is therefore ‘business-English’; it is certainly not literary English. In the main it is a limited number of English words used more or less according to Chinese idiom and mispronounced. . . . The senseless dialect originated with the linguists (q.v.) in the old Canton days when very few foreigners spoke Chinese and no Chinese knew English. With the increase of intercourse it is rapidly passing out of use and will happily vanish before long”.

The linguists, it should be explained, were appointed to interpret in transactions between the early foreign traders and the Chinese—who were one and all forbidden to teach their language to a barbarian—and the *Encyclopædia Sinica* says of them:—

“They were naturally extremely incompetent in translation, even if they had wished or dared to be honest in the case of petitions presented to officials; they originated pidgin-English, and in its early days it was worse than now”.

Is it quite proper to comment so vigorously in writing an encyclopædia? But great sinologues like Mr. Couling, connoisseurs in all the beauty and complicated exactitude of literary Chinese, may be forgiven for shuddering at the clipped and ungrammatical absurdities of pidgin-English. So might Lamont or d’Albert writhe on hearing a Beethoven minuet turned into jazz.

Hardly less contemptuous is Mr. Dyer Ball, describing pidgin-English in his *Things Chinese* as “mongrel talk”, “a wonderful gibberish, especially when talked in its purity”, “not at all like Chinese and so unlike English that newcomers require to learn it”. And he tells a story of a Boston visitor to Canton who, when taken shopping by a British resident, addressed the shopman in pure Emersonian; whereupon the shopman turned in bewilderment to the Englishman, saying “Moh betta you flen’ talkee English talk, my no savvy Melican (i.e., American) talk”.

But surely a dialect cannot be described as “senseless”; which thousands of people have been able to exchange their thoughts with pleasure and profit.

The only writer I know who has thought pidgin-English worth serious study is Charles Godfrey Leland, author of *Pidgin-English Sing-Song*, published in 1876—and even for him the humour of the language became too much before he had got through many pages. However, he tried to trace the origins of pidgin, collected a large number of songs and popular poems that had been converted into it by various humorists, and added a full vocabulary. He compares pidgin to “posh-an-posh, a corrupt Romany dialect spoken by English gypsies”.

The essence of pidgin is that pronunciation is modified to help the struggles of the Chinese tongue with certain foreign consonants; while, in imitation of Chinese idiom, there is neither inflection nor conjugation. Thus, “My talkee he” may mean either I have told, I am telling, or I will tell, him. However, conjugation with auxiliary verbs is not unknown, as in the familiar phrase used, let us say, of an absconding debtor, “He hab go away Ningpo more far”, meaning that he has disappeared somewhere extremely remote and is not in the least likely to return.

William Hunter, an American merchant in Canton from 1825-44, author of some charming reminiscences, says that pidgin must have been invented long before the English came to China, in early Portuguese days, as shown by the number of Portuguese words adopted into it. For example, “mandarin”, from *mandar*, to order; “patili”, from *padre*, for priest; “joss”, from *Deos*, God; “maskee”, from *masqué*, never mind; and “junk”, the Portuguese pronunciation of the Chinese equivalent. The first Portuguese came to China in 1517, followed in due course by the Spanish and Dutch. The English did not establish themselves properly at Canton till the latter part of the seventeenth century. Then, however, their influence and trade so quickly transcended that of other nations that what had begun as pidgin-Portuguese became pidgin-English.

It may be mentioned, in passing, that the Portuguese have become more closely merged in and identified with the Chinese than any other Western people, freely intermarrying with their daughters, bringing up colossal families on incomes on which most Westerners would not care to live even as bachelors, and speaking a Portuguese so mixed with Chinese and Malayan

words that the Portuguese Consul in Shanghai frequently has to employ an interpreter in dealing with his own nationals.

In the days of Hunter (mentioned above) Canton bookshops used to sell a booklet called *Devils' Talk*, that is, of course, "foreign devils". This is evidently identical with the work mentioned by Leland—*A Vocabulary of Words in Use Among Redhaired People*. It is still the popular conviction of most Chinese that all foreigners have red hair, which they regard as a peculiar disfigurement, proof of Heaven's contempt for the barbarian. The cover of the booklet was adorned with a picture of one of the "redhaired", in eighteenth century dress, and Chinese compradores and servants studied it as dutifully as their descendants may be seen, in offices today, studying orthodox grammars. As English waxed and Portuguese waned, and pidgin took on more and more an English character, it became so much the language of the Pacific that Leland quotes an American divine who thought seriously of re-writing the Scriptures in pidgin—much as in recent years Professor Goodspeed, of Chicago, has published the New Testament in Americanese, largely tintured with slang.

Like any other language pidgin has always varied greatly according to the district where it is talked. In Peking it is hardly spoken at all. But in that serene atmosphere, where the traders never came until recent years and "mandarin", the most melodious of all Chinese, is spoken by high and low, foreigners very easily learn to speak Chinese, and one cannot stay in Peking for three days without picking up a few words. In Shanghai the orthodox pidgin of the linguists, which foreigners really had to learn almost as much as had the Chinese, was becoming rare even twenty-seven years ago when I first went to China. Leland's vocabulary of pidgin, based largely on Cantonese usage, contains such extraordinary corruptions as "patluta" for an elder brother, and "yangshilutta" for a younger brother. I imagine these two words are now quite obsolete; though I have heard "yangki" for "uncle", and "haszeman" for husband is not uncommon, both words being the product of a Chinese tongue wrestling with the original English.

It never seemed to me that the Shanghai Chinese had so much of the conventional trouble with "r's" and "v's" as their

brethren further south—perhaps because the Shanghai dialect is notoriously so awful that the Chinese who talk it by nature can tackle any barbarian tongue. Conversely, it may be the special difficulty for foreigners of mastering Cantonese, with its numerous tones, which has preserved Canton as the classic home of pidgin-English that it should be. One curious exclamation, "galow", used at the end of a sentence to intensify its force, is, I think, only heard in Cantonese, as in another line from "Norval":

"He smallee-heart man, too much take care catchee that dolla' galow".

What could be more apt in such a context than "smallee heart man"?

"Dollar", it may be mentioned, or rather "Dolla"—some-what like "moh" for "more"—is generically used for money, Mexican dollars being the first coined silver that the Chinese saw. Thus a Chinese will tell you, "My brudda hab got velly goodee place, velly good chance he side, can catchee plenty dolla'". "Chance", as readers may guess, means luck, "he side" is "in his situation" whatever it may be; "brudda" is quite a usual form of "brother", at least around Shanghai.

The termination "ee", supposed to be tacked on to every word by a Chinese in talking English, can easily be overdone, just as the use of "l" for "r" can be. (By the way, it is rather curious that the Japanese difficulty with these consonants is exactly the opposite to the Chinese; they put "r" for "l", and speak of "rady" for "lady".) But the Chinese dislike ending on a consonant. Thus "good" becomes "goodee", "catch", "catchee" and so forth. In some words an "o" is used for the termination, as "olo" for "old"—"olo custom" in China is one of the most inflexible of her ultra-conservative gods, with whom, indeed, there is no shadow of turning—and "chilo" for child.

Thus the amah (Chinese nurse) listening to the howls of the infant next door, says to her mistress, "I think so that chilo just now hab catchee little hot inside (otherwise has got fever). He too muchee clylo"—i.e., cry.

Conversation in pidgin is much simplified (some might prefer to say complicated) by the number of duties which the same

word can be made to perform. Thus, from the amah's remark just quoted you would be wrong in assuming that the next-door "chilo" was a boy; a girl would equally be served by the "he"—which in turn will do for "him" or "his", just as "my" may serve for I, me, mine, we, us and ours:

Little Jack Horner
Makee sit inside corner
Chow-chow he Clis'mas pie.
He put inside t'um
Hab catchee one plum
"Hai yah",* what one good chilo my.

On the other hand, apparently unnecessary words are frequently inserted. Thus "one piecee man"; "just now", for "now", which alone would be hardly intelligible; "my t'ink so" for "I think", and "moh (more) betta" for "better". Which last is terribly catching and figures regularly in the speech of Far Eastern Europeans, as do many pidgin-English phrases. For example, two foreigners arranging, let us say, an appointment, will conclude with, "Righto, for next week then, puttee book", the last words being pidgin for fixing a thing by writing it down, though no writing takes place. And "man man" (pidgin for "stop") is really invariable.

To the newcomer these phrases are sometimes a snare, particularly in what Humpty Dumpty would have called their "portmanteau" use. Thus "can do" may mean that something can be done, or that it cannot be done, that one has had enough of it. I remember a "griffin" (that is, a newcomer to the Far East; it is also used for ponies newly down from Mongolia, but I confess I have not been able to trace the origin of the word) when playing in a cricket match, had run one run and it was for the batsman at the other end to "call"; when he did call "Can do", the griffin not unnaturally started and was run out. "But I said 'can do'", exclaimed the other man indignantly. To which the griffin with equal heat replied, "I play cricket in the language it was born in, not in pidgin".

No doubt pidgin-English is a jargon on which those who can speak Chinese freely may look with contempt. Yet how cheering, on a depressive morning, to overhear such a conversation

* A generic exclamation to express admiration, consternation, desolation, infuriation and any other shade of emotional aberration.

as this between one's wife and the cook:—

"Good morning, cook."

"Morning Mississi."

"Cook, I think so this day dinner can pay one piecee sirloin."

"Velly solly, Mississi, no can; just now hab got war that side, ox no can walkee" (which means that, owing to the civil war round Chinkiang, the beef cannot come through).

"Oh, cook, what thing can do?"

"Hab got velly goodee ca' ha'."

Mississi agrees, knowing her cook, but not in the least knowing what "ca' ha'" is until dinner time reveals it as calves' head.

That once popular line, "Yes, we have no bananas", caused some controversy over its syntax, if I remember. But in pidgin it is perfectly correct and usual. You go to call on some lady and, on the boy opening the door, you ask:—

"Boy, Mississi just now have got, no have got?"

To which he replies:—

"Yes, no hab got."

And with all its imperfections, pidgin is so expressive. Orbilius being in hospital, his friend Posthumus takes over his pony to keep it exercised. At the end of the month Orbilius, alleging a favour done him, says he will pay the stable bill. But Posthumus declines.

"Archer", he says to the head mafoo, or groom at the Race Club—an obvious corruption of the man's real name Ah Chow—"My all time ridee that Master Orbilius pony, you pay my he bill, no pay Master. So fashion my think so more proper."

To which Archer, with all the Chinese sense of equity in such matters, replies vigorously—"Yes, yes, who man ridee, who man pay."

What could be more terse and effective?

Or take the case of a friend of mine who, in the War, came upon two men of the Chinese Labour Corps sitting on a railway platform in the middle of France, miles from where they should have been, tranquilly regarding the world. My friend speaks Chinese, but not the particular dialect of these coolies. So, to ascertain whether they had or had not reached their destination, he simply asked them, "Finish, no finish?"

To which they replied, "No finish".

He thereupon put them in the next train to the base and all was well.

Many useful words have been added by pidgin to the Englishman's ordinarily stunted vocabulary. "More better" and "man man" have been mentioned, and "puttee book". "Ossaw" or "Ossaw ti" is far more often heard than "Make haste". "Ping-ping" takes the place of half-and-half or fifty-fifty. "Maskee" meaning "no matter" is simply universal and sticks to one years after one has returned to the home country. A shroff—the word was brought from India—originally a money-dealer, is now also a comprador's clerk, who collects debts, sends out bills, makes up accounts and generally does the rough work of the office; hence the verb to "shroff", meaning to check up anything, review some piece of work and see that it is in good order. "Pidgin" has been described as probably a corruption of "business", but it means much more than mere office affairs. "No b'long my pidgin", is "no concern of mine"; "No b'long proper pidgin", is "not at all the right way to behave". And what could possibly be more expressive as the name for an apprentice than "larn pidgin"?

Leland points out that "piece" or "piecee" is used somewhat in the sense of a definite article. But it also bears a very distinct and rather attractive sense in the common phrase, "small piece" for child. Few housekeepers buying tea or sugar by the "catty"—which is the hundredth part of a picul, which is about 133 lb.—realize that it is a pure invention of pidgin-English. And when two foreigners part with "Chin-chin" or, perhaps, to a lady, "Please give your husband my best chin-chins", they unconsciously recall the Chinese reverential habit of bowing and stroking the chin. In pidgin we do not merely "see", we must "look see"; and the compound has also become a noun to express the appearance of a thing; and yet further an adjective, as in the contemptuous phrase, "B'long all look-see pidgin", meaning a parade or affectation.

To say of some man that "he hab got wata (water) topside", is at least as expressive as to say he has bats in his belfry. And to say "he b'long numbah one bad heart loafer man" is as vigorous an expression for a first-class evil-minded wastrel as

could be wished. It is also to be remarked that pidgin can do a great deal more than can orthodox Chinese. There is the story of two amahs, who had accompanied their respective families to England, meeting on the front at Brighton. Overjoyed to see a compatriot, each rushed at the other, only to find that they came from different provinces and could not understand a word of their respective dialects. So they fell back upon pidgin. And I may add that I have seen this very thing happen among the boys in my own house on the arrival of a man from another province.

With these few directions as to the use of pidgin-English, I would ask the reader to see what he can make of the following version of "Excelsior". These verses are quoted both by Leland and Dyer Ball, but I had found them, years before I read either book, in an old magazine of the China coast. Nobody knows now who wrote them, but legend has it that the author was an American naval lieutenant.

That nighty time begin chop-chop,
One young man walkee, no can stop.
Maskee snow, maskee ice,
He cally flag with chop (1) so nice—

Topside galow!

He muchee solly, one piecee eye
Look-see sharp—so—all same my.
He talkee largee, talkee stlong,
Too muchee curio, all same gong—

Topside galow!

Inside house he can see light,
And evely loom got fire all light.
He lookee plenty ice more high,
Inside he mouth he plenty cly—

Topside galow!

Olo man talkee "No can walk,
"By'mby lain come—velly dark,
"Hab got water, velly wide".
"Maskee, my must go topside"—

Topside galow!

"Man-man", one girlie talkee he,
"What for you go topside look-see?"
And one time more he plenty cly,
But allo-time walk plenty high—

Topside galow!

(1) Chop=a seal on a business document, or, as in this case, a device.

" Take care that spoilum tlee (2), young man,
 " Take care that ice. He want man-man ".
 That coolie chin-chin he goodnight ;
 He talkee, " My can go all light "—

Topside galow

That young man die. One large dog see ;
 Too muchee bobbely (3) findee he.
 He hand b'long colo all same ice,
 Hab got he flag with chop so nice—

Topside galow !

MORAL.

You too muchee laugh—What for sing ?
 I t'ink so you no savvy that t'ing.
 Suppose you no b'long clever inside,
 Moh betta you go walkee topline—

Topside galow !

Must we really agree with the sinologues that a language capable of so much picturesqueness and vigour will " happily " vanish ? For my part, pidgin-English is certainly one of the many things to which should be applied Lord Melbourne's maxim, " Why can't you let it alone ? " And this, not least, because it speaks so essentially of the kind and happy past, before the wretched, niggling disagreements of recent years had arisen, and before the Chinese had been taught by the Russians to see an " Imperialist aggression " in every act of the foreigner—when, in fact, the two communities lived very happily side by side, not mingling much, perhaps, but, where they came in contact, able to do so with mutual respect and friendliness. In some indefinable way one associates pidgin-English with all that is most endearing in the Chinese nature : their love of mirth, good-fellowship and readiness to live and let live. If, for example, one could seize one of those unhappy little Communist-taught students and compel him to shout his " anti-Imperialist slogans " in pidgin-English, it is a thousand to one he would soon begin to laugh, his native Chinese kindness and good temper would reassert itself, and all would be peace.

There is no more lovable being on earth than a Chinese, and somehow he is never so lovable as when talking pidgin-English.

(2) Spoilum tlee=broken tree.

(3) Bobbely=trouble.

THE ONE-CHILD FAMILY

BY CATHERINE CARSWELL

READING the other day in immediate succession two magazine articles of the kind known as " human documents " I was struck with the unanimity with which both writers—the first a contented, or more or less contented spinster who was ably defending the state of spinsterhood, the second a smug father of a huge family who was singing the praises of huge families—assailed the status of the only child. The unmarried woman, after drawing attention to some of the drawbacks of matrimony, suddenly became eloquent. What, she demanded, of the wretched married woman who has no children ? And what of that yet more pitiable object, the married woman who has only one child ? Going on to the man, I found that he devoted quite a large part of his space to a similar pity and condemnation of the one-child family. The two writers were not very nicely discriminated unless it were that all the pity was for the child and all the condemnation for the parents, with a sort of rider that in later years the parents might be pitied while the child was sure to be condemned by life and its fellows. Although not actually saying so, both writers, like most who touch upon this subject, took for granted that parents of only children were deliberate malingerers, and that only children were a notoriously modern innovation and bound to be failures as men and women, apart from the long misery of their childish years.

Having been myself, not from choice but from fate, the mother of two only children that would, if both had lived, have been separated by more than a decade, I felt—not for the first time—that the subject was not to be so easily dismissed. In fact, it is a subject that may conceivably be viewed from several angles, both as regards the child and its parents, and so I propose to survey it here. The combination of compassion and censure with advice

gravely tendered, has, I submit, become tiresome. It is a question whether the first two are relevant, and, although advice is always welcome to the wise, it may well be asked if it can be of much value when administered from a false or superficial standpoint. In any case, as the family of one is now fairly common, and as every family not beginning with twins is necessarily a one-child family, to start with, sometimes for several years—not to speak of families that are turned into one-child ones by death—it is to be hoped that there is room for cheerful counsels. While it is far from my aim to commend the family of one, there can be no harm in setting forth some of the facts that may reasonably be put to the credit side of the only child from his own point of view, and in directing attention to some of the fallacies that are common in arguments against his parents.

To take the child first, those who assail him with their commiseration are commonly either middle-aged or old people who believe that they have profited by the benefits of having been born into large families. That there are such benefits it would be foolish to deny. But the people who proclaim them are apt to forget the essential difference there is between the large old-time family of six and upwards, and the small modern family of two or three children. It is a difference that may be more important than that between the large family and the one-child family, anyhow as things find themselves in our modern world. And it must be generally admitted that for most couples today the large family is a counsel of unattainable perfection on economic grounds alone. They must choose, therefore, unless they are lucky enough to be both successful and prolific, between having one child, or two, or three—that is, when they have any choice in the matter.

In the old rough-and-tumble herd which had so much to recommend it, the family formed a complete little world of its own. Its members, segregated in a nursery and schoolroom or allowed to run wild without much supervision, could give as good as they got (and as bad as they got), could form alliances and find scope alike for solitude and a choice of companionship. Single oppressed or weakly members could find protection and patronage among their elders, and the strong could extend a satisfying and disciplinary support to those who had upon them

this natural claim. But in the small family there is as often as not a lack of the rough-and-tumble element, while there may be plenty of fierce or underhand strife. There is almost always less opportunity for undisturbed and healthy development. Through mere smallness of numbers the chances of equilibrium are lessened, and the casual clashing of temperaments that are fundamentally incompatible may become a real problem, the worse for escaping recognition by adults. But the only child can usually be furnished with companions of his own age with whom he will play usefully. Indeed, parents of only children will be found to make every possible effort in this direction, which is assisted by the increase of play centres and schools for children of tender years. Genuinely uncongenial companions can be changed. There is a wider choice and a bigger mixture.

But the child who has a brother or a sister is expected to be perfectly provided and contented with what Nature sends. If he is not, then so much the worse for him, the unnatural little beggar that he is! Where there were half a dozen of these closest of blood relations he would have been free at least to select and to ring the changes within the enclosure of the home. He might set one against the other for his different needs, divide his allegiances, learn the policies of character and of the heart, and suck strength from many different contacts. But where only two or three are gathered together there is no escape.

This is not to say that two or three may not be a success. But I doubt if it is successful so often as people like to make out. It is no uncommon experience to hear of two youthful incompatibles wishing each other dead. "I do wish Peter was dead!" sighed a girl of ten in my hearing one day. She referred to her only brother, not much younger than herself, who had all his life been thrust upon her as her whole-time companion.

"I don't think you quite mean that", I remonstrated mildly, as the best thing to say.

"Well", she considered it carefully, "perhaps not actually dead; but sent away to a boarding-school and not allowed to come home in the holidays".

Such incompatibility, it may be argued, is merely a temporary condition. The boy will go to school, he will come home for the holidays, and the strong natural tie will assert itself, so that those

very quarrels of early days will form a lifelong bond and a lasting joke between the brother and sister, or between two brothers or two sisters. On the other hand, there are many cases on record where it has formed a lasting hostility as crippling to character as it is repulsive in itself. Even when this is not the case, it may, during the time it lasts, do far more than "rub off the corners" in the manner so confidently advocated by those who pity the only child. Where it has existed in a marked degree, and has continued intensively for some years, it frequently results in the harmful grinding down of a sensitive nature by one more robust. So victims and bullies are trained. Again, a highly imaginative child may be badly thwarted by the enforced companionship of one who is essentially practical, especially if the practical one has the advantages of several years seniority and a dominating temper. Or it may be that an elder child is driven from his paradise of single blessedness into a long but fruitless purgatory, not by crude jealousy of the new arrival, but by the advent of an unescapable playmate whose chief joy is the destruction of every treasure, the spoiling of every pursuit! How many lovely dreams and fancies are daily dashed to earth and trodden under, not to rise again, under the merciless heel of a brother or a sister! At times, no doubt, and in moderation, such shocks are salutary. But the nursery can be an immoderate place, especially when scantily populated, and among its inhabitants there can exist a kind of persecution that makes neither for strength nor unselfishness in later years. Many of the bitter feuds between adult brothers and sisters, the excuses for failure, the blame for futility that occur in maturity, are directly traceable to early miseries of these descriptions. Too often they are neither forgotten nor forgiven.

Then there is the question of a strong discrepancy of gifts between two children who may be very near in age and are, therefore, marked out to all appearance for unceasing companionship. I suppose most of us are acquainted with cases of this sort. In one household known to me a younger boy is so much quicker at lessons and so much more popular a character than his slightly elder brother, that the latter has shown grave signs of discouragement—graver than would have been the case had the comparison not been ever present in so galling a

form. Indeed, his development has been so clearly affected that different schools and different homes have been advised for the two boys. In effect, this family of two has had to be divided as far as possible into two families of one. Otherwise neither child would be fairly served.

This brings us to the parents' side of the matter. The faults of the mother of one, ranging as they do from doting folly to disastrous over-anxiety, are notorious in our tradition. In actual practice I have noticed that in her determination to avoid these proverbial pitfalls she frequently becomes a wise mother of a creditable offspring. However this may be, it is once more necessary to point out that her difficulties are not always overcome by the addition of one or even two more children. "Never would I have had another child if I had known how much harder two were to manage than one!" I have heard this complaint from more than one young mother as she strove to cope with the quarrelling, the bullying or the boredom that was too common between her nursery couple or even between two of a trio. I have also heard it put in this way, "People told me that two were easier than one, but I have not found it true, not with my two".

Leaving the relations between child and child, as these affect both child and parent, there is still to be considered the relations between child and parent. In most modern homes the old crowded segregation of the nursery is unknown, and with this the lonely nursery, which must have been rather a sad apartment, has passed. Father and mother have come into the picture as participators in daily life. No longer are they merely powerful spectators, charming visitors, ultimate judges. New ways of life, and above all the new struggle for life, have made of the smallest family such a hazardous adventure that many barriers have fallen and a new intimacy has been made possible between parents and children.

I am not one of those who hold that parents can be ideal or even very good playmates for their children. For regular play, true and daily, the players must be of the same generation and preferably of the same age. But there may profitably be, I am convinced, a far greater natural converse and exchange between parents and children than we of the English middle-classes have usually realized. In the working-class household, as in all but

the very richest of continental homes, the children have long been included in the family councils to such a degree that they mature more quickly and surely, nourish less fond illusions about their fathers and mothers (as about practical life) and learn how to treat older people—a highly important branch of knowledge. In our middle-class families we still lag behind, but we are changing under pressure from many sides. And during the process of change the only child often acts as a forerunner of what is to come. He is, *par excellence*, the wise child who knows his own father, and he is able to profit by what knowledge his parents have, besides having economic chances of education, travel and the rest, which could not be afforded if he had brothers and sisters.

All this, of course, would be a doubtful blessing if the child was not enabled to spend the greater part of his time with companions of his own age. But this has become easier than it ever was before, and where no convenient group exists it is usually a simple matter to form one. The only essential is that the children should be nearly of the same age. The more mixed their temperaments and their circumstances the better for all. The best authorities, after much experiment with play, are more and more in favour of a group companionship that is based only upon age, so that pursuits, however varied, shall not be in stages sundered by time. By thus playing with his peers the only child goes one better than if he had, shall we say, a baby brother and a sister who is three years older than himself. His interests too can be greatly widened and his sympathies permanently increased by consorting with children whose ways of life are entirely different from his own. The large family often made for insulation. In one group of girls and boys which included my son when he was a small boy, there were two Russians (with parents of opposing political views), two children with a father in the Navy, two with professional parents, and one the daughter of our charwoman. These played constantly together and in couples, as circumstances guided them, with the happiest and most interesting results. Once serious school has started, of course, the greater part of any child's day is spent in the company of his schoolmates, so that the problem of play is chiefly one for early years. After that it arises only during holidays

and—if a day-school has been chosen—at week-ends, and these are not difficult to arrange for.

Perhaps what the only child misses most completely and irremediably is not felt until it is grown up. And this it is which has called forth much adult commiseration without the proper apprehension of either its cause or its effect. It is frequently both convenient and pleasant to have well-doing brothers and sisters who are men and women in the world. They can be counted upon to stand from us what nobody else would stand, and to do what nobody else could be asked to do. They can be relied upon to hand out home-truths, or vice versa, at which our oldest and dearest friends would blench. Take them all round, we should miss them if they were not there—if only for the chance of reminding them what beasts they were to us in the nursery!

THE SPONGER

BY L. A. G. STRONG

NO—said the elderly man in the corner—I don't agree that sponging is a fine art. To call it an art would imply that spongers in some degree studied their victims; whereas your out-and-out sponger never gives a thought to anyone but himself. I should rather call sponging a state of mind; a kink in the mental make-up.

The really successful spongers I have known have belonged to one of two types. No—on second thoughts, they have only belonged to one. The first type, though they're often the most successful, are not true spongers at all. They are just weaklings. If they've got a job and can keep it, they don't sponge: and that's the real test, because the true-blue sponger sponges on all occasions, whether he needs to or not. The weaklings only turn into spongers when life proves too much for them, and they can't compete any longer. They are consistently successful in sponging, because they manage always to touch their victim's conscience. With their mournful faces and their wide, pathetic eyes, and their transparent pretence of keeping a stiff upper lip and bearing their misfortunes, they irritate the person to whom they attach themselves until he feels ashamed of himself, and gives them something for his peace of mind. It's no good turning on them, or cursing them. They've no resistance. They just look at you with big eyes and trembling lips until you feel a beast, and give them something more. It's practically impossible to get rid of them, once they've got a hold on you.

All the same, successful as they are, they are not the true spongers. The real born sponger never cringes. He is arrogant. He feels in his bones that it is the duty of society to support him: that he is entitled to take what he wants whenever and wherever he wants it. He doesn't even bother to play his cards

properly. When one benefactor fails, he shrugs his shoulders and looks round for the next. He is a terrible type: one of the twisters: utterly unmoral: cold: inhuman. Have you ever caught one of those people out? Caught them in lies, or twists, or some inconceivably petty meanness, some absolute black ingratitude, from which there's no escape? Pinned them in? It's a horrible experience. I know nothing more utterly disconcerting to one's sense of human values than the blank look of animal hostility that comes into their eyes, the indifference, the look that makes you realise you're not dealing with a human being at all. That's why they always win. The exposure is infinitely more painful to you than it is to them. It hurts you to convict a fellow-creature of such baseness. They, on the other hand, are invulnerable. Their protection, their weapon, is their complete insensitiveness. All that they care is that one source of income has come to an end and they must look for another. Yes. That's what your real sponger is like. Cold, fundamentally hostile. Reptilian.

I'm thinking, I own, of one particular specimen; yet he was typical. We'll call him Dewpond. It wasn't his real name, but it'll do. I don't know what his parentage was. He arrived among the art world in Chelsea as an exceedingly good-looking boy of fifteen or sixteen, and proceeded to make a living there, loafing and cadging around the studios. He was well spoken, superficially charming, and he didn't find it hard to get along. If he'd only had the sense to play his cards well, he could have been in clover. But he had in him from the very start the fatal arrogance of which I was speaking just now. He took, but he wouldn't give. He simply didn't know what it was to step an inch out of his way, to consider for an instant anyone's comfort but his own. So benefactor after benefactor kicked him out, and he went, sullen and haughty, to the next victim. People gave him work as a model, but he wouldn't keep his appointments. He had a definite artistic talent. One of the greatest painters of the day took him up, was willing to adopt him and train him. All that was asked in return was that he should work in the studio. He wouldn't work. The painter, who had the patience of a saint, bore with him for some three months; then he too kicked him out. It was the same everywhere.

After a couple of years of this sort of thing, he disappeared, and I lost track of him for years. The next time I ran across him he was a man of thirty-five, and looked a good deal older. What had been happening to him in the meantime I have no idea, except that he'd been twice round the world. Now, however, he was in town again, firmly installed, and it looked as if he would be there for keeps. He was living on a wealthy and simple-minded man whose life he was supposed to have saved, and who was gratefully maintaining him in luxury at his own home.

It was some time before I found out, by a sheer accident, what had happened. The pair had met in Scotland. Dewpond was there, with his host of the moment, a Glasgow manufacturer who had bought a fine estate in Perthshire and was anxious to acquire some ancestors. Dewpond had somehow persuaded him that he was an expert in tracing genealogies, and the manufacturer had invited him to stay with him and write a little book about the origins and greatness of his family. As always, Dewpond was taking the remuneration and not doing the work. He had been there over a month when the incident occurred that I'm going to tell you about. He was looking round for a new victim, for his host, continually put off about the projected book, was becoming a trifle restive.

Well, one fine afternoon, Dewpond, having partaken of an excellent picnic lunch, was leaning against a tree close to a river and contemplating the beauties of nature. His host was some half-mile down the stream, fly-fishing. A little way above the place where Dewpond was sitting, the road came down steeply towards the river, took a sharp turn, and ran along parallel to the bank.

Suddenly, as he sat there ruminating, Dewpond heard a scream, followed by a screeching of brakes. Turning, he saw at this very corner of the road three or four small children, with a car rushing down the slope. The children, panic-stricken, clutched one another and stood plumb in the middle of the road. Swerving to avoid them, the car ran off the road, attempted too late to turn, and toppled over on its side into the river. The driver, who was alone, was thrown clear and lay among the stones in the shallow water by the river's edge.

Dewpond was not as a rule a rapid mover, but he was on the spot in less time than it takes to tell. The victim of the accident was lying half in and half out of the water. Dewpond bent over him. He was stunned, but otherwise uninjured.

Dewpond's mind moved quickly. He straightened up and looked around. The children, terrified, had fled, and were out of sight. (One of them, however, was watching, and that's how I know what I'm telling you now.) Satisfied that he was unobserved, Dewpond caught the unconscious man under the armpits and dragged him, not out of the water, but further into it. The river was shallow at the edges, but in the middle there was a deep channel where the current ran strongly. Dewpond didn't go quite as far as this. He waded backwards till he was waist-deep, holding the man up as high as he could, in case the cold water should revive him too soon. Then he ducked completely under, pulling the man with him.

As he had hoped, the shock of the immersion brought the victim round. He recovered consciousness to find himself being dragged clear of deep water by the gasping and dripping Dewpond. Well—I don't need to tell you any more. After that it was easy enough for our friend to persuade Dobbie—that was the man's name—that he had saved his life at the risk of his own.

Dobbie was a simple soul—straight and loyal. Mind you, he had his share of shrewdness, and I don't expect it took him very long to find out the type of man that had saved his life. Still, he *had* saved his life, so Dobbie believed; and to a man of Dobbie's type that was everything.

Dewpond went straight back, took the first occasion to pick a quarrel with the seeker after ancestors, packed his bag, left him, and returned to town with his latest victim. There he lived on him for seven years, and, if it hadn't been for one piece of egregious folly, he'd be there still.

The fact that he had a safe home and headquarters did not of course stop Dewpond from sponging on other people as well. He was the perfect sponger. Sponging was to him a condition of existence. Dobbie was an extraordinarily generous man, and his protégé lived on the fat of the land. Even so, he could never resist the chance of scooping up something whenever it offered.

He'd developed a fine singing voice in the meantime, though of course he was much too lazy to train it or do anything about it. All the same, he could have had plenty of professional engagements if only he had had the sense or decency to keep them. He accepted a few here and there in a lordly way, to sing at At Homes and dinners, but, if anything turned up that pleased him better, he would coolly cut his engagements. As a result, they were few and far between.

Dobbie was glad of this, though you'd think he mightn't be. He knew now perfectly well the sort of chap he was saddled with, and his main anxiety was to protect other people from him. Every time Dewpond had an engagement to sing, he made new friends, or rather, new victims. He had a very charming manner, he sang beautifully, he bore himself with a kind of distinction that attracted people. Women as a rule kept clear of him. Self-sufficiency they don't mind, and self-confidence; they don't object to a man being a cad; but there's a sort of fish-like coldness that they can sense at once, and that warns them to keep off the grass. Dewpond had this. So, as a rule, they shied off him—and that was a mercy, for one can imagine the suffering he would have caused had he been in a position to do so.

One woman, however, took a fancy to him. She was a wealthy girl who heard him sing and fell in love with his voice. She came from the Colonies—Australia, I believe it was. She had no mother, and her father was a rich manufacturer of some sort. She'd come to the old country by herself on a long visit, and was living in town. A girl of twenty-eight or thirty. Independent, and able to look after herself. You know the sort, I dare say.

As I said, she fell in love with his singing. She didn't fall in love with the man himself: she had her instinct to warn her off; but she was impressed by him. She asked him out to lunch. He made himself charming, as usual, and told, humorously and without any sort of complaint, a hard-luck story, entirely untrue, making out that he was a kind of poor relation of Dobbie's whom Dobbie kept and exploited.

The girl took it all in. She was highly indignant.

"But why do you stay with him, if he treats you so meanly?" she asked.

Dewpond smiled.

"Needs must", he said.

She began asking him more questions then, and I don't know what yarns he didn't spin her. Anyway, by the end of the meal he had her in the palm of his hand. She didn't know the type; hadn't met one before.

It was a very cold day, and when they were leaving the girl noticed that he hadn't got an overcoat. As a matter of fact, he didn't feel the cold. He didn't seem to feel any sort of discomfort. She asked him why he had no coat. He smiled, and shrugged his shoulders.

Indignant and compassionate, she offered to get him one. He demurred charmingly.

"Go to such-and-such a place", she said, giving him the name of a tailor, "and have it put down to me".

He looked at her calculatingly.

"As a matter of fact", he said, with the impudence which nothing could ever touch, "if you really want to do me this great kindness, you'll give me the money and let me get one for myself. Don't ask me why", he went on with his best smile, as she looked astonished. "There are some things I don't care to tell, even to you."

Feeling sorrier for him than ever, the girl gave him the money. A month later she got a bill from the tailor's for the coat.

That was the sort of thing he was always doing. In anyone else you'd call it madness. But in his case it didn't matter, because he could always find a new victim. He had no feelings and no shame.

After he'd been about five years with Dobbie, he did something particularly outrageous—I've forgotten what it was—and Dobbie, moved at last to wrath, forbade him ever to enter the house again. A couple of nights after that, Dobbie was giving a dinner party. Suddenly, in an interval between the courses, one of the guests stopped and held up his hand.

"Listen", he said.

In the silence that followed they heard a beautiful voice singing beneath the windows in the street outside.

The man who had spoken stared round at the company.

"Surely", he said, "that's Dewpond's voice?"

It was. To humiliate Dobbie, our friend had dressed in old clothes and was singing in the street under his window.

That was too much for poor, soft-hearted Dobbie. He took him back again. And there, as I've told you, Dewpond might have stayed for ever, if he'd had just sufficient sense to know when and where to stop.

Dobbie, as I have said, was one of the most open-handed and generous of men. Like all such men, he had one peculiarity, one little meanness, if you like to call it so. He always smoked a special kind of cigarette, which he had made for himself, and he didn't much like giving these to anyone else. He had plenty of other cigarettes in the house for his guests, but his own special brand he hoarded up and kept for his own use.

One Friday evening he was called up North on urgent business. He'd practically run out of his cigarettes, and had ordered a new supply. He liked them fresh, and his tobacconist made them up for him fifty and a hundred at a time. The new lot didn't come in until he'd gone. They came in on the Saturday morning. Dobbie didn't get back till the following Wednesday. He'd been without his cigarettes for a couple of days, for the few he'd taken away in his case had barely lasted him over the week-end. All the way home in the train he had been promising himself a smoke, and the first thing he did when he got back was to go to the box where his cigarettes were kept. He found it empty. Characteristically, with cigarettes of every other kind to choose from, Dewpond had smoked the lot.

That did it. In the biggest rage he'd ever been in in his life, Dobbie put him out, neck and crop, there and then. There was no coming back this time, either. It was the finish.

"If he'd only left me one", Dobbie said to me afterwards, "I'd have forgiven him. Just one. But no. He cleaned up the lot."

And that's why I don't agree with you that sponging is an art. If it was an art, then Dewpond would have had the sense to leave one cigarette. He'd have known where to stop. But he didn't know where to stop—and he, of all the specimens that I've known, was the fine flower, the compleat sponger. But he was no artist; and that's why I think that I'm right, and you're wrong.

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

AUGUST 2nd, 1934. Twenty years to a day since, on one of the finest Sundays that ever came out of God's sky, the tocsin rang through France and even the priest who said Mass must make ready to put on war equipment. Now, at the very heart of Prussia old Hindenburg sinks into sleep, surely welcome after a life storm-beaten to its latest hours; like a rock he has stood, but no more able than a rock to control the tides that raged about him. Still, the rock was there, a symbol, if nothing more, of steadfastness; when it has gone, what next? What is the future of Prussianism when, instead of Hindenburg, it has Hitler—in lieu of the soldier, the demagogue?

Out on the cape beyond where I write, almost the very limit of European land, *finis terræ*, a flag on the lighthouse flies at half-mast. A great Frenchman still lies unburied. Who will say that Lyautey's work will not stand? His final gesture was deliberately and superbly conceived to continue it, when he wrote his own epitaph. "Here lies Louis Hubert Gonsalve Lyautey, who was born, lived and died in the Catholic religion and all his life through loved the Mahommedans." No political testament could be clearer in its laconic eloquence. West and East, divided by race and by religion, can work with each other and for each other, if each, maintaining its own distinctive and essential culture, can go out to the other in comradeship. This is the antithesis of Prussianism.

These two men, Hindenburg and Lyautey, have been better understood, because better liked, in England than any other German or Frenchman of their period; and they stand for the two ways in Europe. When the world war came, it was a choice

of sides : were you with France or with Germany ? On that Sunday, twenty years ago, when the decision was already taken in both these leading countries, I, for instance, did not know that war would come, still less that it would be world war ; and there were countless thousands in these islands equally ignorant. But when the choice had to be made, I, for instance, knew in every fibre of me that I was for France as against Germany. That was perhaps not common ; but all the countless thousands knew instinctively on which side was freedom and civilization. In the years since the war, ingenious writers have been at pains to prove that there was no clear issue seen or felt ; that on each side, armament makers, stock-jobbers and the Lord knows who, and how, were the real controllers of national movements. This is a foppery of the intelligentsia. Great Britain went where it had to go because it was Great Britain, and its masses knew massively where they were going. The unfortunate thing is that they did not know, and still do not, how deeply they were committed, not by any diplomatic engagements, but by common principles, to the side of France. Germany and France—all Europe had to be with one or with the other ; and for Great Britain a Europe dominated by the Germany which Bismarck made could never have been endurable. It would have given an excellent administration carried out with scrupulous honesty—but at the price of intellectual degeneracy.

We saw something of the German soul in early war days when its professors gave tongue ; but now its very inwardness has been turned out before us. What kind of a people is it that makes a god of Adolf Hitler ? that accepts him as ultimate judge and commander, both of body and soul ? that makes it treason against Germany even to discuss freely any action or utterance proceeding from his inspired person ? There is much to find fault with in France ; yet the worst difficulties there come from an excessive assertion of the individual right to judgment. War means always the sacrifice of that right—though even in the throes of war, France made it very imperfectly. It costs Germany nothing to abdicate this freedom ; the German ideal is to live perpetually on a war footing. And as a result we have for Germany's essential grievance

Hitlerism Revealed

that since 1918 she is by the will of the victors denied full licence to prepare for a new war. Her own methods, the brutal suppression of all minorities—or rather of all opinion dissident from those who hold the military power, whether it be the opinion of a minority or majority among her people—and the total proscription of a race distinguished by intellectual activity : these methods she was free to carry out within her own boundaries, subject only to the disgusted comments of a Europe that did not share her mentality. But that was not enough. She claimed as her own, by spiritual right, all kindred peoples, and because direct conquest was not possible in the face of Europe, she organized conspiracy among the partisans of her ideas ; she provided weapons, which were to put Austria's machine guns into the hands of a gang. Proof accumulated puts this beyond dispute ; and we have one result in the savage murder of a gallant and most able little statesman. Not only the ignominious failure of the revolt, but public demonstrations of mourning for him in the city where, so few months ago, he was driven to use artillery against a great body of citizens, prove how far Hitler's German ideal was from commending itself at large to this very different Germany. If there is trouble in Europe today, if armaments have to be increased even by the least willing, we know where the seat of trouble lies. There is also the question of faith between governments. It seems certain from Italy's unbridled anger that Hitler had promised the Duce—to whom he owed more, for example, for sympathy, and for countenance than to any other European potentate—that Austria should have freedom and peace to work out her own destiny.

How far all this series of events has affected the mind of England it is not easy to say ; but there is no doubt about one most typical representative of this country. I cannot conceive of anything more English than Mr. Baldwin ; and it is Mr. Baldwin who comes forward to tell his country that her area of necessary defences must now be considered as extending to the Rhine. That is the argument from fear : Dover may be shelled, London may

Our Frontier the Rhine

be bombed, from Flanders. Mr. Baldwin is not the man to invoke such arguments lightly. But there is another and much nobler side to these considerations. Peace on the Continent is a supreme interest for England, and England has accepted certain obligations towards maintaining it. She is pressed to accept more. The Labour Party, which may, at least conceivably, be in power two years hence, has taken its stand, to Mr. Baldwin's delight, for collective maintenance of security. But, says Mr. Baldwin, "I have heard it said in the whispering gallery of Europe that our defences today are so small as to offer but little contribution to collective security. I am very nervous of accepting obligations if I have not in my hands the means to carry these obligations out". That is why Great Britain owes it, not only to herself but to Europe, that in times so anxious she should stand on guard armed. Mr. Baldwin supported himself by a quotation from what he called "Mr. Oliver's great work" on that great peace minister, Sir Robert Walpole. The citation began: "Isolation is the bubble of a distempered imagination." It ended: "To be a good European is no mean patriotism."

What, then, should be the attitude of a good European? Is it possible for any European country simply to wait on events and say: It will be time to choose a side when the need for action arises? Mr. Baldwin has already indicated that preparation is necessary and is being made, not merely for the defence of England, but for the defence of her obligations in Europe. Yet, up to the present, Great Britain as a whole turns aside from the proposal either to extend her commitments or define more strictly those which exist; and the Locarno obligation is so framed as to be easily escaped from, if Great Britain has the desire to escape. There is, further, a great disinclination in England to appear to take sides: to range herself with France as against Germany. It was counted, in France and in England, a concession when the Foreign Secretary announced in Parliament that England would raise no objection to the idea of an Eastern pact, promoted by M. Barthou, which should carry a pledge of mutual assistance between the Baltic States, Soviet Russia, Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Germany; with a further guarantee to be exchanged that if there were aggression by

Russia on Germany, by Germany on Russia, by Germany on France, or by France on Germany, France, Russia, and Germany would be bound as they are by the conditions of Locarno. The only condition made by Great Britain was that in this case Russia must enter the League of Nations. But Sir John Simon was emphatic in adding that by giving this consent England undertook no new obligations. Surely a concession could hardly have gone less far.

Much has happened since which pushes this proposal into the background; yet it cannot be dismissed from view, and

it may well be resumed for a simple reason.
Führer and Duce Germany has effectively completed her own encirclement. She had in Italy a power less

unfriendly to her new developments than was to be found elsewhere in Europe. Italian divisions have now appeared on the Brenner prepared to resist that raid upon Austria by an Austrian Legion organized on German soil which, as all the world knows, was definitely planned with German complicity and support. We know now what was in Herr Hitler's mind when he made that remarkable pact with Poland which guaranteed—so far as a German pact can guarantee—undisturbed possession of the Corridor to Poland for ten years. Manifestly the Führer promised to his storm-troops satisfaction somewhere; some realization of the Pan-Germanic ideal. It must have been promised them in Austria. Now that promise has to be cancelled, and Poland will inevitably feel that the value to Germany of security on her eastern front has ceased to be what it was, when Germany's immediate aim was for a southern expansion. There remains the Saar, which two years ago was certainly prepared to vote itself back into Germany. That is by no means so certain now, and those who are concerned to ensure that the people of the Saar shall have a free choice to remain as they are must look with apprehension on the chances of some such attempt there as failed in Austria. In that case, it is to be expected that France, and probably Belgium, will have to take some such measure as was taken by Italy. But on the Saar boundary there are no Alps; the danger of a collision must be increased. Only one thing is certain. If British troops as well as French and

Belgian took part in such a movement, the chances would be enormously increased that it would remain, like the Italian, merely a demonstration. If it were *known* that in the event of such necessity, British troops as well as French and Belgian, would actively be there, the need for a demonstration would be enormously less likely to arise. Lyautey had a maxim of policy: "Show strength in order to avoid using it." A public pledge from Great Britain to maintain the existing boundaries of Europe unless they are altered by international agreement or statute would consolidate the peace of Europe. What is more, it would relieve France of that burden of hegemony which England's desire for isolation has forced upon her; and that relief would be welcomed by every man, woman, and child in France. Such a declaration would do more to ensure Europe than the addition of five times fifty aeroplanes to Britain's air fleet.

It is in reality not a choice between the side of France and the side of Germany: it is a choice between civilization and barbarism. There is one State only in Europe which maintains the cult of the War God, a god whose weapons are no longer sword and torch, but poison gas and high explosive. Civilization does not mean the abolition of the soldier. It does mean that the soldier of civilization must conform to the type of Lyautey, not of Hindenburg. Hindenburg conquered, greatly and honourably, but we have yet to learn that he made conquest acceptable anywhere to those whom he subdued. Lyautey conquered almost without troops, acting on the principle that if he could establish a *chantier*, a centre of civilized industry and employment, it was worth more to him than a battalion. His was a Roman conquest, and at his funeral great Moorish nobles came to pay tribute to the soldier who in subduing their country made it better for them to live in, and gave them a new pride. This was done among a people to whom Christian and Frank were traditionally names of execration. Germany in 1870 conquered two German-speaking provinces, and for about half a century gave them an administration conducted in the Hindenburg spirit, with high honesty and efficiency; yet at the end of these fifty years the German-speaking provinces exulted to be French

**Lyautey's
the Better Way**

again. That fact is really the ultimate condemnation of Sparta in Europe.

Things are too serious now for any nation of good Europeans to allow them to drift. That is realized in France, as was shown since I last wrote by a notable incident, arising out of the accursed Stavisky affair. One of M. Doumergue's chief colleagues, M. Tardieu, had been accused, on the flimsy evidence of a half legible and wholly suspect document, of having accepted bribes. The accusation had been reiterated by his political opponents with that licence of vituperation which is an evil feature of French life. On a day in June, the old head of the government, having successfully weathered attacks on his administration, made appeal to the nation in an admirable broadcast statement which notably gave a pledge to the world that France would cross no boundary of her own initiative. Then he went south to his country home for a much-needed repose; and while he was in the train, M. Tardieu appeared before the Stavisky Commission and in a long statement tore the charges against him to pieces—but then went on to formulate other charges against M. Chautemps, who, though not a member of the united administration, is a leader of the Radical-Socialist Party. No warning had been given to M. Doumergue, yet it seemed clear that the truce between parties was broken, and M. Herriot, head of the Chautemps section, took up the challenge—yet with self-control. It was decided that before either section committed itself, the Prime Minister should decide. There was a week's delay in which the old man received emissaries; then he came to Paris and met his Ministers in Council. M. Herriot prepared to state the case of his side; but he was refused permission. "I am come here to announce my award", M. Doumergue said. "I have already received M. Tardieu's resignation. I do not accept it. It is necessary in the public interest that the Ministry should continue as it is. If this award is not accepted, I hand the resignation of the whole Government to the President and ask him to find some man to form a new one; and I shall not be that man." Then, since there was delay, he sat down in their presence to draft the letter of resigna-

**The French
Ferment**

tion. There was confusion, and consultation ; and then again the old chief urged the needs of the nation. M. Herriot yielded ; agreed to shake hands with M. Tardieu—whose error the chief had frankly stigmatized, and there was an accolade. France received the news of all this with a great movement of relief ; and I think every good European shared it. Europe has need of France at its best, with all its lucidity and supple intelligence : France, to serve Europe, needs the ungrudging co-operation of Great Britain. This has not always been forthcoming, for reasons that were in large measure petty and temperamental.

On the other hand, Frenchmen themselves see that France has been to blame. The *Journal*, a ministerial paper, published on August 2nd, a notable article by M. Louis

**The Better
Germany**

Gillet. Is it good psychology, he asked, that the conquerors should show fear of the conquered, oscillating continually between harshness and weakness ? Germany is in danger from itself, relapsing into a barbarism that recalls the Thirty Years War, with its organized banditry : yet there is in Germany a mass and a force which can receive support from the outside, quite other than bayonets. "The key of the problem is at Rome : first in the clear-sighted and courageous policy of Mussolini ; yet even more perhaps at the Vatican." Briefly he urged that what needs support in Germany is the principle of Christian civilization. The links of that German unity which Hitler aspires to represent were "forged at Versailles" ; so long as it can be made to appear that the wish of Europe is to rivet fetters on Germany, Germany will rally closer and more formidably on itself. There is now a European movement of sympathy for one side of Germany. Dollfuss, the Austrian, was no less German in his soul than the Austrian Hitler. Dollfuss was murdered by men who, so far as their own testimony goes (and it is credible) simply lost their heads, yet he was deliberately left to bleed to death, without doctor and without priest, by men who lacked the human decency to see how their brutishness damned their cause. If that has moved all Europe to disgust against the system that now rules Germany, it is right that Europe should consider how to help

the Germany which Dollfuss stood for, and which is not only an Austrian Germany.

I have mixed my own thought, perhaps inexcusably, with M. Gillet's ; but what stands out clear in his very eloquent appeal is that France, discarding old jealousies and suspicions, must act closely with Rome—in both senses that the name carries. Moreover, it is clear that he hoped to see England, faced with the flagrant signs of danger, ranging herself more unequivocally at the side of France. What may happen next in Germany is incalculable. Hitler's assumption of the Presidency, which gives him control of the army, has been accepted by the army as well as by the Brown Shirts. The plebiscite (still to come as I write) will doubtless approach to unanimity ; Germany's instinct for obedience is marvellous. Yet I cannot but remember a saying of Lord French's in August, 1918, when he gave his opinion that the war would last another year—with one reservation. "The German discipline is incomparable ; but it has one defect. It postulates success. If there are more German defeats there may be a strike in the German Army." What happened in 1918 was rather a strike of the German people into which the army became absorbed. But now in face of the facts, with all avenues to pan-German expansion closed, with ration-cards printed and food controllers named in the very midst of harvest, who is to say that there will not come another "strike" ? Who is to say that the dictator may not attempt to avert such a strike by creating a new wave of emotion ?

There cannot be peace in Europe, still less can there be disarmament, while one great central State chokes for its chief object to inculcate the will to war as a means of attaining its ends. After all, what is Germany's outstanding grievance ? That she is in theory denied the right to arm *à outrance* ? Whether it is possible for Hitler to remain ruler of Germany and to change that direction of the national aim is a question for Germany. But it is desirable that the whole of Europe should combine to say that while this aim is avowed and pursued, Europe as a whole will stand on

**British
Isolation**

guard against the consequences, and if necessary will exact the penalties. German complicity in the attack on Austria by fomenting civil war there was a crime, and a dastardly crime, against the peace of Europe. It carries, indeed, unofficially, its own penalties. But if there had been, as there should be, an international tribunal with power to inflict sanctions, Germany to-day would be before that tribunal. As things stand, the League of Nations can neither punish nor prevent such international offences. But for the prompt action of Italy, the Austrian Legion, organized and established on the German side of Austria's boundary, would certainly have crossed it, and Austria would at best have had to fight a civil war; at worst would already be robbed of liberty. Italy could count then on France for active support if that were needed; she could not count on England. It is one of the dangers in Europe that nobody knows what, in a given emergency, England will do. That is what isolation means, and there should be an end to isolation.

There is, I think, much to be said on this account against the passive attitude of English statesmanship to-day. Yet in a general review other matters bear a very different complexion. India is scarcely heard of. That is good; evidently there is a continuous process at work, disintegrating the opposition to those forces, English and Indian, which make for a settlement within the British Commonwealth honourable and advantageous to England and to India. In South Africa, General Hertzog, having taken his line, pursues it valiantly, and declares that the freedom accorded to South Africa within the Commonwealth is complete and meets all reasonable demands of national pride. It would appear that he has been able to carry with him four-fifths of his party in support of this view, and against the opposition of the bitter extremists. In other words, a true union of South Africa, Dutch and English, is in sight. These facts must have an effect in India; but India thinks rather of Ireland, where the breach is still kept open by Mr. de Valera. I take note of a remarkable letter to *The Times*, written by Mr. MacDermot, to which support was given by Sir Evelyn Wrench, an Anglo-Irishman who has laboured long to promote fellowship within

the Empire. Mr. MacDermot's contention is that the British Government should say frankly to the Free State: "If you choose to secede, you are free to do so"; and that if this were said, those who advocate secession for its own sake would, like Dr. Malan in South Africa, be left in a small minority. I profoundly agree with their views, nor can I understand the British argument that the rights of Dominion States accorded to Ireland are less because accorded by a Treaty. She is entitled under the treaty to the status of Canada; and no one disputes that Canada is free to declare complete independence. What is more, no intelligent observer believes that if the Free State took this step, force would be used to prevent it. There are, at all events, three of us who know Ireland well, from different stand-points, and who hold that the way to produce such a change of feeling as has been accomplished in South Africa is to say: "Go if you like. It is for you to count the cost to your people. But that cost will not be war."

Those who read M. René Maran's *Batouala* found a double interest in the book; first, the power with which it described native life in equatorial Africa, and secondly, the fact that this winner of the Prix Goncourt was a full-blooded negro, born in Martinique, but serving France in regions south of Lake Chad. I commend to them M. Maran's newest work, *Le Livre de la Brousse*, whose title is homage to Mr. Kipling; for *Le Livre de la Jungle* is a household word in France as in England. M. Maran begins with direct imitation. Life in the bush is seen through the eyes of the bush dwellers who are not human; Doppelé the vulture, Moumeu the alligator, Mouron the leopard, and the rest. Yet, this line of approach is soon abandoned; his imagination does not work continuously on Mr. Kipling's lines; throughout the book we follow the fortunes of Kossi, a native boy, born and reared to be a smith like his father, on the banks of a river which flows into the Ubanghi, and so at last to the Great River where are white men. But no white man or white man's law has yet reached Kossi's village and tribe. This is a study of native life, where it remains most primitive; and it is written with most intimate knowledge as well as with

great descriptive power. No one who reads it is likely to forget the hunt by fire, when gradually all the wild life is forced into one quarter of the bush, and then at a signal ringed about with flames, while elephants, rhinoceros, panthers, and the lesser game jostle and trample each other in their fright, till at last the rhinos charge through the blaze and the line of waiting spears, and some, but not all, of the prey gets through after them.

Yet perhaps the leading interest for students is in the implicit arraignment of tribal culture. Kossi, grown into a leader in war, in the chase, and even in tribal wisdom, is the complete and ideal tribesman. Nevertheless an enemy can poison the mind of his people against him, make him an outcast, and in the last resort, kill off his wife with his unborn child. He flies alone; but he must fly through the country of tribes whom he and his often ravaged. He is captured, marked out for cannibal sacrifice; but in the night, with practised endurance, he burns through his bonds at the fire, and leaps towards the only quarter where hope offers, marked by the sound of the white men's steam whistle. The implication is no doubt that France is bringing to Africa not servitude, but liberty. However, we do not follow Kossi into that new experience: Moumeu the alligator settles an old score before the fugitive can reach his goal.



THE TERRIBLE MEEK

by S. K. RATCLIFFE.

THE TRAGEDY OF GANDHI, by
Glorney Bolton. *Allen & Unwin.*
10s. 6d.

THE most remarkable man of modern India has explained himself at full length, and his autobiographies have been condensed for the English public. But the joint labours of the Mahatma and Mr. C. F. Andrews do not make an objective Life unnecessary—far from it. And in my opinion there is good reason for the writing of such a life by a young Englishman who has observed Gandhi in India during a critical stage of civil disobedience and followed him through the second Round Table Conference in London. Mr. Bolton was for three years on the staff of an important Bombay newspaper. He esteems Gandhi as the biggest personality he has yet encountered. The central Gandhist idea, that morals and politics are one, is for him right. Towards the rest of the Mahatma's creed he holds, as I judge, the normal attitude of a young Briton. On the whole, then, he may claim a fair qualification for writing this book. He brings the story down to the three-weeks fast.

Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi was born at Porbandar, in the peninsula of Kathiawar, 65 years ago. He belongs to the *bania* (mercantile) caste. His father and grandfather occupied in turn the post of chief officer in the little Porbandar State; rather absurdly, they are called prime ministers by Gandhi's

biographers, including Mr. Bolton. In 1887 M. K. Gandhi came to England—as innocent and frightened a Hindu youth as ever crossed the sea, although already married and a father. After three years of pathetic adventures in London, made known to the world through the Autobiography, he was called to the Bar and returned to India—his family, naturally enough, hoping great things from the first member of their community to make the great adventure. They suffered a grievous disappointment. The young Gandhi could do nothing in court; but in 1893, at the age of twenty-four, a new road was opened for him in South Africa. He went to Durban in connection with a law suit; met the full force of Indian civil disability in Natal, and fought the Whites of Natal and the Transvaal Government to a standstill by his crusade of non-violent resistance, lasting twenty years. In India during the War he worked with the Government, and despite his Tolstoyan beliefs, consented to make recruiting speeches. Then the Amritsar affair and the Simla policy of 1919 made him, in theory, an implacable enemy of the Imperial Government. He worked out, by devious ways and through countless hesitations, the technique of civil disobedience. His influence destroyed the political character of the Indian National Congress, and the past fifteen years have been filled with

the record and results of a movement which, alike in character and leadership, stands entirely by itself in the annals of political and social agitation.

We may speculate as to what might have occurred if Gandhi had appeared while Curzon or any average Tory peer was head of the Government of India. As it happened, Britain was fortunate in that the beginnings of civil disobedience befell in Lord Reading's time, while the height of Gandhi's popular influence was reached after Lord Irwin had been long enough in India for his unusual personality to impress itself upon both the Administration and the educated Indian community.

Lord Irwin adopted the policy of the Round Table. He succeeded, by masterly tactics, in getting the Mahatma to London for the second assembly and thus, according to Mr. Bolton, completed the tragedy of Gandhi. When C. R. Das had attained the ascendancy of Congress by virtue of a method opposed to Gandhism, the Mahatma confessed that his own political leadership had been disastrous. That was plain enough; and most observers, I think, are persuaded that but for the blundering of Lord Birkenhead in the matter of the Simon Commission seven years ago, Gandhi's energies would all have been given for the rest of his life to the cause which, as we know, commands his utmost devotion—the redemption of the Untouchables.

Mr. Bolton writes brightly, and I for one make no complaint of his light manner: it seems to me a refreshing foil to the overdone solemnity of so many English and American writers on this theme. In spite of certain inaccuracies, this book is the most serviceable short account of Gandhi for the English reader. The summary of the Round Table and its sequel, however, needs drastic revision; dates and other important details are lacking. And Mr. Bolton has made a curious and serious mistake

by almost ignoring Gandhi's social philosophy. Gandhi is an extraordinary human being; and with his socio-ethical philosophy we of the West have nothing to do. It is plain nihilism. But I do not think that his public career should be called a tragedy. This man's influence has deflected a great imperial power, and has split the structure of an immemorial social system. He is a portent, the modern world's most startling embodiment of the terrible meek.

CRACK OF WHIPS, Tales by H. A. Manhood. *Cape*. 7s. 6d.

If you read many books in the year you may feel a need just now and again for something sharp to the tongue, as it were, or a breath of March wind and keen blue skies whose clouds are hard-edged. If so, then read Mr. Manhood's stories, surely the most astringent collection of tales to be found in a single volume. From the start there is something to bite upon, something that will bite as well. Mr. Manhood is no believer in half-measures, and his title story, if you are squeamish, may well succeed in turning you back from certain enjoyment further on. Yet small blame to you if you revolt. For there are blemishes (good big ones) in this generally brilliant collection of tales—a hard and callous brutality as in "Crack of Whips" itself, a sadistic insistence on cruelty as in "The Three Nails", even rank cheapness of surprise and bad taste as in the unworthy "Love at Ease".

Why does a writer of Mr. Manhood's calibre consent to publish such stories as these? Still, if you pass by these three, probably you will enjoy the rest. Mr. Manhood is a stimulating tale-teller, with a gusto that gets into his style and sets language dancing to a vigorous rhythm. And at his best he is as rich in humanity as in his gift of start brilliant metaphor.

A FRENCH HISTORY OF ENGLAND

by G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR.

A HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE. Epilogue: Vol. II, 1905-1915, by Elie Halévy. *Benn.* 25s.

THIS is the last volume to appear of Monsieur Halévy's history of the English people since the battle of Waterloo. His work has been accepted as one of the most important contributions to the records of our nation. M. Halévy is not the first Frenchman to explain how others see us; he is only following in the illustrious footsteps of such as Guizot and Taine. It would be difficult to exaggerate the value of the picture he has drawn in the five volumes which have appeared. The first three brought up the story to the year 1841, and it is surely very suggestive of the author's conception of the fundamental purpose of history that he should have stopped the chronological order at that date and hurried forward to express immediately his record of the recent very critical period covered by his epilogue, which treats of the years since 1895. For M. Halévy is obviously interested in much more than the telling of the historical facts. History is to him a means of discovering a social philosophy; from the past events of history he is eager to draw lessons that will be some guide for our actions in the present and future. He is a man, one imagines, who has been drawn to the history of the past because he is so exceedingly interested in today and tomorrow.

The peculiar value of M. Halévy's work is that he has made the historian and the

philosopher an intimately organic whole. He is not a rash generalizer who draws brilliant visions out of his head as his fancy lures him. His philosophy is based on the facts which his most careful research has discovered. All his volumes are distinguished for his elaborate notes, giving chapter and verse for every statement he makes. He is a scientific historian of the strictest school of original researchers. His works are a mine of precise information and accurate description. Any reader who has personal knowledge of many of the events and persons of whom this historian writes in this last volume will realize the intimate knowledge of details the story reveals. Take, for example, the paragraphs on the Guild Socialist movement, which M. Halévy traces to Mr. Arthur J. Pentty's book, *The Restoration of the Guild System*; and he then describes, very accurately, the essential root of that new phase of economic philosophy. This historian appears to have the rare intelligence to realize that this new theory of economic structure (which at its birth got into the hands of politicians who did not understand its true meaning) has now become of vital importance since the problem of unrestricted machinery has dawned on a world of workless men.

On page after page one finds M. Halévy digging down to deeper roots when more conventional historians have been content to turn over only the top layers. Thus, at the start of the historical story of the national armament developments, we find a list of the vast trading com-

panies and combines that supplied the weapons of war with which the armies and navies were to fight the battles that the diplomats demanded should be fought in fulfilment of their intrigues. M. Halévy, since he is writing the history of England, gives the names and capital investments and profits of the British firms. One may express the hope that some English historians will have the energy and ability to write the history of the French traders on this matter.

It would need another volume to discuss all the questions which are raised in this most intensely interesting book. But it may be suggested that its leading theme is the revelation of the amazing muddle, both political and economic, which came to its climax in the Great War of 1914. The story starts in 1905, with a Liberal Cabinet taking office on a policy of anti-imperialism and anti-militarism; and, within a few days of its entry, its members at the Foreign Office and War Office were forming secret arrangements with their French opposites to draw up plans which must almost inevitably lead to a militant action on the Continent. They did not even consult their own colleagues before taking this action.

It is a matter of exceeding interest to any intelligent citizen to know that a Liberal Government, in sheer defiance of all its creed, acts almost exactly as the opposition party it has just turned out of office. It will be difficult for any impartial reader to avoid the conclusion that Sir Edward Grey (as he then was) was a disastrous Foreign Minister at such a critical time. It was certainly not corruption or insincerity which made him fail. One can only say that M. Halévy's narrative confirms the conviction that he was just a very unfortunate example of the conventional English Public School boys who have ruled Britain with so much honesty and incapacity for so long. Winchester

appears to have taught Grey that fishing was more important than diplomacy.

THE OLD SCHOOL. Essays by Divers Hands edited by Graham Greene. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.

THE principal fault of the public schools, if it were but known, is that, like the Church of England, they are in their way a great institution, and therefore a target to be shot at by a generation which calls everything in question. Certainly one is not convinced by this book that the system is as iniquitous as its enemies would have us believe. The things which to the writers cause most bitterness in recollection are not necessarily faults in the system. And how far, one must ask, are these essays a true reflection of their authors' feelings towards the Old School? The bitterness of one or two carries conviction as to their sincerity, but these are in a minority. Others even seem perversely to have found much enjoyment in the process of being thwarted, stunted, warped, perverted and generally ruined for life.

What, then, is one to believe? *The Old School* offers no certain guide, does not even bring to light any overwhelming body of evidence in condemnation or in favour of this or that feature of the system. What we knew to be bad we shall continue to condemn as heartily as before; and if the system has any virtues (they are there all right, though probably none knows just wherein they reside), we can only pray that they may survive. In the last resort it is easy enough for those once repressed, now vocal folk, our writers, to condemn outright the product of the Public Schools. It is as easy, strangely enough, to arraign the whole of humanity, and not least among this errant mass those who, while claiming to know better than their fellows, make themselves heard by braying the loudest.

JOHN LINNELL.

TRAVELS IN THE ORIENT

by H. J. MASSINGHAM

THE VALLEY OF THE ASSASSINS, by Freya Stark. *John Murray.* 12s. 6d. net.

PILGRIMAGE TO MECCA, by Lady Evelyn Cobbold. *John Murray.* 10s. 6d. net.

READERS should be grateful to "an imaginative aunt" of the author who sent her a copy of the *Arabian Nights* on her ninth birthday. This was the event that laid the corner-stone of the house that Jack built, and though many travel-books, perhaps the majority of them, are as jerrybuilt as the new houses along our arterial roads, Miss Stark's spirited account of her expeditions into the wilds of Persia is not one of them. It is good value both in the quality of the adventure, the style and idiom which relate it, and the desolate remoteness of the scene. There are too many travellers whose hairbreadth escapes i' the imminent deadly breach have certainly not the tongue of Othello in the recounting of them, so that the utmost hardihood, the most tumultuous of personal encounters, the colour and variety of the stage, the something rich and strange in it all become as flat and suburban as the meanest of routines. But Miss Stark's narrative skill has proved equal to the superabundant material of her itinerary, and the reader becomes well satisfied with both. The title of her book, though a trifle flamboyant, only voices a fragment of the tale, since she visited many other regions of the Persian highlands without

such histrionic associations. Whether Miss Stark's derivation of the word "assassin" from "Hashishin", a branch of the Isma'ili sect that produced the Fatimite line of free-thinking Caliphs, be correct or no, the country itself is an imposing theatre for its once bombastical rather than sinister activities, and the reader receives a strong impression of the indomitable energy and character of the author who, without friends and at much personal risk both to her health and safety, penetrated into so many formidable wildernesses. Another of her journeys was to the east of this traditional valley south of the Caspian, to the snowy Throne of Solomon in Mazanderan, to whose forlorn height still clings the pretty legend that the hoopoe sought it out for King Solomon as the chilliest place on earth. Thither he carried his bride, the Sheban Queen, whose love was denied him, and the extremity of cold forced her to seek his tent. A third initiative sent Miss Stark upon a treasure hunt among the mountains of Luristan, east of the Tigris, and though she did not find the treasure any more than she reached the seat of the Throne of Solomon, it is the journey rather than its destination which, as with all true travellers, is the authentic interest.

The one hiatus in her melancholy, entertaining and richly natured book is her very sketchy knowledge of archæology. That would not matter but for the fact that Miss Stark makes so

constant a point of her tramps among the tombs of the archaic Persians. Persia is the graveyard of so many dynasties, the loom and melting pot of so many cultures and early experiments in civilization, that a traveller whose gaze is deliberately retrospective does need some grounding in archaeological sequences and historical perspective. It is agreeable to read her general conclusion:—

"If I were asked to enumerate the pleasures of travel, this would be one of the greatest among them—that so often and so unexpectedly you meet the best in human nature, and seeing it so by surprise and often with a most improbable background, you come, with a sense of pleasant thankfulness, to realize how widely scattered in the world are goodness and courtesy and the love of immaterial things, fair blossoms found in every climate, on every soil."

Pilgrimage to Mecca has one advantage over other books which traffic in this somewhat hackneyed theme—that it is written from the point of view of a convert to Mohammedanism, rather than as a sight-seer or votary of the picturesque. Lady Evelyn fervently and a little naively accepts Islam lock, stock, and barrel, and is at pains often to argue with the unbeliever. And her reader will agree with her that there is much to be said for Islam as a practical religion. But she should surely have been more wary of testifying to her faith by inserting into a short book long historical dissertations about the conquests and battles of old Arabia together with gobbets from the biography of Muhammed, all of which is familiar material in the text-book. Since Lady Evelyn is by no means an accomplished historian, she would have been better advised to have taken our knowledge of these events for granted and proceeded with the personal narrative of the pilgrim who makes the journey third in importance between birth and death.

THE GREAT DESIGN, edited by Frances Mason. Duckworth. 8s. 6d.

NATURE AND LIFE, by A. N. Whitehead. Cambridge University Press. 3s. 6d.

THERE is a distinctly old-fashioned flavour about *The Great Design*. It seeks to show that science is not really wicked, but that, on the contrary, it supports religion. The demonstration is effected by gathering together fourteen scientists to testify, each from his different point of view, that "the ordered harmony, the mechanical precision, the great design of the whole"—I quote from the publisher's wrapper, but Sir J. Arthur Thomson in his Introduction uses very similar expressions—"point with ever-increasing force to a Purposing and Directing Mind at the back of the great drama of Creation". Possibly; possibly not! But why should scientists be invited to establish this conclusion? Science is concerned with facts, not with their cosmic interpretation. It is the business of the scientist to tell us how alpha particles behave when they pass through a thin metal sheet, or to describe, as Dr. Stuart Gager does very admirably in the present book, the mutual adaptations of flowers and insects. But it is not his business to tell us what sort of universe it must be in order that alpha particles, plants and insects should behave in the way in which they do; nor is his opinion on the nature and purpose of the cosmos as a whole of any more value than that of the man in the street. Science, in fact, is not philosophy or theology and—it should surely by this time be clear—can throw very little light on such questions as the purpose, design, and ultimate constitution of the universe, which fall within the province of the philosopher and the theologian. Sir Arthur Thomson apparently agrees:—"Thoughtful men", he tells us, "have continued for many centuries asking whether there is a purpose in Evolution", and comments

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very properly: "This is one of the questions which Science neither asks nor answers." Yet here is Sir Arthur Thomson introducing a book whose object, according to its editor, is to answer precisely this question and to answer it definitely in the affirmative. "*The Great Design*," Frances Mason tells us, "attempts to show . . . that behind Nature, though we may not understand, we can see evidence of an Infinite Intelligence that holds the worlds in order".

The attempt is not really successful. That order exists in the universe, nobody would wish to deny; but quite a number of hypotheses may be invoked to account for its existence. It may, for example, be there because we ourselves have put it there, our minds, as Kant believed, being so constituted that we cannot know anything without imposing our own categories of order—quantity, quality causation, and substance upon it.

Or again, we can explain the fact of order on a mechanist basis. We propose, the mechanist says, to accept the universe as a going concern. As a going concern, I find it to be like the works of a gigantic clock, functioning automatically through the mutual interaction of its parts. This view, it is true, is now fairly generally rejected: hence, the alleged reinforcement of religion by science. There is, indeed, little doubt that modern developments in physics and astronomy have, as Professor Crowther and Dr. Aitken, Director of the Lick Observatory at Mount Hamilton in Canada, point out, made mechanism increasingly unlikely as a principle of cosmic interpretation. Indeed, Dr. Aitken's account of the initial concentrations of energy in the astronomical nebulae and of its subsequent diffusion, will seem to many to constitute strong support for the theistic hypothesis of creation. But it is as well to remember that many scientists are still stubbornly mechanistic in outlook, and the apparent unanimity of con-

tributions to the present volume has been achieved only by careful selectivity in the choice of contributors. This appears still more markedly when we come to the biological section. Here we find that the two most important contributions are those of prominent and notorious Vitalists—Professor E. W. MacBride and Professor Hans Driesch, of Leipzig. Vitalists hold that the process of evolution can be explained only on the hypothesis of the activity of a purposive force or principle of life, which, incarnated or manifested in matter, is yet other than the material mould which it animates. This is in general the view of the present reviewer, but it would be in the highest degree misleading to suppose that Driesch's Vitalism is representative of the conclusions of biologists as a whole, while MacBride's belief in the inheritance of acquired characteristics, which plays an integral part in his purposive conception of evolution, is widely denied by most laboratory workers in biology.

The conclusion is that speculation as to the nature of reality should be left to the philosophers: a conclusion which is reinforced by a reading of Professor Whitehead's recently published *Nature and Life*. Here is a majestically comprehensive conception of the universe as a whole, to which the intimations of every side of man's nature have been invited to contribute. Whitehead finds a place for art no less than for science, and draws upon morals, mathematics and mysticism no less than upon physics and biology for the data for his philosophy. The present book contains little that will be new to the students of Whitehead's work: it is concerned rather to summarise and to clarify. As a summary it will be an undoubted boon to those who have only succeeded in losing themselves in the Whitehead classics.

C. E. M. JOAD.

ONE'S COMPANY, by Peter Fleming.
Jonathan Cape. 8s. 6d.

UNDERSTAND THE CHINESE, by William Martin. *Methuen. 7s. 6d.*

CHINESE TESTAMENT, by S. Tretjakov. *Gollancz. 8s. 6d.*

MR. PETER FLEMING went out to the Far East last year with no special "mission", no message to deliver, no idea of putting us all to rights, merely to describe what he saw. The result is one of the most delightful books one could wish, overflowing with humour, insight and vivid little pen pictures. Both Chinese and Japanese live before one's eyes. Even the foreign community come in for some compliments. But this, no doubt, will disqualify the book for serious students.

Mr. Fleming travelled to Manchuria and China by Moscow (which he has certainly made one reader understand much better than many more pretentious writers) and the Trans-Siberian, which treated him to a model railway accident, most of the train rolling over an embankment, but nobody being hurt. He pondered over the autumnal beauties of Jehol, interviewed the Emperor, accompanied a Japanese column bandit-hunting; then went south to China, visited the anti-Communist battle-front in Kiangsi, and then overland to Canton. He deliberately eschews political comment, except where he has seen what others have not, but his mere description of men and things is often, in itself, the most illuminating comment. The bandit-hunt is a particularly telling account of the difficulties that face Japan in Manchuria and how methodically she is overcoming them. But her interminable propaganda and protestations of altruism merely breed irritation and disbelief in the good work she is doing. Of the Communists one may wonder whether China will ever make an end, unless she finds another Gordon. Of the new

motor-roads and bus-routes of China, indeed a wonderful accomplishment, Mr. Fleming thinks that they are the beginning of China's salvation. They may be. But they might equally be the foundation of new civil war, even as railways in China have been.

Almost every page contains some quotable description: the bare, clean, shut-in little room at a Japanese inn, where Mr. Fleming felt "like a beetle in a matchbox"; Peking, where the "diplomats drift to and fro with the slow, stately and mysterious grace of fish in an aquarium"; the dreadful Chinese hut with a child dying of small-pox; July heat in Shanghai; the American lady missionary, in "very tight shorts and a dirty white blouse", bearing down upon an offending ship's purser "like a rogue hippopotamus"; the exquisite journey down the Pei

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River; the intimidating interview with General Chiang Kai-shek. On longer acquaintance Mr. Fleming would have discovered also the rare charm that General Chiang can exert. But the description as it stands is proof of Mr. Fleming's qualifications as a guide. His romanization of Chinese names is wild, and he really must correct the awful misstatement of what became of the Emperor Hsuan Tung in 1912. But in all essentials it is a delightful book.

To attack a writer who has gone where he cannot defend himself is distasteful, but the late M. Martin's reputation on the *Journal de Genève* and the laudation Sir Arthur Salter's preface bestows on him may give his book an importance which compels one to protest against his prejudices and misrepresentations. He tells us that "there is hardly a Chinese on the Municipal Council" of Shanghai: there are five, the same number as the British, and twice-and-a-half the number of Americans and Japanese. He says that from Shanghai's European papers "you might suppose that there is not a Chinese in Shanghai". Since its foundation in 1864 the *North-China Daily News* has made a special feature of letters from all the principal cities of China, dealing with Chinese affairs; about three out of five of its leaders and a third of its news columns are devoted to the same subject. Other papers are also prolific in Chinese news. He describes "hulking pink-and-white youths using their whips on the back of a poor fellow straining and panting in the sun". Foreigners in China don't carry whips except when they go riding, and to hit a ricksha coolie, or any Chinese for that matter, is a penal offence. M. Martin never seems to have acquainted himself with the mind of the best foreign leaders of Shanghai, never mentions the Feetham report, and seems entirely ignorant of the extent to which the

Council service has been opened up to Chinese since 1926. He unsparingly condemns the oppression of the Chinese masses by generals and politicians, but cannot see the connection between this and the foreigners' dread of being thrown over to such gentry. The remainder of the book gives a sufficiently interesting account of China's problems, which, however, can be got much better from other writers; for example, Professor Tawney, the League of Nations' Educational Mission, or even the Lytton Report.

Some writers have suggested that Professor Tretiakov's Tan Shih-hua is a compost of several students instead of the one whose life-story the author says he took down from the boy's own lips. If that is so, and I can see no internal evidence of it, the credit due to the author seems to me all the greater. Not the least remarkable feature of the book is the life-like nature of the different characters, each one perfectly homogeneous, and developing throughout with absolute naturalness. Reflected in their lives one sees the revolution in all the disenchantment it presents to thousands of eager Chinese youths, a hurried, helter-skelter, ill-prepared affair, wild enthusiasm to pull down, no definite scheme of what to build up, and most of the leaders merely out to enrich themselves. That there are leaders of a different sort does not alter the painful truth of the general picture. Apart from politics, the book is irresistibly charming for its scenes of Chinese domestic life, the Tan family's desperate struggles to keep up appearances, the boy's school and college days, the girl friends of his childhood, his mother's death and funeral, his own marriage and the unusual and hideous breach of the divorce. *Chinese Testament* is distressing in some respects, but assuredly a book not to be missed.

O. M. GREEN.

LAND EVERLASTING, by A. G. Street.
The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.

MR. STREET earned a well-merited popularity a few years ago, as an author, with a book, *Farmer's Glory*, in which he recounted his life on a Wiltshire farm both before and after the war.

In his new book, he has abandoned the rôle of historian to assume that of teacher. He has set himself to instruct the non-agricultural elector, whom he recognizes as being master of the farmer's fate, as to the place of agriculture in national economy, and to tell him of the lines on which agricultural policy should be developed.

He assumes, at the outset, that the extraordinary concern manifested by the Government for the farming industry, which is putting six millions a year into the pockets of wheat-growers, three and a half millions into those of milk producers, three millions into those of beef producers, not to mention a great schedule of import duties and

quota regulations, is evidence of a change of heart in the great mass of the population and the expression of their awakening to the fundamental importance of the British farming industry. May he be right! What is more likely is that so soon as the new policy attains its sole object, which is to raise farmers' prices, the consumers of the twentieth century will evince no more real concern for British farmers than did their fathers and their grandfathers in the nineteenth.

This, however, is by the way. The real criticism of Mr. Street's book comes from its amateur economics, its crude use of statistics, and the seemingly parochial farming experience upon which his instruction of the urban consumer is based. On the last point, for example, he groups the whole of the Eastern Counties in the category of "has-beens". Now, every visitor to the Royal Agricultural Show at Ipswich a few weeks ago saw livestock unsurpassed

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for quality, by any district of Britain. If he was travelling from the North, he saw, in the great Fen district, the richest land in England, carrying crops of wheat, sugar-beet and potatoes with which no outside county can compare. If he came from the South, he passed through market gardening and dairying districts which need fear no comparison.

As to Mr. Street's use of statistics, he compares the gross income from the land under crops with the gross income from livestock, to the disparagement of the former, but he forgets that many crops are eaten by livestock and their value goes to inflate the livestock figures. He says that England is a country of smallholders because 65 per cent of the farms are under 50 acres in extent, but he fails to note that the remaining 35 per cent occupy five times as much of the land.

To be brief, Mr. Street tells the townsman that the only economic policy for England is one which fosters animal husbandry. He talks of farming as if it were an industry instead of a multiplicity of industries. Wheat, he says provides no more than 2 or 3 per cent of the national farming income; why, then, spend money to encourage wheat growers? The truth is, of course, that where wheat is seriously cultivated, it may form fully 25 per cent of the farmer's income. Again, he talks loosely of "the livestock industry", but this may mean milk production, store-stock raising or meat production. In none of these industries are farmers' interests identical, and in the two last, at least, they may be violently opposed, as was shown during the controversy about raising the embargo on imports of store cattle from Canada a few years ago.

Nor is Mr. Street even consistent. At one place he says that farmers must abandon accepted practice and strike out in new lines to meet the times,

whilst in another he quotes the farmer who has departed from the traditional rotation as one whom everybody knows to be on the road to ruin. He deals severely with the mechanized farmer, by which he means the mechanized arable farmer, on the score that he depopulates the countryside, forgetting that he himself is a mechanized dairy farmer. It would be interesting to know how many men are employed on his farm to-day and the number on the same farm to whom his father gave employment.

Mr. Street, in *Land Everlasting*, adopts a pontifical attitude which he does not justify; he tells us, and he tells us wrong. Like his earlier writings, the book makes pleasant reading, but the reader unversed in agriculture must be warned against the fallacies of his philosophy and must not accept him as his guide.

C. S. ORWIN.

**A NEW VOYAGE AND DESCRIPTION
OF THE ISTHMUS OF AMERICA,**
by Lionel Wafer. Edited by L. E.
Joyce. *The Hakluyt Society.* £1 11s. 6d.

LIONEL WAFER, the author of this book, which was published in 1699, served as a surgeon to the buccaneers in Darien, the West Indies and the Pacific between the years 1680 and 1688. Where he was born, where he lived and when and where he died are unanswered questions; all that is known of Lionel Wafer is contained in this volume. At the time of its publication the book was considerably more than a curiosity of travel. Wafer had attached himself to the since famous Dampier in the latter's buccaneering period, he had sailed with the notorious Sharp, he had been left with the Indians of South-East Darien, he had escaped marriage with a chief's

daughter, and had made little of his adventures and a great deal of the lie of the land, its soil, climate, fauna, flora and the customs of its inhabitants. As there were plans to colonize Darien—a most unsuitable climate—Wafer's book was thought valuable. And the odd thing about the work of this anthropological-surgeon-buccaneer who had to sue in Jamestown for the Queen's pardon—and obtained it after three difficult years of delay—the odd thing is that his book *has* proved valuable. Through his patient observations of his hosts, the Cuna Indians, modern anthropologists may confirm their views on the independent mentality of this remarkable tribe.

Wafer's stay with the Indians was due to an accident. His expedition under Sharp and Coxon had left Jamaica, landed in Darien, near Acla, and had crossed the isthmus to sack Santa Maria, and then descended by sea to the coast of Chile. Returning northward, the buccaneers quarrelled and Wafer left the expedition with Dampier and 44 others to row back to the Gulf of San Miguel and to re-cross the isthmus into the Caribbean. But immediately the land journey began Wafer was injured in the knee and was left with two others to the Indians. The violent rainy season had begun and the Indians, who never left their huts at this season, were hostile because Dampier had virtually impressed some of them as guides. But Wafer's bad case attracted their pity. In 20 days they healed his wounds by applying poultices of chewed herb and plantain leaf and then, because the guides had not returned from the north, prepared to burn him alive. They disapproved of bloodshed. His own attempt to get news of the guides was prevented by appalling storms and floods. Crossing a stream by a fallen tree one of the party fell in and was swept away. He was discovered later, to their surprise, sitting soaked on the bank with his precious

sack of 400 pieces of eight on his back. "He was a weakly Man, a Taylor by trade", says Wafer, whose narrative, like the work of many amateurs, has curious touches of unconscious brilliance. Fortunately the guides returned well-paid and happy. Wafer won favour from the chief whose wife was being bled in the native fashion (which was to shoot scores of little arrows into every part of her body) by bleeding her in more effective and less painful manner. He became the Chief's close companion, went almost naked and tattooed and was offered the chief's daughter in marriage when she should be old enough. Wafer was alarmed and homesick. While he was enchanted with the dignity, fidelity and good sense of Cuna domestic life, he was put off by the general habit of eating one's own lice, and by the marriage custom in which the bride's father, or eldest brother, deflowered the bride before handing her over. Wafer, unwittingly, had come across that awe of virginity not uncommon among primitive people.

The offer of marriage—he got away only by making a solemn promise to return, which he did not keep—was an exceptional honour. The Cuna Indians were then and are still, noted for their refusal to intermarry. Their passion was for independence and purity of race, and this, with their elusiveness, enabled them to defy conquest where civilizations like those of the Aztecs and the Incas fell. Moreover, then as now, the Cuna lived successfully on a commendably decent moral plane without a God, and stone-walled all missionaries by believing in an after-life, and at the same time refusing to accept either hell or purgatory. An appendix to this volume is an interesting amplification of Wafer's observations; and with its maps, introduction and general expository apparatus, the work of this surgeon-buccaneer makes fascinating reading.

V. S. PRITCHETT.

BEETHOVEN, by Marion M. Scott.
HAYDN, by J. Cuthbert Hadden.
BACH, by C. F. Abdy Williams.
BRAHMS, by Laurence Erb. (*The Master Musicians*. Edited by Eric Blom.) *Dent.* 4s. 6d. each.

"THE Master Musicians" biographies were first published thirty years ago; and it says much for the high quality of the series that of the present re-issue only one volume—Miss Scott's *Beethoven*—is completely new. In the case of *Haydn*, *Bach* and *Brahms*, the necessary revision has been made either by the author himself or by the newly-appointed editor, Mr. Eric Blom. The most satisfactory of these volumes is the *Haydn*, which, despite the lapse of years, still remains the best biography we have of this master craftsman among musicians; the least satisfactory is the *Brahms*, which makes little attempt to probe the mystery of a composer about whom opinion is still so sharply divided. Of the *Bach* volume, it is sufficient to say that, by the addition of much new material drawn from the recent researches of Dr. Sanford Terry, Mr. Blom has greatly improved upon the already admirable work of the late C. F. Abdy Williams. Each volume contains, in addition to the revised subject-matter, valuable appendixes of dates, works, personalia, bibliography and (in the case of *Haydn*) selected letters.

Miss Marion Scott's contribution, which is entirely new, deserves more detailed consideration. She speaks of "the almost passionate absorption and excitement" which she experienced as she set about re-studying Beethoven and his music. Her enthusiasm is apparent in the text. Indeed, the worst thing that can be said about her book is that it is not critical enough—but the obvious limitations of the series may well excuse her even this one weakness.

It would be hard to find a more vividly concise account of Beethoven's life; and yet, despite its conciseness

and brevity, it contrives to say old things in quite a new way and even to say new things altogether. Beethoven's troubled youth, for instance, which is all but omitted by most biographers so that they may hurry the reader into the *Sturm und Drang* which began with the young man's migration from Bonn to Vienna, is here treated in a most illuminating manner. And then there is the suggestion, which Miss Scott puts forward quite early in her book, that there was a Spanish strain in Beethoven's blood. "Spanish occupation and influence", she writes, "had been long and fierce in the Netherlands, longest of all in those Catholic districts from which the Beethoven family came. Ludwig was so swarthy a lad that his Bonn friends called him 'the Spaniard'". The nickname hit the mark. Certainly this is a very likely way of accounting for traits in the composer's character which were neither Rhenish nor Flemish. For the rest, old matter is presented with a freshness which, though it may not please the academically minded, will delight others—including that vast new audience of uninitiated music-lovers brought into being by intelligent use of the wireless and the gramophone. Of all great men Beethoven is one of the most difficult to see plain: truly he bestrode the world like a colossus, and the mere biographer, looking up at those thunder-cloud brows, is apt to forget that the giant was, after all, vulnerably mortal. It is Miss Scott's merit as a biographer that she never forgets the man in the genius.

As a critic she is perhaps less satisfactory. It all depends on how you look at music. If you look at music primarily as a mirror of the mind that conceived it, seeking therein that mind's answer to such questions as birth and death, life and eternity, then assuredly you will find Miss Scott's criticism of Beethoven's music eminently readable. But if you look at music primarily as a

beautifully ordered arrangement of sound, the infinite delight of which is born of rhythm, melody, form, etc., you may well find Miss Scott at times a little wide of the mark. It is, of course, as undesirable as it would be impossible completely to divorce the man from his music; and in the case of Beethoven, particularly, insight into his psychological states may well throw useful light upon the music which was written under their influence. Nevertheless, subjective analysis even of Beethoven's music can be pushed too far—as when Miss Scott assumes that for him the fugue was a symbol of life everlasting; or as when she sees in the three last quartets his conception of the threefold life of past, present and future ("The A minor Quartet, retrospect; the B flat major, the present; the C sharp minor, the life of the world to come.") This is an arbitrary conclusion, anyway; and surely it were better to leave the listener to draw his own conclusions—if his enjoyment demands them.

C. HENRY WARREN.

TRISTRAM, by Frank Kendon. *Dent.* 2s. 6d.

THE ENEMIES, by Sylvia Lynd. *Dent.* 2s. 6d.

POEMS, by Thomas McGreevy. *Heinemann.* 3s. 6d.

GREAT poetry will always secure attention. But no amount of straining and effort has ever produced the amplitude, the power, the richness of detail, that constantly surprises one in such poetry. Out of the poet's stream of life come sudden pieces of expression, all coloured by the main stream which continues flowing on, receiving its depths and giving again out of them, royally. It is superb even to read a lyric of grief—which is proof that grief is not so much fatal to happiness, as contributory to the biggest kinds of emotion, including happiness. A book of great poetry is a surer declaration of belief than most dogmas.

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Mr. Kendon, Mrs. Lynd, and Mr. McGreevy, have each tried to put into words what only they, as human beings, have: their unique life-force (in so far as they still have it). Mr. Kendon has re-written the story of Tristram and Iseult. His version is in nine parts, with songs of Tristram's between each part—reminding one of Tennyson's *The Princess*. He uses a four line stanza, changing his stresses freely, or rather, letting the rhythm obey the passion that has to be expressed. Thus:

Going east, across the nearest hill,
Black against a sky that shone,
He rode for nothing, climbed and
sank
Away, and so was gone.

As Mr. Kendon develops his theme, he seems to let the verse weave itself. His art is far-developed, both in the narrative and in the song-interludes. This is one of Mr. Kendon's descriptive passages, with Iseult in the foreground. The scene is Ireland:

Down she came with dazzling dawn
To greet the sunlit leaves above her
Where in the long grass dew was
heavy
And first dark rosebuds nodded over.

That bright and new-washed world
she sought
Was full of birdsong: every bush
Enjoyed a linnet, every tree
Boasted a proud and noisy thrush.

And spiders, like well-ordered wives,
Hung out their heavy webs to dry,
Which, when her passing made them
tremble,
Let fall down drops of jewelry.

Sometimes Mr. Kendon holds up the story to describe; perhaps the tapestry that Queen Iseult is weaving, of "A hunter in a great cap, One richly clothed in gold and red", or "Grey sands and darker sea, With a white edge at their quarrelling". At other times he is

absorbed in his tragedy. Towards the end of his carefully planned poem he gives one lines like these:

Out of the world, out of the hour,
Into what secret of repose?
The last dream is the dream of
death,
Unknown, unless the waker knows.

The body will not wake again,
The delicate senses will not wake,
In their closed caves the eyes will
waste,
The hands will no more music make.

Mrs. Lynd's lyrics are issued in the same series—a new one—as Mr. Kendon's. She writes with charm, finding her subjects in London, memories of her childhood, fantasy. She, too, is a practised writer, and has little to learn in the way of expressing her thoughts in their inevitable form. Mrs. Lynd's idiom is clearly marked. "A Street" has the lines:

A southward slope of sunny green,
All over-arched with springing
trees—

which seems characteristic of Mrs. Lynd's lightness of touch. "Wisteria", the most highly finished poem in "The Enemies", is a description of a little girl's life with her mother—affectionately recalled and described with skill. Mrs. Lynd's collection is bound to find many readers.

Mr. McGreevy's book of satires and lyrics eludes attempts to assess it, partly because he avoids anything like conventional smoothness, but mainly because an angry disillusion tempers his quietest mood. He is concerned mainly with Ireland; he passes from description of aerial warfare (during the Great War) to the heart of his book, the Ireland of thirteen years ago; thence to a group of love-lyrics describing love mostly as pain. These poems are personal, sincere, and never complacent.

ARTHUR BALL.

SELECTED FICTION.

THE LONELY LADY OF DULWICH,
by Maurice Baring. Heinemann. 5s.

THIS LITTLE WORLD, by Francis
Brett Young. Heinemann. 8s. 6d.

TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND, by
Edward Shanks. Macmillan. 8s. 6d.

OCCASIONALLY, in the pages of the *Tatler*, you will see a photograph of Mr. Maurice Baring. On each side of him are people whose names one knows. He bends towards a neighbour at the dinner table, or holds a glass in mid-air; I seem to remember a picture in which he was balancing a coffee cup, or something of the sort, on his head. These revelations of the camera came back to me as I read his *Lonely Lady of Dulwich*.

For the book, like the photographs, holds one, admiring perhaps, at a distance. It is not a particularly good book, but it gives glimpses of the sort of society in which Mr. Baring moves. The names in the story seem to be famous names, there are conversations over good tables; tact, taste, and reticence (the public must not be admitted too far) are the qualities which characters and author share. In certain vague emotional moods I can imagine that *The Lonely Lady of Dulwich* would appear exquisite and moving. In fact I believe it to be deliberately commonplace. There is a reticence, an inadequacy which Mr. Baring exploits with curious effect. He tells a story of passion without passion, with scarcely more than the hint that passions are there. We can only imagine an intimacy of feeling because a veil is so carefully drawn over it. The oblique method is pushed here to such an extreme that colourless narrative and the conversations of third parties are made to convey the dramatic incidents of the story; a love letter, for example, is given in a *précis*. It is done with very great skill,

but the result is flat; no amount of taste, one feels, can compensate for the utter lack of impulse. Nevertheless, this story, like so many of Mr. Baring's, is a potential masterpiece, and that gives it a certain flavour.

Mr. Brett Young and Mr. Edward Shanks are bunglers by comparison; but they are *positive*, even when they are positively bad (as Mr. Shanks sometimes is). *This Little World*, the picture of a Worcestershire village after the war, strikes me as being one of Mr. Young's best novels. His methods are "old fashioned," he builds up character and landscape on a pre-war plan, he is obsessed with the English tradition of gentlemen and green fields; and yet, apart from Galsworthy, there is no other novelist who embodies as easily the solid Conservative view of life. Given the pre-war values, *This Little World* seems to me an excellent as well as a readable book. Mr. Brett Young has the advantage of Galsworthy in his style and in his sensitiveness as a novelist (as distinct from Galsworthy's *moral* sensitiveness—perhaps his chief quality). It is an art without surprises, but giving satisfaction to those who can still read a novel uninfluenced by the current tempo.

Mr. Shanks's *Tom Tiddler's Ground* is a praiseworthy study of a weak character, with pictures of England and Germany before the war, and London during the war and after. The "broad canvas" is adequately filled; but the inadequacy of the central character, whose weak heart and whiskey drinking ruin a successful career, makes the book rather vague and unsatisfactory. The minor characters and their background are better than the protagonists. They are lifelike and interesting, and varied enough to keep one reading to the end of this unnecessarily long book.

G. W. STONIER.

HORDUBAL, by Karel Capek. Allen & Unwin. 7s. 6d.

THE GOOSE-MAN, by Jacob Wassermann. Allen & Unwin. 10s.

THE three hundred million Slav peasants of Eastern Europe are popular subjects just now for the ethnologist and the political investigator, but as three hundred million potential characters for the novelist they are not often regarded. But now Karel Capek, whom we have not hitherto associated with this type of fiction, has picked up a handful of them and made a glittering little book. Hordubal, though his rich Slavonic name rings like that of a conqueror, is a simple, hard-working, good natured farmer who returns from eight years of toil in industrial America to his Central European farmstead, only to find that his wife has taken a lover who is developing the land along lines that bewilder its owner. Hordubal lags behind the reader in his discovery of the truth of the situation, and we watch with a conviction of impending tragedy his futile efforts to recapture the old way of life and his recourse to a gipsy's philtre in order to reconquer his wife. There the first part of the book ends, and the second concerns itself with the discovery of Hordubal's murdered body and the arrest of his wife and her lover. The third deals with the trial of these two, and that is all. But it is beautifully

done, scene and characters are realized with almost uncanny skill, and Capek has shown himself to have something more than wit and a graceful command of words.

The art of Wassermann is of a very different order, and his book is quite four times as long as that of Capek. This masterly German-Jewish writer, whose death was a great loss to letters, may be regarded as the leader of the new Romanticists of fiction. "The Goose-Man" is in certain aspects not unlike "Werther" in more modern dress. The Romantic agony is here, but it is bodied out with psychological data gathered since Goethe's day.

Those who know Nuremberg will be familiar with the *Gänsemännchen* fountain—the boy with a goose under each arm. "The Goose-Man" is the sneering name bestowed upon Wassermann's hero—a composer of genius—by the tavern wits of Nuremberg. For Daniel Nothafft has two women sleeping under his roof. And in his delirium, when both Gertrud and Lenore have died in distressing circumstances and their worthless successor has disappeared, it is the little Goose-Man who haunts Daniel with his snatches of maddening philosophy. There is almost a touch of Hans Andersen here, but it is of Goethe of whom one thinks most often throughout this strange and compelling book. It is Goethe, indeed, who inspires many of the compositions which at length, by a culminating tragedy, are consumed by fire with everything that Daniel had loved. Lack of space forbids any reference to the subsidiary characters, some of them grotesque but all vividly credible, who throng this sombre canvas of a nineteenth-century German town. But, for Daniel Nothafft alone, and for his music which the writer almost conveys to our ears, *The Goose-Man* was well worth writing and is well worth reading.

FRANCIS WATSON.

OCTOBER, 1934

RUSSIA THROUGH COLOURED GLASSES

By WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

NO large country is such an enigma to the outside world as is the Soviet Union. Nowhere is there such a wide margin between what the resident of long standing knows to be true and what the short-term visitor may be led to believe is true. Nowhere are so many major events partially or entirely concealed from foreign knowledge.

A portion of the responsibility for this ignorance of Soviet conditions certainly rests with the extraordinary and, in some cases, unprecedented restrictions which are imposed on the work of foreign journalists, and with the Soviet policy of administering large doses of official propaganda to every group of tourists that visits Russia.

The Soviet authorities have worked out a number of definite regulations, to say nothing of various methods of indirect pressure, for the purpose of keeping the less agreeable aspects of Soviet life out of the columns of the foreign press. First of all there is the preliminary censorship of all press telegrams. Censorship in other European countries, even in those which have dictatorial regimes, is something which is imposed in periods of considerable stress and emergency—and then is usually evaded with comparative ease. The telephone is always at hand; and, if this is cut off, the correspondent can dash over the nearest border and telegraph his message from another country.

In the Soviet Union the use of the telephone for conveying press messages which have not been approved by the censor is illegal; and a journalist who left Russia to send a piece of correspondence which could not be sent from Moscow would, in all probability, be denied re-entrance. Mailed articles are not subject to censorship; but news developments of first-hand

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were separated from each other by hundreds of miles : Kropotkin, in the North Caucasus, and Poltava and Byelaya Tserkov, in Ukraina. I also talked with peasants at railway stations from the south-east corner of Ukraina, in the Donetsk Basin, to the north-western part, in Chernigov Province. On the basis of figures which were supplied, not by peasants, who were often prone to exaggerate the numbers who had died, but of local Soviet officials and collective farm presidents, whose interest would rather have been to minimize the catastrophe which had taken place, I have no hesitation in saying that the southern and south-eastern provinces of European Russia during the first six months of 1933 experienced a major famine, with an average mortality rate of about ten per cent.

The first thing that struck me when I began to walk about the Cossack villages in the neighbourhood of Kropotkin was the extraordinary deterioration in the physical condition of what had been an extremely fertile region. Enormous weeds, of remarkable height and toughness, filled up many of the gardens and could be seen waving in the fields of wheat, corn, and sunflower-seeds. Gone were the wheaten loaves, the succulent slices of lamb, which had been offered for sale everywhere when I visited this same Kuban Valley in 1924. At that time every Cossack settlement had its legion of fierce, snapping dogs trained to guard sheep and cattle. Now there was an almost ghostly quiet ; the bark of a dog was never heard. " The dogs all died or were eaten up during the famine ", was the general explanation of their disappearance.

In the *stanitsa*, or settlement, of Kazanskaya, I called on the president of the local Soviet, Mr. Nemov, in an effort to obtain some official information about the mortality rate during the preceding winter and spring. Nemov scouted the stories of the peasants that a third or half of the inhabitants had perished. " The population declined from about 8,000 to about 7,000 ", he declared. " About 850 died and another 150 were deported because they sabotaged the Government's programme of grain collection." Mr. Nemov showed me mortality statistics for four months, January, February, March, and April. These showed how the curve of death mounted upward as the peasants' last reserves of grain were exhausted towards spring. So 21 persons

died in January, 34 in February, 79 in March, 155 in April. This steep upward tendency, in all probability, continued during May and June, until early vegetables brought some relief.

Very similar conditions had prevailed around Poltava ; one woman broke down when she described the terrible scenes which the town had witnessed during the winter and spring, with corpses of famine refugees lying on the streets, until a lorry made its grim regular round to collect them, and cried out : " No war ever took so many people from us." And in the village of Cherkass, some seven or eight miles south of Byelaya Tserkov, a provincial town about two hours ride on the railroad from Kiev, the secretary of the local Soviet, a young man named Fishenko, testified that over 600 of the village's former 2,000 inhabitants had died, while hundreds of others had fled. Fishenko's figure found abundant corroboration in the stories of the famine survivors and in the grim mute evidence of the numerous abandoned houses, with their weed-grown gardens and gaping doors and windows.

The famine area, so far as I could observe and learn from reliable sources of information, embraced Ukraina, the North Caucasus, a number of districts in the Middle and Lower Volga (a very well-informed witness told me that about a tenth of the population of the German Volga Republic had died off) and a considerable part of Kazakstan, in Central Asia. Northern and Central Russia and Siberia suffered a good deal of hardship and under-nourishment, but not actual starvation. The number of people who lived in famine areas was in the neighbourhood of sixty million ; the excess of deaths over a normal mortality rate was three or four million.

There is something epically and indescribably tragic in this vast dying out of millions of people, sacrifices on the altar of a policy which many of them did not even understand. The horror of this last act in the tragedy of the individualist peasantry is intensified by the fact that the victims died so passively, so quietly, without arousing any stir of sympathy in the outside world. The Soviet censorship saw to that.

Of the responsibility of the Soviet Government for the famine of 1932-1933 there can be no doubt. In contrast to its policy in 1921-1922 it stifled any appeal for foreign aid by denying the

very existence of the famine and by refusing to foreign journalists the right to travel in the famine regions until it was all over. Famine was quite deliberately employed as an instrument of national policy, as the last means of breaking the resistance of the peasantry to the new system of collective farming, under which they are deprived of personal ownership of the land and are obliged to work on the conditions which the State may dictate to them and to deliver up whatever products the State may demand of them.

Allowing for differences of emphasis and interpretation, there was substantial agreement between the peasants themselves and the local Soviet authorities as to the causes of the famine. Climatic conditions, while unfavourable, had not been utterly disastrous. There had been a good deal of neglect of the fields and a great growth of weeds, largely as a result of the apathy and discouragement of the peasants, who year after year had seen the state officials take away their grain and other products at arbitrarily fixed prices in increasingly worthless paper roubles without giving them anything in the nature of a fair equivalent in manufactured goods. Consequently the yield was much lower than it would have been in normal years. Even so the peasants could have pulled through, if the State had relaxed its levies in kind on them. It did not; the exactions were carried out as ruthlessly as usual; the three or four million dead were the inevitable victims of this policy.

The Soviet Government could easily have averted the famine with its own resources if it had desired to do so. A complete cessation of the exportation of foodstuffs in 1932, or the diversion of a small amount of currency to the purchase of grain and provisions would have sufficed. The Soviet attitude was, I think, quite accurately summed up by Mr. Mezhuev, President of the Poltava Soviet, who said to me in the course of an interview: "To have imported grain would have been injurious to our prestige. To have let the peasants keep their grain would have encouraged them to go on producing little."

The concealment of the famine was the most striking illustration of how effective the Soviet censorship can be as a veil between Soviet conditions and the outside world. With opportunity for first-hand investigation barred, it was impossible for

a correspondent to risk his reputation, as well as his right to reside in Moscow, by sending out messages based on the rumours of wholesale starvation which filtered in to the Soviet capital and which might conceivably have been exaggerated. By the time the prohibition of travel had been lifted and it was possible to verify the enormous mortality on the spot by talks with peasants and with local officials the famine belonged to history. A narrative of what has happened, in the nature of things, cannot make on the consciousness and imagination of foreign readers the effect which is produced by a description of what is happening.

A controversy grew up in the correspondence columns of a well-known British Liberal newspaper in the summer of 1933 as to whether there had been a famine in Russia; about two-thirds of the participants were sure that nothing of the kind had occurred. And the suppression of the actual facts of the great catastrophe which overtook the peasant regions of southern and south-eastern Russia in 1932-1933 has made it possible for professional and amateur "friends of the Soviet Union" to pass off the death of millions of people, the greatest organized slaughter since the World War, as just a little hardship and destitution, brought on their own heads by "kulaks" or peasants who were too stupid to appreciate the advantages of collective farming.

I have already mentioned two of the main obstacles to a free and vivid reporting of Soviet conditions: the preliminary censorship of telegrams and the forbidding of correspondents to leave Moscow without special permission of the authorities. (This last ruling, to the best of my knowledge, has persisted to the present time; it certainly continued after the famine emergency which caused its promulgation. Considerable and deliberate discrimination in granting permission to travel is exercised as between correspondents; it is much more apt to be granted to those who in the censor's eyes are "friendly" or "objective".)

A number of other forms of pressure should be pointed out. Permits to reside in the Soviet Union are granted to foreigners for a maximum period of six months at a time; and the foreigner who leaves the country even for a short time must re-apply for entrance visa. This is a convenient sword of Damocles to suspend over the head of an unruly correspondent; a delay in

granting the return visa is a recognized way of warning a journalist that his writing is not regarded as satisfactory or "objective" to use a word of which Soviet officials are very fond. Mr. Paul Scheffer, the distinguished correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, against whom no charge of inaccuracy of fact was brought, was kept out of the Soviet Union, when his views and judgments had become distasteful, by the simple device of refusing him a return visa. And this same threat of finding re-entry to the Soviet Union barred in the event of too specific or too emphatic reference to those aspects of the Soviet regime which are not supposed to be brought to the attention of the outside world (famine, persecution of religion, forced labour, the whole system of espionage and terrorism which is incarnated in the OGPU, now renamed as the Commissariat for Internal Affairs) applies to writers, lecturers, students, as well as to journalists.

A well-known correspondent is seldom directly expelled from Russia; this involves too much publicity and scandal. But surreptitious private efforts of Soviet agents abroad to undermine the position of unpopular correspondents with their home offices are habitual. On one occasion the office of a British newspaper which had as its representative in Moscow a brilliant correspondent of the highest personal integrity was visited by an official of the Soviet Embassy. "You shouldn't send Mr. X back to Moscow", the official said to an editor of the newspaper. "He will not be allowed to remain there." Mr. X, the correspondent in question, was in England at the time on leave. "Do you object to his correspondence?" the editor inquired. "Not at all", lied the official. "But he has been engaged in—er—activities which would warrant his expulsion." "Oh, indeed", said the editor. "Mr. X is in the office now; I can confront you with him and should be interested in seeing your proofs." "That isn't necessary", said the official, "but the evidence will surprise you". About this time the editor, losing patience with these insinuations, requested the official to leave the office; and the correspondent returned to Moscow. No "proofs" of his imaginary "activities" were ever submitted. But all cases of intrigue do not end so fortunately for the correspondents.

Foreign journalists in Moscow, especially during their first years, are usually dependent on the services of translators, who

are almost always Soviet citizens. The kind of pressure which the Soviet Government is able to exert on its citizens to become spies and informers is strikingly illustrated by an official decree of last June, under which anyone who fails to report the intention of a Soviet citizen to flee abroad is liable to ten years' imprisonment, with confiscation of his property, while even quite innocent dependent relatives of the fugitive, who knew nothing of his intention, are liable to exile for five years in "remote regions of Siberia" and also to deprivation of their food cards. This law, like that of August 7, 1932, which makes death a permissible penalty for any theft of state or collective farm property (and the definition "state property" in Russia covers a far wider range of objects than it would in any other country) could certainly not be paralleled in the legislation of any civilized country.

The kind of pressure which may easily be exerted on these Russian translators was clearly indicated on one occasion when I was visiting the building operations at the new Cheliabinsk tractor plant, along with my wife, who speaks Russian much better than I do. She had discovered that many of the unskilled labourers were in Cheliabinsk under prison sentences, and was asking them what had brought them into the far-flung net of the Soviet punitive system. A young foreman stepped up and said, in Russian—which he supposed that I did not understand—to my wife: "Are you a Soviet citizen?" When she smilingly assured him that she was not he withdrew; but it was easy to imagine how much a foreigner who depended on a Soviet translator would have been likely to learn about forced labour in Cheliabinsk. The secretary or translator of a correspondent who has fallen into the bad graces of the Soviet authorities is likely to feel unpleasant personal consequences. A Mrs. Gardiner, a Soviet citizen, who had been an assistant to Mr. Scheffer, was arrested and exiled shortly after he was excluded from Russia; and this is far from being the sole case of its kind.

Intensive propaganda among foreign tourists ranks with strict control of the writing and movements of foreign journalists as a means of influencing and, all too often, misleading foreign opinion about the realities of Soviet life.

There is a tremendous contrast between the position of the

foreign student of political, economic or social conditions who visits England and that of the observer who goes to the Soviet Union. The former goes where he pleases, meets whom he chooses, from Sir Oswald Mosley to the Secretary of the British Communist Party: forms his impressions without official aid or interference. The visitor to Russia, whether he is conscious of the fact or not, is faced with an utterly different situation. Between him and an impartial, all-round view of the country and its living conditions are barriers of fear and repression, which make many Soviet citizens positively afraid to talk with a foreigner, together with the barriers of a very centralized and highly organized state propaganda system.

Most visitors to the Soviet Union come under the auspices of Intourist: the Soviet State Tourist Organization. Indeed, under present conditions of shortage of food and hotel accommodations and lack of railway travel facilities, it is decidedly difficult for the foreigner to get about in any other way. Intourist undertakes far more than similar agencies in other countries. It acts as a showman not only for places of scenic, historical, and artistic interest, but also for the whole Soviet system. Its programme includes visits to model factories, model crèches, model children's homes, model prisons, model collective farms. The tourists are conducted by guide-interpreters who have been put through a special training course in propaganda, and who know that failure to create a favourable impression, if it leaks out through the indiscretion of a foreigner, may have decidedly unpleasant consequences for themselves. In their training course they have been drilled not only in general Soviet ideas, but also in the fine art of explaining most satisfactorily such sights as the demolition of a church or the queue in front of a food store.

There is a significant difference between what is and what is not shown to the foreign visitor. He is readily taken to the Sokolniki Prison, where conditions for the inmates, measured by Russian living standards, are almost luxurious. (Prince Kropotkin tells us in his memoirs that the Tsarist Government had a habit of showing off a few admirably-equipped prisons to foreign visitors.) Our present-day tourist is not, however, given an inside view of the Inner Prison of the OGPU or of the

grim Butirky, which has an unsavoury reputation for chronic overcrowding, bad physical conditions and frequent actual and attempted suicide among its inmates. He is conducted to the pleasantly located home for reclaimed waifs which the OGPU maintains in Bolshevo, near Moscow—an excellent institution of its kind. He is not permitted to visit any of the numerous forced-labour concentration camps, where conditions are very different from those in Bolshevo. If he wants to get a quick view of Soviet agricultural development a model commune is at his disposal in Tamboc Province, highly unrepresentative, if only because it was founded not by native peasants but by returned emigrants of Communist views who brought a good deal of machinery from abroad. Ukrainian and North Caucasian villages, such as Kazanskaya and Laduzhskaya and Tiflisskaya, near Kropotkin, or Zhuke, near Poltava, or Cherkass, near Byelaya Tserkov, where ten per cent. or more of the population perished of hunger and the diseases which accompany it during the winter and spring of 1932-1933, are not on the Intourist schedule.

The Russians are natural actors and stage-managers; and the contemporary art of Soviet showmanship has ancient and distinguished antecedents. When the Tsarina Catherine II travelled by boat on the Dnieper through newly annexed Ukraina, her favourite, Prince Potyemkin, hastily improvised stage villages in the sparsely populated country through which she would pass. What is surprising in Soviet Russia is not the persistence of the "Potyemkin villages" tradition, but the readiness with which some foreign visitors, sometimes men and women with a reputation for scholarship and critical acumen in their fields at home, accept the Soviet conducted tour at full face value without, apparently, realizing that they are seeing only the bright sides of a decidedly mixed picture.

I have occasionally wondered whether there is some magical quality about the climate or the atmosphere of the Soviet Union that makes some of its sociologically-minded visitors cast away all sense of proportion and all capacity for criticism. Why does a moderately well-equipped kindergarten or a shoddy block of workers' tenements, which would not excite a second thought anywhere else, evoke expressions of boundless enthusiasm in Russia? Why does a more or less well-known British lawyer

make himself supremely ridiculous by asserting that the right to arrest is more limited in Russia than in Great Britain? This, when the number of prisoners, mostly political, employed on one forced labour construction task, the building of the Baltic-White Sea canal, exceeds the total number of persons imprisoned in the British Isles. (According to an official statement over 70,000 persons received amnesty or reduction of sentence after the completion of the canal; the number employed on it at the height of the construction work, according to reliable reports, was about 200,000, all prisoners under the direction of the Ogpu.)

Why does Mr. Bernard Shaw, who has said so many consciously funny things, crack an extremely good joke quite unconsciously by asserting in all seriousness that British engineers arrested on charges of sabotage would have a fairer trial in Moscow than anywhere else in the world? Why does a newspaper magnate, after spending a few days in Moscow, during which he has talked only with foreigners and with Soviet officials, undertake to enlighten the world as to just what percentage of the 160,000,000 inhabitants of the Soviet Union supports the Soviet Government, what percentage opposes it, and what percentage is neutral? Why do the radicals and humanitarians who raised such an outcry of protest when Sacco and Vanzetti, two Italian anarchists, were put to death in America after a trial in which race and class prejudice played an ugly part, remain so strangely mute when whole batches of people in Russia are slaughtered without any trial at all, by mere administrative fiat of the Ogpu? (The killing of forty-eight officials and specialists in the food industry in the fall of 1930 and of thirty-five officials in the Commissariat for Agriculture in March, 1933, are conspicuous officially admitted instances of this practice of Soviet jurisprudence.)

It is obvious that the unusual and in some respects unprecedented regime for the control of foreign press messages and the carefully shepherding of the great majority of foreign tourists into officially organized politico-social-economic sight-seeing must tend to convey a distorted view of Soviet realities to the outside world. It gives an impression of looking at the country through coloured glasses; and the confusion of the foreign reader must be intensified when he reads the contradictory hostile reports about Russia which emanate from places outside the country

and are not infrequently as exaggerated in one direction as the rose-coloured views which are communicated to sympathetic tourists are in the other.

Despite its occasional successes in concealing such important developments as the famine and in thus misleading foreign public opinion, I am personally inclined to doubt whether the regime of censorship, in the long run, serves the best interests of the Soviet Government. Its existence is known, at least to intelligent readers, and casts a natural shadow over messages from Moscow. Censorship furnishes the sole reason and excuse for the occasional outburst of untrue or exaggerated alarmist rumours about Russia from places outside the Soviet frontiers. Moreover, there are leaks in even the tightest system of news repression. When a sensational message gets out in some way, despite the censorship, it carries more weight than it would if it emanated from a capital where there was no restraint, simply because it is assumed that it must have been officially passed.

Censorship implies that some things must be concealed. Its abolition would afford the most persuasive evidence of improvement in Soviet conditions, just as its intensification through the imposition of travel restrictions in the spring of 1933 indicated to any well-informed reader that Russia was passing through a grave agrarian crisis, where no foreign witnesses were desired.

Despite these considerations, which have all been repeatedly laid before the authorities by correspondents resident in Moscow, the impulse to secrecy and concealment is so strong in Russian, and especially in Soviet, official nature, there are still so many bleak and raw spots in Soviet life, that an abandonment of the censorship can scarcely be anticipated, at least in any near future. So long as this unsatisfactory system exists the best remedy for it would seem to be a steady glare of publicity. Coloured glasses cease to be deceptive when everyone realizes that they are being worn.

AERIAL ACTIVITY

BY SQUADRON-LEADER P. R. BURCHALL

THE public-spirited action of Sir MacPherson Robertson, a prominent Melbourne citizen, in providing a sum of £15,000 as prize money for a Melbourne Centenary Air Race from London to Melbourne, is no mere sporting gesture. The race comes at an opportune moment in the economic recovery of Australia, where, in spite of expanding imports, the visible export surplus has increased from £26,000,000 to £38,000,000—largely owing to the rise in the price of wool. The race is not just a speed contest. It has a deeper significance and serves to focus attention on many problems. Timed, as it is, to commence on October 20th, the race comes just before the opening of the last stage of the Imperial air route to Australia, and it is stimulating world-wide interest in long-distance civil air transport. This interest is not confined to the manufacturers and operators of aircraft, nor to the sporting members of the public; it is also widely shared by commercial undertakings. Moreover, the complicated political issues involved in international air transport are once more brought into the foreground.

It is perhaps a British characteristic to make sporting contests play their part in hastening commercial and economic development. But trials of speed, and particularly of sustained speed, provide the designers of engines with valuable technical data that could be obtained in no other way. The truth of this has been well established in the world of motoring, for continued successes on the race tracks have been the foundations on which many excellent everyday motor cars have been brought to perfection. So, too, with aeroplane engines—which evolved largely from motor-car engines; and the winning of a big air race is regarded as an event of real technical importance, quite apart from its publicity value.

International rivalry in aircraft development is strong and technical progress very rapid. In order that this aspect should receive every recognition, the organizers of the forthcoming race decided to make the event as truly international in character as possible. Fifteen countries have entered machines, mustering, between them, sixty-two competitors. The race, of course, will be a gruelling test of mechanical efficiency, but, important as the efficiency of the machines must be, human efficiency will be no less so.

The pioneers of aviation were mostly English, French and American; Holland came later into the field, but with characteristic thoroughness established a strong position for herself. It is natural to find that these nations account for the bulk of the competitors: U.S.A. having 17; Great Britain, 16; Holland, 5; and France, 4. Australia and New Zealand each have 4, while Germany, with her splendid present-day aerial activity, strangely enough, has only one entrant. The remaining countries have either one or two machines apiece.

The governing conditions of the race are simple. The first is that it is open to all nationalities and to all types and powers of aircraft. The second is that all reasonable steps must be taken to prevent mishap. Under this rule freak racing 'planes are excluded, all entrants needing to satisfy the airworthiness conditions of competent licensing authorities. An Australian Committee is the governing body, and the Royal Aero Club has been allotted the duty of making rules for the start, control and conduct of the race as far as Koeppang on the island of Timor.

The race is in two concurrent sections—a speed race for the major awards of £12,000, and a handicap race for the remainder of the prize money. The latter event will add to the number of entrants and to the general interest in the event. Competitors may enter for either or both races. The handicap race has checking points every 500 miles or so. All competitors must follow approximately the same route, for there are compulsory stopping places for control and refuelling at Baghdad, Allahabad, Singapore, Port Darwin and Charleville. The course is about 11,650 miles, and the compulsory stopping places were prescribed to narrow the area of search in case of mishap.

It will be observed that the route is not the shortest between

England and Australia, for a great-circle course would take the competitors over the steppes of Turkestan, the highest parts of the Himalayas, straight across the Indian Ocean and the Central Australian Desert. The stipulated route, however, is of particular value because it does, to a large extent, coincide with the routes followed by the various air transport lines to the East, and whatever meteorological and navigation lessons are gained from the race will be at once available for commercial aviation.

Any entrant not completing the course within sixteen days will be disqualified. The trip has already been flown (by Charles Ulm) in less than seven days, but it is confidently expected that the speed race will be won in less than four days. It is interesting to compare these times with the best that maritime transport can offer. The new Cunarder 534 is expected to attain the fast speed of a little over 30 knots; and if she could maintain this speed non-stop for the whole journey, she would require sixteen days for the sea trip from London. The ordinary mail service from London to Australia is at present scheduled to take twenty-six to thirty-one days.

Whatever time is made in the race it is certain that it will be a thrilling affair and that it will illustrate in a startling manner the astonishing rate of technical development in aviation. When it is recalled that the record of air speed jumped from 100 m.p.h. in 1912 to 200 m.p.h. in 1921, and then to 300 m.p.h. in 1928 and to over 400 m.p.h. in 1931, some realisation of the potentialities of this important system of transport is inevitable.

In all forms of transport, high speed and long range are mutually antagonistic, and particularly so in air transport, where weight of fuel is an important fraction of the total weight. Not only in air racing but also in commercial aviation the calculation of profitable speed for the stages to be flown presents a nice problem for the aircraft operator and, in addition, forms an important part of the work of the aircraft designer. Long range and high speed both need increased fuel, and this in turn lessens the available carrying capacity of the machine. On commercial routes it is obvious that the stages must be sufficiently short to leave a profitable carrying capacity after the necessary fuel is aboard. And for a given stage the speed must not demand

so much fuel that no profitable carrying capacity remains.

In the air race there are two limiting factors to this fuel question. One is that all competitors must be able to carry sufficient fuel to cross the Timor Sea (512 miles of open water), and the other is that it would be useless to carry more fuel than necessary to fly the longest permissible stage, England to Baghdad (say 2,500 miles), for at the end of each stage there are to be compulsory stops for control and refuelling.

When the commercial operation of air transport over the route is considered in conjunction with the circumstances ruling during the race, some very enlightening facts emerge. It has now been established beyond question that every nation retains the sovereignty of the air above its territory. In consequence, before this race could be held at all, it was necessary to obtain the consent of the governments of all the various countries traversed. It is true that mutual arrangements are already in force under which the private aircraft of some countries are permitted to fly over the territory of other countries, but these arrangements did not cover all the competitors nor all the countries involved. It is a matter for congratulation that not one country which has been approached for permission has refused to allow competitors to fly over its territory. Some have given permission to all the competitors and others have intimated that non-British competitors can get permission at their London legation or embassy.

But the jealous manner in which certain countries guard the sovereignty of their air is exemplified by Turkey's refusal to permit Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith and Mr. and Mrs. Mollison to fly over her territory in the race. Turkey has always been, shall we say, a little "difficult" in air matters, and the refusal is said to follow previous unauthorised flights and subsequent unfavourable criticism of the Turkish authorities. Efforts are being made to get the ban lifted, and they will, it is hoped, be successful.

Everywhere health restrictions and Customs regulations are being relaxed for the race, and in many countries landing fees are being waived. But with regard to commercial aviation and the establishment of regular air lines a very different story is to be told.

Although under the Air Convention (which dates from an Inter-Allied Agreement of 1919) each contracting party agrees to permit regulated private flying over its territory by the aircraft of the other contracting parties, commercial aviation is treated very differently. The Air Convention now governs civil aviation arrangements between some twenty-nine countries. It was, and is, hoped that all important countries would eventually subscribe to the Convention, but at present Germany, U.S.A., Turkey, U.S.S.R., China, Brazil and the Argentine are notable among the exceptions.

The contracting parties to the Convention have agreed, wisely or foolishly, that no regular air line can be established without the prior consent of each nation traversed by the route. The agreement may have been wise if, without it, all other matters of agreement were in real danger of being stultified, but it was foolish in that the idea of the freedom of the air was ever abandoned. Freedom of the seas is so valuable an asset of civilization that it is ten thousand pities that there is not yet any general freedom of the air. All that is wanted is the right of innocent passage in time of peace, but this can be denied at will by any minor State. Some countries are so situated that by their geographical position on a great trunk air route they can use their rights in the matter to further their economic and political designs.

This necessity for obtaining prior permission to establish an air route does, in fact, cause a good deal of undesirable international bargaining. For example, Italy wanted to fly to Somaliland and Eritrea via Egypt, and to Malta, Cyprus and Gibraltar, while the British wanted to fly through Italy *en route* for Egypt and India. In this and similar cases it was possible to reach agreement only after protracted bargaining, and the best bargain went, naturally, to the power able to spoil the more important route.

But it is not always a case of one air service competing against another for flying rights. The British wanted to use a Persian coast route on the air line to India, and Persia had covetous eyes on the island of Bahrein. We do not admit Persia's claim to Bahrein, and rather than do so we moved our Indian air route to the Arabian side of the Persian Gulf. It is perhaps

not quite correct to say that we were warned off Persian territory, but that, in effect, was the result. Compared with the ship-owner, the lot of the air transport operator is far from happy. The one can send his vessels pretty much where he likes, but the other cannot begin his job until the politicians have settled their squabbles.

France and Holland are operating air lines over Persian territory under permits which, it is believed, need renewal every week. Their need to use this route under such conditions of uncertainty must be great, and so indeed it is; for France desires an air route to her important possessions in Indo-China, and Holland would lose a great deal if she could not keep touch by air with the Dutch East Indies.

Although Italy and Persia have both added to the difficulties of establishing our Imperial air routes to Africa and to India, they exercised no more than their legitimate rights. None the less their action was very irksome to this country. The matter is of particular importance to us because of the vast distances separating the various parts of the Empire, and at the special meeting of the International Congress, in June 1929, we pressed hard for this principle of the freedom of the air. But there was so large a majority against us—27 states to 4—that some very real change of feeling abroad will be necessary before any progress is likely.

The main opposition to the freedom of the air comes, of course, from the military bogey. There is a widespread feeling that, instead of being a civilising boon, civil aviation may degenerate into a powerful militaristic weapon. Any air liner could, without doubt, be converted into a bomber. It might be a highly efficient bomber, but, on the other hand, it might be highly inefficient. Military and civil aviation are diverging so widely in technique that it is doubtful if civil aircraft could ever become a really efficient military effective. And the recent disastrous American attempts to use military aeroplanes and pilots to carry out civil air-mail work supply the converse argument.

But though it may be admitted that civil aircraft *could* be converted in time of war into military machines, of more or less usefulness, is that a good reason for hindering their peace-time employment? Does not the same argument apply to maritime

transport? Could not a *Berengaria*, a *Normandie* or a Cunard 534 in time of war mount a few guns or torpedo tubes? Could they not sow mines? Are they on that account to be denied the peace-time use of the world's seaports?

It would seem that the world is afraid of aviation. War in the Air would bring the civilian population directly into the conflict. It is regrettable that soldiers should be killed, but, after all, that is what soldiers are for, and there is, for the time being, much honour in the killing and the being killed. But the slaughter of civilians is in a different category. So runs the unconfessed argument, and it carries a melancholy and cynical series of thoughts in its train. So long as it is the other fellow that is going to be killed, periodical wars are inevitable and glorious, and a necessary part in the working out of a nation's destiny. But when we ourselves as civilians are going to be killed, war becomes horrible and barbarous and ought to be abolished. Aviation is feared because of its military potency, but, if fear of this potency leads to a greater rarity of war, it can be counted among the blessings of aviation. Meanwhile it is very regrettable that fear of the military misuse of civil air transport should hinder its peaceful development.

Commercial aviation is now rushing ahead so fast that some consideration of the geographical distribution of its activities is necessary before it can be viewed in proper perspective. United States air lines now account for about one-half of the world's total flown mileage. Ninety per cent of this is on internal air lines. Among the other great nations civil air transport is about equally active, with the exception of Germany, which does roughly twice as much as any other European country. There is no need for any feeling of inferiority for the minor position occupied by the European countries. The area of the United States is roughly equal to the area of Europe, and unity of control has had an enormous effect in helping American development. Money has been spent lavishly by the richest country in the world in getting its commercial air services established. Whether these services could ever be made self-supporting has not been an important factor in their establishment. America has, moreover, a large number of big cities deally spaced for air transport, and the volume of traffic capable

of attraction to the air is enormous. Petrol is plentiful and cheap and one language and one currency serve for the whole country. But the biggest factor in the huge development of air transport in America has undoubtedly been the absence of political hindrance.

Qualitatively, the best European air services have little to learn from the Americans. For sheer efficiency the services of Imperial Airways have a magnificent record. In Europe we insist that considerations of safety and reliability must be satisfied before new technical advances are brought into routine operation. We insist rightly on a process of continuous consolidation. Progress on these lines may be less spectacular, but it is sound. In America nearly half the flying is done by night. This has been made possible only by the Government's expenditure of large sums of money on lighting the airways. In Europe there is as yet little night-flying. On this question of night-flying and in the matter of speed America has undoubtedly made astonishing progress. Wonderful reports reach us concerning the high air speeds regularly attained there on commercial routes, and a feeling has become prevalent that the British air services are not as speedy as they ought to be.

Now in all transport problems speed is a vital matter, but it is not, by any means, the only vital matter. Factors attracting traffic include speed, comfort, cheapness, reliability and many other considerations, and these are not everywhere of equal relative importance. The problem for the air transport operator is twofold. First, how much more traffic and how much more revenue will he attract if he increases his speed 20 per cent, 30 per cent or 40 per cent? Secondly, will the additional revenue do more than cover the additional running costs? It is patent that every route needs individual consideration. On some routes really high speeds are essential in order to attract traffic from existing high-speed surface transport. On other routes big increases in speed might have a negligible effect on the traffic returns.

Commercial aviation is not philanthropy and there is no virtue in high speed for its own sake. The man on the job usually knows most about it, and it is safe to leave the improvement of air transport services to those people who have studied the

local conditions and the local problems. So long as traffic continues to grow satisfactorily in volume and density, it may be assumed that the management is adequately fulfilling its functions.

Air transport to-day is seething with big schemes of development. Just as soon as the route to Australia is firmly established, the next, and perhaps the greatest, step will be tackled. This is, of course, the regular air crossing of the Atlantic from Europe to North America. Already the technical problems are being closely studied. Weather is the enemy; but the rival claims of land-planes, flying-boats and even airships are being investigated, and so, too, are the merits of the northern route *via* Iceland and Greenland, the direct route *via* Ireland and Newfoundland, and the southern route *via* the Azores and Bermuda. How close we are to conquering the difficulties nobody knows, but it is certain that the conquest is not very far distant. It is equally certain that the Melbourne Centenary Air Race will greatly stimulate interest in the attack.

AN IMPERIAL LINK?

BY NORMAN BENTWICH

JUST over a hundred years ago the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council was established by a Statute of William IV. The *Curia Regis* had, indeed, from time immemorial exercised the jurisdiction of a Supreme Tribunal of Appeal from all courts in the possession of the Crown, and before the Statute any Privy Councillor was entitled to sit at the hearing of appeals, if he so listed. But for a century there has been a permanent judicial body composed of those Privy Councillors who have held high judicial office. Later legislation has modified the membership by the creation of Lords of Appeal who sit both in the House of Lords and in the Privy Council, and by giving a place on the Committee to Privy Councillors who have been members of the Higher Courts of the Dominions and in India.

The Judicial Committee is one of the few visible links of Empire. In an unimposing room in Downing Street it gives final judgment on suits which arise in any part of the King's Realm, including the Channel Isles and the Isle of Man, the self-governing Dominions, the Colonies, the Protectorates, and the territories over which His Majesty exercises a mandate. It applies every kind of law: Norman, British, Roman-Dutch, French, Spanish, Ottoman, Hindu, and Moslem, according to the country from which the appeal is brought. It hears every kind of cause, constitutional, civil, or criminal; and a peculiar class of its own in which it advises His Majesty on any problem of the Empire which is referred to it. It has been said that its jurisdiction is more extensive, whether measured by area, population, variety of nations, creeds, laws, or customs, than that hitherto enjoyed by any court known in history.

The majority of the cases come from India, for it is the principal appellate function of the Committee to revise the judgments of the Indian Courts. The tale is well known of the traveller who, arriving at a town in India, saw a new idol, and, asking

Two Chinese junks attacked a third with the object of capturing her. Shots were fired, but, owing to the intervention of British vessels, the chase was unsuccessful, and the crews of the attacking vessels were brought to trial at Hongkong on a charge of piracy. They were found guilty, but the question of law was reserved: whether an accused person might be convicted in circumstances where no robbery had occurred. The Full Court quashed the conviction. Against that decision there was no appeal; but the King-in-Council referred to the Judicial Committee the point of International Law, for the guidance of the King's Courts in the future. In the collusive proceedings the British Government argued on the one side through the Attorney-General, and the Secretary of State for the Colonies argued on the other side through Sir Leslie Scott. The Committee considered the English, American, and foreign authorities on the question of piracy, beginning with the Statute of Henry VIII, and ending with a "Research into International Law" by the Harvard Law School, published in 1932. They came to the conclusion that actual robbery was not essential and that a frustrated attempt to commit piratical robbery was equally piracy by the Law of Nations. There is no question but that this second aspect of the work of the Committee, by which the best judicial brains in the Empire give authoritative advice on matters that are outside the scope of Courts of Law, but require judicial treatment, strengthens the chain of justice in the British realm.

The third large function of the Committee is to determine constitutional questions either within a Dominion or Colony or as between a Province or State of a Dominion and the Federal Government. That function has been exercised in particular in the interpretation of the Constitution of the Dominion of Canada; for by the British North America Act of 1867, it was expressly vested in the Committee. When the later Federal Constitutions of the Commonwealth of Australia and the Union of South Africa were enacted, there existed a stronger feeling of independence and a desire for more complete autonomy on the part of the new nation; and the right of appeal to the Privy Council was restricted. In the Commonwealth of Australia, the High Court of Australia is the Tribunal chosen to determine constitutional questions; and no questions between a State and

the Federal Government can be brought to the Judicial Committee without a certificate of the High Court. In the Union of South Africa the right of appeal is still more rigidly delimited. It cannot be exercised in constitutional questions between a Province and the Union; but only in civil cases where the Committee grants leave to appeal because of grave legal questions that are involved.

Constitutional questions within an Australian State can, however, be brought freely to the Committee; and the recent case which came on appeal from the Supreme Court of New South Wales raised the question of the validity of two Acts of the State legislature passed in 1933 for reforming the Constitution. One of the Acts substituted for the nominated Legislative Council—the Upper House—then subsisting, a Council elected by secret ballot by an electoral body consisting of the members of the Legislative Assembly—the Lower House—and the Legislative Council. The second Act prescribed the system of election. Both laws had been submitted to a referendum in the State and adopted. The Committee upheld the judgment of the Australian Court that the legislation was valid.

In this activity the Committee brings detached and independent as well as experienced, minds to bear on great constitutional questions to which, in the Dominion itself, party feeling and passion may be attached. At the same time, there is a certain jealousy on the part of the Dominions against supreme authority over their Constitution being vested in a body sitting in the Motherland and manned mainly by judges of Great Britain even though today the Board may contain the highest judges of the Dominion itself.

It was one of the proposals of the Imperial Conference in 1930 to establish a special Tribunal to determine differences and disputes between members of the Commonwealth, and to be a court of international justice within the Commonwealth. The Tribunal was to consist of five members, one member chosen by each party to the dispute from States members of the Commonwealth other than the parties to the dispute, and being person who have held high judicial office or distinguished jurists; on person chosen by each party to the dispute from any part of the Commonwealth, with complete freedom of choice, and th

Chairman, who should be chosen by the members so appointed. The Tribunal would be a less British—in the narrower sense—and more definitely Imperial body than the Judicial Committee; and in that way it should more fully satisfy the feeling for national equality of the Dominions. No effect, however, has yet been given to the recommendation of the Imperial Conference, perhaps because no justiciable question has presented itself. The attitude of the South African and Irish Free State representatives, by the way, was unfriendly.

The Irish Free State stands for complete abolition of the right of appeal from the judgment of the Irish Courts. The question had been raised by the Irish delegation at the previous Conference of 1926; and a declaration was then made to the effect:—“that it was no part of the policy of His Majesty’s Government in Great Britain that questions affecting judicial appeals should be determined otherwise than in accordance with the wishes of the part of the Empire primarily affected”. The Conference at the same time laid down the principle that no changes in the existing system which, while primarily affecting one part, raised issues concerning other parts of the Commonwealth, should be effected except after consultation and discussion. That rider appeared to mean that the right of appeal should be abolished for any Dominion only after consultation with the other Dominions. Nevertheless, the Irish Government which came to power after the Conference of 1930, passed a Constitution Amendment Act, 1933, which terminated the right of appeal to His Majesty in Council, and went on to provide that it should be an unlawful act for any person to petition His Majesty for leave to appeal. To clinch the matter of outstanding appeals, the Act was declared to be retrospective in effect.

The Irish Government has fretted at the judicial link from the outset. For them it appears as a fetter of servitude, and not as a link of union. Article 66 of the Constitution scheduled to the Act of 1922 laid down that the decision of the Supreme Court “shall in all cases be final and conclusive, and shall not be reviewed or capable of being reviewed by any other Court, Tribunal, or Authority whatsoever”. There followed a proviso that “nothing in the Constitution shall impair the right of any person to petition His Majesty for special leave to appeal from the

Supreme Court to His Majesty in Council, or the right of His Majesty to grant such leave”. That clause was a more drastic reduction of the right of appeal than existed in any other Dominion Constitution; but it did afford the opening to the private litigant to take his case to Downing Street. Lord Haldane, in giving the judgment of the Privy Council in the first application for leave to appeal,* emphasised the progressive restriction of the jurisdiction of the Privy Council. It had become the practice to grant leave to appeal to private litigants only in cases which involved great principles or questions of wide public interest.

The application for leave was rejected in the first three cases; and, when subsequently leave was given in a case which turned on the construction of an Irish Land Act—not obviously involving a great principle or problem of wide public interest—the Irish Government, to prevent the appeal being effective, passed a measure in the Dail declaring that the interpretation placed upon the Act by the Irish courts was, and should have been deemed always to have been, the law. That provoked an outcry in the Irish Parliament and the English House of Lords; but the appeal was withdrawn. About the same time, however, an appeal concerning the interpretation of the Anglo-Irish Treaty with regard to rights of pension was admitted, without complaint from the Government of the Irish Free State. The Judicial Committee reversed the decision of the Irish Supreme Court in that case of *Wigg & Cochrane v. The Attorney-General of the Irish Free State*.† But an unhappy fate dogged the appeal. When the matter was discussed subsequently in the House of Lords, two of the judges admitted that the judgment had been given under some misapprehension; and Lord Birkenhead stated that the Lord Chancellor, who presided over the court, had expressed his opinion that the conclusion which he had drawn was probably wrong in law. Following this declaration the case was referred back to the Judicial Committee, which is not bound by any hard and fast doctrine of *res judicata*; and, after an inconclusive judgment of the Committee, the substantive dispute was settled by an agreement between the Irish and the British Governments.

The next event in the chequered story of the appeal from the

* *Hull v. McKenna*. 1926. *Irish Reports*, p. 409.

† 1927. *Appeal Cases*, p. 674.

Irish courts was a bold challenge, on purely legal grounds, of the right of the Privy Council to admit appeals, in spite of the proviso in the Constitution. It was raised in a case turning on the interpretation of the British Copyright Act of 1911, which the Irish Supreme Court held to have ceased to be in force in the Free State when Dominion status was granted.* When leave to appeal was given by the Judicial Committee, it was argued that the words in the proviso: "Nothing shall impair the right of any person to petition His Majesty for special leave, etc. . . ." were of no effect, because no such right had ever existed in Ireland. In the days of the Union, appeals from Ireland went to the House of Lords; and if there was a right of appeal to His Majesty in Council, it would lie to the Irish Privy Council. The Committee rejected the ingenious plea on the broad ground that the position of the Free State was that of a self-governing Dominion, and therefore the right of the individual to petition for leave to appeal was that of an inhabitant of a Dominion. Again, the particular appeal was abortive, this time because, prior to the hearing, the Irish Parliament passed an Act to provide for the maintenance of existing copyrights.

The experience of ten years since the coming into force of the Constitution has emphasized the practical ineffectiveness of the bare right to petition for leave to appeal from the Courts of the Free State. Judgment was given in two only of the ten cases in which an appeal was lodged. In one, no effect was given to the decision, and the matter was settled by agreement between the Governments; in the other the effect was forestalled by Irish legislation. It is not, then, surprising that the Irish Government chanced their Constitutional arm, and purported to abolish by law of the Free State legislature the right of an Irish citizen to petition His Majesty in Council for leave to appeal. When the Act was passed, a case from Ireland, in which leave to appeal had already been granted, was pending before the Judicial Committee. It concerned a private right, the alleged trespass on a Fishery in the tidal portion of a river. The appellants claimed to be the owners, and the Irish Supreme Court, reversing the judgment of the lower court, dismissed their action. The pertinacity of the

* *Performing Rights Society v. The Bray Urban District Council*. 1930. *Irish Reports*, p. 509.

rish litigant has, however, not changed; and a petition was presented to His Majesty in Council praying:—

"(1) That the plaintiffs in the case might have leave to deliver to the Registrar to the Privy Council copies of the proceedings and pleadings in the action tried in the Irish Supreme Court; and—

"(2) That a preliminary hearing might be had before His Majesty in Council to decide as to the validity and the effect of the Act, which purported to abolish the right of appeal from the Supreme Court to His Majesty in Council."

The petition was, indeed, considered by the members of the Judicial Committee; but it was explained at the outset that it was presented, not to the Committee, but to His Majesty in Council, because the petitioners were unable to satisfy the procedure of the Committee and file a formal petition of appeal. The Registrar of the Irish Court, being bound by the law of his State, declined to send a copy of the judgment against which the appeal was made, and therefore the petitioners must crave special leave to dispense with the official record of the proceedings in Ireland, and file their own record. The Board granted the second part of the petition; and the question whether it was open to the Irish legislature to abolish the right of appeal is to come before the Committee on a "Reference". In order to avoid the penalties to which an Irish citizen is liable, if in Ireland he serves notice of appeal to the Privy Council, notice to the parties concerned in the Free State will be served by registered post.

The constitutional question, then, will be argued before the most august Tribunal in the Empire. The judgment will doubtless be a storehouse of constitutional wisdom and of questions for legal examiners. On the other hand, it can hardly have any practical effect on the right of appeal from Ireland. The Irish Parliament and Government have judged that the right of appeal of the citizen to a Court outside the Free State is a fetter on their independence, or, to use a legal metaphor, a clog on the equity of their redemption. It is contrary to the spirit of the relations now existing between the Mother Country and the other members of the British Commonwealth to insist on maintaining a tie which one party regards as a chain. And the judicial link will not be weakened. The Committee will still receive enough appeals from the courts in the Dominions, India, the Colonies and Mandated territories for which it is still a palladium of justice.

HOLLAND HOUSE AND ITS MEMORIES

BY E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR

HOLLAND House has long possessed an interest peculiarly its own. For one thing it is the last of the innumerable great London mansions which have survived from Stuart times till our own day; it is, too, the only one which exhibits those architectural features to contemplate which we must now journey into the country—to Hatfield and Blickling; Cobham and Burleigh, Longleat and Audley End. Then, too, it has been associated with many striking personalities, from Addison to the Lady Holland of so many Georgian and early Victorian memories, and has been the meeting-place of the political and literary celebrities of two centuries. Appropriately it has not lacked commemorators, for not only did Princess Marie Leichtenstein, a daughter of Lord Holland, write fully and lovingly about it, but Faulkner and Leigh Hunt have both dealt in their varied ways with its absorbing annals; while we gain glimpses of its *habitués* and remarkable *châtelaine* in the diaries of Tom Moore and Tom Creevey, Charles Greville and Baron Neumann, as well as in the journal of Mary Berry, and in our own day in a book by Mr. Lloyd Sanders (*The Holland House Circle*), which resumes in itself the results of a careful study of such authorities.

In early times the land now occupied by Holland House and its grounds was in the possession of the De Veres, but by gifts, purchase and alienation it passed to the Church and then to the Crown. Edward VI, however, leased it to Sir William Paulet, afterwards Marquess of Winchester, who, in payment of a debt owed to the Crown, surrendered his interest to Queen Elizabeth. She granted the property to Lord Burghley, whose trustees sold it to Sir Walter Cope, and it is with Cope that the place was for long chiefly identified.

Sir Walter, who was the brother of Sir Anthony Cope the owner of that other famous house, Bramshill in Hampshire, rapidly attained wealth and influence under James I, who made him a gentleman of the Privy Chamber, gave him, in 1608, a grant of the fines in the Court of King's Bench, and four years later made him Master of the Court of Wards and Liveries, and created him a baronet. In a word Sir Walter was one of that large band of middle-class families which rose with the rapidity of mushroom growth to power and affluence in the reign of Elizabeth. He it was who built Holland House, besides purchasing much additional land in its immediate vicinity.

The architect he selected was that, to us, rather shadowy personage, John Thorpe, who, chiefly on the evidence of a note-book full of architectural designs, now in the Sloane Museum, has been credited by Walpole and others with the creation of many great houses to which he can hardly lay claim; Holland House, and Kirby Hall in Yorkshire, old Longford Castle and Rushton Hall, however, being with reasonable assurance credited to him. The fact is that Thorpe was accustomed to fill his note-book with drawings of the ground-plans and façades of various mansions erected in his day, not improbably as hints for his own undertakings, and as some of these are known to have been erected by other architects one cannot be sure which were from his own designs, unless other evidence bears collateral proof. In the case of Holland House this is so, for on the ground-plan of it is written "Sir Walter Coap (*sic*), at Kensington, perfected by me, J. T." This plan consists of two drawings, one a small rough sketch, and by its side a large one obviously based upon and developed from it, and it seems probable that the smaller one represents Sir Walter's vague idea of the character his house should assume, and the large one Thorpe's architectural version, hence the word "perfected" may be taken as meaning this, and not as merely indicating that Thorpe enlarged or otherwise improved the work of another architect.

The mansion was erected in 1607, but was not wholly completed in 1614, when Sir Walter died. It had, however, become known rather grandiosely as Cope Castle; a title not altogether inappropriate, however, for when Henry, Prince of Wales was lying ill, James I came from Theobalds and stayed there in

order to be near his son. But his Majesty did not like the place, finding it cold and draughty: "the wind", he said, "blew through the walls, and he could not be warm in his bed", so he went elsewhere after casting this unfortunate slur on the owner, architect, and builder; although we must remember that the place was not even then in a wholly finished state.

It was Cope's daughter and heiress who, by marrying Henry Rich, created subsequently Earl of Holland, brought the house into the possession of that family. Lord Holland, a devoted adherent of Charles I and one of those who shared his tragic fate, made Holland House, as it now became named, a centre of hospitality and splendour. He, too, added considerably to the structure, not only in erecting the wings and the arcade in front, but also in embellishing the interior. The place first enters into history as being the spot where the Houses of Parliament met Fairfax when marching at the head of his army into London on August 6th, 1647. Both Fairfax and Lambert are said successively to have occupied the house after Holland's execution and its alienation to the Parliament, and there are traditional accounts of visits paid here by Cromwell, which may easily be true.

It was, however, not long before Lord Holland's widow was permitted to resume her occupation of her property; and, being again installed there, she not merely improved it in a variety of ways, but dared, in those austere days, to patronize the players who were not permitted to act in the regular theatres, by having theatrical performances given in her long gallery. At one time Lady Holland must have let at least a portion of the house, for it is known that Sir John Chardin, the well-known traveller, during the reign of Charles II, and William Penn, in that of his successor, occupied it, or rooms in it. Indeed, down to the times of the Georges the family was in the habit of letting the place for more or less lengthy periods, and we hear of that rather amazing Catherine Darnley, Duchess of Buckinghamshire, an illegitimate daughter of James II, and Downright Shippen, as Pope calls him, and of whom Sir Robert Walpole once remarked: "I will not say who are to be corrupted, but I will say who is incorruptible, and that is Shippen", being once tenants here.

Towards the close of the year 1689 the place was nearly

becoming a permanent royal residence, for when the asthmatic William III found Whitehall too near the river, he was recommended to try Holland House; indeed, it was fitted up at a cost of some £1,500 for his reception, but for some reason, probably the greater distance from London, he did not approve of it, and Lord Nottingham's residence, now Kensington Palace, was selected instead.

Lady Holland died in 1655; and of the eight of her ten children surviving her, the eldest son Robert, Lord Kensington, succeeded to his father's title, and as 5th Earl of Warwick in 1675 only two years before his death. It was by this second title that his son was known, and it was with that son's stepfather, Joseph Addison, that the earlier eighteenth century annals of Holland House are specially identified.

Addison had married the widow of the 6th Earl in 1716, a union which was hardly more successful than was that of Wycherley and Lady Drogheda, and in an age when the wine-cup was dominant he seems to have fallen to its seductions still more in consequence of intermittent marital disputes. There is a well-known story of how, when engaged on literary work, he would walk up and down the long gallery of Holland House, a bottle being placed at either end from which he imbibed freely. However, the union, ill-assorted or not as it may be, only lasted three years, and it is Addison's death-bed utterance to the young Earl that is one of the famous episodes of an else famous house. The anecdote tells how Addison had Lord Warwick called to his bedside and solemnly pronounced the well-known words: "See in what peace a Christian can die", implying that the young peer required such an admonition. On the other hand, Walpole in one of his letters bluntly says that the great moralist "died of brandy". Both tales may be true—or false. The admonition sounds rather in Addison's manner; the brandy may well have been a palliative or a necessary means of sustaining life. In any case the three short years of which Addison's married career consisted have succeeded in giving to Holland House one of its outstanding memories. Johnson, who had a horror of death, calls the close of that association "an awful scene". Another one was to follow in two years time, for in 1721 the young earl who had stood beside his illustrious

stepfather's death-bed lay on his own, and died at the early age of twenty-three.

It was after this event that the house was again let on short leases to various tenants, among them Lord Lechmere, and Morrice, High Bailiff of Westminster and son-in-law of Bishop Atterbury in whose correspondence many references will be found to the place. The estates of the Rich family, including Holland House, passed through the female branch to William Edwardes, on whose mother, Lady Elizabeth Rich, daughter of the Earl of Warwick, they had been settled. He was created Lord Kensington in 1776; and he it was who had, in 1767, sold the property to Henry Fox, 1st Lord Holland, the son of the famous Stephen Fox. Before then Fox had, however, been occupying it at a rent so low that Sir George Trevelyan, in his *Early Life of Charles James Fox*, says it was "less than is asked for five out of six among the hundreds of dwellings which now fringe its northern and eastern outskirts". Sir George was writing in 1880, and he adds: "but which have not been permitted to invade the sacred enclosure", a remark that would require no little modification today.

It was just twenty years before Fox purchased the place that Walpole refers to a great ball given by him at Holland House, "which he has taken for a long term, and where he is making great improvements".

Henry Fox married under romantic circumstances, an elopement among them, Lady Caroline Lennox, daughter of the 2nd Duke of Richmond, and was subsequently created Lord Holland; one of his brothers became in due course Earl of Ilchester, the ancestor of the present owner of Holland House.

Apart from being the father of the great statesman and inveterate gambler Charles James Fox, the 1st Lord Holland was in many respects a remarkable man, and is not by any means the least notable of the owners of his historic mansion. He was a devoted adherent of Sir Robert Walpole; like his famous son he wasted his patrimony; like him he held high office, and that amiability which characterized the younger man seems to have been inherited from his father, who was one of the most indulgent of parents. But he was not popular. He gained an unenviable notoriety for self-seeking, and there is no doubt that he regarded

the public purse as one into which he could with impunity and with regularity dip his hand. Although loaded with sinecures and reversions for his children, nothing seemed able to satisfy his craving for wealth, and he was popularly regarded as a wicked, grasping man, unhappy in his wealth and wickedness. In his domestic circle, however, he was, if not a model parent, at least a most amenable one, and the wit which descended to his best known son was in him lambent to the last. Lying on his death-bed and hearing that George Selwyn, also notable for that quality as well as for his love of gruesome subjects, was calling to see him, he gave the order to his servant: "If Mr. Selwyn calls again, show him up; if I am alive I shall be glad to see him, and if I am dead I am sure he will like to see me". His death occurred on July 1st, 1774, and was a happy release, for his latter days had been, according to Walpole, miserable ones, aggravated by the fact that Lady Holland was also lying ill at the time—indeed, she only survived her husband a little over three weeks. Curiously enough, too, the eldest son, who inherited the title and estates, also died in the December of the same year, when Henry Richard, his son by Mary, daughter of the Earl of Upper Ossory, then but a year old, succeeded. This was the child who was to become the Henry Vassall Fox, Lord Holland, under whom and his very imperious lady, the brilliance of Holland House was to reach its apogee.

But before that time, a period extending roughly from 1799 to 1840, the place had, as the home of the redoubtable 1st Lord and still more of his brilliant son Charles James Fox, become a centre of social and political importance second to few in London; if one can then describe as being in London a mansion that possessed all the attributes of a country house and was often, on account of the state of the roads and the then limited estimate of distances, as difficult to reach as are now houses many miles from the metropolis.

Horace Walpole was a frequent visitor, and on one occasion, coming away from a dinner there he was stopped and fired at by a highwayman near Hyde Park. He helped to beautify the place, for not only did he procure certain vases from Italy for the gardens in 1758, but so much later as 1796 we find him recommending the 3rd Lord, who was then refurnishing it, to

purchase some carpets which Samuel Lysons was having made on the pattern of Roman pavements "which", he says, "would be ornaments to the spacious rooms at Holland House". By the way, this rehabilitation was necessary, as on the death of the 2nd Lord Holland and in view of the long minority of the 3rd, the contents of the house had been dispersed. "The sale at Holland House", writes Walpole to Lady Upper Ossory, in December, 1775, "will produce treasures. I did not go; it would have been a horrid sight for me who have lived there so much, but I hear the most common furniture sold as dear as relics".

A longer extract from Walpole's letters must be given, as it records an interesting event here, and incidentally includes the names of several famous eighteenth-century figures. Writing to George Montagu, on January 22nd, 1761, he says:

"I was excessively amused on Tuesday night; there was a play at Holland House acted by children; not *all children*, for Lady Sarah Lennox and Lady Susan Strangeways played the women. It was Jane Shore; one Price, Lord Barrington's nephew was Gloster, and acted three parts better than the comedians. Charles Fox, Hastings; a little Nichols, who spoke well, Belmour; Lord Ofaly, Lord Ashbroke, and other boys did the rest—but the two little girls were delightful, and acted with so much nature and simplicity that they appeared the very things they represented. Lady Sarah was more beautiful than you can conceive, and her very awkwardness gave an air of truth to the shame of the part, and the antiquity of the time, which was kept up by her dress, taken out of Montfaucon. Lady Susan was dressed from Jane Seymour, and all the parts were clothed in ancient habits, and with the most minute propriety. When Lady Sarah was in white, with her hair about her ears, and on the ground, no Magdalen by Correggio was half so lovely and expressive".

The Lady Sarah who made such an impression on Horace Walpole was the daughter of the 2nd Duke of Richmond and, therefore, Lady Holland's sister, and was beloved by George III (who is said first to have been attracted by her while she was making hay in the fields before Holland House, as he rode by one day). She became the wife successively of Sir Charles Bunbury and the Hon. George Napier, and whose sons by her second husband were afterwards Sir Charles and Sir William Napier.

But it was when the third Lord Holland brought there the beautiful and imperious lady who was for so long to rule over a brilliant coterie and to rule over it with a rod of iron, that Holland House entered into its most extended career of glory.

Here came the great Sir Walter, who hardly appreciated the Jacobean architecture of the place—he called it "bastard Gothic"—but who dreaded the time, which he anticipated to be not far off, when it would be demolished, and rows and crescents would reign in its stead; here came Rogers with his funereal face and bitter tongue, who had to be more than once admonished by his hostess for talking so loudly, and who would reply that if he did not say nasty things in a loud voice nobody would attend to what he said. Here it was that, on a certain great lady taxing him with abusing her, he retorted with the crushingly courteous but double-barrelled rejoinder: "Dear lady, I pass my time in defending you". Sidney Smith uttered some of his most telling witticisms in the room whose walls had echoed to the voice of Addison; and Luttrell here made his well-known rejoinder to Lady Holland, who had asked him to make room at a table crowded to suffocation: "It will, indeed, be to make it, for it does not exist". Tom Moore's beautiful voice and pathetic ballads drew tears from sentimental eyes here, and Theodore Hook's jokes and marvellous feats of improvisation, the tears of inextinguishable laughter. Here, as at Lansdowne House, Mackintosh wrangled with Macaulay across the attenuated form of Rogers, "as if I were a dead body", as the latter pathetically exclaimed.

Indeed Macaulay was one of the great lions of the place, and in a letter to his sister tells of his first visit there. Unlike Scott he found the house "delightful"—the very perfection of the old Elizabethan style, and when he sat down to dinner, it was in company with Lords Albemarle, Alvanley—a wit and beau of an older school—John Russell and Mahon. After the meal Lord Holland, who had dined by himself because of his gout, was wheeled in, and "was extremely amusing and good natured". Later, in the drawing room, Macaulay had what he would have termed "a set to" with his hostess. He used the word constituency, "if the word constituency were admissible", he added, whereupon Lady Holland: "I'm glad you put that in. I was just going to give it you. It is an odious word. Then there is *talented*, and *influential* and *gentlemanly*. I never could break Sheridan of *gentlemanly* though he allowed it to be wrong". No wonder Macaulay should add that

"she thinks herself a critic". But what æons seem to have passed when *talented* could be objected to, or the use of *constituencies* reproved!

But, although gracious to Macaulay, Lady Holland was, as all the world knows, far from being habitually so: says the historian, "The centurion did not keep his soldiers in better order than she keeps her guests. It is to one 'go' and he goeth; and to another 'do this' and it is done. 'Ring the bell, Mr. Macaulay', 'Lay down that screen, Lord Russell, you will spoil it'. 'Mr. Allen, take a candle and show Mr. Cradock the picture of Buonaparte'". But she had known Byron and could tell anecdotes of him; she had travelled much and was a keen observer; and at heart she was a kind woman who, if she loved to dictate to those who could look after themselves, was gentleness itself to less assertive people.

The name of Allen reminds me of this "tame cat" of the place, who travelled with his patrons when they made their tours, and who was always at hand with his comprehensive learning and fine memory, to put them right on any point that might arise, from the date of a Roman Emperor's death to that of Lady Holland's birth. "Ask Dr. Allen how old I am", said she one day to a footman, on the point arising. "Dr. Allen says you are fifty-seven, my Lady". "Nonsense, I can't be that, ask him again". "Tell her she's fifty-seven", was heard roared out from the adjoining room by the irate Doctor, who probably thought a complimentary evasion of the truth was required, and was determined not to make it.

If it were possible to recover all the *memorabilia* that have been uttered in Holland House, what a book for a corner we should have! So much of genial wisdom, of real humour, of lambent and often mordant, wit would there be that, as at the "Mermaid", it might seem as if each guest had determined to put his whole life in a jest.

Lady Holland's circle could hardly be termed a *salon*. Women did not greatly affect her company, for one or two reasons; it was rather like a literary club presided over by one who had the wit to be, but the good sense not to be, a blue-stocking. Nor was it she only who drew that brilliant set to the hospitable roof which Thorpe had built. No one likes to be

perpetually bullied, or told to stop talking or to poke the fire, even if the command comes from a lady's lips; it was Lord Holland's charm of manner and perennial kindness of heart that ensured his guests a genial and ever ready welcome, and, if Lady Holland was apt to be exacting and imperious, they put up with it for the sake of her husband's innate good nature and amiable qualities.

In our own earlier days something of a recrudescence of social glory centred in Holland House, when the famous garden parties given by a later Lady Holland formed part and parcel of the attractions of the London season.

Today the splendid mansion stands in attenuated grounds, but still, at least in the summer, practically hidden by its encircling trees. How long will it remain? is a question asked by many interested in the preservation of historic and architectural landmarks. So many great houses that once seemed capable of defying time itself have disappeared or been turned to alien uses, that one cannot but think that this supremely interesting one may share their fate. Macaulay in his essay on his friend Lord Holland, written nearly a century ago, says, "The time is coming when, perhaps, a few old men, the last survivors of our generation, will in vain seek amidst new streets and squares and railway stations for the site of that dwelling which was in their youth the favourite resort of wits and beauties, of painters and poets, of scholars, philosophers and statesmen". This prophecy is happily still unfulfilled, but if in the historian's day such an ultimate fate seemed probable, how much more does it today amid the holocaust of the old and the feverishly unceasing erection of the new?

ITALY AND GERMANY

MAXWELL H. H. MACARTNEY

IN the European political situation of today there is no factor both actually and potentially more important than the breach which has opened between Italy and Germany. And what makes this breach all the more important is that it should have opened so short a time after the meeting in Venice between Signor Mussolini and Herr Hitler; so soon after that speech in the Square of St. Mark wherein Signor Mussolini, in the presence of his guest, declared to an applauding multitude that he and Herr Hitler had established an "intimate spiritual communion", and that "a terrible alternative" faced Europe if she proved incapable of achieving a minimum of political understanding, of economic collaboration, and of social comprehension.

The list of acts whereby Signor Mussolini had given his support to Germany is both long and impressive. In the matter of the French expedition into the Ruhr, and again at the time of the Locarno Treaties and Germany's entry into the League, Signor Mussolini played his own hand, to the annoyance of the French. Italy's own relations with Germany were regulated by the signature of a Treaty of Friendship and Arbitration, which created machinery for the peaceful settlement of all sorts of disputes. The duration was fixed for ten years. This was the first Arbitration Treaty to be signed by Germany with a former enemy Power, and was hailed in that country as another step towards the recovery by the Reich of its former position in Europe.

One particularly vital problem upon which Signor Mussolini has attempted to obtain for Germany, and thereby also for Europe,

a reasonably fair and realistic solution has been that of Disarmament. There is no need to recall all the phases of this long drawn-out and still unsolved problem. Germany's decision last October to leave the Disarmament Conference and the League of Nations was anything but acceptable to Signor Mussolini. It was at once realized that, even though her withdrawal from the League could not take full effect for two years after formal notice of such withdrawal had been served, yet by her action Germany had not only violated both the letter and the spirit of the Four Power Pact—in particular Article III of the Pact—but further, since the Pact was finally drafted to operate within the League of Nations, Germany had in effect nullified an instrument particularly dear to Signor Mussolini's heart. This was all the more galling since the Pact was so largely conceived in the interests of Germany herself, and since Signor Mussolini, in recommending the Pact to the Senate, had gone out of his way to insist that throughout the negotiations Germany had been inspired by a keen desire for collaboration. In spite, however, of seeing his pet project stultified, Signor Mussolini immediately issued a reassuring *communiqué* in which it was declared that the substance and tone of the speech just made by Herr Hitler and of the messages issued to the German people did not close all doors, and that the requisite and satisfactory conditions for the re-examination of the whole problem ought to be created. Realizing, then, that it was useless to bury his head in the sand and, out of pedantic deference to principles, to decline to face facts which were universally known, Signor Mussolini eventually produced a memorandum that was at once more practical and more favourable to Germany than the proposals eventually made by other Governments. In particular Signor Mussolini emphasized that equality of rights for Germany and other disarmed States had been solemnly recognized. Consequently, he argued that the impossibility for the armed Powers immediately to reduce their armaments to a level reasonably near that of Germany gave to the German claims a juridical and a moral force that could not easily be denied.

It should not be forgotten that not only were many of these and other unmentioned manifestations of Italian goodwill towards Germany made before the advent to power of Herr Hitler,

but they were made in the face of tactless acts of German provocation. It has been common knowledge ever since the Peace Settlement that an increasing section of Italian public opinion has been bitterly disappointed with the failure of Italy to obtain a mandate, and that this failure has been keenly resented both as a slight upon the national prestige and as robbing Italy of a field for her future commercial development. When, therefore, the German Press proceeded at the end of 1925 to include a claim to a mandate, among the other demands which Germany proposed to formulate as soon as she should have been elected to the League of Nations, Italy naturally was indignant and pointed out that if there were to be any re-allocation she had a right first to be satisfied. Moreover, this German claim was put forward simultaneously with a violent campaign in the German and Austrian Press against the alleged tyranny of the Italian administration in the Alto Adige. The attacks were supported by such responsible politicians as Herr Held, then Prime Minister of Bavaria; Herr Stresemann, then German Foreign Minister; and Herr Ramek, then Austrian Chancellor. Signor Mussolini's replies were typically vigorous, while his retorts that even before the War there had never been a *German* South Tyrol, and that the question of the Trentino was settled at St. Germain were juridically unanswerable.

Much more important, indeed, than the allegations of Italian excesses was the arrogation by Germany to herself of the right to take all German minorities, wherever they might be situated, under her direct protection, and the support given by the German Press and by responsible politicians to the policy of the *Anschluss* (or union) with Austria in the face of the Treaties of Versailles and of St. Germain and again of the Geneva Protocol of 1922, which forbade Austria to take any financial or economic step that would compromise her independence. To these German pretensions Signor Mussolini replied by declaring that the population of the Alto Adige was not one of those minorities which were the subject of special agreements, and that these Germans were not a national minority, but "an ethnographical relic". As for the *Anschluss*, Signor Mussolini again and again made it clear that he declined to entertain even the hypothesis of Italy having a common frontier with Germany on the Brenner.

When, then, subsequently Germany and Austria sought to dodge these inhibitions by the creation of a "purely economic" Customs Union, Italy immediately expressed her doubts and disapproval, and "with the best will in the world" to believe the assurances of the Austrian and German Governments, was driven to conclude that there was also an important political aspect involved.

If, then, Signor Mussolini could challenge Herr Stresemann to deny that "since the war Italy has followed a friendly policy towards Germany", Herr Hitler found many trumps in his hand when he came into power. The triumph of National Socialism was hailed in Italy with a chorus of enthusiasm. There were several reasons for this jubilation. With the exception of Hungary, which had got rid of Bela Kun and his Jewish clique in a few months, partly by her own efforts and partly by foreign intervention, Italian Fascism had been the first national movement to defeat Socialism-Communism. Herr Hitler's success was consequently greeted as another heavy blow to the cause of Social Democracy; and that, too, in the very country where it had had for so many years one of its most powerful, if not in fact, its most powerful stronghold. Furthermore, it was particularly gratifying to the national *amour-propre* of Italy to reflect that this stronghold should have been captured by the forces of a man who made no secret of his admiration for Signor Mussolini; who worked with a photograph of Signor Mussolini upon his desk to inspire him; whose title of *der Führer* was only a translation into German of *il Duce*; and who, by establishing his regime in the Reich, had done so much to make good the boast of Signor Mussolini that "within ten years Europe will be either Fascist or fascistized". To these sentimental reasons others of a more practical nature were also added. It was held that a morally and materially rehabilitated Germany would be a precious acquisition in the struggle to evolve order and prosperity out of the political and economic chaos of Europe. In the long run Europe would gain by the establishment in Germany of a stable government, able to repel the last onslaughts of Moscow, and by imposing social tranquility, to build up again a fresh market for international trade.

Lastly, Italy came quickly to see that in a rejuvenated Nazi

Germany, standing once more firmly upon her feet, she could find a counterpoise to the "hegemony" of France and of her "satellites", Poland and the Small Entente. Italy was, and still is, unconvinced that the chain of French alliances encircling Germany was forged with the exclusive object of keeping Germany down in a position of inferiority. She recalled that at the time of the Ruhr occupation there had been rumours of a continental *bloc* being formed against Great Britain, and Signor Mussolini justified the presence of Italian engineers in the Ruhr with the statement that "we cannot capriciously run any risk in the event, however improbable, of an agreement in the economic field between France and Germany with regard to coal and iron". She saw that there was a flirtation being carried on between M. Briand and Herr Stresemann; and that both these statesmen devoted more attention to smoothing out differences between their respective countries than they did to considering their relations with Italy. Although the Treaty of Locarno was signed on October 16, 1925, the question whether Italy should become a signatory to the pact was, as Signor Mussolini himself revealed a few months later, still undecided at the beginning of October.

The significance of this admission was borne out by the writings of the authoritative Signor Coppola in the review *Politica*. Among those advantages which he saw for Italy by her adherence were that the Treaty would (a) contribute to the progressive and inevitable weakening of the political and military treaties between France and the Small Entente and other new Central European States—treaties which were directed officially and in the first instance against Germany, but in reality and eventually against Italy; (b) provide Italy, as a guarantor, with an unanswerable argument for having relatively larger armaments than those of other Powers; and (c) would give to Italy, as a guarantor and judge, a position morally and therefore politically superior to that of the two countries guaranteed, i.e., France and Germany. Italy was inclined to think that the somewhat cavalier treatment meted out to her representatives during the Peace Conference in Paris did not proceed merely from an inadequate appreciation of her military achievements, but, so far as France was concerned, betokened the deliberate intention to rob her of the full fruits of

her victory. In particular Italy was genuinely perturbed by the military alliance concluded between France and Yugoslavia, and she anxiously asked herself of what good it was to her to have overthrown the forces of the Hasburgs, if her own sister and comrade-in-arms hastened at once to establish in the Little Entente another potentially dangerous combination of forces upon her north-eastern frontier. Italy was further confirmed in her suspicions by the unwillingness of France to recognize the Italian claim to naval parity with herself, and by her continued refusal to implement that article in the Treaty of London, 1915, which promised compensation to Italy in the case of Great Britain and France increasing their colonial possessions in Africa. This conduct on the part of France has always made the more painful an impression upon Italy, inasmuch as it has naturally been contrasted with the action of Great Britain, who, if she has not fully satisfied the hopes and desires of Italy, has at least done enough to make good her engagements.

With so many advantages waiting ready for Herr Hitler, it ought not to have been very difficult for him to have continued to find in a sore and, at times, an exasperated Mussolini a prudent collaborator to the considerable profit of Germany. To the constantly growing dismay and alarm of Italy, Herr Hitler proceeded within a few months to pursue a line of policy that has forfeited much of the respect and admiration felt for him. The persecution of the Jews, so far as it was understood at all in a country where there is no Jewish "problem" and where distinguished Jews are treated with all honour, was condemned as senseless, and even Signor Mussolini was moved to mark his disapproval by making a gesture of sympathy with the Jews. The proceedings of the Reichstag fire trial, and, in particular, the celebrated outburst of General Göring, were watched with incredulity and amazement. The murder, imprisonment and torture of political opponents were liked none the better in Italy because certain tweaks of conscience reminded the Fascists that their own rise to power had not been unaccompanied by many deplorable excesses. In fact the Italian Fascist looking upon his Nazi image felt something of the shock with which Dorian Gray first saw the distorted features of his portrait, and he began to regret that he had insisted so loudly upon the similarity

between Fascism and Nazism. Yet another problem which is generally regarded in Italy as having been badly mishandled is that of religion within the Nazi State. The Settlement of 1929 has certainly not brought unruffled peace between the Holy See and the Italian Government. It is only just three years since the activities of the *Azione Cattolica* brought about a most serious quarrel between the Holy Father and Signor Mussolini. Not even, however, in those utterances which were most condemned by the Pope did Signor Mussolini seek to replace Jupiter upon the level upon which Wotan has been put by certain prominent Nazis, nor has he ever suggested that the Lictor's Rod should be raised to the status of the Cross. The more exaggerated manifestations and pretensions of Nazism have, in fact, been ridiculed by Signor Mussolini who, while claiming "in the most peremptory manner the historical priority of the Fascist movement, and no less peremptorily the unmistakable originality of our doctrines", stigmatized as "crazy" those who "sought to declare themselves autonomists and who dream of racialism and all its gratuitously pretended purity".

Notwithstanding these manifold sources of disillusionment and irritation, all might yet have been well if Herr Hitler could only have kept his fingers out of the Austrian pie. Italy was at first inclined to make allowances. Signor Mussolini did not forget that he had himself suffered from the acts of some of his under-strappers in outlying districts. He was ready to give Herr Hitler some time to get his partisans well in hand. He even sought to dissuade him from pursuing, or countenancing intrigues in Austria by the publication of inspired newspaper articles arguing the untenability of the Nazi pretensions, and pointing out that the historical tradition of centuries had given to Austria a religious, spiritual, and cultural entity and life that forbade her to be loosely confounded and identified with Germany. As the German provocations grew rather than diminished, and to the broadcast utterances from Munich of Herr Habicht were added daily outrages perpetrated upon Austrian soil, the Italian Press was prompted to call in question the sincerity of Herr Hitler's re-assuring statements, and to document the undeniable complicity of responsible Germans in the terrorist campaign being waged against the Government of Herr Dollfuss. The tripartite

protocols signed in Rome last spring by Italy, Austria, and Hungary re-affirmed the "independence and rights" of every State as a basic hypothesis, and were clearly meant as another warning to Germany.

As a last resort was arranged the Venice meeting between the two dictators. What exactly occurred then is still not clear. The Italians professed to have received fresh assurances as to the observance of Austrian independence. Mouthpieces of Germany, on the other hand, declared that the situation remained materially unchanged—declarations which were certainly confirmed by events. It would appear as though both Signor Mussolini and Herr Hitler gave their own interpretation to the word "independence", and that each considers the other guilty of using it in a Pickwickian sense. Be that as it may, the meeting is now acknowledged to have been a failure, the dangerous futility of which was made public by the assassination of Herr Dollfuss. The indignation aroused in Italy by that crime was the measure of the pent-up anger and disgust, with which the nation, seriously concerned by the steady pressure of a German menace to the Brenner, had tacitly condemned alike the methods employed by Herr Hitler in getting rid of unfaithful and undesirable colleagues, and also the unsavoury revelations of immorality, to which certain prominent Nazis had long been notoriously addicted. The unbridled virulence of the anti-German campaign was incredibly fierce. No foul insult was too bad to be hurled at the heads of all Germans indiscriminately. For the first time one began to feel that there was some real justification for the normal muzzling of the Fascist Press.

Bismarck wisely remarked that in politics there is no room for either love or hatred. Signor Mussolini would certainly confirm this opinion. However angry he may at times have been with France; however disgruntled he now is with Germany; and however large the discount that must be made for a Germanophile policy which at the same time suited Italian interests, the principles of the Four Power Pact and the repeated warnings of what will befall Europe if she does not achieve a minimum of political unity go to show that Signor Mussolini has the instincts of a good European. The murder of Herr Dollfuss so soon after the Venice meeting does not mean that Italy has burned all her

gondolas. The feeling, however, that the events in Vienna of July 25 have opened up a gulf between Germany and Italy that cannot easily be bridged has already become noticeably strong. The voices of those who have always preached that "Codling's the friend, not Short", are again being raised.

The direct menace to Italy's northern frontier, which would be the immediate consequence of Nazi policy triumphing in Austria, would, it is being increasingly realized, by no means close the chapter. President Hindenburg's declaration that what has been German must again become German is being recalled. An Austria either completely absorbed into Germany by a formal *Anschluss* or so "nazified" as to be a vassal State would, it is apprehended, soon mean the re-opening of the campaign for the liberation of the Germans in the Alto Adige, all Herr Hitler's soporific utterances notwithstanding, and would eventually mean either the actual or virtual disappearance of Czechoslovakia as an independent State. A Germany thus swollen to over seventy millions of inhabitants would lose no time in resuming her old Mediterranean, and more precisely Adriatic, ambitions, while she would equally certainly revive all the expansionist aims summed up in the *Drang nach Osten*. That Hungary could or would care to resist such pressure is more than doubtful. The existence in Hungary of a strong and important germanophile element can scarcely be denied. The attitude of Yugoslavia has, of late, been anything but satisfactory either to Italy or to her ally France. The persistent rumours of a German-Yugoslav deal over the region of the Karawanken mountains in the event of Germany absorbing Austria cannot be dismissed off-hand. A Germany in a position fully to exploit her old policy of *Mittel-europa* and of the *Drang nach Osten* would make short work of Italy's political and economic designs in these regions so vitally important to her.

If it is permissible to speculate upon the stability of the Hitler regime after the tearing aside of the veil on June 30, it is no less permissible to argue that, whether Herr Hitler himself remains or disappears, power is gradually shifting back into the hands of the Nationalists and of the Reichswehr. Such a Germany would deal a deadly blow to Italy. French economic interests in the Danubian and in the Balkan countries are admittedly

of only secondary importance, and would not be likely, in any conceivable circumstances, to become really considerable. With Germany it is quite otherwise. That economic infiltration which sunk so deeply into northern Italy and into south-eastern Europe before 1914 would recommence without delay, and Italy would find that the support sometimes given by her to Germany for temporary and tactical purposes had ended in the raising up again of a Power whose permanent and fundamental interests are in many ways directly opposed to her own.

The revival of these arguments, far more than the sentimental and effervescent indignation aroused in Italy by the murder of Herr Dollfuss and other German misdeeds in Austria, invests the forthcoming visit to Rome of M. Barthou with the highest political importance. The opportunity is exceptionally favourable for the clearing up of a situation that has been allowed to drag on unsatisfactorily for much too long a time. In one very important respect France has already done much to prepare the ground. Nothing was more galling to the self-respect of Italians than the consciousness that the French did not really regard them as equals. The French—and not only the French—tendency to underestimate the value of the Italian contribution to the common victory; the inclination to bid the Italians not speak until they were spoken to, the unnecessarily slighting and provocative attitude assumed by France upon various occasions, did more mischief than can easily be imagined, and was the main cause of Italian counter-manifestations marked often by childish arrogance. A more just appreciation both of Italy's military effort in the war and of the national revival which has sprung from the dynamic leadership of Signor Mussolini has done much to smooth down Italy's ruffled plumage. In another respect also the visit should be happily timed. Neither France nor Italy are today in so strong a position to put pressure upon each other as they were a year ago. If Italy can no longer scare France with the spectre of a cordial Italo-German friendship, France is no longer certain how far Yugoslavia will dance to her piping if she undertakes the essential task of bringing Rome and Belgrade together, and she has undoubtedly been shaken by the manifest reluctance of Poland to go on for ever walking in French

leading-strings. Both parties, therefore, should meet in a reasonable frame of mind.

That it will not be easy to settle all the scores between the two countries is a commonplace. It is already obvious that even those who are agreed upon the desirability of an agreement are not at one upon the methods by which this agreement should be accomplished. Thanks, however, to the singularly inept course so far steered by Herr Hitler in foreign policy and, even more, to the embarrassing interferences of more or less unauthorized understrappers, Nazi Germany has aroused a widespread distrust that is in strong contrast to the growing confidence felt in the resolution and sagacity evinced by Signor Mussolini. A Franco-Italian settlement of differences need not connote a violently anti-German policy. That would be foolish, in the ultimate interest of Europe as a whole. But the rift between Rome and Berlin has given to France and to Italy such an opportunity as they have not had since the war. May it be seized with wisdom!

THE MOSCOW THEATRE FESTIVAL

A Diary

BY HUBERT GRIFFITH

August 25th.—Between seventy and eighty people from England sail on a Soviet vessel from Hays Wharf, London Bridge, bound for the Moscow Theatre Festival from September 1st to the 10th. Among them are the dramatic critics of four leading London newspapers; a contingent from the British Drama League; a few experts in Russian drama, keenly interested to see its latest developments; a great many more non-experts who are prepared to be keenly interested in the Russian theatre—and in as much else of Soviet life as they may see incidentally; and yet another section keenly interested in nothing at all, simply regarding the trip as a cheap and adventurous holiday.

The boat carries far more than Theatre Festival passengers—Soviet and English officials returning to Russia to take up their work, engineers, writers, and some American-Russian families. The boat is clean, well-run and comfortable; moreover, the food is good.

Precisely for this reason I take it upon myself to make a short speech to the Festival visitors while we are still in the Baltic a day out from Leningrad: "Ladies and Gentlemen: Many of you were no doubt told by solicitous friends that in coming to Russia on a first visit you were taking your lives in your hands; that you would be alternatively starved or poisoned, and that the conditions of squalor would be unimaginable. The conditions on this boat, after four days of pleasant sailing, have induced a reaction. A feeling has set in, 'But Russia is flowing with milk and honey!' Believe me, there may be still another reaction after we have been there a few days. From my experiences there in the last three years, I know that we shall be neither starved nor poisoned—may even, indeed, be housed and fed quite admirably. But we will be alien and pampered travellers in a land where material comfort has been almost forgotten. To your Western-European eyes, the first sight of the neglected and dusty streets of

Leningrad and Moscow will almost tempt you to believe that your friends were right. There may have been changes in the year since I have been there, but do not judge Russia from this Soviet boat ! ”

August 30th.—Docking in Leningrad in the late afternoon. A grey city under low skies. Hotels and meals (for tourists) as good as any in Europe. The party spends the next day seeing its marvellous “ plan ” as a city under Peter the Great, and the disrepair of its present-day streets. The next evening there is the night-train to Moscow, a journey of about eleven hours.

September 1st, Moscow.—The opening performance of the Theatre Festival, Borodin’s great classic opera, *Prince Igor*, The Moscow chief opera house, called the “ Bolshoi ” (meaning “ the great,” and called it long before the Bolshevik party existed) has one of the most lovely theatre-interiors of the world. *Prince Igor* was given on a scale which seemed to say, “ If Borodin demands a chorus of fifty, we will give him a chorus of a hundred. If the pageantry demands a hundred supers we will give him two hundred.” The lavishness of the spectacle was extreme. It was assisted by great heavy stage-sets that took twenty minutes and more to remove between acts. The audience was not out of the house until a quarter to one at night (Moscow is a late-living city.) The singing was good, the dances that make up so important a part of the Third Act were good, and the rich, triumphant and barbaric music of Borodin made an immense impression.

The audience was well dressed. True, the conductor was the only man in the house to go to the extent of a white tie, but so well dressed was the rest of the house, in the dark suit-white collar tradition, that I found it difficult to distinguish between native Russian audience and tourists. This was to me very remarkable. Four years ago I had sat in the same house with a small party of English art-students, quite shabbily dressed by England standards. But so much better then was this shabby English dress than the contemporary dress of the Russians that we had been the centre of attention of the house. Russians had come up to us devouring the quality of the cloth with their eyes, and even stroking it with their hands. To-day—though the white shirt-fronts of the ordinary West-end first-night are not

even thought about—an Englishman will be paying no compliment to the Russians if he thinks that he need take only his oldest clothes.

The stage-dresses were gorgeous. One has been told by Chaliapin in his autobiography how, when there was a question of breaking up the famous wardrobe of the Bolshoi in the early days of the Revolution, he went to Lenin, and Lenin signed a special order for its conservation.

September 2nd.—“ Intervention,” a post-Revolutionary, propagandist play, at the Vachtangov theatre. There will be at least a couple of other such plays in the course of the Festival. I shall reserve my conclusion until I have seen some more of them.

Note.—The Hotel Metropole where I am staying is like a new university—or like what George Moore said the café of the “ Nouvelle Athènes ” was to him when he was a student in the Paris of the ’eighties—a place where he met the modern artistic spirit of his age and exchanged ideas. The Café de la Nouvelle Athènes has disappeared from the Place Pigalle, but Moscow in a sense has taken its place as the modern Paris. I have been separated from my party, who have gone to the National Hotel and the Novo Moskovskaia, and put by accident at the Metropole. I do not say within the first day, but within the first *half-hour* that I spent breakfasting in the place after the night-journey from Leningrad, I met such old friends as Maurice Hindus (the ex-Russian peasant’s son, the American-Russian journalist who has been the best interpreter of modern Russia to the outside world), and Ernst Toller, the German playwright ; Louis Fischer, the best known of all the foreign newspaper correspondents here, and the young Frenchman, André Malraux (author of *La Condition Humaine*, a novel that has won the Prix Goncourt and that is now being made into a film by Eisenstein and will be made into a play by Meyerhold). In addition to these, there are Joseph Maria Graf, the German novelist, and Jean Richard Bloch, the Frenchman, and half a dozen others of the same European standing. To know one of them is to know them all. The Metropole is like a club—but like a club where the members are permitted to speak to one another. Discussions go on interminably into the night. At least some of the members of the club know Russian, and have a deep and extensive knowledge of Russia

in all its phases. Alexander Wicksteed, who has written a couple of books about Russia, and who has taught in the University of Moscow for the last nine years, is also a member. From these people, in odd fragments of their conversation, long vistas on Russian life are opened up, vistas such as could not be dreamt of by the ordinary tourist. A resident member of the club remarked at lunch: "My bread-ration here entitles me to more bread a day than I can possibly eat myself. I exchange the residue with the woman who does my laundry." A panorama in ten words! Here, after seventeen years of life under the Soviets, a state of civilization has been reached so primitive in some respects that a Professor can exchange bread with his washer-woman for services. One thinks of the opulence of the representation of *Prince Igor*, and two thousand Russians listening to the great music, enraptured. There are two other opera houses in Moscow alone, giving opera and ballet every night of the year; and all three of them so crowded that one cannot get seats for any single performance without long booking in advance. Russia is still—as it always was—a land of strange contrasts.

September 4th.—The "Children's Theatre" in the Tverskaia. A sudden floodlight upon the beauty and the gaiety that Russia may achieve in the future. The Moscow Children's Theatre is one of the first theatres to have been officially established after the Revolution; it has continued for fifteen years, and is now the prototype of a hundred other such children's theatres up and down the Soviet Union. It is no side-show, but is a regularly established and far-reaching concern. It has a permanent company of sixty actors, all grown-ups and all getting the same salaries as performers at ordinary theatres, and an orchestra of twenty musicians. In command of it is a young woman of thirty, Natalis Satz. The piece shown is *The Negro Boy and the Monkey*, a combination of theatre, cinema-cartoon, and music; animals, clowns, dancing and gaiety. There is also drama in it. There is a scene where the monkey, having been captured and tamed, is performing in a circus, and where his friend the negro boy (who has befriended him in the jungle) watched him from a box in the theatre; and where the monkey, recognizing him, climbs up the theatre walls into the box, both the boy and the monkey shrieking with excitement at being reunited. I do not wish to

belittle the prodigious amount of good drama that the Festival is offering, but I must say that that moment was one of its good moments.

The children who form the audience provide others. They all pay the same price at the theatre—and are then divided into groups according to their size and age so that the smallest shall have the best places. They are well fed, well groomed, and well mannered—with an absolute freedom and unself-consciousness that proclaim that they have been taught and believe from experience that the theatre is their own. After walking uncountable miles through Moscow, its suburbs, and half a dozen other Russian cities, I still feel that the care of the children is incomparably the best thing in modern Russia.

I saw also the games that are organized for the children in the intervals. One of the games—played very good-temperedly—is that of guessing the weight of various balls, toys and animals. If the child gets the weight right, it receives the toy as a gift. Of course, not one in a hundred gets it right. Toys are rare in Russia. I can only imagine what it would be to the heart of Natalie Satz, the brilliant woman who runs the theatre, if she were able to make the gift a little more frequent.

September 5th.—The *Lac des Cygnes*, again at the Grand Opera House, and *Twelfth Night* at the Second Moscow Arts Theatre. Dear me, we seem to be getting a lot of classics. There are also in the programme of the Festival Meyerhold's *Dame aux Camelias*, and Stanislavsky's *Barber of Seville*, at a Palace of Culture; and at least half a dozen other classics of Tolstoy, Schiller, and Ostrovsky are running concurrently at other Moscow theatres. There are Soviet enthusiasts for the theatre here in Moscow who complain that the Festival programme has been drawn up with too much enthusiasm for the classics. But I am not sure that I uphold this objection. The power of stupidity, as Flaubert has said, is formidable. There are many people in England, and in other countries too, who have been led by their Press seriously to believe that the whole modern Russian theatre has been given over to propaganda, and that when once in a while a classic is undertaken it is only to make a travesty of it, such as Meyerhold's *Hamlet*. In these circumstances it was perhaps the best and subtlest propaganda of all to let the foreign visitors see that the

classics—unadulterated—are repeatedly played in the Russian theatre and are appreciated and respected. Much more than seventy-five per cent. of the repertory of the Bolshoi is given over to pre-Revolution operas and ballets. A celebrated theatre, the Kamerny, has played more than twenty European and American plays (Shaw, O'Neill, Synge, Claudel, Rostand, etc.), since the Revolution. If I say that the classics are always assured of full houses, I say no more than might be said of every other sort of play in Moscow.

A passion for the theatre in all its forms seems to have affected the populace. It will hardly be believed, but it is nevertheless a fact that in many months of theatre-going in Moscow, spread over four years, I have never seen a vacant seat in any Moscow theatre. It is, however, worth recording that whereas a bad modern Soviet ballet, *The Red Poppy*, draws full houses, the classic Tchaikovsky ballet, the *Lac des Cygnes*, draws houses that are overflowing. I was shut out from one of the acts because I was late, after having a conversation with the director of the theatre. They are very strict about these things in the Russian theatre, and I was not allowed back into my seat in the stalls. I had to seek admission, where I could, in an upper box. The box was normally designed to hold four persons, but the night of the *Lac des Cygnes* it held fourteen. Simeonova, the *ballerina* in *Lac des Cygnes*, has very great talent and an easy and effortless technique. She is probably the most applauded artist in the Union of Soviet Republics—a “star,” with a star’s glamour about her.

They are very abstemious in Russian theatres. The rule of excluding people for lateness is rigidly enforced in almost all of them. No one ever dreams of smoking in the auditorium, but smoking is prohibited in most of the foyers as well, and one has to descend nearly into the street to light a cigarette in the long intervals. One can get sandwiches and cakes in the buffets, but practically no alcohol. In some of the theatres one can get mild beer, but in others one cannot get even this, and subsists meekly on fruit-drinks.

Twelfth Night, it seemed to me, was bad. The *décor* was lovely, there was the best Duke Orsino that I have ever seen, but the mistake had been made of ignoring Shakespeare’s exquisitely

balanced scheme of the play, and lumping all the Sir Toby-Sir Andrew-Maria-Malvolio clowning scenes together in the middle of the play into an hour or so of pure knockabout. For the English part of the audience this was overdone and boring. It is only fair to say that the play has had a long run and is rapturously appreciated by Russians. Sir Andrew and Sir Toby, and the rest of the comics came out surprisingly English and Elizabethan. I have a theory that the English and the Russian character is remarkably alike. I have known English country houses—such as the French would call “typically English”—that might have come straight out of the pages of Chekhov. Dickens has always been appreciated by the Russians as a novelist, while the French and the Germans have never been able to “see” him at all. An adaptation of *The Cricket on the Hearth* has run for countless performances, spread over twenty years, in Russia. Chekhov and the names of the great Russian novelists are almost household words in England.

September 9th.—Rubinstein, the literary assistant to Tairoff at the Kamerny Theatre, has been to breakfast with me three mornings running. He is a man who has a passion for foreigners, and almost everyone who has come to Moscow in the last few years has had kindnesses done to them by him. Last winter I spent the evenings of a whole week in the Director’s box at the Kamerny Theatre, entertained to tea and little cakes by him and Tairoff between the intervals of every play. The Kamerny is the link between Russia and the outside world. It has produced translations of all the more famous English, European, and American plays. Rubinstein has told me how it was founded twenty years ago, in 1914. He himself was the comparatively rich man of the period, and the project was originated in his flat. It was started as a commune, Tairoff, and his wife, the actress Alice Koonen, and the waiter in the bar, all taking the same salary of fifty roubles a month. In the beginning, in Tsarist days, they were accused of being very revolutionary in their choice of plays (Synge’s *Playboy of the Western World* was particularly censured) and had many difficulties. After the Revolution, they “had full houses always”—as I have no difficulty in believing, having seen them with my own eyes.

Their particular part in the Festival was to give their latest

play, the *Optimistic Tragedy*. As it is fairly typical of at least two other important post-Revolutionary plays, *Lubov Yarovaia* at the Maly Theatre, and *Intervention* at the Vachtangov (also included in the Festival programme), it is worth describing in some detail. It is a play of the Civil War and counter-Revolutionary period—that long, ghastly and ultimately triumphant war which began about the time our own was ending, and dragged on from 1918 to 1922. A communist commissar, who happens to be a girl, is sent down from the Central Committee to reorganize a Marine brigade that is disaffected, and to lead them against the Interventionist forces. She does this with success, in the face of opposition, and is killed in the moment of victory. The “optimism” of the tragedy is that she dies knowing that the Revolutionary forces are winning. The incidents of the story would be flatly incredible—if they did not happen to be paralleled, not by one incident, but by several in the Civil War, when battalions of Revolutionary soldiers were commanded by women. Tairoff, the producer, worked for a year on the production, blending the acting, the orchestra, the battle-pieces, the character-drawing, and his most original and inventive staging into a harmonious and impressive whole. Alice Koonen does a grand job of work in the principal part. I am not in a position to say much about a play on a slightly similar theme, *Lubov Yarovaia*, at the Maly, for the theatre was so intolerably hot (summer nights in Moscow can be far hotter than London) that I came out half way through. *Intervention* is another very inventive and brilliantly staged piece, again on a Civil War theme, at the Vachtangov. In all these three instances the Russian theatre starts out with propagandist aims—but, owing to the peculiar composition of the Russian soul, ends up with fine pieces of balanced artistry.

September 10th.—The First Moscow Arts Theatre gives the final performance of the Festival. It was announced to be Gorki's recent play, *Igor Buluchev*, but Beaumarchais' *Marriage of Figaro* was substituted at the last moment because a leading actor was unwell. Ideally it should have been Chekhov's *The Cherry Orchard*. The first Moscow Arts Theatre is Chekhov's own theatre, created originally to stage his plays (it still bears a symbolic white seagull upon its curtain), and is directed by

Stanislavsky, Chekhov's finest producer. A large body of English people have now come to love, admire and understand Chekhov. I had the pleasure of meeting Madame Olga Knipper-Chekhova, Chekhov's widow, and the original creator of Madame Ravevsky in *The Cherry Orchard*, an almost legendary figure for English people, but a very vital and active one still in the First Moscow Art Theatre. She told me that Chekhov had always said that he was for Russian people only, that he never thought he would have the least chance of being understood abroad. It was a very considerable pleasure again to be able to tell her of the recent season at the Old Vic.; how *The Cherry Orchard* had been staged for a short run, how it had proved extraordinarily popular among the large heterogeneous audiences of the Old Vic., and had succeeded in almost playing Shakespeare off the stage of his own theatre.

The Marriage of Figaro was a wonderful production well worth the solid year of labour that Stanislavsky, his collaborators, his musicians, his company and his crowd of supers (especially the latter, each one of whom is an actor of talent) had spent upon it. The First Moscow Arts Theatre has incomparably the finest company of naturalistic actors in the world. And that, neither more nor less, is the final word to be said on the matter.

* * *

Conclusion.—The theatre in Moscow is conditioned by three things: a vivid Russian artistic imagination, that moulds itself instinctively into theatrical form; official State support (coupled with considerable liberty) to all theatres; and immense popular approval. I have remarked that theatres are always full. It is true. For many of the theatres people wait in queues to book seats many days in advance. It is this continuous support, *whatever* is in the bill, that allows theatre-directors to achieve their unhurried brilliance of production. They can take six months over each play, knowing that their theatre will never be empty in the meantime. If they want it, they can take nine months or a year. And the results justify it.

"HIGH SOCIETY" IN NANKING

BY IGNATIUS PHAYRE

"ARMIES", says the Chinese maxim "are easily raised, yet a Leader is hard to find". It is different now. Leaders come and go like night and day in our executive Yuans. We only yawn when told that Ching has ousted Chang as our wizard of Finance, or that Wong has wangled Wing out of Foreign Affairs. What does it matter in the monstrous human ant-heap we call China? The editor of the *Shun Pao* gives us 483,000,000 souls; and in this lot he grieves over 119,000,000 who are "non-producers", or parasitical folk of the urban areas.

But is he fair to Nanking? She is trying to change her long spell of ill-luck and blossom out as a Wonder-City. This will take time, of course, and loans, or taxes. In her "modern" day (before Columbus was born) this town had the Five Pearls of Good Augury to look after it. They swung aloft on Yung-lo's Porcelain Pagoda, far above the lanterns and bells of that "Token-of-Gratitude" to an illustrious mother. Pearl No. 1 poured the floods somewhere else; No. 2 put out frequent fires. The third laid the dust—that curse of our town! The fourth kept away storms, and the fifth was a charm for political "disturbance". These Pearls of Price did their job well enough while the Ming Emperors were here in Nanking. But when Yung-lo left for Peking, woe and decay set in. To crown all, the Taiping rebels smashed and burned our *thirteen*-gated town. Bad luck was the death of us.

Yet now we arise once more as a Metropolis.

It is true we are still in a constructive mess. But the clean-up is drastic: moral and material, political, financial, and so on. Only the other day, as it seems, our sprawling city of Nanking—a city of 700,000, mark you!—had no sewage system, no decent water-supply, no power-plant; no *ma-loos*, or "horse-roads", beyond the Chung Shan causeway that led from our Port up to Sun Yat Sen's gorgeous mausoleum on Purple Mountain.

We were still a town of shacks; still down and out, with not a friend in sight but our eternal Yang-tze River. Diplomats would now and then blow in by air on our summer dust-clouds. Soon they'd be down with malaria. "To think", I heard one of these victims moan, "that a People who could build the cyclopean Great Wall, two hundred years before Christ, never learned how to lay a sanitary drain or instal a bathroom!"

Let him land here now and see what we've done and planned. Especially planned (with a full heart and an empty Treasury) ever since the Kuomintang decreed that: "the Sovereignty of the Republic is vested in the People as a whole".

Of course, the People know nothing of this. Out there in our endless Asia they live and die like flies, as they sing:—

We rise at dawn,
And rest at sunset.
We dig walls and drink,
We till fields and eat:
What is the power of the Great to us?

We of Nanking feel they must be informed by our Superior Persons. Look at the People's Palace we've just raised here, on a hillock facing the Ming Tombs. It is a modest Palace of yellow brick and glazed tiles of true "Kuomintang blue". Anybody may go in and see the Chairman of China's (more or less) "National" Government. The design combines East and West. You drive out of what's left of our walls and bowl over a lovely motor road, cambered and surfaced by a kindly American oil concern.

Our Mansion of Democracy cost \$100,000. Its host is Lin Sen; and he's a bachelor—as if to stress the social revolution. Hitherto a man or woman who went unwed was classed among the *I-pei-tze-jen*, or heartless persons of "one generation" who flouted the gods, looked only to Self, and neglected the sacred calls of Family.

From his wide verandahs, Lin Sen looks out upon Purple Mountain (which is now a People's Park), on the pagoda-crowned War Memorial, and the National Stadium of sports and games, where I have seen 2,500 athletes of both sexes cavorting before an awed and staggered throng. Or, when wearied with cares of state, China's Chief can go off to our new "country club"

for a round of golf. To a Minister of Foreign Affairs is this foreign affair due. It would cheer official Nanking, he felt. It might even lure the Legation staffs away from a stone-cold Peking and a too lively Shanghai.

This is a superior town ; and it owes much to our great Chiang Kai-shek in his brief and spasmodic decrees. No smoking in the Army. No hectic night-life ; no *mah-jong*, or gambling of any sort. And sumptuary laws for the ladies—not alone in Our Town, but as far as ever the National Government could reach. That is not far.

Chiang decreed for our women "a gown that comes down to the ankle". Sleeves were to be to the elbow ; stockings always worn. Skirt openings, or slits on both sides, to be unprovocative, and not to extend above the knee. A conservative neck line was insisted upon. Hair was to be combed backwards. No coiffure to be more than neck-long, and fringes strictly forbidden.

For a time China's reformer had fervid supporters in the supporters in the Provinces. Thus in Honan, General Han Fuchu set his face against the buying of concubines—even where a wife had produced no heirs, and the Family tradition was in danger. One rich man who paid \$6,000 for a third extra bride, got three years in gaol for his social enterprise. A War-Lord of Shantung, on the other hand, had fifteen concubines in his lively home, and fresh "presents" from underlings were adding to a very expensive "collection".

Chiang Kai-shek was shocked at these things. "One of the main goals of our Revolution", he told us, "was to end the evils of the old Mandarinate, which was a fount of corruption and lethargy. We of to-day are not an old-time Yamen ; we are a Popular Government". He recalled to our minds what a Manchu Yamen of the Imperial regime was like. On an opium-bed the mandarin lolled in his brocades and jewels, plotting how to fleece the People. A commoner who craved audience was given thirty strokes on the back, to get him into a proper soul (and body) state for so awesome an interview. This sort of thing—General Chiang was glad to say—belonged to the Past.

Edicts he fairly rained on us here in Nanking. Everybody praised them—and nobody obeyed. This was very awkward. Our Soldier wanted hustle and met only languor. With our

New Year (by the lunar calendar) came a holiday "bust" that lasted from two days to ten. Chiang abolished this : then he made a round of the Government bureaux to see the result. It was shocking !

Our Generalissimo told us what he saw in a speech at the usual weekly service of homage to Sun Yat Sen—"the George Washington of modern China." Only the Ministry of the Interior did our Boss find at work. "All the rest, though apparently open, were empty. How deplorable that even Government officials should be so hidebound by custom. And if *they* act thus, can we blame the Common People for a lack of interest in Progress ?"

All these strivings furnish table-talk in the Best Houses of Nanking, where charming ladies give dinners and receptions that are a delight. Incongruity and surprises are in store for the Western guest at every turn. These do, indeed, reveal a China "in transition", though where the transit will land her no living man can with certainty say.

Admiral Sir Howard Kelly, England's late C.-in-C. in our troubled and piratical waters, saw our present immensity as "three great military zones". That same sailor found *three* Chinese navies—"all brought up on British lines . . . They had no war-material of any sort on board ; but perhaps that was all for the best". We welcome news from these foreign observers ; for here in Nanking there are aspects of our own Chinese world which are as remote from us as Lhasa's is from London.

The other day I dined in a noble old *yamen* that had been modernized. Its bath and dressing-rooms equalled the most lavish you could find in Park Lane or Park Avenue. For all that, the mansion remained "Chinese", with big cedar-wood roof-beams exposed, and paper windows that shed a religious light. Five generations dwelt here in a patriarchal family of twenty-nine members.

The dining-room was enormous, with many round tables and chairs in the Chippendale style. Here and there stood long tablets with ethical texts from the Sages in red scrolls on a black lacquer ground. One of these laid stress upon the sharp contrast of Chinese life with splendour here, and squalor there : "The more filthy and ragged are his sedan-bearers, the more glorious does the Golden Chair itself appear, and the Great Master who is seated within its curtains."

My host and hostess stood in a big salon among a gay and happy crowd. All were in conventional evening dress. Some of the men were singing drowsily to the slow twang of a two-stringed *hu-ch'in*, and the pan-pipe, which, they say, can only be played by the "pure in heart". A few of the girls and women sipped yellow wine of Shao-hsing from handleless cups of fragile porcelain. Everybody present spoke at least some English. The fluent, even colloquial, "American" of many of them promised me an amusing evening.

"It is a farmhouse feast that we offer", the Minister announced as we trooped in. And so it was. A thick savoury soup was followed by great dishes of ducks and chickens, and bowls of fried bird-livers. Fresh-water shrimps with mushrooms came next. A salad of water-chestnuts and chillies; rissoles of country sausage, and a pudding of walnuts and dates. I liked the millet-bread, and the brandy (*kiao-lang*) made from the same grain.

Of course, we talked of Nanking, the super-city of China's Future. When were those promised state and public palaces to rear their shining heads among us? When would those oft-talked of spacious avenues and motor speedways pace beside the ancient Tombs? Had we not already a new and magnificent railway station, with swift *trains-de-luxe* to the skyscrapers and go-downs of Shanghai, with a halt at voluptuous Hangchow and its Western Lake, by whose waters and age-old temples China's *jeunesse dorée* fritter away frivolous and amorous hours.

Over dinner we discussed these things in a detached way. But light-heartedness gave place to a true Roman *gravitas* when we spoke of Nanking's slums, swarming as they were with that *timor nocturnus*—the loathly bed-bug. A moon-faced girl in flame-coloured *crêpe-de-chine*, who sat opposite me (she had graduated from Mount Holyoke, Mass.), talked at us like a sanitary inspector. "Our hot summers", she grieved, "breed *Cimex lectularius* in their swarming billions. There's no real remedy for them but hydrocyanic acid gas. And that's dangerous stuff, only to be used by experts".

An official of the Salt Gabelle told funny tales of the new metric system which our Government decreed in the Customs service. The *picul* of 133 lb., we were told, is now taboo. A metric *picul* is much lighter; so crafty tricks were played with the salt-taxes

in some of the Provinces where "military upkeep" came before any interest of the Common People. In one case, salt cost ten times the price of rice.

What did this matter to our well-fed company in this noble Nanking salon? We were like diners in Mayfair discussing the vast locust-swarms of East Central Africa. One of my fellow-guests was an opium millionaire. Only a few hours from Nanking you could see in spring the rolling plains he owned, densely carpeted with white velvet poppy-blossoms—surely the loveliest sight in all wide Asia. Yet it was in Our Town that Total Abolition was decreed—just as Total Prohibition was "put over" on the United States, and with precisely the same results.

Here in Nanking did our Government set up a solemn "Opium Suppression Committee". Provincial bureaux began "enforcement"—only gradually to backslide into "bootlegging", and at last to become the headquarters of a new opium-traffic run by "the military". It is not so long since our own virtuous Province (Kiang-si) saw fit to farm out the monopoly—with Chekiang thrown in—for the tidy revenue of \$15,500,000 a year. Honan yielded \$10,000,000; Hunan twice as much; Kwantung about \$12,000,000. Even Sze-chuan's budget counted on \$9,000,000 from taxes on smokers and opium lamps alone.

Can you wonder we laughed over dinner at the Moral Uplift programme of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek? He may well invoke Heaven's aid in shaping an effective Control Yuan for all China. His "New Life Movement" made table talk for weeks in our Best Houses. It worked in slogan-greetings: "Do not spit!" "Cleanliness prevents sickness." "Avoid wine, women and gambling." "Courtesy-Honesty-Duty." "No bribery for officials." "Our Army must be the Protector of the People" etc.

Taking each of these as a text, our guests told stories *à propos* that kept the tables in shouts and shrillings of glee. The old Chinese piety has left our Superior People. They tell you with pride about wireless towers on the Holy Mountain of Taishan, in Shantung, whither for ages devout monarchs and prelates have gone to worship the gods.

On Sunrise Peak the weather-prophets are now installed. Aircraft-services, the radio and Hollywood's unlauded "hot-

stuff"—all these are superimposed upon the China of Marco Polo and the Three (impossible) Principles of Sun Yat Sen: racial unity, popular sovereignty, and the people's livelihood—which last is nobody's business. New China is, in fact, in a mess; and the wits of our modish salons make the most of it with the caustic humour of Mencius himself.

Most amazing of all were the girls and women sitting beside me: they were magistrates, doctors, diplomats, secretaries, and society *flaneuses* who smoke scented cigarettes and talk well in two or three European languages. "Woman obeys the instructions of men", says old Confucius. These women appeared to rule their men on ultra-American lines. They reminded us that the Emperor himself gave the Great Ceremony of three kneelings and nine *ko-tows* to the Woman who was his mother.

"It is our due", murmurs the young girl whose hair is arranged as Antoine of Paris ordains. Betrothals of such as she are no longer in the hands of the *Mei jen*, casters of horoscopes. No young widow of this rank aspires to those *P'ai-lous*, or Honorary Gates of Heaven, which their forbears erected when a second marriage offer was rejected, and chastity chosen unto death. How they laugh at such foolishness to-day, and repeat the high school slogan: *Ta-tao mi-hsin*—Down with all these Superstitions!

The two Soong sisters (one is Madame Chiang Kai-shek) are among the handsome and gifted "moderns" of Nanking's *beau monde*. As Finance Minister, their able brother fell under a cloud when the U.S. Wheat and Cotton Loan was floated. Then Warlords and regional magnates far and near kept Our Town buzzing with demands for a share of the new elusive coin. Mr. T. V. Soong hoped to "convert" that Loan into \$189,000,000 of Chinese money. Somehow it dwindled away into a mere \$43,000,000. Even for this grist, the unregenerate "bakers" of all-China whipped in collective pleas that topped a thousand millions.

To juggle with public money here in Nanking is a searing job: one of our wags likened its Minister to a nudist chased over barbed wire fences by a herd of bulls. But then all our Leaders are harried and goaded; so that foreign reference-books are always out of date in naming them. When our Foreign Office was

thought to be too "easy" with Japan, a bunch of students bearded the great Chiang himself in the vast *yamen* of our Kuomintang—that shadowy Congress of all-China's "intensive development". Chiang refused to see them, and that made trouble. The young censors were burning to hit something and somebody. They hit our Foreign Office and made a shocking wreck of it. Then they dragged out the venerable Tsai Yuan-pei, the President of our Control Bureau, and with him Chen Ming-shu, Chairman of the Kwan-tung Government. Both of these statesmen were badly mauled before our model police could pull them out of that corrective *mêlée*.

To our social *élite* these matters are "conversation-pieces", and no more. We love a good talker: man or woman, who can broach an entertaining theme and give us all a chance to shine. Anyone of renown in his own line is a welcome guest; even the "King of Actors"—Mei Lan-Fang—whose wealth and culture (and American tour) have made him a lion at smart functions and a *raconteur* of pungent drollery. Lan-Fang receives the dizzy fee of \$400 (silver) for each performance.

Another and vastly different artist at our festive boards is Yao Hsin-nung, the expert on Chinese farming and economics. You should hear him expound how a rural family screws a living out of half an acre; in spite of floods and plagues, droughts, civil wars, hailstorms, frosts, locusts, earthquakes, bandits, and the tax-men who come with guns and bombs and side-arms to grab what they can.

I have heard Mr. Yao acclaimed in every circle he frequents. He almost defends the daring Communists of Fukien against the highbrow, but bankrupt, Executive Committee which we have here in Nanking. "To the People" (as Yao puts it with passion) "what is the difference between a Government 'in the red' and the Reds in government? Rural China totters to collapse. Our toiling hordes want only a breathing-spell of non-torment. They have no enthusiasm for anti-Red campaigns; for they know these mean more taxes, loans, exile, killings, and havoc. Two-and-twenty years of 'Reform' have made our peasants ready for anybody's rule—Moscow's, Tokyo's—or Tibet's".

We greet these sallies with "Bravos" and hand-claps, and table-thumpings. We warn Yao Hsin-nung that he's going the

way of Sun Yat Sen, to be cursed as a "serpent," and given a Pharaoh-tomb—when he's dead.

Soon we call a halt to Yao's flights before he becomes a bore. He's offered a cocktail and dispatched to join the ladies in the little theatre of the house. Here, late at night, we are given the "Dream of the Red Chamber". This is an uplifting piece. "Of what good is a play"—the old moralists ask—"unless it improves the tone of society?"

Personally, I can't make head or tail of the show. A Taoist wonder-tale, I'm told: the true *p'i-huang* music-drama, with crashing brass and flutes; the scraping of two-string fiddles, and actors whose faces are weirdly daubed with cobalt blue and scarlet or chrome. At the end, our four stars prance off, reciting in turn: "Man may deceive, but Heaven does not!" "Every action hath its due reward!"

With eerie "Ha ha's!" and flourishes of their silken sleeves, our actors vanish—to appear again (I was told) in Mrs. Tay-yu's splendid home "on the fifteenth of the Eighth Moon".

NEW SCHOOLS FOR OLD

BY GEORGE GODWIN

WHEN Sanderson transformed Oundle from a school of merely local reputation into one of international significance and repute, he did, perhaps, a greater thing than he knew. In a word, he challenged for the first time an educational system that may be traced back with merely minor changes to the days of William de Wykeham. The great schools had received a certain heritage from the past, but, unmindful of the parable of the talents, they did no more than preserve it, so that education became completely dominated by tradition and consequently resistant to new ideas, higher ideals.

Sanderson began by radically modifying the old clerical curriculum, with its day-long imposition of passivity on the part of the pupil, and, enunciating certain propositions, proceeded to act upon them. "It is the duty and the service of school", he said, "to give free scope for the growth of the creative instincts. The function of the school is to liberate the creative faculties".

If Sanderson's ideas seem less disconcerting today than they did when he first put them into practice it is because there has been sufficient time for their application on a considerable scale, and for further advances along the path first trod by him. That so obvious a proposition as that quoted could ever have needed stating shows how out of keeping with modern thought our great schools had become; that it was, only a few years ago, regarded as revolutionary reveals the rate at which we have travelled since the beginning of this century. For, after all, this gardener of budding minds and souls merely asserted that if you would have a fine flowering plant you must provide it with good soil wherein to grow.

Do the traditional Public Schools provide any such soil? They may claim to do so, but their claim is one hard to support with evidence. They inculcate a habit of life, but no philosophy

of it; they loose on to the world men with an arbitrary code imposed from without and owing nothing to self-discovery. They produce, in the words of Sir Richard Livingstone, "men better at getting out of difficulties than at avoiding getting into them". People commonly get into difficulties by reason of their own stupidity, through inability to think clearly and through lack of foresight. These limitations are not inherent in the English character, as many foreigners suppose, but are the inevitable result of an obsolete approach to education, the attitude that deprecates individuality in the taught. "The business of a school", said Dr. Cyril Norwood, "is to work and to get on with its life, without bothering about whys and wherefores, and abstract justice and the democratic principle". That is not the viewpoint of the modern educationalist, for he sees education as primarily "bothering about whys and wherefores" and the ethical issues of justice and democracy. In other words, the stimulation of a wholesome curiosity and alertness of mind is regarded as of more importance than preparation for examinations and the supine acceptance of a ready-made code.

Nothing could be further from the facts than the idea that those schools which have adopted, or are in process of adopting, the new methods are revolutionary in character, in the ordinary sense of that word: they are so only in relation to the system they supersede. In writing of these new schools, however, it should be said at the outset that they do not all conform to a single pattern; for while it is true that they are moving in one general direction, the paths followed are not identical.* To say that is merely to observe that they are fluid and vital. There are some that put into practice the Dalton Plan in its entirety, those that adopt some modified form of it, and those that do without it altogether. What unites the new schools is a common aim, a shared ideal, which is, in a word, that the function of education is the drawing forth from each individual of his maximum on the mental, emotional, and physical sides. It is preparation for life in the world beyond the school, not for the world only as it is, but for the world as it might be, for the world as we would have it.

To possess the vision is one thing: to implement it another; and scepticism towards the New Education has been one, and

* *Modern Schools Handbook*. Gollancz.

not the least of those obstacles to be overcome. The idealist is always suspect. He is seen as a dreamer whose aspirations are not for a hard and unregenerate world. It is fair, then, to ask: What have these modern educationalists achieved, since after the idea must come the act whereby the value of the idea must be judged?

There are today in England twenty-one large schools of the Public School or preparatory type that have adopted new methods. There are, in addition, more than a hundred secondary and elementary schools that are reorganizing on the new lines. In these schools the old classroom method of instruction, with its demand for a passive attention, is replaced by the "subject laboratory", each with its specialist master, library, or appropriate apparatus. Marks and the competitive class system are abolished; in place of them are the Group, each member of which receives work in assignments for periods varying from a week to a school month of twenty days.

The attitude of the school to the pupil might fairly be put thus. You are to be given facilities to learn. Every day, for a few hours, you will receive instruction. Some subjects you must learn because they are indispensable to you; others you may choose for yourself. As you are a sensible being, you are going to be allowed to organize your own time and work. To help you, however, you will be given an assignment of work, and that work you must do, if you can, in the time allotted to it. Every day you will have several hours when you can work "on your own". These hours, of course, you will give to those subjects in which you know you are weak; you will work on them, naturally, in the appropriate "subject laboratory" because there you will have at hand a master who will help you if you get stuck, the books you need or, in the case of science, the necessary apparatus. You will find that you can do your assignment in some subjects in a shorter period than that allotted by the time-table, and this will leave you free to put in extra time on your weak work.

This is what the new schools refer to as liberty conditioned by responsibility. In practice—and that is all that matters—it has been found to work, not merely just to "function", but to work beyond the expectations of those who first decided that

boys and girls in their 'teens are reasonable beings to be treated as such.

"As a boy progresses through the school", says Mr. J. G. Jeffreys, of Ottershaw College, "the time spent by him in class work becomes less, that spent in working by himself longer. The plan is really nothing but the application to schools of the English university tutorial system, with such modifications as are necessary for boys. The emphasis is shifted from being taught to learning, the will of the learner is enlisted and the element of compulsion is eliminated. It is necessary to impose authority only when it is resisted, and it is our experience that boys taught on the new system seldom slack, unless troubled by some emotional problem of adolescence that can often be discovered and dealt with on psychological lines".

It is, indeed, the uniform testimony of the heads of the new schools that slacking as a problem has ceased to exist, and with its disappearance has gone the problem of discipline.

Corporal punishment has been abolished for a number of reasons. Says Mr. J. G. Jeffreys: "We have dispensed with the cane because it is regarded as a lazy form of punishment. With us punishment, which is seldom necessary, takes the form of righting a wrong done, or in making good wanton damage, or in some form of work for the common good." Similar views are held by Mr. T. F. Coade, of Bryanston. The head master of Dartington Hall School shares these views. "I have yet to meet", he has written, "anyone familiar with schools who is prepared to deny the proposition that in schools where punishment is habitual it is the same children who are habitually punished. . . Punishment as a mere deterrent is not education." And, stating his reasons for discarding corporal punishment (if, which one may doubt, he ever used it) Mr. W. B. Curry says: "The association of sexual pleasure with the infliction of corporal punishment has long been known to psychologists. . . I do not believe that anyone who has ever been in a school where it is at all common can seriously deny that a great many masters and prefects enjoy the infliction of corporal punishment."*

At Abbotsholme, Mr. C. H. C. Sharp comes to the problem with the same scientific approach. "Curative disciplinary

* *The School.* By W. B. Curry. The Bodley Head.

training", he has said, "often has emotional states to correct. . . . One boy, when he first arrived, had recurrent bursts of rage and aggression. The moral treatment given was that when he first injured another boy, he was made to attend when the cut was stitched and dressed, and was given enough isolation to mark the seriousness of the event and to help him realize the inevitable consequences, social and physical. The physical treatment was a diet designed to reduce the over-activity of the suprarenal gland . . . the cure was successful and permanent."

This recognition of a physical cause as a factor in the manifestation of anti-social conduct may well come with a shock of surprise to men familiarised by years of habit to the cane as the final answer to wrongdoing. Yet how can the sound sense of such treatment be denied? It can be no more challenged than the recognition of the psychological factors as causes of wrongdoing. That a bad act may be the expression of a good quality misapplied may sound novel to ears attuned to traditional teaching, but it is a commonplace of the new education. Mr. W. B. Curry cites an interesting case that well illustrates what is here meant. It concerns a boy, Frank, with a strongly developed sense of power and something of a bully. Frank began to bully a new boy, a "sissie", with others of his set. The thing had to be stopped and was, in fact, stopped by employing the very quality involved in the wrongdoing for its undoing. Frank, asked whether he had sufficient influence over the others to stop the bullying, desired nothing better than to display his power and promptly did so, but this time on the side of good.

A standard of conduct that is achieved by a discipline based on fear of punishment is seen to be useless, for such conduct is maintained only so long as the sanctions are applied and with their removal collapses. Such results have no value beyond the convenience they bring to those in control, and this is necessarily so since they bring about no change of heart. The truth that all authentic discipline is self-imposed is a cardinal tenet among the new educators.

If one writes that the aim of these schools is towards a synthesis of the activities of daily life, in both work and play, the statement has a cold and academic air, and may be easily dismissed as no

more than a phrase. Here, then, is a concrete example that may make clear just what is meant. It touches one of the many activities of the boys of Bembridge, and is described by the head master, Mr. J. Howard Whitehouse.

"A group of boys", he writes, "undertook the study of various aspects of the district of which the school is the centre. Its history in Roman times was studied by one boy, its bird life by another, its literature by another, its geology by another. Regular meetings were held to discuss the results, and ultimately the collected papers were published by the Oxford University Press". Such work, in the opinion of the present writer, is real education. The boy who has been able to link up Roman history with the view from his bedroom window is likely to be in a happier position than the boy who studies classroom Latin for nine years and thereafter never looks at a Latin author again.

The modern schools have grasped a simple truth: it is that their task is to prepare boys for life in a world of change, a world in which there is no security, a world in which the values accepted by their fathers are being questioned in every department of human activity. It is because this is so that in many of these schools expeditions are arranged with the object of letting the boys see the social and economic and industrial condition of the country as it is. They are sent off for a week to look at a Welsh mining village; they are allowed to see how a mass-production factory turns out a cheap car. They are taken abroad to see how other folk live; they go to symphony concerts, to art galleries, and lectures by speakers of eminence. They are encouraged to debate on topics of modern sociology, not academically and with one eye on authority, but with complete frankness of expression.

In the older schools that still adhere to the traditional clerical education any form of manual work is still suspect. Carpentry is generally an "extra subject", and the provision for the practice of the handicrafts non-existent. In these schools few opportunities exist for the boy to acquire manual skill, and music and the arts are only for the few. Thus latent impulses of a creative kind inevitably atrophy, stifled both by lack of outlet and a public opinion indifferent or hostile to their cultivation. That there are many boys with a latent impulse to create is evidenced by the

reaction of the average boy to a sympathetic environment and facilities for experiment. "Every boy", says the head master of Bembridge, "is taught the use of tools . . . it has been found that the practice of manual activity has a definite influence upon the intellectual development of the boy". When it is remembered that our first contacts with the external world were manual contacts, and that from infant experiment we proceeded to the manipulation of play material, thus acquiring both knowledge and skill, the part played by the hand in the development of the mind is not only obvious but scientifically proven. Yet in the traditional schools this approach to the intelligence is almost completely neglected.

Obviously, any school to survive must bring itself into line with scholastic requirements and examination standards. A boy might conceivably be provided with a first-class grounding and yet be quite unequal to the requirements of the school certificate, matriculation or first professional examinations. How, then, do the new schools compare with the old in the examination room? The answer is one that should be pondered by those who still remain to be convinced that there may be something better than an educational system devised for children of the fourteenth century. Boys educated on the lines of the Dalton Plan and variants or modifications of it, pass, without difficulty, all these examinations usually a full year younger than boys taking them from the old traditional schools.

Yet in one essential these schools may be regarded not so much as a break with the past as a cast back to original intentions that have produced results little foreseen by the mind that initiated the clerical system. For the motto of William de Wykeham was "Manners makyth man". This, alas, is too often interpreted to mean that it is of supreme importance to conform in such vital matters as a buttoned or unbuttoned waistcoat button, a correct accent, a high regard for what is "done" or "not done". But manners, as everybody knows, here mean *morals*. Now it is the moral approach that colours the daily life of the new schools, and that may well be the explanation of their free and happy atmosphere.

PRIVATE WAR

BY GERALD BULLETT

THE military camp was situated within a mile or two of Marseilles, and on that crisp December morning in 1915 it had an air almost of gaiety. The sky had never been so blue before, nor the sun so bright. The tented city of men shone with morning glory, and the grass—such of it as had survived the tramp of booted feet coming and going—yielded a more vivid green to every eye. Hardly one among this large pilgrim population, two or three thousand troops of various units, of mixed social grades, and from all parts of Britain, could resist the glad infection of the sunlight. They went to and fro on their lawful military occasions; they set out their kit for inspection, or sat about polishing tunic-buttons and cap-badges with lavish applications of the pink paste they call Soldiers' Friend; and the delight of a new freedom was in their hearts. This freedom, a strictly comparative freedom, was for some an accomplished fact, for others an imminent event. The oldest inhabitants, who had been there for perhaps as long as ten days, looked forward to their release from camp to the adventure of a long sea-voyage, the sight of a strange land, and so to action. Their destinies were arranged for them by remote military powers; they had abdicated the control of their lives and existed only to obey orders; but every change in routine had the effect, while the novelty lasted, of a release from mechanical boredom. The newcomers, who had travelled across France herded together in cattle-trucks for four days, were enjoying that sensation now: even parades, company drill, and fatigues varying from the "cushy" to the merely squalid, even these were agreeable after the confinement of that long inglorious journey. It mattered nothing to them that they did not know, from hour to hour, when the order to move on might not be given; for

they had all been soldiers long enough to have learned, unconsciously, the folly of looking before and after, the wisdom of living in the present and disregarding the moment beyond unless it held a very definite prospect of better things.

Among those who were permitting themselves the pleasures of anticipation, having had enough of this large sky-domed waiting-room, was Stephen Northcott, one of a draft of forty-seven wireless operators bound for an unknown eastern destination. It might be Palestine, Mesopotamia, India, Egypt: no one knew, except, presumably, the dark dapper little subaltern, by name Ecclestone, who, assisted (or was it commanded?) by Sergeant-Major Brown, was in charge of the draft. Northcott, with his widowed father and a succession of elderly female housekeepers, had lived for the greater part of his life in one or other of the south-eastern suburbs of London. He had had the advantages of a grammar-school education and a non-conformist upbringing. At seventeen, having expressed a desultory ambition to be an engineer, he had been promptly hustled into a junior branch of the Civil Service and became a clerk in spite of himself, with nothing outwardly to distinguish him from his fellow clerks except a working knowledge of the Morse Code. With reasonable luck he would live to see his twenty-fourth birthday; but it was very far from certain, for the event was six weeks away, and six weeks allowed plenty of time to be killed, buried, and forgotten in. Sedentary and unenterprising by temperament, he was also unsanguine and deeply indisposed for violent adventure. He had a strong bias in favour of living, and quite failed to see the war in the rich romantic colouring of the recruiting posters; but the probability of an early death was something he had made up his mind to, and it no longer bothered him except in the darkness of the subconscious. He and his present comrades had been trained for work in the batteries, their function being to maintain unbroken communication between the artillery and the observing aeroplanes. It was not the danger but the responsibility of the office that secretly daunted Northcott: at the battery he would be alone, in a dreadful solitude, the one wireless operator among men who knew nothing of his craft. This was not precisely true, for the operators were posted in pairs, one senior, one junior;

but it was how it presented itself to Northcott's imagination, which persisted in envisaging a situation in which the fate of hundreds besides himself would depend on his skill and resource. He profoundly distrusted his capacity for efficient action: he was studious and contemplative, and inclined to despise himself for the fact; inclined, too, to compensate for his self-scorn by despising the merely practical people, the men of action, who took so kindly to army life. Nevertheless, he was as sick of the tedium of passing examinations in efficiency as were his forty-six fellow-mechanics, and like them he longed to be allowed to embrace the danger that awaited him and get on with the war.

With this impatient thought in mind, he squatted in front of the tent he shared with nineteen other men (it had been designed, in the piping times of peace, for the accommodation of perhaps nine) and busied himself with button-stick and polishing rag. Morning parade was over and done with: the moment was his own. His tent-mates, all but one, were scattered, engaged in various fatigues. He had somehow been left free, and so had his friend Meadows, a man several years his senior, who in civil life had been a postman.

"Give us a spot of the old Friend", said Meadows, helping himself from Northcott's tin without waiting for an answer. "You coming down town tonight?"

"If you like", agreed Northcott.

"Push the boat out once more before we die", said Meadows facetiously. "We'll be off soon now, I fancy."

"Really?" Northcott's tone was ironical. "What makes you fancy that?"

"Well, we've been here long enough, haven't we?"

"The wish is father to the thought, eh? No evidence?"

"All right, your holiness", returned Meadows cheerfully. "Have it your own way. We're stuck here for duration, if that's what you want."

"Not what *I* want", said Northcott. "But now Ecclestone's gone sick, there's no knowing what may happen."

"Ecclestone? If you mean his royal highness Second Lieutenant Ecclestone, ex-barber to the Queen of Sheba, say so, my lad. Don't speak so disrespectful of your betters."

Northcott would not respond to this sally. He enjoyed the

friendship of men like Meadows well enough, but he smarted under the necessity of paying formal deference to the commissioned ranks and could not joke about it except with bitterness. "If they send him to hospital, what does our lot do then?" he inquired with gloomy foreboding.

"Ah", said Meadows, "that's asking. We can't go to the wars without little Eccles to wipe our noses for us, and see as we shave, and tuck us up at nights. Perhaps they'll make military policemen of us and keep us here. Suit me *Ar*, that would".

Northcott did not answer. Glancing up from his button-polishing, he had caught sight of a young officer sauntering down the lines towards him. He stared intently for a moment, then looked down again into his lap.

"Who comes here?" said Meadows, following his glance. "Is it the Orderly Officer?"

Northcott made no sign of having heard the question. He kept his eyes down and conjured hatred into his heart. The steps came on. A shadow fell across Northcott, and stayed. The feet had stopped. Get out of the daylight, curse you!

"I say, hullo!" said a voice.

Northcott heard a click of heels as Meadows sprang to attention. It was no longer possible to sham blindness. He got to his feet just as the officer was acknowledging Meadows' salute and saying, in a deprecating voice: "Oh, stand easy, do."

Stand easy, is it? thought Northcott, with an angry sneer. He was now as bitterly resolved to stand to attention as formerly he had been to evade that ceremony.

"Hullo, Northcott", said the officer, holding out his hand. "What a bit of luck running across you!" He ignored his friend's stiff military bearing, which, because he suddenly felt foolish, Northcott was forced to abandon. He shook hands, making a brief confused reply, and wishing that he had not been surprised in his shirt-sleeves. He felt that the sartorial sleekness of Lieutenant Cranleigh put him, Northcott, at a gross disadvantage. He bristled with resentment at the notion of being patronized by this young jack-in-office. Stand easy indeed! The sight of the two shining stars on each shoulder, symbols of rank, infuriated him. But instinct warned him not to make a fool of himself by any display of his feelings; and not instinct

alone, for the inclination to quarrel was already weakening in the face of Cranleigh's ingenuous amiability, though the secret flame burned as clearly as ever. How like him, thought Northcott, to be so unconscious of any awkwardness in this meeting. Always cheerful, always obtuse.

"Well, how are you getting on?" said Cranleigh, breaking a silence of whose quality he alone seemed unaware.

"Oh, well enough." Northcott had picked up his tunic and was getting into it. "How are you?"

"I'd heard you were on the way out east", went on Cranleigh. "But I never imagined we'd meet."

"You heard?" Northcott's curiosity got the better of him.

"Yes. Olive told me in a letter. I got it this very morning. A dashed funny coincidence I call that. Olive Sanderson", he explained, noticing and misinterpreting the darkness in Northcott's eyes. "You remember her? But, of course you do."

Northcott smiled. The cheek of the fellow! The fantastic cheek! The duplicity! Or was it innocence? Was it possible that Olive—?

"Yes, I remember her", he said coolly. He did not add that he had a bundle of six-months'-old letters of hers sewn in the lining of his tunic.

Cranleigh seemed to suffer a moment of bashfulness. "I said Olive Sanderson. But . . . I expect you heard . . . we're married now, you know."

"Really?" said Northcott. "No, I hadn't heard." He was acting now, with himself as appreciative audience. He admired his own calmness: it was the only satisfaction left to him and he must make the most of it.

"Yes, five weeks ago", said Cranleigh. "On my draft leave." As if suddenly made aware of Northcott's unresponsiveness he added: "You did know we were engaged, didn't you?"

Why must he go on and on about it, thought Northcott savagely. He longed to strike that shyly smiling face; to strike it, to reduce it to pulp. The knowledge of Olive's betrothal had been with him, like a knife in the bowels, for precisely half a year; but betrothal was one thing, marriage another. "I believe I did hear something", he admitted airily. He would show this self-satisfied young bridegroom how little important he really was.

"And I say", said Cranleigh exuberantly, "are you by any chance a wireless operator? Of course you are. And are you one of a draft of forty-seven? Because if so, I've got the job of looking after your lot, my dear fellow, in place of a chap called Ecclestone. The late Lieutenant Ecclestone".

"What's that, sir?" Meadows came into the conversation. "Do you mean to say Mr. Ecclestone's been and died?"

Cranleigh, turning to the questioner, almost blushed. "No, no. Sorry. Damned silly thing to say. No, he's gone to hospital, that's all. Pretty bad too. What I meant was, he's not on in this act. *Hors de combat*, don't you know. Well, so long, Northcott. Wish I could ask you up to the Mess. Roll on, peace, say I."

"And so say all of us, sir!" said Meadows.

When Cranleigh had left them, Northcott came out of his sick dream to find Meadows looking at him with a new interest.

"Decent sort of bloke, isn't he, Norky?" he asked reflectively. And scenting a mystery he added: "Why didn't you get a commission yourself, chum? Then you could have gone to the Officers' Mess with your pal."

A note of wistfulness in his tone caught Northcott's attention. He had been knocking about with Meadows now for some months. They had met at the Wireless Depot and done much of their training together.

"Rot!" he said, garnishing his matter with a few soldierly oaths to make it seem more homely. "I'd much rather come and get tight with you in Marseilles."

"Bloody old liar!" retorted Meadows.

The pleasure in his eyes was good to see.

II

Cranleigh was a fellow you couldn't help liking: that had always been the general verdict. At school he had had many friends and no enemies. Northcott had been among the many; but he had also been one of the few, the inner circle. Unself-conscious, perfectly at ease, ingenuously pleased with himself and with the world he had been born into, Cranleigh did everything he attempted a little better than other people did. Or at

least he did everything with a touch of style that made it more than acceptable. He had grace and charm, and these wings carried him lightly wherever he wished to go. Northcott and another sixth-form boy had been associated with him in running the inevitable school magazine: not the official organ with its stilted facetiousness and its prim accounts of cricket events and scholastic triumphs, but an altogether more lively affair, printed from handwriting by a laborious hectograph process, and sold, to the tune of about fifty copies a week, at a penny a copy. A cheerfully libellous publication, full of real or invented biographical details that set everybody in the upper school laughing at everybody else. Northcott and Marshall did nine-tenths of the work, but Cranleigh always contrived with a touch here and there to make it his own, and all the good things were attributed to him whether he had written them or not, even—such was his curious enchantment—though they happened to appear over the initials of one of his collaborators. This was perhaps galling to the authors' vanity, but it saved their skins; for the school would have resented the more scandalous of the quips from anyone but Cranleigh. He, as they say, could steal a horse with impunity, while Northcott would have been lynched for looking over a gate. Such at least was Northcott's private version of the situation.

For Northcott, even at school, had begun to perceive that if Cranleigh had a fault (which few would admit) it was his habit of success. Looking back, after he had become a clerk in the service of His Majesty's Commissioners for Something or Other, it seemed to him that he had spent too much of his later school-life playing second fiddle to Cranleigh. It was Cranleigh who had got first into the Eleven, and became its captain; Cranleigh who beat him by a short head in the final examinations; Cranleigh who won the Oxford scholarship and had three years' dalliance with learning at the University while Northcott was pushing a pen in an office. Northcott had always managed to do, outwardly, "the sporting thing": his congratulations had been prompt and not unguine. But this series of reverses had reconciled him to the fact that circumstances would make it difficult to keep in close touch with Cranleigh. On the last day of their last term they said good-bye with heartiness, perhaps

with regret, but with no intention, on Northcott's part at least, of renewing the friendship later on. It was not that he was meanly envious of Cranleigh, or grudged him his good time: it was simply that Cranleigh's monotonous success in everything he attempted sharpened his sense of his own failure, encouraged his deep-seated habit of self-mistrust. Even so it was an instinct, and no conscious plan, that made him withdraw from Cranleigh's orbit.

Cranleigh, however, had the trick of turning up when he was least expected. He had turned up, after an interval of four years, in a letter from Olive Sanderson.

Northcott's first sight of Olive had been in the street—one of those tantalizing chance encounters which leave a small but indelible mark on the mind of a man starving for romantic adventure. Nothing like her, he thought, had ever appeared before in the streets of Sydenham. But what could he do? He could do nothing. He could only dream, and grow hot and flushed with dreaming, cherish wild hopes. In the violence of his longing, nothing seemed more improbable than that he should ever see her again. But the improbable happened, and finally, after limitless contriving and numerous defeats, he met her socially: no impossible achievement, though it had seemed so to him, since, living with her grandmother, being recently orphaned, she had a fixed address in Sydenham no less than he, and acquaintances with whom he made it his business to become acquainted too.

There followed an awkward suburban courting, though the awkwardness, he knew, was all on his side. Having little social experience, and no confidence in himself where women were concerned, his manners were uneasy. His speeches were laboured and clumsy: he knew them to be so, and the knowledge aggravated the disease. He believed that she must find him dull and repellent, and he was prudishly afraid to let her know that her presence, her voice, her way of looking and moving, filled him with torment and intoxication. He was incapable of uttering the one impulsive word, of making the simple unstudied gesture, that would have declared his heart to her; for with the impulse came the fear, the frustrating self-mistrust, and made him dumb and wooden. And so, week after week, unable either to advance or retire, he escorted her to theatres and concerts,

walked sedately with her in parks, and called her timidly by her first name. He tortured himself with sidelong glances at her soft creamy skin, her dark eyes, her mouth. She was indolently graceful, like a lovely cat; in repose her face had a hint of sullenness, almost of petulance; and it was precisely this, he thought, this languor and petulance, that so deeply excited him.

The end came, and a new world was born, on an evening in the December of 1914. They sat in a first-class railway carriage, on their way back from the theatre.

"I joined up yesterday", said Northcott abruptly.

She looked at him, a little startled, and was silent for a moment. Then she asked: "When will you have to go?"

"Next week."

"Will you get a leave before you go abroad?"

"Can't say. They're in the deuce of a hurry. But I expect so."

She seemed to brood on this answer. "I suppose then", she remarked at length, exasperatingly cool, "we're not likely to meet again".

Bitterly, thinking her indifferent, he answered: "Not for a long time."

"Well, that's that." Her voice sounded curiously deflated. "Why didn't you get a commission, Stephen?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Why should I? Plenty of better men without." Better men: he meant what he said. He was afraid of the responsibility of commanding men.

"It's just like you, not to try", she complained. "You're so . . ."

He waited. "So what?"

"So *slow*", she said.

He flushed, miserably silent, recognizing the truth of the indictment.

"Stephen, can't you *do* anything about it?"

In a harsh, strained voice he answered: "About a commission? Why? What does it matter?"

She touched his hand. They looked at each other, giving question for question. Then she smiled rather piteously. "You *are* silly, aren't you?" she said.

That first kiss transfigured him. He was a new man, the king of creation. He saw Olive every day of the few days that re-

mained, and if she had liked him before for his dogged attendance and dumb sincerity, she was entranced, it seemed, by the happiness she had now created in him. He was gay, witty, self-confident, and frankly adoring. The day before he was to put on khaki she embraced him with a lingering and tragic emphasis; and his brief leave, before going overseas, was an unbearable bliss, snatched in the shadow of an all-too-probable doom.

It was five months after that final parting that Cranleigh made his first appearance in her letters. And a few weeks later she mentioned him again. "I hope you won't mind too dreadfully, Stephen dear, but I've promised to marry Jim Cranleigh. I feel rather awful about telling you, but there it is. I hope it needn't spoil our friendship." Northcott did not answer this letter. He added it to his bundle with no sign of the death that was in him. Even his mind was speechless for a moment, and when words came at last it was Cranleigh, not Olive, that he cursed. From that moment he had cherished murder in his heart. On the whole it was less painful than love, now that love was condemned to go hungry.

III

"We're off, boys!" said Meadows happily. "On parade, our lot, with full kit. And quick bloody march!"

So the forty-seven wireless operators fell in, numbered by the right, formed fours, right turned, and quick marched to the port of embarkation, with Lieutenant Cranleigh, handsome and debonair, at their head. Northcott looked and hated; hated the happiness, the self-reliance, the easy air of command, the well-cut uniform; hated, above all, the memories that he knew must be lying, awake or sleeping, in the quick brain and sunlit heart of this man who was Olive's husband. He took an ugly pleasure, the pleasure of self-torture, in surmising the precise form of those memories; and his hand sought and caressed the smooth holster which carried his service revolver. For perhaps three days this Cranleigh had lived with Olive as her husband. Would he survive to commit that outrage again? No, said Northcott. He won't. He shan't. Something must happen to put a stop to it. It's not right. It's not to be borne. But what could he

do? (The recurring question!) He could not get at Cranleigh, and he could not possess himself of Olive. He was bound hand and foot. He was a mere parcel of blood and bones, picked up, put down, sent to this place and that, by the machinery of the army. The sense of his impotence maddened him. His only comfort lay in the possession of a revolver, and he began scheming how he might load the weapon without anyone's seeing him. This comfort went with him into the ship.

"What's wrong with old Northcott?" Meadows got sick of trying to answer this question. He himself watched his friend with a maternal anxiety. "Fretting, that's what it is. Fretting." But he kept his thoughts to himself. Sometimes, made suddenly aware of this watchful affection, Northcott would behave with studied normality; but there was a gleam in his eye that Meadows didn't like the look of. This gleam was perhaps the outward sign of that inexorable fixed idea which kept him unceasingly aware of Cranleigh's presence somewhere on board. He saw him in the flesh not more than three or four times a day, but the foul thought of him was always present. Even the hideous discomfort (for the rank and file) of life on an overcrowded troopship, even the rough passage through the Gulf of Lyons, even the cookhouse fatigue that fell to his lot while he was still weak with seasickness, even these things failed to shift his mind from its fixed point. They spent Christmas Day, and five days besides, anchored off Malta, and were served out with currant duff to mark the season, and had each a dixieful of thin rancid porridge for breakfast. Sitting, below decks, at the tables at which they ate their meals and on which many of them slept (for lack of roof space to swing another hammock), Northcott's companions spent their leisure hours in playing Cooncan or Patience, swapping stories, talking of civilian life, and singing bawdy songs; and Northcott would sit among them, pretending to read, pretending to write letters, pretending to join in the fun, and with maniacal persistence brooding on his revenge.

That revenge, after a long amorphous career, was at last beginning to take definite shape in his mind. But there were still details to be arranged, and the precious time was running out: once this voyage was ended the chance might be gone for ever. And though he could think of nothing but Cranleigh and revenge,

he found it difficult, even now, to concentrate his mind on any one plan. The idea of Cranleigh dead was as soothing as a vision of paradise, and he felt that if he himself survived his victim by so much as half a minute, that would be long enough in which to taste the pleasure of fulfilment. But to the problem of precisely how the thing was to be done he shrank from applying himself. Sometimes he felt that it was beyond him to do anything decisive. I'm not the right kind, he thought, with bitter self-despising (and yet Olive had seemed to love him!). But at other times instinct told him that he was wise to wait for the inspiration of the moment. The chance would come, and with it the grand, overmastering impulse. It might come any day now, at any moment.

Every day, sometimes two or three times a day, the ship's alarm was rung, the bugler sounded the *Fall in!* and fifteen-hundred troops paraded on their several decks to do raft-drill. The parade-ground of the forty-seven wireless operators was the port side of the after deck, at the extreme end of the ship. Here, every morning, their faces towards the sea, they paraded with life-belts, to be called to attention by Lieutenant Cranleigh, to answer the roll-call read by Sergeant-Major Brown, and to go through the ceremony of lowering the rafts over the side. And every morning, under Cranleigh's now keen and purposive eye, they improved by a few seconds on yesterday's time. Cranleigh stood by, watch in hand, saying at intervals "Smartly, men! Smartly now!" with a briskness that no one resented except Northcott. The thought of enemy submarines was in the background of everyone's consciousness, but it hardly amounted to a definite anxiety, for the three Japanese destroyers that formed their escort, lithe, grey shapes moving in triangular formation with the troopship safe in the centre, had an air of efficiency that was a great comfort to the nervous and timid. Cranleigh had already made himself popular with the men. Of course, he *would*, thought Northcott sourly. Northcott could not seriously entertain the notion of shooting his enemy on parade. He was prepared to face a court-martial and even a firing-squad, but the idea of being manhandled by his own comrades daunted him. This was a point of sentiment rather than physical fear. On the whole he liked these fellows, especially Meadows. To

be disowned and cast out by them was a contingency he shrank from.

On the seventeenth day after embarkation, Egypt was sighted. It was rumoured that they would reach harbour before evening. If he was to act, he must act quickly. If he failed to act he must resign himself to live haunted for ever by this maddening sense of defeat, frustration, impotence. He told himself that death would be better than that. He hung about the troops' quarters shut in with his thoughts. His loneliness was absolute. He stood biting his nails, furtively glancing this way and that. "What's wrong, chum?" said someone. "Feeling queer, are you?" He stared at the questioner and walked away. And suddenly a buzz of excitement filled the ship. The order had been given that the men were to get down into the hold and retrieve their kitbags. In an hour or two they would be ashore. It appeared, too, that the ship had now passed out of dangerous waters; for two of the escorting destroyers had vanished, leaving their charge to the nominal protection of the one that remained. For some while the ship made no perceptible advance towards land, but moved round and round in great circles, waiting, it was surmised, for instructions from the harbour-master who was presumably directing them by wireless from the mainland, that picture pencilled on the horizon. The morning was fair. The air, to these Englishmen, was miraculously warm for December. It was like one of the first days of England's April, with winter and spring in the act of taking leave of each other. The men went to and fro seeing to their affairs, getting their kit in order; those who had completed that task sat about talking, reading, playing the game called House, or scribbling letters. All were looking forward to release from the cramped confinement of this weary meandering voyage across the Mediterranean.

Northcott's party sat and sprawled in the space allotted to them below decks. An unwonted serenity and contentment reigned among them; and if there was rather less than the usual amount of laughter, that was because the approaching end of the voyage had set many of them thinking of England and home, and wondering what the next chapter of their war would be like.

Meadows came and stood at Northcott's elbow, hoping that the prospect of shore would have relieved his sick mind

"Shan't be sorry to say good-bye to this old barge. What do *you* say, Norky?"

There was a sudden, tearing, metallic sound deep down in the sunken heart of the ship. She bumped three times, as though descending a series of iron steps; and then was still. Her engines had stopped beating. There was a moment of shocked silence: then with the sound of hurrying feet the suspended life of men resumed its motion. Reaching by force of habit for their caps, the soldiers crowded toward the hatch, those at the back moving slowly, with necks craned forward, like people eager to get into a theatre. As Northcott, following and followed, went up the stairs towards the strong sunlight, he became aware of shouts below him that were louder than the murmur of those many voices, louder even than his own surprise; and glancing over the handrope into the great well that went down into the hold he saw a frantic, gesticulating figure about twenty feet below. Balked at the last stage of his upward journey, he was yelling for the ladder to be replaced. The men stared down at him with dull, dazed faces, and he stopped yelling and with demon energy came leaping and climbing upwards like a cat. Northcott was carried on with the crowd. The ship's alarm was now clanging, and when it ceased for a moment the tale was taken up by a bugle sounding the *Fall in*. It was all very much like the daily routine, but with a difference, and the difference made everything curiously unreal, like a vivid impossible dream.

Up the steps, then up again, on to the after-deck. Northcott looked about him, at the ship, the sea, the faces. There was no visible sign of damage to the ship, except that she now lay aslant in the water. She did not seem to be sinking, but doom was in the air. The sea moved with a large inexorable rhythm, an interminable series of leaping white-capped hills and sleek green valleys. Northcott noticed with surprise that every face he looked at was drained of colour. Sturgess, a slight, flaxen-haired, excitable child of eighteen who had a trick of looking half his age. Haddon, dark-haired, plump with complacency, the son of a chemist in Bristol. A lean melancholy-looking railway-clerk known as Scratchit, his name being Hichens. Runditt, the noisy man, the jolly man, the rather tedious wag of the party. And Pewsey who carried in his kit five different kinds of anti-

louse ointment. Their demeanour was controlled, almost normal; but the flesh of every face was of the same dead putty-colour. They stood about, waiting for the rest of the party, and for orders. In every part of the ship a similar scene was being enacted. The ship's signaller climbed to his high station and stood like a straight rod, his arms working with a swift mechanical action. The man's face was white and expressionless. Looking at him, Northcott felt pride leap in his belly. The challenge of this moment gave him a kind of gladness.

"There's a minesweeper over there", remarked Meadows at his elbow.

Northcott glanced at his friend. "May as well have a cigarette while we wait." He held out the opened packet.

Meadows stared for a second, as if puzzled. "Don't think I'll smoke just now." Meadows had a wife and one child. They lived in a dingy street near Tottenham Court Road. No garden. But the tulips did a treat in window-boxes, given a bit of care. The wife was a country-bred girl: he had met her during a day's charabanc excursion to Dorking.

Cranleigh ran up, buttoning the neck of his tunic. "That's right, chaps. We just carry on as usual. Fall in. Dress by the right. Party, t'chun!"

They came to attention with exemplary smartness. But it was no longer easy to stand upright: the ship was listing heavily to larboard. Elsewhere, boats were being lowered: they pushed off, loaded with women of the V.A.D. As the last boat was launched a shout was raised amidships, and two medical orderlies emerged from the hospital-room bearing a sick man between them. The patient was lowered into the boat and received by the nurses. The orderlies stood back and the boat moved away.

The forty-seven saw little enough of this incident. It reached them by the wildfire of rumour and hearsay. With eyes turned to Cranleigh, they waited. The ship's captain, a tall black-bearded figure on the bridge, lifted a megaphone to his lips and spoke in easy level tones. "Carry on, men!" said Cranleigh sharply. The posture of the ship was now too perilous to be politely ignored, even in the interests of discipline. The six rafts were lowered, and the men, pitched forward by the slanting

deck, had to hold the rail to prevent themselves following head-first. And now the men stationed on the starboard side came swarming over the deck. Cranleigh faced them with a revolver in his hand. "Get back! Get back!" They hesitated, puzzled: then struggled back to their own place and began grappling with the task of launching their own rafts over the vast convex of the ship's starboard side.

The men of Northcott's party were already going overboard, some going down the ropes, some in their impatience jumping (though the distance was still formidable). Meadows, standing by the rail, had assumed command of the situation so far as one raft was concerned. "Come along, boys. Non-swimmers first." One by one they went down, the non-swimmers. The first rafts were already drifting away. Two boats from the mine-sweeping trawler were tossing towards them from what seemed a remote distance. "Come along, sir", said Meadows, addressing Cranleigh. "You next."

"I can swim", answered Cranleigh, standing his ground. "Look lively, chaps. It's every man for himself now." He seemed half-angered by the men's heroic docility.

Northcott thoughtfully unwound his puttees, took off his boots, and emptied the pockets of his tunic, which, by some freak of impulse, he did not discard. Paybook, small French dictionary, matches, cigarettes, two pencils, letters ready for posting, letters received from home. It seemed somehow untidy to leave these things lying on the deck, and on an after-thought he picked up the paybook and put it back in his pocket. He stood idly, at a loss, waiting his turn; yet vigilant, under this seeming carelessness, with the instinct to save himself. The thought that in ten minutes he might be dead presented itself without really engaging his imagination. Though he waited in a kind of dream, he was more intensely alive than he had ever been before. The world was unspeakably vivid. The sensation of being alive was a strong clear flame. Every detail presented to his eye was sharp and bright, with the brightness of a new creation. The sea, scattered with small black specks, rafts, boats, the bodies of men swimming, floating, drowning, was a picture crudely melodramatic, like certain glossy pictures that had decorated the kitchen wall at home in his early childhood. Some hundreds of men had already

reached and boarded the escorting destroyer: her low, long deck was crowded with them, thick as flies. It was a scene too terrible for pity, too incredible for fear. And running in Northcott's blood was a strange exultation, the exultation of self-command, of being master of the merely animal terror that lived in him.

It came to him now that the ship, so far as he could see, was all but empty of men. Of his party only four or five remained to be shepherded over the side by Meadows and Cranleigh, who were still at their chosen posts. The ship shuddered under him. She stumbled, throwing him off his precarious balance. He was pitched on to his hands and knees. But the slant of the deck was now less marked, and he recovered his feet again. His eye, quick with urgency, noticed a near-by rope dangling from the rail. He glanced over the side. The rope was still attached to an empty raft, bumping against the vessel with every wave. He climbed over, gripping the rope; loosened his grip and slid swiftly down. The rope was like a rod of fire in his hands. He gasped as the water rushed up to engulf him, but he dared not stay with the raft, for he despaired of being able to cut it loose before the ship sank.

The world was now a green heaving water, and for a moment, until he found that he was swimming, he was in deadly fear. At a little distance was another raft, to whose sides a dozen or so men were clinging. Northcott struck out towards it, but a wave larger than usual flung him out of his course, changed his direction; and out of the tail of his eye he saw the ship once more. Her bows were now all but submerged, and at her stern that raft still drifted, empty of men. Near it was another, to which a solitary man was clinging. He thought this man was Cranleigh, and wondered what had become of Meadows. He began swimming back towards the ship, carried on by the swell. He shouted to Cranleigh to let go and come away, and at that moment he saw that Cranleigh was struggling, with bare hands, to get at the rope by which his raft was made fast to the ship. Where was Meadows? An expert swimmer, Meadows. Perhaps he had dived in. If so he could be trusted to take care of himself. The sight of Cranleigh hopelessly struggling with that rope excited no thought in Northcott. He was empty of thought.

Without thought he contrived to assure himself that he still carried a jack-knife in the pocket of his breeches. Without surprise he heard an explosion amidships and saw smoke and flame gush from the funnels. The air became full of flying fragments. They fell into the sea, and presently baby-faced Sturgess came by, riding the waves on a mahogany door: the boy was laughing and singing, apparently in the highest spirits. There were others in more desperate straits: unable to believe in the efficacy of the lifebelts they wore, they were in process of struggling to their deaths.

Northcott kept his face towards Cranleigh's captive raft. He reached it. Cranleigh had given up his attempts on the rope. He had been hit by a flying spar and was at the end of his endurance. Clinging with one hand to the raft, Northcott tried to open the jack-knife with his teeth. After repeated failures, he thrust the knife in Cranleigh's face and said: "Hold the blade. Hold on." But that plan, too, was a failure, and finally he flung his body across the raft, at risk of capsizing it, and managed to get both hands to work. Too late, he thought. The ship began rearing up on her bows. He sawed madly at the now taut rope, as the raft, with themselves clinging to it, was lifted out of the water. It fell back with a splash, the men still blindly clinging, and still alive. The suction of the water drew them in under the stern, which now rose at an angle of forty-five degrees and for a moment remained poised above them. So this is the end, thought Northcott. He expected that vast hulk, big as a house to fall back upon him; but nothing now could persuade him to unfasten his fingers from the two lateral loops by which he held on to the raft. He stared and stared upwards.

The ship above him was moving again; swiftly, smoothly, with astonishing grace, she dived. The sea closed over her in a whirl that carried Northcott and his raft into suffocating darkness. Somewhere in that terrified flesh a spirit still lived, watchful and even a little curious. Under all the kicking and choking, or apart from it, was the odd idea of death, the wonder and the question of it.

To emerge into daylight again was like a new birth. To be alive was fantastic. Cranleigh, too, he was still there, still holding on. It dawned in Northcott's mind that he had saved Cranleigh's

life. He had held that life in his hands, to save or to destroy. It hardly mattered which he had chosen: enough that he had had power and had used it. Tossed about with this raft, and still uncertain of his fate, in this moment he experienced the ecstasy of self-fulfilment.

"What was that?" spluttered Cranleigh. "By God, they've got her too!"

They stared at the distant destroyer. Black smoke gushed from her funnels. Here and there a little figure, mere specks at this distance, dived from her crowded deck.

Five minutes later she snapped into two pieces, and went down with her burden of souls.

"Ahoy there!" shouted Cranleigh. Northcott, following Cranleigh's glance, joined in the cry. A boat from the mine-sweeping trawler was tossing towards them.

IV

On their arrival at the quay, the survivors were turned loose in a large quayside warehouse containing a miscellaneous store of old clothing. With odds and ends from this store covering their nakedness, they were then packed into lorries, a motley crowd, and taken to a military camp a few miles inland. They were received as heroes and made much of by everyone. The old-timers of the camp deferred to them; the canteen lavished luxuries upon them without money and without price. It was a time of unabashed emotionalism.

Northcott and some others spent what remained of the day witnessing the arrival of further lorry-loads from the quay. Although he had been among the last to leave the ship, many had remained to be rescued from the water after he had been picked up, and many others had remained not to be rescued. The arrival of lorry after lorry, the rapturous greeting not only of friends but of anyone whose face was familiar, was an almost unbearable joy. For the first time in his life Northcott saw rough-mannered hard-swearing men embrace each other; and even he himself was moved to rush forward to shake the hand of Sergeant-Major Brown, whom he had always rather feared and

disliked. But after seeing the last load in, the spirit went out of him. He went to his tent and lay down.

The tent was full of men, among them a group of Fusiliers who had been in the camp many days. He heard the talk, feigning sleep, and wishing for it. On one drowned man a chain of dead lice had been found, ranged round the neck like a string of beads; they had crawled up there to escape the water and had died in single file, with their host. A Veterinary Corps officer had dived seventeen times from the deck of the trawler and saved eleven lives. One man had thrown himself back into the sea after being restored by artificial respiration. There was no end to the stories, and the Fusiliers did not weary of hearing them. With his ear to the ground, Northcott heard the humming, numerous life of the whole camp.

A head was thrust into the tent. "Is Northcott in there?"

"Hullo", said Northcott. He raised himself on one elbow.

"It's only me", said Cranleigh. "I've been looking for you, old chap. Are you all right?"

"Yes, thanks."

"Got everything you want?"

"Yes, thanks. Everything."

The other men stopped talking; and the silence that ensued had a queer quality, as of suspense.

Cranleigh spoke again, in a voice unlike his own. "I shan't forget, you know." And after another pause he said, awkwardly: "Well . . . good night then."

"Good night", said Northcott.

Cranleigh did not go, even then. He began saying something about seeing Northcott tomorrow, having a chat, keeping in touch. But Northcott no longer listened to him. He was thinking of other things. He was thinking of Meadows lying dead at the bottom of the sea, and of a window-box filled with tulips.

SHIPWRECK

G. I. SCOTT MONCRIEFF.

Above two hours she rode against the storm.
Her engines stopped, she drifted, lifting her head.
Slower and slower as each breaker's form
Surged from the depths and struck her ; weary and dead
She rose with broken hatches, finding rocks ahead.

She split with tremendous noises and went down,
Echoing sound of steel on stone and splintering stave
For days across the bay, while storm seas, brown
With earth from flooded rivers, white topped wave,
The last few spars and twisted girders lave.

Every dark tramp and every passing gypsy,
Expressionless have come as each night lifted
Where the receding waves, a little tipsy,
Bare in the sands the wreckage that has sifted ;
Humbly and broken, shorewards home has drifted.

The heavy-laden tramps in the grey light pass,
Out on a reef the seagulls whirl and scream,
Swooping to pick at something in the widgeon grass :
" One of they poor beggars ", the gypsy team
Conclude and dip below the furthest sand-dune seam.

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

THERE has happily been a stay to the rush of sinister happenings in Europe ; yet few apprehensions are allayed. Since Germany remains the focal centre of disturbance, one may say that the vote on Herr Hitler's proposal of himself as President has been for Europe the most significant fact. Not many foreigners believed that four million Germans would be found to vote No ; and it is only right to say that the ballot must have been held with far more fairness than was anticipated, since nearly an eighth of the electorate felt free to express their mind against all that blaring and menacing propaganda. Respect is due to four million Germans who have civic courage. Yet the whole facts are not reassuring. Coming after the failure of the Austrian *coup*, this vote is a definite check to the Führer. He has had to renounce all aspirations towards the Polish corridor for a space of ten years, thus conceding to Poland the advantage of a quarter of a century's possession. At home, he has had to establish ascendancy in his own special organization by massacre of his intimates. He has failed in Austria, after an attempt that turned all civilized Europe against him. There remains the Saar. Can he afford to risk another rebuff there also ? For the result of the plebiscite in Germany itself makes it appear at least possible that, given undisturbed freedom to exercise their franchise, the people of the Saar may refuse to put themselves under Nazi rule. For my own part, I do not believe that any

Hitler and
the Saar

territory, German or not German, in these days of nationalism, will voluntarily expatriate itself, even for a period of years : and if the Saar did so, it would keep a running sore open. Nevertheless, bad as that would be, it would be worse that a discontented nation should defy such law as there is between the nations of Europe ; and there is only too much evidence that Herr Hitler and his associates are seeking to deny to the people of the Saar that freedom of choice which has been offered them by Europe under the sanction of the League of Nations. Mr. Knox, head of the Commission of the Saar, has made plain to all his sense of the threat, and has asked for reinforcements to secure a free voting and to prevent any attempt to forestall the results of a vote. The worst that could happen would be that the League of Nations should prove unable to carry out its solemn undertakings at the very heart of Europe. For if that were so, the League must founder in universal contempt.

People in the British Isles have been inclined to consider that the crucial test of the League's value was afforded by the progress of disarmament ; and since we are now faced with evidence that disarmament in any degree is not likely to take place, the same people are inclined to think all lost. Yet in truth, whether the nations disarm or no matters chiefly from the standpoint of sane economy ; the essential purpose of the League is elsewhere directed. The League of Nations was established to secure that, as between nation and nation, law and not force should prevail. Unless this object be earnestly pursued, the League is no more than a hypocrisy. It is admitted that in the South American dispute over a remote swamp the League's principles have been ignored by members of the League ; and that in the opinion of the League's official representatives, Japan also has disregarded them. Much emphasis is laid on these failures. Nobody stops to consider what would have happened even during the last two years if the League and the Covenant had not been accepted by the civilized European powers. Suppose Bismarck, commanding the strength that France and the Little

The Power of the League

Entente between them held, had been faced by such an attitude in France as Germany has presented to its neighbours, does anyone doubt that Bismarck would have made a " preventive " war ?

Much more than lip-service has been rendered by the nations that held their hand. The nearest thing to a threat of war has been Italy's move to the Austrian frontier, and it is deeply significant that nowhere in the Europe which stands for the League has that step been condemned. There has been in fact assent, unmistakable even when tacit, to the principle that force may have to be used, by nations that signed the Covenant, to maintain the existence of law in Europe. Germany, ever since Hitler's advent to power, has acted as if she had a right to disregard the elementary rights of Austria ; and if one form of international lawlessness is more mischievous than others, it is the fomenting by an outside power of disorder in a neighbour state. Its inevitable result is to force the State so assailed into a disregard of domestic law. Conspiracy and organized lawlessness within a state are difficult to cope with by the ordinary processes of law ; when bomb-throwing and assassination become usual, the State for its own defence is driven to extreme measures. Frequently more severity is used than is necessary and invariably many innocent people suffer—as has probably been the case in Austria. But here in addition to the internal menace there has been the threat from outside : a great Power entering into conspiracy against the existence of a small one. And as so often happens, political assassination removed the man who had most ability to control the violence of repression. One thing is certain. Austria is Europe's ward, and it is recognized that Italy, stepping forward to protect Austria, acted on behalf of Europe, though without express mandate. Whether it suited Italy's policy and interest to do so, does not affect the merits of the case. Europe is rightly thankful.

The Saar is a smaller matter, but here the responsibility of Powers in the League is more clearly engaged, because the Saar has no strength for self-protection. It is to be hoped that if

the need for protection should arise, the steps to be taken will not have been left to the impulse of the moment, nor to the discretion of any single State.

By that time, unless all the omens are misleading, the League of Nations will have gained an accession that goes far to outweigh the withdrawal of Germany and Japan. **Russia Enters the League** Indeed, if Russia enters the League, it is not easy to believe that Germany will stay in her present voluntary retirement. Nobody supposes that the Soviets have been converted to the League's principles. Russia is entering the League because she finds it to her interest to do so, because it appears to give her a guarantee of what she needs most—peace. If that be Russia's conviction, who is justified in saying that the League has done nothing? Russia saw what the League has done. It has prevented perhaps half a dozen small wars, or perhaps one great one; and it has done this by establishing throughout Europe the conviction that to begin a war is treason against civilization.

M. Litvinov has already made it clear that he conceives of the League not as a mere platform for the utterance of views, but as a body that can issue orders and make them obeyed. Russia's accession to the permanent Council will reinforce those elements in the League which seek to establish collective security. If this is taken as meaning a combination against Germany, that is only because Germany alone among the European nations avowedly regards war in the Fatherland's interest as a creditable undertaking. This, in the present temper of the world, is not an enviable reputation and, before many years, desire to avoid it will force Germany back into the League. Such dramatic shifting of the balance may be taken as a success for France. But it appears to me that once Russia's entry to the League is established, every good European will sleep more secure. And despite the protests which were made, (especially by M. Motta for the Swiss delegation) it is fair to assume that Russia, having abandoned its attitude of hostility to the League, will accept the consequences, and abstain from subversive propaganda.

What the reactions in France may be, it is not easy to guess. Possibly they may count to M. Doumergue's administration as a great achievement; and unquestionably many Frenchmen were impatient to see some outstanding result. "We have given him full powers, why does he not do something with them?" was a very common cry—as if it were nothing to have carried the country past the edge of financial collapse. What exactly should be done, nobody seemed prepared to say. Yet some at least inclined to think that M. Tardieu had rendered a great public service by his attack on M. Chautemps, although the moment had been ill-chosen. Presumably some others will say that M. Tardieu rendered service, without any need for qualifying the statement. For M. Chautemps, it appears, is head and front of the *Grand Orient*, and freemasonry in France is regarded in much the same light as Tammany in the United States. Presumably its strength is like that of Tammany, in that its adherents loyally support one another in carrying out arrangements which other parties attempt to settle on a less comprehensive basis. It is not only one group in America that wants to make a profit out of politics; but the most influential is always the one which shares the spoils most fairly. Whether the moral tone of French public life would be raised by getting rid of the freemasons is not certain. When Tammany has been cast down, other distributors of the spoils always took its place.

A more vital issue than the question who shall divide the spoils now agitates America. The land of freedom is settling down to a fierce fight for that right to collective bargaining which England, governed in the main by men from Eton and Winchester, Oxford and Cambridge, has long ago accepted. President Roosevelt has made clear his personal and official recognition of the right as essential to industrial order. But American employers are slow to see the light. If they pay wages higher than Europe offers, they incline to hold that this exempts them from doing as European employers do—at least in those countries where trade unions are permitted to exist. It is true that the unions

Civil Strife in America

have obscured the main issue by a demand that unreduced wages shall be paid for greatly reduced hours of work ; but presumably Mr. Roosevelt when he returns to the helm will, if he desires a decision on the vital principle, clear away the irrelevant details. Meanwhile, outsiders marvel at the coolness with which he has remained absent while difficulties accumulated, and at the continuous hold exercised by his personality on the vast American public. Perhaps he foresaw that if he waited long enough Mr. Hoover would launch an attack, as Mr. Hoover has done, of the kind best calculated to rally support for a chief who is regarded with affection as well as with faith. I have to admit, as one foreign onlooker, that I cannot form any clear idea of Mr. Roosevelt's policy, and yet am aware of the magnetism which he exercises. His courage is magnificent, and beyond question he has established a personal ascendancy to which modern Europe shows no parallel. He is the only dictator who does not rely upon machine-guns or bludgeons, or even upon castor-oil.

Internal excitements will divert the mind of the United States from world politics ; yet America is more sensitive than any European power to what happens in Japan.

**Pacific
Affairs**

The United States navy will not be indifferent to the claim for a revision of the Washington Agreement so that the Japanese fleet should be, as of right, equal to that of the two greater naval powers. What exactly was the purpose in putting forward such a demand can hardly be decided by a Western ; but it sounds like a polite way of announcing that the Washington Agreement will not be renewed by Japan. And if not ? Are the navies of the world to start building against each other with bold individual enterprise ? Or is it not possible to organize collective power ? Japan's experience of the League leads her to believe that collective action by it may be regarded as unrealizable because no leading State will make the necessary sacrifice of sovereignty—least of all, the two great English-speaking powers. Meanwhile, it is reported that Russia, having become willing to sell her interest in the railway which crosses Manchuria, is on the point of coming to terms about the price—nominally with Manchukuo, but after negotiation con-

ducted openly by Japan. The inference is that Russia abandons all thought of aggressive war against Japan, since this was mainly, if not uniquely, possible from Vladivostok as a base. Once the railway passed into Japanese hands, would it be possible for Russia to hold Vladivostok in time of war ? And in time of peace, would it be safe for her to keep a large force, even of aeroplanes at a point so exposed ? The conclusion seems to be that Russia, regarding war with Japan as probable, is determined that in such a war she shall have the moral advantage of being the attacked ; and that she enters the League with the hope of bringing it to pass that even on the limits of Asia aggression against any power in the League will meet with collective not individual resistance. The way to peace seems to lie through measures which will prove that even Japan cannot treat the League as negligible.

It is pleasant to greet a work of historical scholarship informed by strong common sense and a culture which brings to the study of the past eyes wide open to the present.

**Edmund
Spenser**

In editing Spenser's *View of the Present State of Ireland*, Professor Renwick has, naturally, been first concerned to complete the student's knowledge of the poet as writer and as man ; for this is the fourth volume in a general edition of Spenser's works.* One cannot hope to appreciate the *Faery Queene* without knowledge of the country in which Spenser wrote and the events and personalities which are woven, however dimly, into that great tapestry ; and here we have Spenser's "view" of them written down explicitly in his stately prose. What is more material is that, so writing, the man implicitly reveals himself, both in his character as the subordinate administrator, sketching a policy of administration for a land where conquest is incomplete, and as the human being, with natural reactions towards the hard things that in his judgment needed to be done. Professor Renwick is naturally anxious to clear Spenser from the charge of ruthlessness ; and, indeed, throughout the pamphlet-dialogue there is generally one humane voice speaking. Eudoxus and Irenæus, the imaginary speakers, are really two sides of one nature. Eudoxus is

* Published by the Scholartis Press.

Spenser the English humanist, who again and again starts away from the measures proposed by the Irish official; though it has to be admitted he invariably yields to the reasoning put forward by the man on the spot who, by a touch of irony that can hardly have been unconscious, is called "Irenæus",—the Peace-Lover. There is force in the editor's contention that Spenser in this tract, written probably during his stay in England about 1597, when he would be constantly questioned as to the course of affairs in Ireland (then critical enough), is expressing opinions upon problems both civil and military gathered by him from men in high command: that he is mouth-piece, reporter, publicist, rather than deviser of the "view" which he signs. But whether as poet or as official he was the child of his time, and one passage at least makes plain that deeds of blood and fire had the full romantic appeal for him. Writing of the Irish Bards and the Eulogies which they composed, he gives an instance of how they praised a hero:

"That he was none of those idle milkesopps that was brought up by the fyer side, but that most of his dayes he spent in armes and valiant enterprises, that he did never eate his meate before he had wonne yt with his sworde, that he laye not slugging all night in a Cabben under his mantle, but used commonlie to kepe others waking, to defend their lyves, and did light his candle at the flame of their howses, to lead him in the darknesse; that the daye was his night and the night his daye, that he loved not to lye longe wooing of wenches to yeild to him, but where he came he tooke by force the spoyle of other mens love, and left but lamentation to their lovers; that his musicke was not the harpe nor layes of love, but the cryes of people and clashing of armor, and that fynallie he died not bewayled but made many wayle when he died, that dearely bought his death."

Is the humanist shocked by the substance of this laudation which he so voluptuously renders into the alliterative antitheses of Lyly's "euphuism"? Hear his comment:

"Doe you not think Eudoxus that many of these praises might bee applied to men of best desert, yet are they all yeilded to a most notable trator."

In short, the sentiments would be highly acceptable if they were applied to an Englishman; but praise of any Irishman in this "view" can only be preposterous, unless it be for the meekest submission; and then it should only be tendered with a reserve against the probability of a relapse. He regarded the race as incorrigible; "for the Irishe doe strongelie hate and abhorre all reformation and subjection to the englishe, by reason

that having bene once subdued by them, they were thrust out of their possessions". This does not appear altogether an unreasonable reason; and if Spenser's "view" had been that greater security for their substance should be given to all the Queen's subjects, even Irish ears might have listened. But his conclusion is, more force; "reformation must now bee with the strength of a greater power"; and I cannot find that he proposed to leave much to the natives that was worth taking from them. The more unwarlike Irish had value to the land owners, as cultivators and mechanics. Spenser desired, in the sixteenth century, as Swift did in the eighteenth, to see some protection given to tenants against landlords. In the matter of religion, he desired to see better clergy; but his opinion of those sent over from England was much the same as Swift's. An Irishman, and perhaps any but an Englishman, will incline to think that, if Ireland always presented to England a problem as tangled as it did to Spenser, the blame did not lie solely with the Irish. Yet it is plain that the vice of the administration was not in its continued harshness so much as in its continual discontinuity. Eudoxus and Irenæus, the Englishman who thinks in English terms of justice, and the Englishman who holds that those do not apply in Ireland, dictated policy, turn and turn about, from Spenser's day on to Mr. Lloyd George's. Since 1921 there has been a continuity of self-government for north and south, and rule has been shaped primarily with an eye to the interest of Ireland. We are beginning to be able to read Spenser on Irish politics dispassionately, and can observe that the Elizabethan Englishman anticipated Mr. de Valera in his dislike of what is now called "ranching".

"For this keeping of cowes is of itself a very idle lyfe and a fytt nurserie for a thief. . . . And to say truth though Ireland bee by nature accounted a grate soyle of pasture, yet had I rather have fewer Cowes kept and men better mannered than to have such huge increase of Cattell and no increase of good Condycions. I would therefore wishe that there were some ordinance made amongst them that whatsoever kepeth 20 kine should kepe a ploughe goinge, for otherwise all men would fall to pasturage and none to husbandrie."

Would Spenser have welcomed the economic war? Professor Renwick does not touch on this. But in his comments on the difficulty presented to England in Spenser's day by the Irish

custom of making chieftainship pass by election not by heritance, he observes excellently that "the closest modern parallel to the annals of the Four Masters is the recent history of Arabia". That is real illustration. Again Spenser observes: "At the kyndlinge of the fyre and the lightinge of candles the Irish at this daye saye certain prayers": Professor Renwick mentions Moira O'Neill's "Songs of the Glens of Antrim":

"Herself 'ud take the rush-dip an' light it for us all. An' God be thanked, she would say, *now we have a light.*"

The custom had gone out, as the song laments, when the rush-lights began to be forgotten. But I did not know that Spenser knew it.

Irish memory of him is not unkindly. The stump of Kilcolman Castle, the house from which he was burnt out (that fashion lasted longer than the grace for light), is still known as his; its ruin will outlast perhaps by centuries the neighbouring ruins of Buttevant Barracks where many an Irish soldier and officer got their training for Flanders twenty years ago. But there are happier associations. Galtymore, on which he placed his imaginary Assembly of the Gods, will always dominate that fertile plain, the Golden Vein,—the only Irish mountain which rises from rich land. "Clear running water was always a delight to him", and the Awbeg, his "Mola", comes off the limestone soil, pellucid as an English chalk stream, yet cutting its way through rock so that its banks are often cliff-edged: and in one of the most beautiful gardens in Ireland, or in the world, it is made the central feature, lovely and flowing through loveliness. That gorge on the Awbeg must have been well known to the poet, if tradition keeps truth; for a short way further down, this tributary joins the Blackwater close to an ancient abbey, and down the main stream is a famous and majestic salmon pool. The right bank is a green "inch" or "haugh" as the Scots call it, half a mile long; but the left is steep and wooded. From it spread, over the swirling rippling salmon-haunted water, wide branches of a giant tree—"Spenser's Oak". What poet, what stream-lover, could ask a better memorial?

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

POLITICAL ECONOMICS

By SIR WILLIAM BEVERIDGE.

THE GREAT DEPRESSION, by Lionel Robbins. Macmillan. 8s. 6d.

PROFESSOR ROBBINS has a great theme. The years from 1929 to 1933, the years of the Great Depression, in which, at its worst, about 30,000,000 persons were unemployed, in which manufacturing production shrunk by anything from 30 to 50 per cent. and world trade by more than 60 per cent., have had no parallel in the past; they are fraught with possibilities of incalculable change for the future. Those of us who, from 1914 to 1918, watched the economic and political structure of modern societies adapting itself for war and surviving, with so little outward change, so much destruction, were inclined to marvel at its strength. The Great Depression has come as a rude reminder that the secret havoc wrought in the foundations of our civilization by five years of war activity and war psychology, went deeper than we had dreamed; how deep we cannot to this day judge. The end is not yet. After the events of last year and this, no one can say to what further destruction of peace and freedom despair may drive this nation or that, what narrowing of ideals and shattering of hopes for human progress the next five years may bring.

Professor Robbins' theme is a great one. The highest praise that can be given to him—and very high praise is called for—is to say that, within the limits set by its size, his study is worthy of the theme. Its two hundred pages are packed with vivid description and lucid analysis; its forceful argument sweeps with disciplined, if sometimes

breathless, speed to a frontal attack on almost all the contemporary policies of all governments. Whether in the last resort the argument is accepted or not, it cannot leave any reasonable mind unmoved.

In two opening chapters, Professor Robbins sets the Great Depression of 1929-1933 against its proper background of events since 1914, and disposes of the leading misconceptions as to its cause. "Fall of Prices," "Over-production," "Deflation," "Shortage of Gold," "Maldistribution of Gold," and other fallacies are neatly exploded in turn, by admirable combinations of theory and fact. Then comes the positive diagnosis. The Great Depression, like the lesser depressions of the trade cycle before the war, is the inevitable aftermath of a boom started by a credit inflation. The Great Depression is worse than any previous depression, partly because the inflation was greater than usual, but much more because the ensuing contraction has struck a weaker economic structure. "The effects of an earthquake are, in part, a function of the strength of the original shocks, in part a function of the strength of the buildings affected."

The original shock in this case began in America, when the Federal Reserve Board decided in 1927 to buy securities and cheapen money; the decision was described later by a member of the Board as "one of the most costly errors committed by it or any other banking system in the last 75 years." But this decision, on Professor Robbins' showing, was taken partly in response to requests

from London, to ease the situation there and to save the gold standard to which Britain had returned in 1925 at too high a parity. On this analysis the Great Depression is a child of the war; it was begun by a second mistake made in America, to cover up a first mistake made in Britain, in monetary reconstruction.

The weakening of the economic structure which has made depression so severe, has even more obviously the same parentage. Disappearance of an international monetary standard, economic nationalism with its fantastic brood of ever-rising tariffs, quotas, subsidies and exchange restrictions, rigid wages, state-aided monopolies, price-controls and "restrictionism," can all be traced to the war, or to habits acquired in war.

Professor Robbins, however, is concerned less with the origin of these policies than with their consequences; he is writing an essay in applied economics, not a pamphlet against war. Demonstration that monopolies, price controls and all the fashionable forms of State intervention in economic affairs are in fact a weakening of the structure and increase the destructiveness of the trade cycle which they cannot stop, is the hard core of his essay. Forcible as his argument is, it is here that one most wishes that he had taken another thirty or even fifty pages to do justice to the

issue and support his unpopular analysis as fully as elsewhere by appeal to facts; perhaps he is waiting for President Roosevelt to give him the facts in telling form for a later edition. For here is the battle's heart. Professor Robbins is opposed to central planning on the Russian model, which supersedes the price mechanism entirely. But his main target in this essay is not the unpopular Russian model; it is all the highly fashionable forms of state support to monopoly or price control in particular industries, which are not planning but syndicalism. His essay is at bottom an exposure of the danger of mixing inconsistent policies of freedom and control, of retaining the price mechanism in theory and not letting it work in practice, of driving an engine with a safety-valve and sitting on the valve whenever it seems to be wasting steam.

His own resulting prescription for our disorders is, on the one hand, "restoration of an international gold standard, managed with a view to preserving inter-local equilibrium, and avoiding the development of booms," and, on the other hand, "a more or less complete reversal of contemporary tendencies of governmental regulation of enterprise." Those who do not like the prescription of reversal must now consider how far they are prepared to go in the direction of central planning, and what that calls for in political institutions.

This is the importance of Professor Robbins' argument for everybody. He has set forth some of the economic consequences of the war in a book so well written that all can read it with pleasure. In theme, lucidity and tone, as in its passionate challenge to prevailing ways of thought and action, it recalls inevitably the famous book from which, fifteen years ago, the world learnt some of the consequences of the peace. Professor Robbins deserves an audience as wide as fell to the lot of Mr. Keynes.

"TENDENCIES OF THE MODERN NOVEL"

IN BOOK FORM

Details of which
will follow
in the
November Issue

LORD SNOWDEN

By E. H. CARR.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY, by Viscount Snowden of Ickornshaw. Vol. I. Ivor Nicholson & Watson. 21s.

THE post-war generation knows Philip Snowden as the biting critic of Mr. Lloyd George's Coalition and of the Conservative Governments which followed it; as the Labour Chancellor who, by methods of strict financial orthodoxy, defended the Exchequer against marauding colleagues; as the stiff and unyielding negotiator whose pertinacity, at the Hague Reparations Conference, won a popular but Pyrrhic victory whose gains soon melted away in the general economic collapse; and, finally, as the lonely elder statesman, whose acid criticism has earned him the enmity both of his old Labour colleagues and of the National Government whom (once more in the interests of financial orthodoxy) he had helped to place in power. Those who have been privileged to come into personal contact with him have reason to know the self-sacrificing kindness and innate charm of his personality. But Lord Snowden, being a Yorkshireman, "hates intrusion into his private affairs". He asks to be judged on his public record. And the public face which he presents to the world is that of a stubborn, bitter fighter.

The story begins, just seventy years ago, in the village of Ickornshaw, where the Yorkshire moors are at their sternest and ruggedest—a village which, by some queer coincidence, has produced three members of Parliament within the last thirty years. Nonconformity was the dominant force in the village, and in Philip Snowden's childhood. He still has prizes attesting a record of

five years' unbroken attendance at the Wesleyan Sunday-school. Of the day-school, where the fees ranged from twopence to threepence a week, he has less kindly memories; but by the age of twelve he was a pupil-teacher, enforcing discipline on a refractory charge by making him stand with his face to the wall and say his prayers. Although they were scarcely above the poverty-line, the devotion of his parents saved him from the fate of many of his contemporaries, who were sent to work half-time in the mills at the age of ten. Philip Snowden grew up in a bleak and narrow world, where only the strong and the stubborn could hope to survive, where religion was the only distraction from the struggle for life, and where the only pleasure was the consciousness of obstacles overcome and duty performed.

His sixteenth year saw him in an insurance office, whence he passed into the Civil Service as a collector in the Inland Revenue. He was posted to Aberdeen, thoroughly enjoyed—it is a characteristic trait—two years in the Orkneys, and afterwards served in many other parts of the country. On one occasion he held up a shoot of Mr. Walter Long's and caught most of its members without game-licences. Thus did the future Chancellor first acquire, and turn to good account, his zeal in the defence of the national finances. These early chapters, written in a plain, vigorous style, without a trace of affectation or false sentiment, are the best in the book. As one reads, a contrast suggests itself with the autobiography of another politician—with the flamboyant youth and the flamboyant style of Mr. Winston Churchill. These

two men represent the antipodes of human temperament. The natural antipathy between them is so complete that both would probably accept the contrast as a compliment.

At the age of twenty-seven Snowden had a bicycling accident which seemed at first trivial, but resulted in partial paralysis of his legs:

"After a time I became convinced that full recovery was not likely to come. It is strange but true that this conviction brought neither grief nor despondency. I calmly resigned myself to what could not be helped."

These stark words usher in a new phase of his career. Obligated to abandon the Civil Service, he threw himself into the Socialist movement. In 1893 the I.L.P. was founded. In 1900 Snowden first stood for Parliament, and got in for Blackburn in 1906. In this part of his book, autobiography merges into a history of the Labour movement. Here he found ample scope for his natural pugnacity. He comments, aptly enough, on the sturdy individualism of the trade union leaders; and though he himself did not belong to, and was in frequent conflict with, the trade union wing of the party, he was clearly a match for them in the possession of this quality.

There is no space here to review the rest of his career down to 1918, where the present volume stops. The war

chapters are the least happy. Lord Snowden denies that he is a pacifist on principle. But, except that he had disapproved of the foreign policy of the Government for fifteen years, no explanation is offered of his pacifist attitude in the war which broke out in 1914. It does not help to prove that the German invasion of Belgium was a "god-send" to certain people who wanted to bring us in any event into the war. It was the issue of Belgium which decided the attitude of the Government and of the country; and this issue Lord Snowden, with a lapse from his usual courage and clarity and thought, shirks. He shirks it partly because, being absent from England on a tour round the world, he was able to shirk it at the time. But there is perhaps a more fundamental reason. Lord Snowden has always been an intellectual force. He has the distaste of the intellectual for the letting loose of the emotions; and this distaste is symptomatic of a certain lack of understanding. He has, despite his democratic convictions, the temperament of the aristocrat. He has never shared, or quite understood, the emotions of his fellow-countrymen, or even of the working-class. He is no leader of men; and he has never wielded in the Labour movement the same influence as men for whose intellectual qualifications he cannot conceal his contempt—Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Henderson.

The sufferings of the war and the experiences of an anti-war politician did nothing to soften the asperities of Lord Snowden's political temper; and these become still more marked in the period which is reserved for the second volume. From the historical standpoint, the second volume will be more important than the one before us. But is it already clear that this autobiography will be a worthy and characteristic monument to a great man and a great public figure.

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THE NEGRO IN BRITISH AFRICA

By H. T. BIRCH REYNARDSON.

NATIVE POLICY IN SOUTHERN AFRICA, by Ifor L. Evans. *Cambridge University Press.* 6s.

THIS very competent review of Native Policy in Africa south of the Zambesi fulfils a long-felt want; for although a large literature is in existence dealing with the subject from various angles, no comprehensive and easily-available summary has so far been attempted.

Mr. Evans' book has the great merit of treating the subject of native policy, in the countries dealt with, as a comprehensive whole, and thus enabling the reader to trace developments in a part of Africa which, however administratively divided, is in most essentials homogeneous; for, generally speaking, Africa south of the Zambesi is "White Africa"; north of the Zambesi, "Black Africa"—and the problems of the two have already come to be very different.

Mr. Evans has divided his book into four parts, of which the first and, naturally, the longest, is devoted to the Union of South Africa.

The reader to whom the subject is new will find here a very clear account not only of what "Native Policy" has been, but also what complexities and almost insoluble problems it involves when white and black are living in close juxtaposition and—as is happening to an increasing extent every day—in economic competition. The difficulties are indeed well-nigh unimaginable to those who have not lived among them; and the author shows a nice judgment in quoting Abraham Lincoln: "I surely will not blame them for not doing what I should not know how to do myself." This sensible and charitable attitude is

all the more refreshing in view of the somewhat rash didactics to which we have been accustomed in this country, from the pens of those whose hearts are rather too disposed to rule their heads.

Possibly, though, it may be questioned whether Mr. Evans does not actually err a trifle on the side of optimism in the general picture which he draws; for, satisfactory as certain measures may appear on paper, the spirit and manner of their administration must remain the test. Moreover (no doubt wisely in a book of this kind), the author eschews politics; but politics have had much to answer for—have, indeed, counted for far too much—in the European's dealings with the natives of South Africa.

Across the Limpopo politics, so far at least, have fortunately not complicated the issues, though much else, good and bad, has been imported by Southern Rhodesia from the Union and incorporated in the general lines of her Native Policy. She has been fortunate in being in the position, chronologically, of benefiting by her southern neighbour's successes and learning from her embarrassments. For instance, the land question which, insoluble now in South Africa owing to the accumulation of vested interests and prejudices, is being systematically and successfully dealt with in Rhodesia. It is, however, interesting to note that the more enlightened and progressive attitude which has recently been adopted in the Union towards tribalism and Chiefs' powers, has so far found no echo in Southern Rhodesia, which, the author believes, is peculiarly suited for the development of "indigenous society, so far as possible on Native lines."

To each of the three "Territories"—Bechuanaland, Basutoland, and Swaziland—a short section is devoted. Here, as indeed throughout the book, the author is moderate in his implied criticisms, and gives due weight to the admittedly very difficult problems inherent in the administration of these little isolated "compartments"; but even so there is little to counteract the rather unfortunate impression which recent "publicity" has left in regard to these Cinderellas. Mr. Evans speaks of "indirect rule" in Bechuanaland having become so "indirect" as scarcely to be "rule" at all; and it is hard to resist the impression that a policy of *laissez faire* has, in fact, spread rather further than the confines of one Territory or of one function of government.

The final section of the book is devoted to the Mandated Territory of South West Africa. It certainly does nothing to enhance the reputation of pre-war German administration: and though, by that standard, the Union, as Mandatory Power, has improved matters, no very energetic attempt appears to have been made to implement Article 2 of the mandate. It is, of course, perfectly true that South West is a desperately poor country itself—but not so very long ago the Mandatory hastened to advance upwards of £100,000 for the "settlement" of disgruntled Boer emigrants from Angola—an action which it is difficult to conceive can contribute much to "the material and moral well-being and the social progress of the inhabitants of the territory."

The "Notes and Sources," at the end of the book, are very complete and most helpful, as is also the Index. Perhaps it would have been better, had names, instead of initial letters only, been entered on the map at the end of the volume—the uninitiated might have some difficulty in identifying L as Ludertizbucht, or M as Maseru.

MEDIAEVAL RELIGION, by Christopher Dawson. *Sheed & Ward*. 6s.

"To Boileau and Pope and their contemporaries the Middle Ages were simply a gap in the history of culture", says Mr. Dawson in the course of an essay which claims for these despised centuries the honour of giving birth to the entire Romantic Tradition in Literature. The typical modern is guilty of even worse disparagement than Pope: for him mediæval is an adjective properly descriptive of everything brutal, beastly and uncivilized, from bad drains to Nazi Concentration Camps. So far have we travelled since the nineteenth-century exaltation of mediævalism. That, to be sure, was largely ignorant and sentimental, but less so than our own disparagement.

In an earlier book Mr. Dawson has shown what was the essential tradition which the Middle Ages received from classical politics and literature, and from the Christian religion. In the present book he shows what the Middle Ages made of it. He isolates, that is to say, the main strands of the mediæval civilization, social, religious, and literary, and traces the evolution of each. The book is short, and can hardly be summarized in its facts. But its point of view is social, and, being social, the stress is laid on the essential continuity of mediæval culture with what preceded and followed it. Of what it received it lost nothing, and to it added much. Yet, it was itself individual and distinctive, for it achieved what no other civilization has even attempted, "a co-operation and collaboration between religion and culture".

Mr. Dawson writes necessarily in terms of tendencies and movements. He is one of the very few living historians who can do so, and remain readable. But he adds to his book a study of a man, William Langland, which is one of the freshest and vividest pieces of criticism I have read for some time. ROGER B. LLOYD.

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DESERT AND FOREST, by L. M. Nesbitt. *Jonathan Cape*. 12s. 6d.

It is said that the age of exploration, in the sense of discovering virgin soil, is over, that only the intense examination of traversed territory remains. However that may be, it is certain that, during the last decade or so, explorers in the old style, men, that is, who rightly believe that the sole way in which to know a country is to pass through it on foot or on the back of an animal, and who regard disparagingly the so-called conquest of lands by aeroplane or motor-car, have been extremely active. Well for the literature of travel that this is so! And it is to this old-fashioned school that the author of this book, whose journey, scientifically conceived and modestly proclaimed, deserved wider recognition than it received, emphatically belongs.

In 1928 Mr. Nesbitt, an English mining engineer, resolved, after examining the potentialities of Western Abyssinia, to penetrate the Danakil country, that fierce, inhospitable mixture of jungle and desert which lies partly in Italian Eritrea and partly in Abyssinia, though it owes allegiance to neither. No European previously had ever succeeded in traversing it, even by the shorter route of east to west, though several had lost their lives in attempting to do so. Their failure had been due, first to the extraordinarily hostile physical conditions, but mainly and finally to the treacherous nature of the Danakil tribes, who delight, not merely in killing a man outside their own tribe, but also in mutilating him.

The journey, one of 800 miles and lasting three and a half months, was terrific. Mr. Nesbitt, accompanied by two Italians and fifteen natives of Abyssinia and Eritrea, had, to start with, a caravan of twenty-five camels and four mules. To end, he had three fewer men, all killed by the despicable Danakil, ten fewer camels, and three fewer mules. The party survived by a miracle or a

series of miracles. Crocodile-infested rivers, almost waterless deserts, lava regions and still active volcanoes, great rifts in which the shade temperature exceeded 150 deg. F.—all these had to be overcome before the Italian outpost of Kulluni could be won. It was an amazing triumph, one which was possible, in the belief of the author and of his interpreter, only because "Allah willed it." Nor can the reader, while paying greater testimony than does Mr. Nesbitt to the grand courage and endurance of himself and his companions, discover any other adequate explanation of this singular mercy and wonderful achievement.

The trek began in the south at Awash, a station to the west of the Abyssinian capital of Addis Ababa, and ended in the north at Mersa Fatima, a Red Sea village below Massowa. Between these known places Mr. Nesbitt was busy filling maps with names of sites hitherto quite unknown. Of signs of civilization, even in the legendary Sultanate of Aussa, there were few indeed. The Danakil tribes, nominally Muslims, lacked all incentive to industry or cultivation of their soil: they thought only of winning fame among themselves by the gruesome pastime of wearing part of their victims' organs around their necks. They possessed none of the qualities of, say, the Moslem tribes in Asian lands of the same latitude across the Red Sea. In short, they were impossible material for any forces of civilization to work on.

That Mr. Nesbitt's party should have been able, not only to escape death at the hands of the Danakil, but actually to procure from them a guide—what in Arabia would be called a *rafiq* or *rabia*—is most conclusive evidence that he was endowed with superlative qualities of tact and audacity as a traveller. How completely he was equipped as a geographer and natural observer is obvious to the most superficial reader of this entrancing and stirring book.

KENNETH WILLIAMS.

HARRAP'S STANDARD FRENCH AND ENGLISH DICTIONARY, Part One: French-English, Edited by J. E. Mansion. *Harrap*. 42s.

ANYONE who knows a foreign language tolerably well (and he who does not had much better keep to a phrase-book) is apt to be infuriated when, confronted by a common word, he seeks enlightenment in his "dictionary" and finds an entry to the effect that, say, *facturation* = *facturation* (when it really means "invoicing") or *euphorie* is given as, "euphoria," and he is left to whistle for a synonym. Or you may be stumped by a turn of phrase which is recognizable as being fresh from the mint of French usage, and the "dictionary" helpfully refers you to a tag from Molière.

The present writer, who has done a good deal of translation work and so often drawn a blank, starts then with an unreasoning prejudice against the lexicographical profession. But Mr. Mansion beckons, and he is utterly disarmed. No longer can he indulge his foible. For at last we have a French dictionary which is a dictionary and not a word-list; a treasure trove for the translator who finds in it not only a record of current French diction, *i.e.* the vernacular, with the phrasing and idiom peculiar to it, but also, *mirabile dictu*, the authentic and up-to-date English equivalents—instead of the usual archaic verbalisms. That the volume abounds in technological terms (there are nearly 40 derivatives of *aero*), which must be regarded as current coin in this machine-age, is a minor detail beside this unwonted pleasure. Even Americanisms, in so far as they have been naturalized, so to speak, are sprinkled about Mr. Mansion's pages.

In each case the pronunciation of the word is indicated in accordance with the standard phonetic transcription. And, as in Elwall, the most promising veteran of French-English dictionaries,

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numbers and letters are employed to divide a word into semantic units. A novel and entirely satisfactory feature, in this connection, is the grouping of phrases and idioms belonging to each semantic family.

In a masterly foreword the Editor traces the dimensions of his task. The work was initiated in 1919—although Messrs. Harrap's, who have done so much for linguistic study in this country had already conceived the project before the war. Mr. Mansion sent out his antennæ, a corps of sleuths, as it were, with orders to track down any word or phrase coined by modern French writers and note it on a card. 200,000 captures were made, we are told, in the period before the French-English section closed for Press. The hunt is still on. But, faithful to his single-minded conception of a Dictionary reflecting, above all, modern usage the Editor was not satisfied until he had commissioned other manifold anonymous collaborators living and working in France to catch neologisms on the wing. Thus the sources (of which a list is given) are not merely Hatzfeld and Darmesteter, post-war fictional narrative and the technical phrase-catalogues, with, maybe G. H. Clarke's *Manuel Lexique* as a stand-by—the greatest and most fruitful source is life itself with its ever-changing hues reflected in the *nuances* of language. What a commentary it is on our times, for instance, that the original and proper sense of *alermoiement*, given here as being an "arrangement with creditors for an extension of time of payment", and alternatively "renewal of a bill" should have now in current usage been practically lost and have been replaced by the general connotation "shilly-shallying"!

We shall await eagerly the English-French volume which is promised for the end of next year.

W. HORSFALL CARTER.

MODERN ENGLAND (1885-1932). A history of my own times, by Sir J. A. R. Marriott. Methuen. 16s.

HISTORY books are now being written by authors who have many more valuable qualities than a knowledge of the contents of libraries and record offices. One might almost say that there is a new *plein air* school of historical research, conducted by men of the world who live in the open air of public affairs rather than in universities. When Mr. Hilaire Belloc had a desire to understand Latin civilization he walked to Rome, and over a great deal of France, in order to learn what he wanted to know. The habit has been encouraged by the many soldiers, of all ranks, who have recently written innumerable books of the history which they saw and did in the field. In many other ways the scope of historical authorship is widening. M. Halévy is giving us a new history of England as it appears from the faraway viewpoint of the French shores.

Now Sir John Marriott has given us a history of England since 1885 which in form is the latest volume of the standard history of England since the days of the Stone Age, edited by Sir Charles Oman; yet, it is really something of a very original kind. Sir John Marriott is, of course, a well-known scholar of Oxford University, trained to conduct his researches in a strictly scientific manner, in order that the discovery of the facts shall be his essential work. But he is more than a scholar. He has a long experience as a very active man of affairs in the House of Commons and in public life in many spheres. The result has been a History of England which is a very living thing indeed. It is drawn from the life, as they say in the art schools.

Its methods and fundamental principles are exceedingly modern. It is difficult to know whether the followers of the economic interpretation of history school will be amazed or pleased when

they see that this Tory and Oxford scholar announces on his first page that the Bessemer process for the production of steel makes the basis of the history of our present economic civilization. From that he goes on to point out the vital importance of the surface condenser which made the big steamship possible, and the refrigerators and cold storage which worked an economic revolution in the food supply. This writer has got far beyond the old school, which spent so many pages on matters of constitutional history and parliamentary debates. He knows that the important things happen in the working world and not in the assemblies where they discuss them, oftentimes very vaguely, in theory.

It is very pleasant to know that an active politician can maintain such an honourable sense of fairness towards his opponents. There are in this book, among many others, most valuable and just miniature portraits of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell which could only have been drawn by a writer of very fine human sympathies. Sir John Marriott is able in a remarkably effective manner to combine judicial judgment with a certain dramatic interest, and some times with passion, however intellectually he keeps it in restraint.

This book is a most valuable and impartial statement of all those essential facts of our recent history which are the basis of what we are doing or attempting to do today. If a citizen desires to take an intelligent part in dragging his country out of the desperate morasses in which we are now floundering, then here is a most admirable text-book in which to study the evidence. Some may consider that this politician is too enthusiastic concerning the growth of British imperialism; but it must be realized that by this expression Sir John Marriott is the truest historian; for in very fact this outburst of imperialism is the key note of the history which led up to the

catastrophe of the Great War. In this book, for example, it is possible to understand what the "scramble for Africa" meant in world history. The reader will also be able to trace the revolt against the Victorian *laissez-faire*, and to understand that the imperialist Joseph Chamberlain, was not necessarily an enemy of democracy because he desired to maintain a high standard of life in England by a protective tariff against the imports of lower civilizations or better climates. And if there are readers who resent any useful lessons, then here is a most attractive story of a living nation. It is full of human interests.

G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR.

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THESE TIMES, by J. A. Spender.
Cassell. 5s.

THE value of this little book is in inverse ratio to its size. It is a small book containing some 40-50,000 words, but it is not thin. On the contrary it is full of what Bacon called "stuff," by which he meant not nonsense but solid meat.

Mr. Spender sets out to survey, from the standpoint of an experienced observer of affairs, the world position of today. The writer of such a book runs the risk, as Mr. Spender explicitly recognizes, "of being caught out by events which may happen between writing and going to press." That risk he endeavours to minimise by confining himself to "the ground-plan which is likely to remain very much what it is, whatever decisions may be taken at Geneva or Downing Street during the next few months." About "decisions," at any rate at Geneva, Mr. Spender need not, surely, be apprehensive. They are the last thing likely to be taken there.

Mr. Spender is a wholehearted apologist for Parliamentary Democracy. So am I—for Great Britain, and for peoples of British blood, carrying with them across the oceans the long tradition of self-government.

But I should demur to the statement that "democracy is nothing without Parliament" (p. 2). The advocates of revolutionary policies imagine that "something called a 'mandate' entitles them to override what their fellow citizens call law and constitution"; this, says Mr. Spender, "is fatal both to Parliament and to democracy, for democracy is nothing without Parliament. The executives which use power in this way have everywhere extinguished Parliament and by so doing killed democracy." I have as little liking for "the advocates of revolutionary policies" as Mr. Spender; perhaps less. But I hesitate thus to identify democracy with Parliamentary Government. What about the United States? Surely Mr. Spender

will not deny that the form of the American Constitution is "democratic." Most certainly, however, it is not "Parliamentary". On the example of ancient Athens I lay no stress, for though Pericles claimed it as a "democracy" and Mr. Grote applauded it as such, it was in fact a slave-owning oligarchy. But what about Switzerland, which claims to be the only real democracy in the modern world. That it is a democratic State none would deny, but its peculiar type of democracy is direct rather than representative. But though I must differ from Mr. Spender on this point, I cordially concur in his practical conclusion that we Englishmen must "keep our eye on the parliamentary boundary and have nothing to do with any policy which threatens to take us

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outside it" (p. 5). That way lies the danger of dictatorship.

To the modern experiments in autocracy Mr. Spender devotes—inevitably—a large proportion of his limited space. Of the Russian experiment he writes with wise restraint and caution. He insists that we cannot begin to understand what is going on in Russia unless we grasp the truth that the doctrines proclaimed and acted upon in that country "are not only sincere but held with a fanaticism which makes them the religion of the hierarchy that governs Russia" (p. 11). "The young Communists," he writes elsewhere, "who tighten their belts for the glory of the Soviet Republic are no fit objects for mockery, whether in pursuit of their plan they are entitled to inflict on the millions of the fellow-citizens the hardships, the shortage, the dragooning and the martyrdom which have attended their effort until now is a different question" (p. 20). Indeed it is.

Fascism and Nazism Mr. Spender regards as the off-spring of Communism. I doubt whether the relationship is quite so close or direct as that.

"In all essentials the Russian working model has been followed," he writes, "with extraordinary exactitude by the organizers of the Fascist movements in Italy, Germany, and other countries which believed themselves to be threatened by the Russian example. . . . The variations are few and accidental" (p. 24). Mr. Spender is perhaps thinking rather of the political autocracy than of economic reconstruction. But if and so far as he has the latter in mind I must respectfully differ. Signor Mussolini is, of course, committed to a "planned" Economy; so is Mr. Roosevelt. But the Corporative State is something widely different from Nationalization.

Mr. Spender seems to be on surer ground when he gets to his own country.

Here he is wholly admirable—exposing, in trenchant fashion, many popular fallacies. Only to a few of these exposures can reference be made. One of the best points he makes is that unrest among the wage-earners in England is due less to deepening poverty than to increasing prosperity. "The great mass of the people are evidently better off than they were thirty or even twenty years ago." Are they, therefore, more contented? On the contrary, "this improvement is one of the causes of the present unrest." That, I am convinced, is a profound and most important truth.

It is well, too, that we should remind ourselves that there has been, in the last twenty years, a redistribution of wealth on a vast scale. That, I take it, is what Mr. Spender has in mind when he writes: "The common talk of recovering 'pre-war prosperity' is nonsense. To go back to pre-war conditions for the great majority of people in Great Britain would be a heavy set-back." That is undeniably true, but it is pertinent to ask how this redistribution of wealth has been effected? Mr. Spender would not deny that if "the great majority of people" are better off, very important sections of the people—important from the point of view of wealth production—are much worse off. The essential consideration is whether the improvement in the lot of the masses has been attained without detriment to the permanent sources of wealth production. Plainly it has resulted in the impoverishment of a large section of the wealthier classes. But that does not matter—except to the individuals concerned—so long as the transference of wealth does not detrimentally affect our reproductive power. Is not Mr. Spender satisfied that it does not? Thus far the yield of Income Tax and Death Duties has kept up in a remarkable fashion. Can we count on these sources of revenue for the future?

J. A. R. MARRIOTT.

ENGLISH COUNTRY, edited by H. J. Massingham. *Wishart*. 7s. 6d.

MY first critical thrust at this charming book of essays on the English countryside is successfully parried by Mr. Massingham in his editorial introduction: it is therefore useless for me to state that the book is rendered null and void by the glaring, the fatal, omission of Northumberland. Besides, the hordes inhabiting Kent, Sussex, Suffolk, Hampshire and the other counties here represented would fail, or pretend to fail, to appreciate this obvious fact. Let me then waive Northumberland and say what remains to be said for the book.

There are three ways of writing about the country. The most obvious, the most dangerous, and the easiest to do badly, is to beat the pen into a paintbrush and, using words instead of water-colours or oils, to paint. This method forces upon the writer a perilous traffic with adjectives and adverbs in which he perpetually runs the risk of falling, on the one side, into the picturesque commonplace and, on the other, into the far too consciously felicitous. To avoid these two pitfalls is a matter requiring considerable imagination, sincerity and skill. Another method is to deal with the country and its people as a living unit with a character and temperament of its own, and a third, which combines in some degree the other two, goes deeper still and views the whole with a sharp awareness of its history, pre-history, geography and geology. All three methods and various blends of them are represented here, and the names of the writers of these sixteen essays give a promise, which a reading amply fulfils, of the success with which the aim of the book is realised.

To discover the individual qualities of a town, a village or a tract of country, we must linger in it, absorb it and be absorbed by it, and so too a book of this nature, if we are to do it justice and extract its full effect, must be read

gradually and not as the unhappy reviewer is compelled to read it. But even when read as the reviewer—the conscientious reviewer—reads, it leaves a single and very definite impression of the English countryside. Like all good books about the country, it is an historical document; it is full of the sense of the changes which modern civilization (or is it barbarism?) is bringing into the old life of England, and one realizes even more acutely after reading it that something infinitely precious to us is being encroached upon and irretrievably spoilt, the old beauty, the old customs, and the old irreplaceable humanity of rural England.

To discriminate among the essays is largely to reveal a personal bias. Mr. Ivor Brown's article on the North Riding of Yorkshire is from every point of view an excellent piece of work, but the fact that it seems to me the best of all is probably due to my preference for the third of the three methods of treatment which I have mentioned; and that, no doubt, is also why I place Mr. Bates's and Mr. Mottram's essays next. Other readers will prefer other writers, for there is excellence in all three forms to choose from.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG.

THE REV. SMITH, SIDNEY, by Osbert Burdett. *Chapman & Hall*. 15s.

THE wit of Sydney Smith, Mr. Osbert Burdett seems to have felt, has in the past been over-clapperclawed with the palms of the vulgar, and he seeks to restore the balance by stressing rather the man of sense to whom the celebrated wit and humour were no more than garnishings. The diner-out, the social figure of Holland House, is not neglected, but more attention is given to the preacher and the pamphleteer. It may be true enough to say of Sydney Smith that he "talked his way from the

solitude of Salisbury Plain to a canonry of St. Paul's Cathedral," but Mr. Burdett would have us realize the solid substance of that talk, whether delivered from pulpit or platform or in a written prose which, as is rightly suggested, gives us all but the speaker's gestures.

It is a merit of this biography that it does not seek to exaggerate its subject's gifts, presenting him as precisely what he was, a man of a complete integrity within his limitations as "so typical a product of the later eighteenth century," a Man of Sense as opposed to a Man of Feeling, one who had, in fact, in Mr. Burdett's own phrase, more sense than sensibility, who was "most acute on matters of fact," and "too active to be very introspective," who emphatically divorced Christianity from "enthusiasm," and dismissed the beginnings of the Oxford Movement as "Newmania." What is most attractive in Sydney Smith's life is defined in a half-sentence: "the sight of great capacities, limited by circumstances, yet always proving equal to them." It was not his wish to enter the Church at all, but compelled to do so he accepted his lot and channelled his evident ambitions within it. He accepted too the existing state and customs of the Church; some would even say its abuses, but he never shut his eyes to the defined duty lying before him. (He willingly took, for example, a non-resident living; but, compelled to live there, worked hard for the local good.) And at no time did he ever abate the plain statement of his honest and unpopular opinions upon prison, Game Laws, and electoral reform, or upon intolerance to Catholics, in the obvious interests of professional preference. As curate on Salisbury Plain, as preacher in Edinburgh and London, as rector in Yorkshire and Somerset, as Canon of St. Paul's, as social figure, as lecturer and as journalist, he spoke his liberal mind and damned the consequences.

Mr. Burdett presents Sydney Smith as, finally, "a very remarkable Christian," one who without touch of doubt "accepted religion calmly as the foundation of truth," and who built up upon that basis the structure of a thoroughly healthy life. His book as a whole creates a pleasantly written, easily readable, and thoroughly agreeable if unexciting portrait, based upon careful study and balanced by genuinely critical judgment adequate to its subject. But he might surely, upon page 122, have made acknowledgment to Mr. Aldous Huxley, and it is an error, at least of terminology, to suggest, as on page 123, that Charles Darwin was ever an atheist.

GEOFFREY WEST.

THE STORY OF TROILUS, edited by Prof. R. K. Gordon. *Dent*. 8s. 6d.

THE story of Helen of Troy is as universally known as the parables of Æsop, and poetry is sown thick with references to her beauty. But her story has never been seriously retold. On the other hand the less well known story of her contemporary, Cressida, has been told several times, and four times by poets. The reason for this becomes simple when the retellings are examined with the Helen story in mind. The psychological map for the characters in the Helen story is established and final. Homer has been allowed to draw it once and for all. But there is no final word on the other story. The motives involved in the true and false love of Troilus and Cressida are mysterious and permanently seek elucidation. The question why Cressida left Troilus rises again and again, and it rises because the answer of no one person is wide enough. So that each new teller gives his reasons, and makes a new psychological map.

In Benoît, Briseida (the Cressida of the

later versions) is a slave girl, which means that her relations towards Troilus remain simple. Boccaccio makes her socially the equal of Troilus and creates Pandarus to be her cousin. Chaucer avuncularizes Pandarus—a masterly stroke—and gives over a quarter of the long poem to his worldly and wordy advisings. His treatments of the story made Dryden remark that the genius of the English, in literature and in manufactures, was to improve an invention rather than invent themselves. Henryson provided the story with a powerful sequel, and at last Shakespeare concluded with one of his most neglected and poetical plays—Shakespeare's *Cressida*, by the way, is by no means the wanton Professor Gordon thinks her.

This is a book which translates the versions of Benoît and Boccaccio, and reprints those of Chaucer and Henryson. All students of English literature, whether general or specialist, will want to have it. The texts have never before been assembled in this way, and the book is an invitation for the reader to begin pencilling in his cross-references. There are some fine ones to come across. In Boccaccio, for instance, Cressida falls in love suddenly. Chaucer is subtler: "For I say not that she so suddenly gave him her love, but that she gan incline to like him first. . . ."

GEOFFREY TILLOTSON.

AT THE SIGN OF THE THISTLE, by Hugh Macdiarmid. *Stanley Nott*. 5s.
SCOTTISH SCENE, by Lewis Grassie Gibbon and Hugh Macdiarmid. *Jarrollds*. 7s. 6d.

HATRED, in the hands of a master, may be the basis of much that is grand, terrifying and even beautiful in art and literature. To pretend that this is not so is to share one of the pleasant hypocrisies which we owe to the Christian churches, though the works of two

Christian poets, Milton and Dante, are sufficient, one would have thought, to prove its falsity beyond doubt.

Mr. Macdiarmid's hatred is not of this order, or, if it is, the poet has not risen to his opportunity. His hatred of England, and of the Anglicisation of Scotland, is the theme of the whole of his own book of essays and of his contribution to the other now under review. Even where it is not explicit, as in his studies of Gertrude Stein, it creeps in in the form of an appeal to Scottish writers to abandon English models and to seek their affinities in the great continental models. And in the course of it the writer hardly rises once to the level of whole-hearted feeling. Far from an exhibition of hatred handled by a master, we are treated to the spectacle of a poet so mastered by his hatred that his style is crippled and distorted, his integrity warped and obscured, if not at times altogether destroyed by it. This is the more to be regretted in that Mr. Macdiarmid's other work has often been worthy of a distinguished place in literature. The obsession seems to have grown of late years.

Mr. Gibbon also shares much of this feeling, with the difference that it has not mastered either his own self-respect or his artistic purpose. His style is racy and serenely Scottish, his characterization certain, subtle, and genial. The stories and essays which he contributes to the second of these books are a lively contrast to the alternate moaning and boasting of Mr. Macdiarmid. The form of the book—a collection of essays, stories, sketches, and poems about Scottish life, is worthy of imitation. Both that and what is best worth reading in the text we owe to Mr. Gibbon. In only one poem, "Tam o' the Wilds," does his collaborator escape from his obsession. It is enough to make the reader wish that he could do so more often.

ALAN M. WELLS.

SALVATION, by Sholem Asch. Gollancz. 8s. 6d.

BLIND MOUTHS, by Thomas F. Tweed. Barker. 8s. 6d.

A HANDFUL OF DUST, by Evelyn Waugh. Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d.

SALVATION, the second of Mr. Sholem Asch's novels to be translated into English, is the story of a saint. Jechiel was a Polish Jew born soon after the Napoleonic Wars. From the first, the child felt an especial duty towards his God. He hid alone in the synagogue, at the dread hour when the spirits of the dead assemble. He stood on his hands in the synagogue, calling upon God to count for how many seconds he held the balance. His father went away to study, and the boy had to be taken away from school to help support his mother. One way and another, he found teachers, and made up the shameful deficit, till at last he was sent off to teach the children of an innkeeper in the country. Growing up here, he attracted the favour even of the half-mad count who tyrannized over the estate, and was in increasingly high repute with the ignorant peasants, who took to calling him Rabbi. He protested, but they literally forced the title on him, and the day came when he dared to pledge God's word for a lesser miracle. The miracle took place, and was followed by others, but it cost Jechiel the life of his Reisel, and the child that was born in fulfilment of the pledge was later to become the battlefield of two warring faiths, and to be the first link in a chain that drew the Rabbi to his grave.

Mr. Sholem Asch writes with unflagging vigour and power. His note rises often to *fortissimo*. His emotional range is such, however, that this gives no effect of weakness. The book is full, wide, and deep. Its characterization is clear-cut, it shows a real understanding of spiritual ecstasy and terror, and the very writing seems to shudder with awe when, as often, the narrative approaches the miraculous or the sense of communion

with God. The chapters describing the results of the girl's apostasy are of extraordinary brilliance. *Salvation* is not perhaps a book of the same stature as *Three Cities*, but it is big enough, and does nothing to disturb the belief that Mr. Asch is one of the few great living novelists.

Colonel Tweed handles a similar subject, but with far less skill. *Blind Mouths* deals with the coming of a saviour to the modern world, with his teaching, his rejection, and his death. The time is the near future. Johann Imri brings his gift of healing to Danubia, a federation of countries including Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Austria, Hungary, Rumania, and Bulgaria, ruled over by a dictator with the customary paraphernalia of Whiteshirts and the like. The characters of this dictator, of the journalist Harnack, and Johann himself are clearly realized; and, as regards the parallel of Johann's life with that of Christ, we may agree with Col. Tweed that, given the man and the circumstances, "the attitude of Church, State, and articulate public opinion in every modern community makes it inevitable that history would repeat itself."

Mr. Waugh shows us, if not the righteous man, the ordinary decent man at the mercy of an unrighteous world. From the moment the egregious John Beaver came to stay at Hetton, Tony Last's doom was assured. He, poor fellow, did not realize that anything was wrong, until his wholly delightful little boy was killed on the way back from a hunt. Almost immediately Brenda left him for Beaver. Dazed and acquiescent at first, he consented to be divorced, but began to fight when at last he realized her utter selfishness. The story finishes in Brazil, with a grimness that remains obstinately in the mind which, for its own comfort, would be glad to forget it.

Mr. Waugh is a writer of real importance. In this, his fourth novel, his note

is deeper and even angrier than before. The peculiar mixture of farce and tragedy, which is all his own, deserves a far longer consideration than can here be given it. Suffice it to say that *A Handful of Dust* is a highly pertinent criticism of life today, and should be read by all who take an intelligent interest in our time. It is hard to know what to admire most—the brilliant dialogue; the way in which Brenda deteriorates without losing her charm from the moment she succumbs to Beaver; the incidental portraits, such as the groom Ben (effortlessly and perfectly drawn); the scene where Tony and Mrs. Rattery play snap; or the end.

Here is one entirely unspectacular piece of dialogue which could not be bettered. Ben is speaking to Tony after the boy's death:—

"I was thinking about the pony, sir."

"Oh yes, Ben?"

"Will you want to be keeping her now?"

"I hadn't thought . . . no, I suppose not."

"Mr. Westmacott, over at Restall, was asking about her. He thought she might do for his little girl."

"Yes."

"How much shall we be asking?"

"Oh, I don't know . . . whatever you think is right."

"She's a good little pony and she's always been treated well. I don't think she ought to go under twenty-five quid, sir."

"All right, Ben; you see about it."

"I'll ask thirty, shall I, sir, and come down a bit?"

"Do just what you think best."

"Very good, sir."

One terrible exclamation of Brenda, when she discovers which John has been killed, strains belief to breaking point: but that is the sole obstacle in this brilliant, unnerving performance.

L. A. G. STRONG.

THE HUGE SHIPWRECK, by Kathleen Freeman. Cape. 7s. 6d.

AT SEA, by Alder Calder-Marshall. Cape. 7s. 6d.

PENANG APPOINTMENT, by Norman Collins. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

BARNHAM RECTORY, by Doreen Wallace. Collins. 7s. 6d.

PERHAPS the achievement of the old, rich novelists, who got their effect of life by piling-up detail and, while necessarily selective, refused to acknowledge any lacunæ in their vision, was brought to its unexpected head by James Joyce with his massing of "dailinesses" to form a nightmarish reality. In any case it is a mark of our better young novelists that they assume no mantle of omniscience and are conscious of the frequent gaps that confront the onlooker upon life. They show things happening as they do in life, barely perceptible, and they permit things not to happen when, by all the novelistic rules, they ought at least to show a leg. Miss Kathleen Freeman, choosing her title from those lines of John Clare's which tell of "the huge shipwreck of my own esteem and all that's dear", has made a successful experiment that is rather one of management than of technique. She tells, delicately, quietly, almost in a whisper, with occasional pauses in which the reader draws a wondering breath, the story of a group of girls who were drawn together in and out of school by mutual sympathies and hostilities. Three of them love the same young man who, in his way, loves each of them in turn. We do not get to know Tobias very well and, when he shoots himself at the end, we are not greatly grieved on his account. But he acts as a touchstone to the women, Estella, Veronica and Sadie, Estella being the one we know from the inside. Since *Mädchen in Uniform*, we have had presented a number of girls' schools in fiction, some of them excellent, but of those that have come my way, none is at once so unstrained and so full of the touching beauty of youth as this one,

and I know few finer portraits of girls. To compare *The Huge Shipwreck* with *Mädchen in Uniform* is like comparing a Marie Laurencin with an effective German poster, but it goes deeper in words than Laurencin does in paint. And it does not lose sight of the terrible truth that youth endures without dying. For violence in the face of life and character it substitutes reverence.

Mr. Calder-Marshall sets himself a simpler task so far as his story goes, although his treatment is equally modern and his technique considerably more experimental. John and Elsa, on the first day of their honeymoon, hire a rowing-boat, and through John's careless loss of an oar are adrift for twenty-four hours. In this time they live through physical and spiritual experiences which teach them more of themselves, and especially of each other, than a married couple in ordinary circumstances might learn in a lifetime. What happens to their bodies and souls is told by a series of interior monologues—no new device, but used here with skill and a commendable measure of success. If, in the texture and rhythm of their thoughts, remembered emotions and recurrent dreams, there is a closer similarity than seems probable, that is because—and it is the inherent defect of the method—our knowledge is built up from fragments parsimoniously imparted or imperfectly assimilated, which, in the end, is insufficient to compel from us more than a humanitarian concern for them in their peril. But the author remembers often enough that for the unprofessional reader the tale is the thing, and he commands the interest not merely of those who are concerned with technique but of others whose attention would be more easily disengaged. He interpolates episodes of people's lives ashore during the same period—sharply drawn pictures which quicken interest even if the relevancy to the main theme is not imme-

diately discernible. Also Mr. Calder-Marshall writes with freshness and vigour, often with remarkable verbal felicity.

In Mr. Norman Collins's first adventure into fiction we are once more, and in an artistic as well as a literal sense, at sea. Everything happens aboard a second-rate liner on her way to Penang, and the best of all the characters is the liner herself with her brown and crimson decorations and her carved woodwork. The facts and feelings and appearances of a voyage have never been better put down for us. Of the human characters I am not quite so sure. Our ultimate ignorance of the chief person, Stephen MacFadyen, is not the ignorance of life confronted by character, but of insufficient insight on the part of Mr. Potter. Of the hapless Gratia we know little except her beauty, which is well conveyed, and in consequence she does not hold us. Of her father we are told too often the same things and we feel doubtful, when the surprise of his nature is sprung upon us. And of Gratia's beefy lover, who too conveniently dies, leaving the dubious field to Stephen, we believe he is not so vulgar as he is painted.

Barnham Rectory, a Book Society's choice, is plain sailing but very much on land. There is nothing new in it except the presence of modern social problems, but Miss Wallace knows and loves the country and has shrewdly observed the parish. We do not believe in the suicide of the country lad who, loving the vicar's daughter, takes physical comfort from his fellow servant and feels irremediably soiled as a result. But the servant girl is well done; so much so that we ask ourselves with a shudder whether Tess of the D'Urbervilles wore questionable underclothes and was sluttish in her nightgown. Poor Emmie's nobility, however, is as truly rendered as the village flower-show on a wet day.

CATHERINE CARSWELL.

THE FORTNIGHTLY

NOVEMBER, 1934

A REFERENDUM ON THE NEW DEAL

BY RAYMOND GRAM SWING

THE first national referendum on the New Deal in America will be held this month. It comes in the election on November 6th of a new House of Representatives and one-third of the Senate. The nation has to choose between a continuation of Roosevelt and the return of the Republican party. Roosevelt himself cannot be removed from the White House: his term does not expire for another two years. But the country, if it pleases, can send a Republican majority to Congress, which would be the end of the New Deal.

No one believes the country will turn from the President, despite superficial evidences of revolt. The opposition of Big Business is more vocal than before. A hue and cry has been raised over the loss of individual liberty under Roosevelt, and the anniversary of the signing of the Constitution was used as a day of warning that the "land of the free" was losing its constitutional rights. The American Liberty League, uniting some notable conservatives of both parties, has launched a national campaign to stir people into resenting their loss of freedom. Individuals do not now feel afraid to lambaste the President in public, which some months ago they dared not do. The tension of the critical days of 1933 has eased, and it not only is respectable to oppose the President, to do so is claimed by a few as proof of homely American virtue. But nothing would be more misleading than to describe the revolt as deep-seated, or the criticism as nation-wide. Fewer voters will turn from Roosevelt to the opposition than turned from Hoover to the opposition four years ago. And while some voters will change over to reaction, as exemplified by the Republican Party, many others will be voting

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for candidates who have gone further to the left than Roosevelt. This is true in California, where the Socialist novelist Upton Sinclair is running for Governor ; it is true in Wisconsin, and only less true in Mississippi and the State of Washington.

More important still than the immediate result in the election is the indication it gives of Roosevelt's certainty of re-election in two years. "As goes Maine so goes the Nation" used to be said of the September election in the New England state. But the election result in Maine has often given a false lead. Another election forecast has not yet been falsified : whichever party wins the mid-term congressional election wins the subsequent presidential election. The prophecy was unfulfilled once through a technicality when the Democrats narrowly won the mid-term election two years before the Hayes-Tilden contest. Tilden had a small popular majority in the country, but lost the presidency in the electoral college. But if the Republicans fail to win a majority this month, they can defeat Roosevelt in 1936 only by producing the swiftest change in political sentiment ever recorded in American life.

I have called the election this year a national referendum on the New Deal, but no one could be more aware that the voting will not merit so precise a description. The New Deal is not a programme ; it is not a philosophy. A voter can accept or reject a programme or a philosophy. But it is not easy to explain just what the New Deal is. To describe one must use abstractions, even generalities. The President is taking such measures as he finds will serve two general purposes, reform and recovery, and he thinks of recovery only in connection with reforms which will bring a better life for the great majority of Americans. Anything begun might be undone if it proved unserviceable ; anything not yet mentioned might be tried if the President were convinced it would serve his two abstract objectives. Roosevelt described himself as the experimenter, the quarter-back of the football team who called the plays and tried to get the ball across the goal line. At first this was considered a necessary attitude, since flexibility was required in the face of the crisis of 1933. But people did not realize it might be the attitude all through Roosevelt's time in office.

Nor is it alluded to here as a weakness. Roosevelt is a great

politician, perhaps the greatest ever engendered by democracy. The source of his power is his political sense, and in America it certainly is sound political sense not to be explicit. More people will vote for the President because they like him without being able to say whither he is bound, than would vote for him because they have seen his itinerary and want to go along. If the President moved avowedly to the Right (which is unthinkable) he would at once lose the support of the dissatisfied who comprise the American majority. If he moved avowedly to the Left he would lose the support of the conservatives in his own party and would rear up an issue of Right versus Left, which would make for much hotter times in America than he wants. Many wish he would come out and lead the Left, because they are convinced there is a Left majority in the country, and that issues must be faced frankly, Right versus Left, if democracy is to function properly. But it is better politics, in that it is safer politics, not to do so. What is more, it may be the President's own nature not to be too explicit within himself, not to feel himself held to a pre-determined road. If so, he serves best by expressing his nature.

To say that the election is a referendum on the New Deal is to say it is the expression of approval or disapproval of a general approach, of a method, of an attitude toward national problems, of the human warmth in Roosevelt the leader. The more one seeks for the exact words the more abstract the expression. But it is impossible not to be vague.

When one comes to the President's opposition, the Republican Party, the impoverishment of concrete thought is still more felt. Roosevelt does have attitude, approach, method, and human warmth. These qualities may not be easy to transmit through the medium of language, but they are real. But Republican doctrine to-day is devoid of much to justify description as reality. The line so far is to appeal for liberty and cry out against regimentation. The liberty in mind is that sacrificed under the Agricultural Adjustment Administration and the N.R.A., the regimentation is the control under both schemes. There is criticism, too, of the growth of bureaucracy and complaint that judicial and legislative functions are being usurped by administrative bodies. The Republicans charge the New Deal with profligate spending

and condemn the unbalanced budget as leading inevitably to inflation. Naturally there is enough to attack in the New Deal and in the improvisations of the past two years, and the theory of spending is a reasonable issue. But the Republicans are not making it one. They are not explaining how under American conditions the national income can be increased without government spending. They appeal merely to the fear of inflation. As to their other criticisms, some liberty is being lost through government interference, some modification of strict constitutional practice is being found essential to quick action. But the majority of people do not know they have lost any freedom, nor do they believe the constitution is in danger. The Republican attack is nothing more than sniping.

The truth is the Republican party has been shattered, and even now, two years since the worst defeat in its history, it cannot rally its forces and put up a presentable fight. There is plenty of intelligence among Republicans, but the party still is in rout, still too frantic to stop running, to take account of what has happened, and to discover it has a public service to perform and a political and social philosophy to further. The Republicans are not dreaming of defeating Roosevelt and the New Deal; they are only dreaming that somehow Roosevelt will defeat himself. Sooner or later, they think, the New Deal is bound to collapse, the President is bound to disillusion his trusting public. This, of course, is not opposition at all in the sense of democracy, it is sheer political demoralisation.

The outcome of the election was early so certain that much of the interest of the national campaign was lost. The primaries of August and September and the Maine election told the story of November. Conservatism won only two victories. A gifted progressive woman, Mrs. Josephine Roche, was defeated for the nomination as Governor of Colorado, and Eugene Talmadge was renominated Governor of Georgia. In Massachusetts, Senator David Walsh, conservative leader of the State, saw his candidate for Governor beaten by Mayor Curley of Boston, running as a New Dealer. Conservative Governor Ritchie of Maryland, while renominated, felt constrained for the first time to endorse the New Deal. In New York, the Republicans decided not to run a reactionary against the Democratic Governor

Lehman, and chose instead Robert Moses, a protégé of Al Smith, who has done wonders as park commissioner for New York City, Long Island and the State, a triple appointment made possible by special legislation to use his capacities. Senator Pat Harrison of Mississippi, a conservative but regular Democrat, and one of the king-pins in the old Democratic machine, backed his colleague Senator Stephens for renomination against Governor Bilbo in his home State. Stephens had been merely correct in his support of Roosevelt in Washington. Bilbo, a political mountebank, outdid the New Deal in liberal promises, and swept the State. In South Carolina a former textile worker, campaigning as a poor man, won the governorship. And in California the Socialist writer, Upton Sinclair, dumfounded the nation by beating the Democratic machine and winning the nomination for Governor.

The more one examines these results in detail, the more one realizes how local they are, and how local the elections this month will be. If the New Deal is an unrounded programme, difficult to define, the referendum on it is quite as vague and indirect. It is dinned into English readers often enough that America is not a closely knit unity, that sectional interests prevail over national considerations, that the vast sprawling body of the nation has no centralized brain where motives are transformed into action. Even now, in the years of crisis, the focus is not so much on Washington as on the local candidate and the local problem. The election will be still less an explicit referendum on the New Deal than my title suggests. It will be the measure of a national mood, this to be expressed in the choice of local candidates, who will be judged chiefly for their attitude in local affairs. The sum of the choices will give a composite result, which will be described as the national outcome. And as the outcome must be to elect Congressmen who either will support the Administration or will oppose it, this local expression becomes a national referendum. In the individuals who go to the polls this month, there will be little appreciation that they are taking part in a national affair. A British general election is consciously national. An American mid-term general election, from a national point of view, is very nearly subconscious.

But if the outcome of the election is certain, it is nevertheless an intensely interesting event, partly because of unusual local

features. It is well to tell about the California situation in some detail, to appreciate how removed from the current realities in Washington more distant regions can become and how American political thought rises spontaneously in such regions.

The State machine for years has been under the domination of reactionary elements in the Republican party and Standard Oil, though a man like Senator Johnson succeeded in establishing a personal following. Here Mooney could be kept in prison despite the national demand for his release. Here employers could defy the rise of trade unions, here anyone mildly liberal could be hounded as an anarchist or communist, without knowledge of the distinction between the two. A majority of Republicans changed to a majority of Democrats under the stress of the depression. California had voted for Wilson, but that was not a change of party. This year more voters registered as Democrats for the primaries than as Republicans. The Democratic machine chose George Creel as candidate for Governor, and welcomed having the nominally Republican Senator Johnson as Democratic candidate as well. Creel had managed national war propaganda under President Wilson. The machine was under control of Senator McAdoo, Wilson's son-in-law. Not a sign on the horizon foretold that this respectably liberal group could not march to certain victory.

Then Upton Sinclair entered the lists. "End Poverty in California", abbreviated to EPIC, became his platform. He had no machine support, no election fund. He campaigned as a Democrat, saying he had ceased being a Socialist, but he had to live down his reputation. Not a single large newspaper supported him. He charged admission to his campaign meetings, and published and sold his own newspaper, *EPIC News*.

Sinclair kindled a great fire of enthusiasm in his campaign. The State is weighed down heavily by the burden of the depression; nearly a million persons are in want. Sinclair's programme promised to give these people a decent standard of life, and to take them from the backs of taxpayers. He made his promises glibly, and at his meetings he met criticisms with a flourishing facility. Listeners either believed in his programme, or simply in the man's utter honesty.

The EPIC Plan has twelve points. The first three deal with

a scheme to make the unemployed into a separate community, working for each other, some in factories, some on farms, exchanging their goods through scrip money exclusive to their use. The State raises by a bond issue the huge sum needed to purchase idle factories and farms necessary to the purpose, but otherwise there is no payment for relief.

The remaining planks of the platform deal with taxation and pensions. The sales tax is to be abolished and replaced by a tax on share transfers. A State income tax, beginning with incomes of \$5,000 reaches 30 per cent. on incomes of \$50,000. The State is to have half of all inheritances of \$50,000 received by any individual, and half of any \$250,000 bequeathed by any individual. The tax on public utility corporations is to be increased. Homes and farms worth less than \$3,000 are to be tax exempt, but those worth more than \$5,000 are to be assessed a graduated tax, rising one-half per cent. for each \$5,000 of value. Idle and unimproved building land and uncultivated farm land are to be taxed. Pensions are set at \$50 a month, and are to go to all needy persons over 60 years old, to all the blind and those otherwise totally incapacitated, and to all widowed mothers with dependent children, with \$25 additional for each child more than two.

Sinclair denied that EPIC was Socialism, and pointed to the powers of the Federal Government to lease and operate land and factories for use of the unemployed. He may have had a vague idea that there was little difference between his own barter paradise and the Ohio Plan, a limited barter system set up by the Federal Relief Administration. After his nomination Sinclair came East, was received by the President, fell under the sway of the President's personality, went on to Washington, where he was told in detail about the Ohio Plan, and returned to California to have an approximation of his EPIC programme adopted formally by the Democratic party which he was to lead in his State. What George Creel had denounced during the campaign as a phantasy, and the Eastern press had found to be mildly amusing, became the official Democratic doctrine in California. EPIC has been modified, the Ohio Plan being quietly substituted for the great barter community, yet it remains by far the most radical programme officially sponsored in any State by the Democratic Party.

The difference between EPIC and the Ohio Plan should be explained, if only to throw light on the growth of the barter system under federal supervision. In Ohio, a dozen factories have been leased by the relief authorities, and the unemployed are working in them making goods for each other. These goods are not on sale and can only be obtained by work. A man on relief already receives \$20 a month, and works for it at the standard rate of his normal vocation. That is, a carpenter's hourly rate may be \$1.00 per hour; he then works twenty hours a month on some relief project for his \$20. Thereafter he can work additional time to buy the products of the relief factories. No one else can buy the products of these factories, and only idle factories have been leased. The scheme is a method to stretch relief, and to give the recipient an opportunity to maintain a higher standard of life than is possible on \$20 a month. The factories make chiefly clothing, house furnishings and furniture. But in every case a man on relief receives his \$20 a month from the State, and his goods in barter are over and above that.

The EPIC plan was not a scheme to stretch relief, but to make the unemployed self-supporting. They were to be in an insulated community receiving no relief payments whatever. This might be a happy condition for the unemployed, but it would lower the level of consumption supplied by private business, which the Ohio Plan does not do. It is obvious that EPIC, if there are enough idle plants and farms to support a million persons in California, would reduce the activity of private business in California. It would do so by the amount now spent in relief. This, in turn, would deflate private business and create new unemployment. The newly unemployed would join the EPIC community, private business would further decline, and ultimately everyone in California would be living under the domain of EPIC, and private business would be bankrupt. No such roundabout road to Socialism-via-bankruptcy is taken under the Ohio Plan. The Ohio Plan causes a certain readjustment of business, but does not reduce its volume.

What is significant about California's nomination of Sinclair is that it did not mind if EPIC was Socialism-via-bankruptcy, and did not in fact think much about what it was. It simply liked the sound of it. What it wanted was an end of poverty. It did not

see it ending under Roosevelt, and when Sinclair promised to end it, Sinclair being an honest man, California voted for him. If the Ohio Plan is explained fully in California, it may be found acceptable to those who do not know much about such matters, or be treated as a step in the EPIC direction by those who know quite well what Sinclair was after.

Sinclair himself is not the extreme Left in California. Beyond him are the Utopians, a society which may have 300,000 members by election day. There are, too, orthodox Communists in the State, but not in numbers to have any effect. The Utopians are almost too delightful to be believed. Burning with the zeal and the *naïveté* which inspired such early American experiments as the Oneida Community, their programme is a hodge-podge of Communism and Fascism. Their organization is a secret society, with that ritual and mystery of a grand lodge so beloved by Americans. The ultimate objective of the society is a Utopian nation, based on production for use and not for profit. This nation would be governed by a central board. Everyone would study until 25, work three hours a day from 25 to 45, and thereafter draw a pension of \$200 a month. His pay would be in paper money bearing his own number, and be worthless unless spent in a year.

To join this society one must pass through seven cycles of initiation. Each cycle is a pageant depicting the evils of capitalism, or the journey to Utopia, or the millenium itself. The first two pageants expose the exploitation of capitalism, the second two the pilgrimage to the Land of Utopia. Pilgrims make three stops: before a grain merchant, a clothing merchant, and a money lender. Each merchant loads the pilgrim with chains which retard his progress. Finally the merchants become entangled in the chains of "triple profit" and perforce join the pilgrimage. In the last three pageants the chains fall off, and Utopian life begins. Members are called hermits, and are known to each other only by numbers. Aside from the ritual meetings, where secrecy is sworn, the society organizes small group meetings of not more than twenty, where social and economic problems are discussed. To become a member, one must promise to bring in two more members, and thus the society hopes to engulf the nation with a geometric growth. The Hermits of Utopia voted for Sinclair at

the primary and will support him at the election this month.

This digression about California, the Utopians, EPIC, and the Ohio Plan may strike the reader as disproportionately emphasized in an analysis of an election in the whole country. But if it brings to his knowledge the hundreds of thousands of Hermits of California solemnly parading their chains, and as solemnly rejoicing at their ultimate attainment of paradise; if it makes him aware of the impatience of the vast State of California with traditional politics, even the humanistic tendencies of the New Deal; if it draws his attention to the kind of barter-economics growing up under federal relief, it justifies itself. It is easy, in an eastern city, reading the metropolitan press, to forget what kind of country is America. Submerged American opinion is in flux. The depression has destroyed the grand Utopia of high wages and high profits which was the national dream in 1927 and 1929. Other dreams must take its place. Roosevelt is modest, his aspiration is to remodel capitalism, to make it function on a basis which does not leave the great majority of American homes on the border of the minimum subsistence level. He is a practical man for whom politics is "the science of the possible". He knows, too, that the fight with big business is not yet won, and that victory may not be possible without still greater spending, and perhaps government banking, and a greatly diminished scope for individual motives of profit. To the right of Roosevelt is only big business, whose scheme of civilization is based on the supreme sanctity of property. To the left of him are the common people, like those in California, who believe things can be done more fundamentally and much more energetically. Probably the same kind of victory might be won in most other States as Sinclair won in California, granted other leaders of his vigour, integrity, and facility. The East will hardly go Utopian with the Hermits of the coast. But let the depression continue, let the numbers of relief mount, and even the East will listen to more radical programmes than the New Deal.

Political power in America lies now with labour and the farmers. Agriculture is bankrupt, and the farmer no longer feels himself a capitalist. No one can promise him the good days when he can sell vast surpluses abroad, and for a decade, at least, he must be content with earnings which will pay off his reduced

debts, and give him, on average, a few hundred dollars a year in cash for his family. Organized labour is growing stronger, but it still is not mature enough to use to the full the opportunities of collective bargaining opened by the N.R.A. A strong trade union movement may come in a few years, and by then union labour may play a decisive part in American politics. But for the present a better political leader of workers than the American Federation of Labour is the President himself.

America is to be understood only if one remembers that the country which had a national income of well over eighty billion dollars in 1929, now has one of forty-five billions. Political power in a democracy can remain with the business interests if they are employing the population at a tolerable standard of life, but it cannot remain with them if the standard has fallen nearly a half. The progress towards a national income of, say, seventy billions will be slow, and until it approaches that point the New Dealers, or perhaps the still newer dealers, will be on top. Farmers will never become a separate political party on a national scale, and certainly for years organized labour will not. There is no outlook for a farmer-labour alliance in the party sense. But the Democratic party now derives its power from the informal alliance of the two in their kindred poverty. And the Republicans cannot prevail over that alliance until they can offer a constructive programme which looks like working better than the New Deal. It is because of the farmer-labour alliance that the Democrats will win their majority in Congress this month; and it is because the Republicans have no constructive programme that they cannot hope to defeat Roosevelt now or in two years.

If the Republicans offer none, and if the New Deal, after another six years of effort fails to raise the national income and the standard of living, political leadership will pass to anyone who can be as plausible to the whole country as Upton Sinclair was to the distressed Democrats and the Utopians of California.

LABOUR DECIDES TO WAIT

BY LORD ELTON

FOR some while before the Southport Conference the Press had encouraged the public to expect a good stand-up fight between the platform and Sir Stafford Cripps' Socialist League. There were whispers of a split, even suggestions of a victory for the Left. And it all came to nothing—as more or less similar predictions have come to nothing at every previous conference since there was a Labour Party. Indeed the public must have a remarkably short memory if it takes these exciting prognostications very seriously. For each year comes the same anti-climax. Always there is the platform clinging tenaciously to Right or Centre; always there is the ponderous Trade Union steam-roller in reserve, to flatten out any restiveness among the local Labour Parties proper; always there is the much-paraphrased, but foredoomed protagonist of revolt, Maxton or Cook or (it is strange to remember) Mosley.

Indeed, the instructed observer has only to acquaint himself each year with what passes at the previous Trades Union Congress to find himself able to prophesy with almost meticulous accuracy what will infallibly be decided a week or so later by its creature, the Labour Party. And this year at Dorchester, the trade unions had swung ponderously to the right. For the first two years and more after the shock of 1931, the leaders of unions and party alike have had to respond to the psychological needs of a distressed and bewildered rank and file by spending more time in shaking a minatory fist at the world in general than in preparing for the next election. Now once again the shadow of an impending election begins to fall across the Conference platform. The interlude of belligerent heroics draws to an end. Realities once more impose themselves. The electorate must be reassured. Sir Stafford must be crushed. The Unions must wheel Right.

After that, Press forecasts of trouble at Southport were a mere beating of the air. The trade union bosses had said, Turn. The Labour Party must needs turn too.

The trade union bureaucracy and Sir Stafford Cripps cherish mutually contradictory objectives. Sir Stafford wants the party committed to a swift, irrevocable and dictatorial transformation of our economic structure. The trade unionists want it to present itself to the country as a practicable alternative Government. And as the trade union bosses know well enough, irrevocable transformation of our economic structure is precisely what the British electorate consistently refuses to vote for. That is the barrier against which each year successive leaders of the Left continue to run their heads, until they are either stunned into submission or go forth like Mr. Maxton, to peg out yet another forlorn claim in the exiguous political wilderness which divides the Left of Labour from the Right, if it possesses a Right, of the Communist Party. For the trade union officials the only real tactical problem in an annual contest, in which they are monotonous and inevitable victors, is whether to instruct their caucus to put through resolutions which are genuinely "safe", or by discreetly ambiguous wording to leave themselves a judicious liberty of manoeuvre. And whether or not that is what they have in fact done this year seems to be the only interrogation mark which survives the Southport Conference.

It is natural that trade union officialdom should concentrate upon the attempt to make of Labour a practicable alternative Government. In the last resort what other utilitarian justification can there be for the affiliation of the trade unions to one political party? There are, after all, powerful reasons against affiliation. Before 1900, in pre-affiliation days, the annual Trades Union Congress was a great political event. Whilst it was in session, almost every party politician had his ear, if not to the keyhole, at any rate to the ground. For it was always possible in one's next programme to bid, perhaps to bid high, for the trade union vote. Today it matters little what the Trades Union Congress says or does, for, in so far as the officials can dictate it (which nowadays admittedly is not very far), the trade union vote goes to the Labour Party, charm the opponents of Labour never so wisely. If the revolutionary hallucinations of the Left were

to keep Labour in permanent opposition, the trade unions would have permanently sacrificed the bone for its reflection.

For those who pull the trade union strings a Conference is no very formidable affair. Voting is not by heads, but by cards. Two powerful unions can thus outvote the whole of the constituency Labour Parties. A high proportion of the union delegates are in no sense of the word politicians. Many of them arrive at the Conference without having opened their agenda papers. They attend a preliminary conference of their own, are instructed how to vote—and proceed to vote according to instructions. That is the secret history of every Labour Conference. Anything supported by the Miners' Federation alone, most powerful of all unions with its four hundred or so votes, is virtually certain to go through. The bosses of *two* great unions, even if opposed by every constituency delegate in the Conference, can determine the policy of the Labour Party.

The lobbying of the all-powerful delegates of the larger unions, which the block-vote system entails, is naturally incessant. An acquaintance of mine told me that he was once playing billiards with a friend who was a candidate for the Executive, when one of the miners' delegates walked through the room. My acquaintance's opponent threw down his cue and rushed after the miner. Half an hour later he reappeared, too radiant to apologize. "I've got the miners' vote", he whispered triumphantly. As far as he was concerned, the subsequent election had become a formality.

It is an open secret that non-union Labourites are increasingly restive beneath their servitude. Even that minority of the Party executive which specially represents the Constituency Parties is voted for by the entire body, dominated, even here, by the union vote. Last year an Association of Constituency Labour Parties was formed in a forlorn attempt to extend the rights of the helots. Its officers were perhaps not fortunately chosen. At any rate it was still born. The Labour Party is the party of the trade unions and will remain so. And with the unions already representing no more than a minority of the working classes, and, as the State progressively usurps their former functions, not improbably doomed to a further decline, the prospects of a Party which they control must at the best remain ambiguous.

Nor is it only the ignominious block-vote massacre of Socialist League resolutions which has made public the riveting of the traditional bonds the most conspicuous feature of this year's Conference. In the days, now long ago, before the crisis, when there were leaders in the Parliamentary Labour Party, in the Party Conference at least it was those leaders, rather than the Union officials, who controlled the levers of the ponderous machine. To-day there are no Parliamentary leaders and, almost for the first time since the war, a union boss stepped to the front of the platform and undisguisedly cracked the whip. It was not Mr. Henderson nor even Mr. Morrison who dominated Southport. It was Mr. Ernest Bevin. And as he stood there trouncing a rebel who had ventured to assail the official caucus, behind him a row of Parliamentary "leaders" listened with wooden faces to their own marching orders for the year.

Mr. W. R. Smith, of the Boot and Shoe Operatives, the chairman of the Conference, selected for his opening address an ever-green theme, the failure of the Capitalist system. For the economic structure of this country, with its B.B.C.s, Electricity and London Transport Boards, its Forestry, Traffic, and Coal Mines Reorganization Commissions, its Hops Marketing Board, its Milk, Pigs, and Bacon Boards, its state petroleum rights, its conditional shipping subsidies, its Import Duties Advisory Committee and its manifold public utility undertakings still, at any rate upon the platform, remains to the orthodox Socialist a "capitalist system". This "system", suggested Mr. Smith, had failed to deliver any goods worth speaking of. And yet, if he had chanced to be speaking to another audience, an audience of potential recruits to trade unionism, Mr. Smith, one suspects, would have made a different speech. He would have explained how, thanks largely to the beneficent activities of the unions, the standard of life of the working classes has improved out of all recognition during the present century. And, as the veriest tyro well knows, he would have been right. Mr. Smith may not realize that, even during the lean years, "the system" has increased the numbers of the employed—the expansion of the expanded industries more than counterbalancing the contraction of the depressed—but he must be aware that to the wage-earner in 1934,

the economic status of his predecessor of 1900, or even 1914, would be all but unrecognizable.

A brief interlude of discipline for Professor Laski and Lord Marley, who had sat on a Committee with Communists (as to which Professor Laski defiantly threatened that more is to be heard hereafter), and an exchange of personalities between Mr. Bevin and Mr. Aneurin Bevan which arose out of it, led up to a not very intelligible compromise between the platform and Sir Stafford Cripps upon the long-suffering House of Lords. The platform would seem to have selected this handiest and least costly of sops to Cerberus as a concession with which to stave off the impending Socialist League anathemas. What in fact it all amounted to is not altogether clear. Indeed, here we touch the one obscurity of this year's Conference. Has the platform in fact repudiated the out-and-outers, or, as several significant hints suggest, has it merely trampled on them in the interests of discipline, whilst reserving an opportunity, within the strict limits of the year's resolutions, of turning half-Left, should the electoral prospects alter, at a later date?

As to the Lords, at any rate, all that seems to have occurred is that, whereas Sir Stafford hoped for a pledge that a Labour Government would plunge into a first-class constitutional crisis within a week or so of attaining office, the platform has promised to add a constitutional crisis to its other preoccupations at some unnamed later stage in its first administration. How precisely it would abolish the Second Chamber was not explained. But Mr. Lees-Smith appeared to be the only speaker who realized that there might be difficulties and even dangers about the job.

Any suspicions which may have been entertained by delegates, as to the precise mental reservations with which the Executive was executing its withdrawal to the Right, must have been reinforced by the defences of two passages in the official programme which were successively advanced by Dr. Dalton and Mr. Morrison. Dr. Dalton officially assured the Conference that another Labour Government would be very different "from anything known before". The party would "take such steps within the normal lifetime of the next Parliament as to lay the foundations of the Socialist Commonwealth and to sweep away obstructions wherever found". The words are, no doubt in-

tentionally, vague, but although they were uttered in the very act of releasing the steam roller to flatten out the Socialist League, it is obvious that they can, if necessary, be interpreted as something remarkably similar to the League's own policy. And when Mr. Morrison, in turn, was put up to defend the official policy of full compensation against the League's insistence on terminable annuities, he capped his dexterous reminder that at present the electorate would not vote for confiscation with the following remarkable words:

He would sooner the State got into its control key industry after key industry until within a reasonable time they were substantially masters of the economic fabric of the community and of the means of production and distribution. Then would be the time to make the big decision, which he could assure them he would not be afraid to take when the time came, and to say that the burden of capitalized industry must stop and a settlement of accounts begin. Then they could make a fair, clean and equitable sweep.

"The big decision" which Mr. Morrison will not be afraid to take "when the time comes", the "settlement of accounts" which is to be tantamount to a "clean sweep", do not sound as if they would be so very unlike the policy of the League. Like the League's resolution, which he moved, Mr. Mitchison's recent treatise *The First Workers' Government** (whose adroitly timed publication suggested that it was intended as the manifesto of a Socialist League triumph at Southport) advocates terminable annuities, regarding compensation, at any rate of "capitalists", not as a right, but as "a matter of expediency to tide over a period of transition". This appears to be pretty much how Mr. Morrison regards it also. Once again the difference between them would seem to be largely a sense of electoral realities, a question of tactics rather than principle.

Mr. Morrison knows that a great majority of the wage-earners are themselves "capitalists", in the sense that they possess savings and are "more concerned about their little capital investments than some of the capitalists were about theirs". Neither Karl Marx nor H. M. Hyndman, of the Socialist Federation, foresaw this development. To both of them compensation would have been Liberalism at its most bourgeois, as to some of the Socialist League it still is. Perhaps the most cynical education in political realities to which an apostle of confiscation can be

* *The First Workers' Government*. By G. R. Mitchison. Gollancz.

submitted is to bring him into close touch with the effects of house-ownership upon the Socialist wage-earner—who frequently becomes in local politics a Conservative of Conservatives, grudging every penny added to the rates, every pound spent by the municipality, while continuing to clamour with undiminished ardour for huge national expenditure and its corollary, the mounting direct taxation—from which he is exempt. Of all this Mr. Morrison, of course, is well aware. And above everything, just now he is anxious not to alarm the electorate. Mr. Mitchison and his allies, on the other hand, while they may or may not have grasped the full significance of working-class capitalism, are certainly not afraid of alarming the electors. Sometimes, indeed, to alarm the electors almost seems to be their principal objective. Does not the blurb on the wrapper of Mr. Mitchinson's text-book announce in bold red type that it tells "anti-Socialists precisely what to fear"? That and that alone perhaps in the last resort is the gulf between the Socialist League and the platform officials, but it is a wide one. For Messrs. Bevin and Morrison are politicians, and old hands at that; whereas Mr. Mitchison and his friends are theorists, and there clings to them just that whiff of Chelsea and the lecture-room which makes one sometimes suspect that they take something of the same pleasure in startling the bourgeois with a programme as does the clever young novelist with a paradox.

Mr. Bevin and Mr. Morrison, on the other hand, are realists. They know that a propagandist who begins by trying to alarm his public is a mutt. They know that any campaign in which he is concerned is doomed. They know that it is your professor and your lawyer, not your working-man, who is a revolutionary. They know that in every country in which Socialists preach fear, Socialism is destroyed. And so there can be no mercy for the wild men or their drawing-room blood and thunder. The steam roller is their portion—now. Later on, "when the time comes", when for one reason or another it no longer matters whether the electorate is alarmed or not; in a word, when tactics no longer divide us, when means are forgotten and we can concentrate upon ends, then, hints Mr. Morrison to the Socialist League, if I interpret him aright, we may find that as to ends we do not differ so very much after all, and that we can forget our differences

in the mutual exhilaration of "the clean sweep". All this, however, amounts at best to but a meagre consolation prize for the Socialist League which, like the I.L.P. before it, represents permanent revolt against precisely that realistic preoccupation with means before ends which has just triumphed once again. The Socialist League will not care a button for all Mr. Morrison's hints of clean sweeps to come, and probably very little even for the Executive's promise to abolish the Second Chamber later on. They must have a shrewd suspicion that when the time comes for the promises and half-promises to be redeemed, good reasons for postponement will, if necessary, be found again.

The rebels probably derived little more satisfaction from the discussion of foreign policy. Here, too, it was withdrawal all along the line. Convinced pacifists like Mr. Wellock must have been bitterly disillusioned. Their hopes have been running high. There had been last year's resolutions, to begin with. And had not the Party since then allowed itself, with every symptom of satisfaction, to be led in Parliament by an outspoken advocate of unilateral disarmament, who as Leader of His Majesty's Opposition had publicly urged young men not to join the fighting services? Had not a by-election been won on a programme which it was hard to distinguish from unilateral disarmament? True, Mr. Lansbury's deputy, Major Attlee, had latterly come out for League wars all over the world, and even Sir Stafford, though advocating the use of the general strike against a threat of war, had expressed a desire to retain our armaments, and had blamed the Government for not being prepared for war in the Far East. True, the official programme, *For Socialism and Peace*, had pronounced for the collective system and what wars it may entail. But at Southport at least, with such powerful forces, indeed with their own leader, on their side, might they not hope for once to upset the official programme? Alas, these hopes, too, were doomed to disappointment. In common with other Parties, Labour, when it faces realities, finds itself committed to the Collective System. Mr. Henderson clothes this sober realism in talk of a Co-operative World Commonwealth about which, for anyone who surveys the Europe of today, there must be an unmistakable ring of fantasy. But here he was but repeating the cloudy idealism of *For Socialism and Peace*,

which persistently declines to think in terms of the world as it exists today.

None the less we do know that Labour is for the League—even though it may be the League of 1919—and its commitments. Labour has willed the end—if need be a League war. Does it will the means—the armaments to make a League war effective? Hitherto it has, on the whole, been the practice of Labour to vote for armaments in office and against them in Opposition. Mr. Lansbury said last year, “I would like to see the workers of every country refuse to make the foul weapons of modern warfare and risk starving rather than lend a finger to this devil’s work”. He has himself, however, supported in the division lobby, when Labour was in office, no less than three series of Service Estimates, so that he was inviting the wage-earners to risk starving on behalf of an ideal for which he himself did not risk resignation. What does Labour say to armaments now? Unfortunately Southport tells us nothing.

At Dorchester the Trades Union Congress had spent much of its time in denunciation of dictatorship, the dictatorship of Fascists. The Russian dictatorship, though they frequently complain of its activities in England, neither Labour nor the unions have ever yet denounced. At Southport, perhaps because Sir Oswald Mosley was thought to be under a cloud, the Conference was less concerned about dictatorship. And in this connection it should be noted that the undoubted partiality of the Socialist League for dictatorial methods, provided that they are employed by itself, is proving infectious. There are many turns of phrase in *For Socialism and Peace*, and there were several hints in the speeches of even the official spokesmen, to suggest that the view that there can be no Socialist transformation without a dose of the dictatorial is gaining ground. There are many outside the Socialist League who have begun to think in terms of “emergency action”. The Labour rank and file is not ready yet, with the Socialist League pamphleteers, to look forward to a Civil Service purged of all but staunch Socialists, and to regional Commissions of sound Party men, on the Nazi model, superseding the democratically elected local authorities. But it has caught and faintly re-echoed the rising note of hysteria. It is learning to expect an immediate crisis if Labour should again

assume power. It is being familiarized with “emergency plans” for “instant” action. And this growing, and often quite unconscious, taste for the dictatorial peeps out in the most unexpected yet revealing places. Thus, at the instance of the Cambridge University Labour Party, the Conference decided for State control of the entire educational system. One of the advantages to be expected of such a scheme, it was explained, was “the elimination of all teaching calculated to encourage militarism or Imperialist ideas”. The schools and universities, in a word, are to be disciplined (and presumably the nonconforming teachers “eliminated”) in precisely the same manner, albeit for an exactly contrary purpose, as the schools and universities of Nazi Germany.

Nor does a soul at the Conference appear to have recognized this authentic whiff of Hitlerism for what it was. The dragooning and “elimination” of teachers in the interests of nationalism and militarism is dictatorship: the dragooning and “elimination” of teachers in the interests of internationalism and pacifism is not dictatorship. Many of the delegates, no doubt, are ingenuously unaware of the fundamental self-contradiction which underlies their whole attitude to dictatorship, but many, too, it is to be feared, know very well what they are about and, like all the other fanatics, do sincerely hold that coercion on behalf of ideals in which they themselves passionately believe is not coercion. Sir Stafford Cripps and the anti-democrats of his League only voice one of Labour’s deepest, if usually least vocal, instincts. To their credit, it must be said, both the Conservative and Liberal Parties have consistently condemned dictatorship, whether of the Right or Left. Labour can always be roused to fervour against an anti-Labour dictatorship, but it has never wholeheartedly condemned dictatorship as such, and now never will.

The curtain of the Conference descended agreeably upon Sir Stafford’s unexpected election to the executive. The big battalions wheel ponderously to the Right, carrying with them the leader of the Left. The choice of the Socialist League figure-head was a piece of characteristic common-sense. Sir Stafford (whoever told the big unions how to vote, must have argued) will learn much from watching at close quarters the inner workings

of the Machine ; while shedding some of his own extravagances he may yet also infect his more cautious colleagues with a touch of his audacity, which will be welcome enough when harnessed. And so next year maybe we are to see Sir Stafford defending official resolutions from the platform against his own former allies. Perhaps it will be Mr. Mellor (whom this year the delegates found more impressive than his leader) who will play next year's Sir Stafford. Be that as it may, *someone* will wear the rebel leader's mantle. And the Press will discuss the coming split. And the officials will frame resolutions capable of as many interpretations as possible. And the bosses will press the required button. And the steam-roller will go ponderously forth. . . .

ADAM AND EVE

BY ANDRÉ MAUROIS

A MISTAKE most frequently made by the psychiatrists and novelists of our day has been to give too large a place in their studies to the sexual life and to their own thoughts on the subject. With a few exceptions the literature of the last thirty years, in England as well as in France, has been a literature of city life, of facile prosperity, written for women rather than for men. The male was made to forget one of his essential roles, which is to struggle with his fellows to create his own world ; " not a world for you, my dear," but a world in itself beautiful and well ordered, a marvellous world, a world to which he felt that it was his mission in life to sacrifice even love, and happiness, and life itself.

On the publication of one of my works, a novel of sentiment, a young Englishman wrote me : " Monsieur, I understood the soldier-heroes of your earlier books ; I quite fail to understand the principal character of this one. He is unhappy ; he is in love ; he is jealous, and indeed all this is possible enough. But why is he for ever dwelling on these gloomy thoughts ? Has he nothing to do, then ? You say that he runs a factory. Let him attend to that and he will forget his imaginary woes."

This Oxford student was not mistaken. Not that my hero was not true to life. I had observed, we all observe every day, men who resemble him. He had not a healthy mind. He had formed an image of life that was incomplete and false. Kipling's heroes who struggle in India with flood and famine have no time for " unravelling the feelings ". They fall in love, yes, but it is their job that remains their master passion. And above all they fall in love with women who resemble them, who respect their work and are capable of fidelity to them in their absence.

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" It is not woman ", writes D. H. Lawrence, " who claims the highest in man. It is man's own religious soul which drives

him on, beyond woman, to his supreme activity. . . . Hence Jesus, 'Woman, what have I to do with thee?' Every man that lives has to say it again to his wife or mother when he has any work or mission in hand that comes from his soul." Such is the feeling which explains, and perhaps excuses, the revolt of men of action and of artists against the gods of the fireside. Tolstoy fled the house of his family, and his flight becomes a piteous agony because he had waited for this act of useless courage until old age and the approach of death, but in spirit Tolstoy had fled long before. Between his doctrine and the manner of life imposed upon him by the domestic routine the disaccord was irremediable. The painter Gauguin abandons wife and children to live alone in Tahiti and there at last to realize himself. But the flight of Gauguin, like that of Tolstoy, was a sign of weakness. The really strong creative mind will impose upon the lover or the family respect for the creative faculty. No woman reigned in the house of Goethe. Every time a woman seemed to be turning him from his true mission, which was to be Goethe, he changed her into a statue. I mean he put her into a novel or a poem, and forgot her.

When circumstances place upon man the choice between love and work (or duty) woman suffers, even if she understands and submits; she resists if she fails to understand. Arnold Bennett wrote at one time a curious play on this subject. A famous airman, after long difficulties, married a woman he loved. This woman was a marvellous being and, possessed at once of beauty, understanding, charm and wit, she had decided to make the first days of her marriage an enchanting time. The couple are in a mountain hotel, and delightfully happy. But the husband learns that one of his rivals has beaten, or is going to beat, the record that he regarded as his proudest achievement. At once the desire seizes him to measure himself against an equal. The woman talks of her love; he listens in abstraction, his mind fixed upon the engine that needs tuning up. At last, when he ventures to confess his wish to be off she murmurs sorrowfully, "Don't you see that in my career, in my fine job as a woman, these few days are at least as important as your adventure as an airman in your life as a man?" But he does not understand, and doubtless he is right not to understand.

For, if passion gets the better of his mission in life, man ceases to be a man. It is the myth of Samson; it is that of Hercules at the feet of Omphale. The poets have all sung the slavery of the hero in love. The handsome Paris is a bad warrior; Carmen corrupts her lover; Manon leads hers from crime to crime. And the legitimate wife who claims to monopolize the life of a husband is not less dangerous.

It is never a good sign when a man of action is happy only in the society of women. It means that he is afraid of real struggle. Wilson, who tolerated neither contradiction nor resistance, gladly sought refuge among feminine admirers. When he entered into conflict with men he flew up in anger, which is always a sign of weakness. Men who are truly virile love the clash of spirits as the heroes of old loved the clash of swords.

In the life of a happy couple who have found the right balance woman has her role and her hour; "for the hero is never a hero for twenty-four hours a day. Napoleon or any other hero ought to have been human enough to come home at tea time and put his slippers on and sit under the spell of his wife. For there you are, the woman has her world, her positivity, and it behoves every man in his hour to take off his shoes and relax and give himself up to his woman and her world".

It is good for man to be among men during the day-time, outside his home; it is good that evening brings him back into the feminine world. The true woman is not jealous of action; at times she suffers from it but hides her suffering and encourages the hero. Andromache, when Hector left her, concealed her tears. She knew her business as a wife.

RETURN TO NEW ZEALAND

BY HECTOR BOLITHO

ENGLISH boys, born in beautiful houses and growing up with noble pictures and furniture about them, cannot realize the sensations of a colonial in his twenties, coming to England for the first time, from the raw countries of the south.

There are few beautiful houses in New Zealand, and little furniture which is not merely adequate and dull. The landscape is as beautiful as any in the world and its contrasts are exciting. Oranges, peaches and grapes ripen in the valleys of the northern island, while the impish school-boys of the south are making snow men on the slopes of the hills. Some of the farm land is gentle and subdued as Sussex, with stone fences and pools of wild poppies. But there are god-like mountains, nine thousand feet high, with flame and lava in their throats. Trees are abundant; the hills are sweet with broom and honeysuckle, and the wild orchids and ferns make a carpet beneath the silent arches of the forest. There is so much beauty in New Zealand that quiescent people and children have little wish to turn from the hills and valleys, to seek for æsthetic sensations in architecture, sculpture, or craftsmanship in wood.

The people of a new country, with their healthy day-to-day life, have no great need for æsthetic adventures. An art gallery, a literary society and a lending library are enough for these practical citizens, to whom life is a career and marriage a respectable institution. Sometimes, however, there is a changling in the brood; a shy brat is thrown upon the little matter-of-fact world, to grow up wondering why he does not fit into the colonial mosaic.

The education of a colonial boy is usually towards a plough or a ledger. If the changling dares to feel that the solution of his repressions is to be found in reading or in deeper comprehension of form and colour, he must go on his quest alone. His contemporaries find him reading Shelley and Walter Pater and Poe

and Wilde, and he is thought to be crazy. With a wide, new and beautiful country spreading about him; country made for pranks and escapades, why should any boy sit beneath a magnolia tree in the park and read :—

“ Leave thy father, leave thy mother
And thy brother;
Leave the black tents of thy tribe apart!
Am I not thy father and thy brother,
And thy mother?
And thou—what needest with thy tribe's black tents
Who hast the red pavilion of my heart? ”

The boy is obviously crazy. He slowly builds up a store of knowledge which is different from that of an English boy. His knowledge is a book of letterpress, but without illustrations. He reads Dubedat's creed in *The Doctor's Dilemma* :

“ I believe in Michael Angelo, Velasquez, and Rembrandt; in the might of design, the mystery of colour, the redemption of all things by Beauty . . . ”

But he has no notion of the awful beauty of Michael Angelo's Moses, and he may do no more than guess at the majesty of the two Velasquez heads in Cassel through the dead, black and white reproductions in a text book. The might of design is in the colonial hills and the mystery of colour is in the colonial valleys. But it is not down these avenues of beauty that the boy's redemption lies. He is aching for the phrases of great music and the colour and form in great pictures: his eyes are searching beyond the New Zealand hills. He needs the older hills of England, of which the poets have sung.

The English boy may read *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* with full knowledge of the Wessex country. He may see Tess at the fair. His delight in reading is thus intensified. He may languish on the slopes of Fowey and even see the immaculate figure of Sir Arthur Quiller Couch at his Cornish window. Eton boys may walk over to Stoke Poges and see the solemn stones among which Gray walked in his country churchyard. Their leaving prizes, bound in vellum, are less dull when they, too, know the churchyard in which the forefathers of the hamlet sleep. The English boy may sit beside Tennyson and see :—

“ Across my garden! and the thicket stirs,
The fountain pulses high in sunnier jets,
The blackcap warbles, and the turtle purrs,

The starling claps his tiny castanets.
 Still round her forehead wheels the woodland dove,
 And scatters on her throat the sparks of dew,
 The kingcup fills her footprints, and above,
 Broaden the glowing isles of vernal blue."

For the colonial youngster, the poets and the painters have lived in a world he may only imagine; his eyes are dim, and he is confused when he looks out towards the saw mills and the butter factories, trying to imagine the English scene. He cannot know Constable's London from Hampstead Heath, nor Whistler's river mists. He must wait until he crosses the world before he may feel the full force of Dubedat's cry for redemption through beauty. But when he does come, after fifteen years of frustration and hunger, his sensations and delight are something of which the English boy may not even be allowed to dream.

There is a still deeper realization waiting for the colonial boy, when years have passed and when he has become accustomed to the English scene and versed in English ways. The realization comes when he goes back over the old ground; when he returns to the little country which hangs, like a pendant, to the world. Even if he has believed, like Dubedat; even if he has stood in awe beneath the dim gothic arches of King's Chapel and seen the fountains of Dresden playing on a sunny day; if he has paused in the market square of Hildesheim, and seen the Atlantic beating against the vast rock buttresses of the Cornish coast, it is in the core of himself that the greatest knowledge and change have come. The irritation and superciliousness, which caused him to dislike the colony in which he was born, have passed away. He has come to the state of being able to love men for what they *are*, instead of despising them for what they lack. His hold upon this seed of knowledge is uncertain at first. But he touches it, dimly, and he feels that he has learned something of which Dubedat never dreamed. Perhaps now he is fit to go home again and to touch the earth he knew as a child.

I had to sail from Colombo, out on to the stretches of the sea between Ceylon and Australia, before I realized that I was going home. Twelve years had tied me to Europe. When I thought of mountains, they were the sweet-smelling pine slopes of Coburg; when I thought of a river, it was of the Thames, carrying the reflection of Oxford's spires upon its breast, down past Windsor

and Richmond, towards the sea. Even when we lunched beside the road below Kandhi, I still felt that I was almost in Europe. Our luncheon was English. We lay back, watching the Cingalese boys meandering down towards the rice-fields, with hibiscus flowers behind their ears. If I lifted my eyes they were turned towards Europe and the new life I had made. I had said to myself, "I am going back to New Zealand". But my own voice did not sound real to me. I tried again and again to force my memory back and recall the New Zealand bush, the deep hanging boughs of the pohutukawa, sweeping the sea spray on the coast, the training camp of 1916, where the wind moaned and moaned, coming down from the mountains which were sulphur-streaked with clumps of broom. It was not until we were almost on the Australian coast that recollection came back to me, fiercely. The Captain was showing me over the ship. We came to the bosun's locker, and as the door opened a pungent, warm smell came to my nostrils. It was the smell of tar and rope: of windjammers, the smell, after all, of the ship chandler's shop in Auckland. I smelled the dingy shop near to the waterfront, the coils of rope, the folded sail cloth. In any mood as a child, it refreshed me, for it was the smell of ships and of the sea: the smell of escape.

The memories awakened by smells are full of surprises. I can never smell a sprig of "cherry pie" without recalling a New Zealand farm house to which I went for my summer holidays, when I was a little boy. The farm to which I went belonged to an old aunt and uncle. Turkey gobblers shrieked in the orchard and a pet lamb ran among the trees like a mad thing. There was a wattle grove full of silver-jade light, and on the other side of the cow sheds, where the mason bees stored their hoard of succulent spiders for winter feed, there was a grove of pines, dark and silent: a little frightening to a child. I do not think that any agitation had ever come into the long married life of my aunt and my uncle. She worked in her still-room, making cowslip wine and ginger wine and little sponge cakes. My uncle roamed about the farm, observing his fat bullocks and the ostriches in the neighbouring field. In the evening, he would shade his eyes to watch the swans fly across the water to the flower farm on the other side. Their existence was peaceful, and they clung to every

vestige of the English life which they had left behind them in Sussex. While the Australians wilted under the climatic difference between the old country and the new, drawing independence from their vast land, creating their own voices, their own standard of living, the New Zealanders remained English. Their new country was like the one they had come from. They had no drowsy, sub-tropical season or terrific stretches of desert to cause them to forget the subdued earth of England.

Almost every happy memory of my childhood was wrapped up in the little farm. When I was still young enough to believe in ogres and the little people I had hunted among the pear trees and down by the river bank for magic. When magic no longer deceived me, I still went there, drawn by the peace and the gentle resignation of two old people.

Twelve years had worked strange changes upon my farm when I went back there. One Sunday I set out . . . no longer in the shallow river steamer upon which I travelled as a child. I almost flew along the new motor roads, with their garages and their cinema theatres, nearer and nearer to the water's edge. Once or twice I felt that I should turn back. The warning had come to me when I spoke to my aunt on the telephone. There had been no telephone in the sitting-room twelve years before: the sitting-room in which we used to kneel for prayers at night, our heads bowed in the shadows, below the horizon of lamp light. It seemed to be an ill omen when I heard the beloved voice say "Are you there?"

The pine trees were still standing, and the wattles, grown shabby and older, but still waving gracefully in the faint wind which came up from the beach. My uncle did not look any older. He still wore his white beard and he still carried a wide-brimmed straw hat in his hand. "You'll find the old place changed", he said. "The farming is not the same. Your English friends don't want our butter and our lamb. I suppose they get it from Poland or South America, or somewhere like that."

We ate our meal on the same long table, but I saw the shining outlines of an electric stove in the adjoining room. In my day there had been a big range, fed by coal and fir cones. We used to run in from the field with big mushrooms, to fry them with butter, for our extra, stolen meal. "We have the electricity

now", my aunt told me. "And we have the radio and the gramophone. So we are just as smart as you are in London". The shabby Turkey carpet in the sitting room had gone. I used to stand on it, when I was about ten years old, to repeat the twenty-third psalm to my uncle.

". . . . He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he
leadeth me beside the still waters. . . ."

When luncheon was over I went into the garden. I recalled almost every tree and shrub. They had not changed. Nor the cedars on the slope, the long line of pampas, waving their plumes above the meadow, and the yellow and red Chinese lanterns near to the house. The ink berries still grew, purple and wet, in the orchard, and the walnut tree, a fantastic thing to me as a child, when I was told that a wife, a dog, and a walnut tree all thrived upon a beating.

We went back to the house from the garden, and we sat in the room where I used to drowse in the warm, summer evenings, listening to my uncle reading from the Book of Job. As we sat there, my aunt walked across the room and turned on the radio. A dance tune came across the twelve hundred miles from Sydney. Its gawky phrases shattered the last stronghold of my memory. Perhaps I was wrong to go back and try to make the old ghosts dance again for my delight.

Even with machines, and telephones, and electric light the countryside was beautiful; more beautiful, I think, than any other land in the world. And in every social enterprise, every little clique and every solid business house, the worship of England was still lively. A single-minded, unquestioning loyalty embellished every occasion. The busy Rotarians ended their luncheon with the Anthem, sung while a Union Jack fluttered at the end of the hall, with the aid of a hidden electric fan. The town hall was full of people one evening, to sing old English songs for two hours. The Governor-General and the Mayor were there and their speeches were of "the old country". Why this spirit survives is slightly mysterious to me. It is not enough to say that the ties of blood survive distance and isolation, for the Australians have already deserted the shrines to which the New Zealander clings so devoutly. The Australian is arrogant, with a certain brave pride to excuse his arrogance. While the New

Zealander still takes his weekly joke from *Punch*, the Australian has created his own comic paper and his own channels of humour, as different from the English tradition as the American wisecrack or the German "joke with a blush". Indeed, the Australian humour is an infusion of the two. The Australian has tried to throw away the hundred and one little English hypocrisies with which he might protect himself. He is bawdy and frank; he is kind to those he likes and gloriously rude to those who fail to please him. He is inclined to despise the Englishman—the "pommy", so called for an odd reason. I have been told that the Englishman's rosy cheeks suggested the inside of a pomegranate to the bronzed Australian. *Pomegranate* became *pommy*, in a land where time is precious and where even the rejection of two syllables saves a second. The New Zealander has retained his English subtleties and the gracious hypocrisies which we call good manners. But there is one disastrous hypocrisy which is bringing great harm, in both countries. The law demands that all public houses close their doors at six o'clock. I, who have always drawn my views upon alcohol from Omar rather than Lady Astor, was profoundly shocked by the amount of drinking I saw in both Australia and New Zealand. The front doors of the public houses close at six, but there is always a back door by which one descends to a murky cellar. There the young people learn to drink, and what should be a controlled, pleasant social habit, becomes a secret vice. More jokes and comical songs grow out of the question of drinking alcohol than from any other source. It is almost impossible to write or speak seriously upon the subject without sounding like an interfering and sententious bore. But I could not help being depressed when I returned to my country, to find that the authorities and the religious advocates shunned the only honest approach to an old and vexed trouble. Australia and New Zealand are the great tea-drinking countries of the world. It is foolish for people to suppose that there is more harm in a glass of beer than in a cup of tea. It may be extremist to repeat the warning of a doctor to whom I spoke in Auckland. He said that the percentage of insanity in New Zealand is alarmingly high, and that one of the causes was the incessant drinking of strong tea with meat meals! This need not be the argument against the stringent licensing laws in both

countries. The only argument is that it is through freedom that people learn to govern their daily life with temperance and restraint. A land in which the people live near to the earth itself, people who are diligent, self-respecting, and moderate in most things, does not need the restrictions of a prison.

The culture of a far-away country is naturally narrowed and self-conscious. But New Zealand has a fair tradition to inspire writers and painters. Her early literary associations make a charming chapter in her history. Samuel Butler's *Erewhon*, which he found in the foothills of Canterbury, brings the "most beautiful grass country in the world" into English literature; Mary Taylor's letters to Charlotte Brontë, written from the struggling settlement of Wellington, in 1845, brought pictures of the new country into the drab life of the Haworth parsonage. "I lend *Jane Eyre* a good deal", Mary Taylor (the Rose York in *Shirley*) wrote to her friend. "They tell me it makes them cry." Browning asks the question: "What's become of Waring?" and we find the answer, also in New Zealand, whither his friend Alfred Domett had gone to write, among other things, the first considerable poem owing its inspiration to the Maori people. Perhaps the most graceful story, linking New Zealand to literary England is found in the record of Charles Armitage Brown, friend and collaborator of Keats, who went to New Plymouth in 1814. The writer of a book on Shakespeare's Sonnets and an opera, which was produced at Drury Lane, must have been surprised when he came to the half-fledged settlement in Taranaki. The pencil portrait of Keats, now in the National Gallery, was among the possessions he carried with him. The diary of his voyage is in the Keats Museum at Hampstead. Charles Meryon stayed in New Zealand for some months in 1840, and some of his etchings in the British Museum and in a case at The Athenæum, show the plumed cabbage tree, peculiar to the New Zealand coast. Froude went to New Zealand and Dumas wrote *Les Baleinière* from the diary of his friend, Dr. Maynard, who skirted the New Zealand coast in a whaling ship. This accumulation of associations gives a pleasant background to contemporary efforts in the new country. The anxious days of colonization and the hardy life of a farming people have not smothered the more tender growths. New Zealand can claim Katherine

Mansfield and Lord Rutherford, and if painting lags behind, it has nevertheless made happy strides in the past twelve years. In landscape especially, the New Zealand painters are breaking away from the Italian tradition which haunted them for so long. They have realized that New Zealand light and colour are not the same as the light and colour of Florence, and that they must find their own way of painting their country, as the Canadians and the Australians have done. The Group of Seven in Montreal and the company of artists encouraged in Sydney by *Art in Australia*, stand upon their own feet. They are vigorous and independent. The exhibition of paintings which I saw in Auckland last May encourages me to feel that New Zealand artists are upon the same healthy road.

The sanity of day to day life in New Zealand is its chief attraction, apart from the little narrownesses of legislation which are irksome when one goes back, accustomed to the freedom of England. But there is a reasonableness in human nature which seems to be stronger than the whims and chicanery of legislators. New Zealand problems are not as fierce as they are in the other Dominions. There is not the wide gulf which we find between the Eastern and Western Canadians, nor the menace of mixed culture which comes with the English influences of Eastern Canada, struggling against the American influences, sweeping north. There is not the bi-lingual muddle of South Africa or the still more frightening muddle of Dutchmen, Englishmen and natives, all trying to assert their individuality. Nor the problems of Australia, which has always talked wildly about The Yellow Peril: which has always been so eager to make experiments in political extremes. New Zealanders have kept the balance which their ancestors took out to the new land. They still try (with less success than of yore) to make the government serve the people and not the people serve the government. Eighty per cent of their children receive secondary school education. A list of statistics tells me that in one year four million pounds was spent on education; this by a people numbering fewer than a million and a half. I was proud, when I went back, to find that there was nobility in the New Zealander's conception of citizenship. The political plums seemed to have fallen into the hands of second-rate men, but this disaster is not peculiar to

New Zealand and, in the universities, I found young men who are as serious as the undergraduates of Cambridge and Oxford in thinking of the future, not from an egocentric point of view, but with some broad vision of the needs of all mankind.

To return to one's country after the experience of Europe, with one's life re-made, one's work defined, naturally awakens many sensations too deeply personal to be written. But there was one realization that gave me pleasure and which one may discuss. I always feel that an unfortunate streak of snobbishness pervades the New Zealander when he becomes wholly Anglicized. He does not wish to be thought of as a colonial, fearing the accusations of provincialism and the stamp of the class which Carlyle so aptly described as "gigmanity". I was pleased to have both the reasons for being proud and the sensations of pride, in myself, when I came to the little country . . . the antipodes . . . the most distant Dominion in the Empire. It is amazing that fourteen thousand miles should separate the parent and the child; that the child should cling to the English tradition. When Mr. Bernard Shaw was in New Zealand, he scolded the people for referring to England as "Home". "*This* is your home", he said. There may be sentimentality and a hint of obvious patriotism in the New Zealander's fidelity. But there is something deeper. He hears of the pandemonium of Europe. He hears of Dictators and lost thrones and assassinations. But he knows that some blessed quality in the British people teaches them how to live sanely, with dignity and respect. It is this quality which holds them, causing them to go on calling England "Home", which is a pleasant and a gracious compliment paid to the parent by the child.

THE CHANGING FACE OF EUROPE

BY C. F. MELVILLE

THE assassin's bullet which struck down King Alexander and M. Barthou in Marseilles deflected the course of events which might have vitally affected the grouping of the European Powers. For the final phase had been reached of France's attempt to restore her "system" in Europe, the structure of alliances and groupings for the maintenance of the *status quo* which, during the past year, had been seriously impaired by the growth of Germany's potential power and the corresponding decline of French influence in Eastern and South Eastern Europe. It had been hoped that King Alexander's projected conversations in Paris, to be followed by a journey of M. Barthou to Rome, would have resulted in the new Franco-Italian understanding being cemented by a *rapprochement* between Yugoslavia and Italy: a step designed to lead to a general agreement among the states of the Danubian basin for the purpose of preventing the absorption of Austria by Germany. There is little doubt that had this plan succeeded France would have regained her diplomatic leadership, and Europe would have enjoyed a breathing space from the most immediate threat to peace. As it is, however, the hand of the assassin has brought the plan to naught, at all events for the present, so that once more the European balance swings uneasily.

To get this picture into some kind of focus it is necessary to go back a little and recapitulate the European developments of the past twelve months or so, for by these means it will be possible to appreciate the great changes which have come over the face of Europe during recent months.

The first sign of these changes became apparent when Poland, realizing that the Hitlerist regime in Germany had come to stay, at least for some considerable time, came to terms with Berlin without consulting Paris. This made it clear that Poland, although

still in alliance with France, regarded herself as France's peer, and no longer as a component part of the French "system". Probably the first rift in the lute was due to Poland's anger at being left out of the abortive Four-Power Pact by France. But the real turning point was undoubtedly the conclusion of the German-Polish Ten-Year Pact, which put off the "Corridor" dispute for ten years. The Polish Minister in Berlin, acting on the instructions of his Government, had called on Herr Hitler with the plain question: "Do you want peace or war? We are prepared to give you either!" Herr Hitler, after a moment's hesitation, replied "Peace", and the result was the Pact.

The Poles regarded this as a triumph for Polish *Realpolitik*. It cannot be gainsaid that in this they were right. But the signing of the Pact was soon followed by psychological developments which quickly began to estrange France and Poland. Herr Hitler had taken the risk of his new Polish policy being unpopular with German public opinion because he urgently needed another decade in which to complete German rearmament, and because, in addition, he required tranquillity on his Eastern frontier in order to be able to achieve his more immediate objective of absorbing Austria into the Third Reich. The threat to Austria vitally affected French interests. But it left Poland indifferent. Poland, moreover, whose inferiority complex over what she regarded as France's failure to treat her as a Great Power, now amounted almost to an obsession, set forth upon an "independent" policy which culminated in her recent challenge to the League on the minorities issue. This policy, initiated by Colonel Beck, the Francophobe Foreign Minister who had succeeded the Francophil M. Zaleski, although not fundamentally pro-German, was at least more in spiritual *rapprochement* with Berlin than with Paris.

Parallel with this loosening of the ties between Paris and Warsaw was a certain cooling off in the ardour of the friendship which hitherto had so closely united Paris and Belgrade. France in her anxiety to prevent Austro-German union agreed, in company with the British Government, to Italy's having a more or less free hand in the Danube, counting upon Italian fears of a Great Germany upon the Brenner to spur Italy on to an active defence of Austrian independence. France even gave some consideration to the Italian project for a Habsburg restoration. This inevitably

led to anxiety on the part of the Little Entente in general and Yugoslavia in particular. Yugoslavia, for many years the victim of the Italian ambition to dominate the Danube and the Balkans, not unnaturally objected to the question of Austrian independence being made a specifically Italian preserve. The prospect of Austria becoming another Albania constituted in Yugoslav eyes a potential military threat; for, with her close politico-military relations with Austria and Hungary, Italy would be able to drive a wedge between Yugoslavia and her Little Entente allies; while the plans for a Habsburg restoration revived old fears in a new form.

In the meantime, Germany, seeing in the Italian plans in Austria a barrier to her own ambitions to absorb Austria and create a German-controlled *Mitteleuropa* in the Danubian basin, began a flirtation of expediency with Yugoslavia, concluding with that country generous commercial arrangements, and offering hints of political support.

The rents and tears in the French "system" were therefore already very considerable when M. Barthou took charge at the Quai d'Orsay. A recognized disciple of M. Poincaré, and himself one of the creators of the post-War French "system", M. Barthou set to work to repair the damage done to French prestige in Eastern Europe. He paid official visits to France's Eastern Allies. In Prague he received an assured welcome. In Bucharest protestations of Franco-Rumanian friendship amounted almost to hysteria; showing how successful M. Titulescu had been in out-manœuvring King Carol in matters of foreign policy. In Belgrade his reception was cordial, but not without a suggestion of reserve. In Warsaw it was definitely cold. The Franco-Polish alliance was re-affirmed, but without enthusiasm.

M. Barthou therefore took up in earnest the Russophil policy for which the way had been prepared by M. Herriot. M. Litvinov, fresh from his triumphs in pact-making in the Baltic and the Balkans, and desirous above all of having Russia's back door in the West guarded by a powerful ally while his Government occupied itself with the Japanese menace in the East, eagerly reciprocated. Moscow was ready for an alliance with France. But France, although anxious to bring in Russia to redress the

balance after the defection of Poland, rather feared the too close embrace of the Soviets. Hence the evolution of the Eastern Pact idea. Hence, also, the ease with which M. Barthou allowed himself to be persuaded by Sir John Simon into turning the whole thing into an Eastern Locarno, to include Germany.

The Eastern Locarno (in connection with which the British Government showered its blessings upon the French and the Russians, and the Russians were moved even to praise of the British) was hailed in Paris, London, and Moscow as a great triumph. Official London described it as a step forward towards the realization of the ideal of "equality within a regime of security", a sort of twin-sister to the ideal of the same name which various British delegations had sponsored at the Geneva Disarmament Conferences. The only trouble with it was the fact, obvious from the outset, that neither Germany nor Poland would have anything to do with it. Germany first, and then Poland, both turned it down.

So far, then, M. Barthou, although he had succeeded in infusing a new vigour into French foreign policy, had not succeeded in repairing anything like the damage which had been done to the French "system". The entente with Russia and the entry of that country into the League were French successes, but they were the only concrete achievements to set-off against the long list of set-backs to French policy; and even these successes were qualified by the fact that Russia had more to gain than France from the Franco-Russian friendship. Moreover, the *rapprochement* between Paris and Moscow had the effect of even further estranging the Poles.

Meanwhile M. Barthou had to face fresh anxieties in Central Europe, where the Austro-German dispute had entered upon an acute phase. The Germans essayed a Nazi *putsch* in Vienna which resulted in the assassination of the Austrian Chancellor, Dr. Dollfuss, and a civil war between his successor, Herr von Schuschnigg and the Nazi rebels. It was at this juncture that the Franco-British policy of leaving the Austrian question to Signor Mussolini bore dangerous fruit. For the Duce moved 40,000 Italian troops to the Brenner. This dramatic Italian move probably had its effect in warning the Germans off. But it also caused Yugoslavia to let it be known quite clearly that if one Italian

soldier crossed the Brenner into Austria, Yugoslavia, in defence of her own interests, could not remain indifferent. It has been said, and it is true, that Europe was probably nearer to war at that critical moment last July than at any time during the past fifteen years.

There then started a period of exceedingly strained relations between Rome and Belgrade. The fact that a certain community of interests existed between Berlin and Belgrade was exaggerated by Italian propaganda into an alleged Germano-Yugoslav plot, whereby, in return for Yugoslav agreement to the Anschluss, Germany would modify the Austro-Yugoslav frontier (*i.e.*, "Zone B" of the 1919 plebiscite area) in favour of Yugoslavia, and convert Fiume into a German outlet under Yugoslav control. It was also alleged that the Austrian Nazi refugees in Yugoslavia were being trained under Yugoslav official auspices for a new *putsch* in Austria.

As a matter of fact the so-called Germano-Yugoslav plot was nothing more than a sensational re-hash of a wild-cat scheme believed to have been entertained by the late Captain Röhm and his circle. It is to be doubted if the Wilhelmstrasse ever seriously entertained the idea. It is certain that no such proposition was ever entertained by King Alexander or his Foreign Minister, M. Yevtitch. The story of the new Nazi *putsch* being organized on Yugoslav soil similarly turned out to be a canard. The allegations had been worked up in none too scrupulous a fashion by the *Reichspost* in connivance with the Italian propaganda bureau. Herr von Schuschnigg, the Austrian Chancellor, on the other hand, adopted a correct attitude towards Yugoslavia, accepted M. Yevtitch's assurances, and instructed his Minister in Belgrade to express the Austrian Government's appreciation of the Yugoslav Government's correct attitude throughout the Austrian civil war. When it thus became apparent that the false accusations against Yugoslavia had originated not in Vienna, but in Rome, the press polemic between Vienna and Belgrade ceased, and Yugoslav indignation was expressed against Italy.

While Italo-Yugoslav relations thus took a turn for the worse, M. Barthou's policy of *rapprochement* with Italy was making considerable headway. Both France and Italy were anxious to compose their differences in order to be able to present a united

front against the German menace on the Danube. It has been seen that France had carried her desire to accommodate Italy even to the extent of causing some alarm to the Little Entente. Similarly Italy, in the interests of Franco-Italian co-operation against German aggression, had agreed to drop not only her policy of acting as go-between and broker between Berlin and Paris, but also her advocacy of treaty revision (at least for the time being). This last so alarmed Italy's Hungarian protégé that Count Bethlen denounced the Italo-French entente as a set-back to Hungarian aspirations, and the Hungarian Government began to turn its eyes away from Rome to Berlin and Warsaw: a fact which was not substantially modified by Signor Mussolini's subsequent telegram of friendship to General Gömbös, the Hungarian Premier.

France and Italy were in fact moving towards a proposal for the extension of the Protocols of Rome from a combination confined to Italy, Austria, and Hungary into a broader arrangement to embrace all Austria's Danubian neighbours, including the States of the Little Entente. But there was still the obstacle of the bad Italo-Yugoslav relations to be overcome. French diplomacy in Belgrade and Rome set to work to overcome it. The French task in Rome was to persuade Signor Mussolini to treat his Adriatic neighbour on equal terms in any general arrangement for the settlement of the Austrian question; and to obtain some kind of assurance that Italy would not continue to promote policies in Central and South Eastern Europe which could be interpreted as being prejudicial to Yugoslav external or internal interests. The French task in Belgrade was to persuade the Yugoslav Government to let bygones be bygones, and to reciprocate any gesture towards more friendly relations which Italy might be induced to make.

These French efforts, which had the moral support of Britain, seemed to have met with a certain amount of success in both capitals, although it would be a mistake to exaggerate the progress made. For it seems—a point of great interest in the light of the tragedy at Marseilles—that one of the most bitter complaints made to the French Minister in Belgrade was that previous attempts had been made on King Alexander's life by Croatian terrorists who had admittedly come from an *émigré* camp in Italy.

It became clear that the benevolent treatment, to say the least of it, given to the Yugoslav revolutionaries, both on Italian soil and on the territory of Italy's friend Hungary, had created a resentment in high places in Belgrade which it would take some time to overcome. It was indeed obvious that a necessary preliminary, from the Yugoslav point of view, to collaboration with Italy, was a cessation of Italian encouragement to elements hostile to Yugoslav unity.

France's efforts to harmonize her new friendship for Italy with her old friendship for the Little Entente were continued at Geneva at the time of the last meeting of the League Council. It was here that the play and inter-play of forces in regard to these efforts was most particularly to be remarked.

After some adroit manœuvring on the part of M. Barthou, in which he had the support of Sir John Simon, Russia was admitted to the League, a French success which compensated somewhat for the Polish action in flinging the minorities bombshell at Geneva. Suddenly something like a diplomatic panic took place in regard to Austria. That country asked for a guarantee of her independence. M. Barthou made great efforts to bring Italy and the Little Entente into line. He suggested various combinations for the safeguarding of Austrian independence, ranging from an Anglo-French-Italian declaration with guarantees (*i.e.*, sanctions) to a Franco-Italian-Little Entente declaration, also with guarantees. The former failed because the British would not take on new Continental commitments. The latter fell through because the Little Entente wanted it to be within the framework of the League, with which proposition Italy did not see eye to eye. At this point the Austrian delegation mysteriously hinted at an alleged conciliatory offer from Berlin. Italy hinted at individual diplomatic action. The French delegation had to find some way to obtain a breathing space. So M. Barthou telephoned London, and London telephoned Sir John Simon, who was then in Scotland.

"Would Britain agree to an Anglo-French-Italian declaration in favour of Austrian independence, with diplomatic guarantees of a consultative nature?"

No, the British Government was very sorry, but it could not agree even to a consultative commitment.

"Well, then, would the British agree to a declaration reaffirming the principle of Austrian independence, without guarantees of any kind?"

Yes, the British Government would do that. Not that it thought it would do any good. But the British were willing, if this would be any help to France and Italy, to work towards what the British regarded as the practical end, *i.e.*, a collaboration between France, Italy, and Yugoslavia, with a view to a general Danubian arrangement for the future consolidation of Austria's position.

The above paraphrase of the long-distance telephonic diplomacy, which took place last September, explains how the latest declaration on Austrian independence came about, and how it happened that so small and insignificant a rabbit was produced out of the diplomatic hat. But, of far greater importance, it explains also the revolution of the plan, which, but for the assassin's bullet at Marseilles, would have succeeded in rehabilitating France's diplomatic leadership, and probably have resulted in a peaceful and workable solution of the vexed Austrian problem.

For by this time Yugoslavia had become the key to the situation. After a decade devoted to the none too easy task of unifying his own kingdom, King Alexander, ably assisted by his adviser, M. Yevtitch, turned his attention to the work of conciliation and co-operation in the Balkans. Hence the various pacts of amity with Balkan neighbours, including the one-time enemy Turkey. But the most important result was the reconciliation with Bulgaria, a task in which King Alexander's goodwill was warmly reciprocated by King Boris and his Ministers. This brilliant achievement was King Alexander's master-stroke, for it at once provided the keystone to the arch of Balkan peace, and effectively removed the local cause of trouble most likely to be exploited by outside Great Powers.

At the same time, by adopting an independent policy in regard to the Austrian question, adhering to the principle of Austrian independence, but insisting that this was an international question and not the preserve of one Power, King Alexander was able to place his country in a pivotal position. France, Germany, and Italy were obliged to consider Yugoslavia as a factor in the situation.

The interpretation in some quarters that this meant that

Yugoslavia had gone into the German orbit was a wholly superficial reading of the position. Yugoslavia had not thrown over France for Germany. King Alexander's reported last words to M. Yevtitch just before he died in Marseilles: "Keep the friendship with France alive", afford adequate proof of that. But Yugoslavia saw no reason why she should quarrel with Germany, with whom she had excellent trading relations, and with whom she shared the common objection to the Italian ambitions of exclusiveness in regard to Austria. Indeed, the situation in this respect fully bore out the forecast which I made in the *FORTNIGHTLY* last April, when I suggested that the European trend was towards a drawing together of France and Italy, and the creation of a strong South Slav bloc (through Serbo-Bulgarian reconciliation) which would be strong enough to be friendly with Germany without being penetrated by her.

Yugoslavia was therefore in a position to make terms for her joining in with France and Italy for the purpose of creating a stabilized situation in the Danube, and from what one knows of King Alexander's intentions when he set out on his last journey, although he would have bargained hard, he was prepared to come to an agreement in the general interests of European peace.

This brings me back to the point at which this article begins—the assassination in Marseilles. Because of that tragedy it is impossible at the moment to try to read the future. At the moment all Yugoslavia's neighbours are so stunned by the ghastly event that a hush seems to have descended upon Europe. Fear of consequences, and probably a genuine emotion of shock as well, seem to have restrained the outbursts of recrimination which might have been expected to follow the assassination. Italy in particular seems to have been at pains to maintain a strictly correct attitude. And the authorities in Belgrade appear to have kept their heads and prevented the sorrowing Yugoslav populace from seeking an outlet for its grief by blaming prematurely any neighbouring States.

At the time of writing it would seem that the greater danger has passed. There is no imminence of war. But it cannot be overlooked that if the associations of the assassins should finally be traced—as they may yet be—to Hungary or any other neigh-

bour of Yugoslavia—then the consequence may be internationally dangerous to a high degree.

There are those who think that the tragedy at Marseilles has irretrievably ruined the policy for the promotion of which King Alexander and M. Barthou lost their lives. Included in this view is the belief that external forces hostile to Yugoslav unity will take advantage of King Alexander's death to disrupt the internal unity of Yugoslavia, and that in such an event, Germany may try to divert Italian interest from Austria to a weakened Yugoslavia, and thereby obtain a compromise on the Austrian question favourable to German ambition. If this be true, then the outlook for peace is dark indeed. For any attempt to disrupt Yugoslav unity can but lead to a general conflagration.

On the other hand, there are those who hold the opinion that the tragedy at Marseilles will act as a spur to the taking up again, and the prosecution with even greater vigour, of the policy which that tragedy cut short. The French are credited with the intention of continuing the same line of action. The Italians, too, according to current reports, are ready to resume the effort at the appropriate moment. And there is every reason to believe that the Regency in Belgrade will be anxious that the work of the dead King should live on after him. If this be so, it may well mean that rehabilitation of French influence for which M. Barthou strove, not always wisely, but certainly always brilliantly. But of far greater importance than this is the fact that such a resumption offers the best hope of immediate peace and stabilization in the troubled area of Danubian Europe.

A great responsibility rests upon the shoulders of France. She has made her mistakes. She has had her full measure of failure and disappointment. But she now has a great chance to restore the European equilibrium and to preserve European peace. And this she can do, not so much by trying to restore the French "system" according to the letter, as by restoring the French leadership according to the spirit. In this peace-making task she has the good wishes of Britain.

DEAN INGE'S FAREWELL

BY DR. L. P. JACKS

Editor of the *Hibbert Journal*.

"WE cannot make a religion for others, and we ought not to let others make a religion for us. Our own religion is what life has taught us. If we can clarify this body of experience we shall have done what is best worth doing for ourselves, and we shall have to offer to others the best that was in us to give, however small its value may be".

This arresting and profound remark (quoted from an earlier utterance) serves the double purpose of defining religion as Dean Inge understands it and revealing his motive in the latest of his published works.* It defines religion, and defines it admirably as the clarification of our life-experience taken in its integrity. It reveals the motive of *Vale* as a desire to leave on record, in its essential outlines, the life experience which, when clarified by reflection, has yielded Dean Inge his religion. No broader basis for religion could be found in the life of any man. No definition of it, more nearly universal, could be imagined. No autobiographical memoir could have a higher motive. That in his life-experience which has yielded him his religion is apparently all that Dean Inge would have the world remember of him, for he tells us that he has left strict orders that no memoir of him shall be published after his death—an embarrassing restriction, we imagine, for the editors of the daily press when the unfortunate date arrives.

Of what nature, then, has been the experience of which Dean

Inge speaks? Essentially it is the experience of one born and bred in the hereditary culture of an English gentleman and leading continuously the life of a student under the obligations of a teacher, now in this form, now in that. And beyond all this, or perhaps beneath it, it is the experience of one who, by his own evidence here recorded, has been singularly happy in his domestic relations, though not without encountering those tragic interruptions of the thing called "happiness" where—as the *Story of Paula* reveals—"Joy and woe are woven fine, A clothing for the soul divine."

Out of all this there has arisen the religion of Dean Inge—outwardly a student's religion, to be described in terms of Christian Modernism; inwardly a man's religion with intimations of things "too deep for tears" and beyond the reach of words—the religion of a mystic. We have his own word for it that "he himself has never had what are usually called mystical experiences". An interesting confession from one whose writings have done so much to quicken our interest in these "experiences" and plead so strongly for their evidential value. May it not be, however, that William Ralph Inge belongs to that more convincing type of mystic for whom there is no experience without its mystical element? The volume before us strongly suggests that he does.

In recording his many activities in fields not ostensibly religious, which have been so numerous that some of his admirers have named him "the miscellaneous Dean", our author shows himself desirous of bringing them all within the ambit of his Christian profession and unifying them on that ground. Whatever he is writing about he never abandons the role of *defensor Fidei*. In dealing with the ethical problems of the time he is rarely content until he has given his solution a Christian orientation and brought it to a point in a saying attributed to Christ. There is a notable instance of this in the advocacy of eugenics—a subject which demands excursions into many regions where Deans (and Bishops) are not as a rule entirely at their ease, but one of Dean Inge's most interesting preoccupations. "It seems to me strange," he says, "that Christians should not be eugenists". It may be strange; at the same time it is a fact that many persons (the present writer among them) feel themselves better able to deal faithfully with the evils eugenics seek to cure,

* *Vale*, by William Ralph Inge. Longmans.

and with many other evils, when under no obligation to adjust their findings to the teachings of the Christian Church, to say nothing of the Church of England. At all events they find it a convenience, when confronted with the enemies of God, to be able to say to them, with Thomas Carlyle, "Mark it, my diabolic friends, I mean to lay leather on the backs of you", without having to ask themselves whether such intentions are Christian or not. They may be, but it seems a waste of time, in these days, to prove them so as long as they are justified by the Fact—the real seat of authority for Deans as for others. Dean Inge has "laid leather" on many backs. For example, when he defined modern democracy as "the organized plunder of minorities".

And now, with his whip laid aside, he bids us, to our sorrow, a quiet and affectionate adieu. His doing so reminds us of a story told, somewhere, about a prophet who believed he had a vital message for his age, but delayed the publication of it until he could find the perfect form of expression. First he tried a sermon, then a philosophical treatise, then a poem, then a drama, then a novel, burning each in turn on being told by his critical friends that the form was inadequate to the importance of the message. It was not until he was ninety and nearing his latter end that the form he sought was revealed to him. Summoning the critics round his deathbed, he said to them: "My friends, I have found at last a form for my message that will satisfy you all. *Good-bye*". And he promptly expired.

One could wish that Dean Inge, like the prophet in this story, had waited a few years longer before giving his message its final and perfect form—*Vale*. With the modesty of a guest afraid of overstaying his welcome, he has chosen to say "Good-bye" at a time when we are most unwilling to lose his company, a time when events are preparing in the history of the world on which it is highly important that we hear what he has to say. The men whom we can least afford to lose are those who make the life of the times interesting to those who live in them thoughtfully. There can be no doubt that Dean Inge has had a very high place among these benefactors. Whether we agree with him or not, he has done us all good, and there is nothing in the book he has just published to suggest that his power to do so has come to an end.

Some consolation, perhaps, may be derived by asking: Who is it that here bids us good-bye? Is it the Dean of St. Paul's? Or is it William Ralph Inge? The two are not quite the same. We shall be sorry to lose the former, but desolate if we are to lose the latter as well. Whatever may be the case with the Dean of St. Paul's, it is hard to believe that William Ralph Inge will be content henceforward with the status of a back number. There is no reason why he should be, but many why he should not. After all, it takes two people to say an effective "good-bye", just as (according to Thoreau), it takes two people to speak the truth. For our part we say good-bye with reluctance to the Dean of St. Paul's; but we flatly refuse to take our leave of William Ralph Inge, who, let us hope, is not taking leave of us.

PRELUDE TO FAME

Fantasy on an Ancient Legend

BY WESTON MARTYR

ONE day in the summer of a year which was probably A.D. 1489, the North East Trades in the vicinity of the Fortunate Isles were reinforced by a gale of unusual violence and extent. The wind blew from the East for many days at something approaching Force 9, Beaufort Scale, with even more weight in it than that in the squalls.

The forefront of the gale arrived off Palma out of a clear sky. It caught the island fishing fleet at sea. The boats under the lee of the land escaped. The water close in was smooth and the crews, pulling for their lives against the fierce off-shore wind, managed to row their craft to the beach and safety. But, in the offing, one boat felt the full weight of the wind, and the two men in her, rowing desperately, made no headway against the steep seas.

The men were Portuguese, good sailors and brave. Pedro pulled bow. He was soon exhausted but continued to row with more than his normal strength, because he believed the edge of the world lay just beyond the western horizon and the thought of being blown over it filled him with horror. Antonio pulled stroke, and he was even more exhausted than Pedro. But Antonio rowed harder than Pedro, because he had left his heart behind in Palma with a girl.

Fear and love can make men perform wonders, but it would be a miracle if two men rowed a thirty-foot boat against a forty-five miles per hour wind. Pedro and Antonio rowed for an hour, and at the end of it were four miles further from the land than when they started. When Pedro looked over his shoulder and saw no sign of land, he understood the edge of the

world was very near to leeward, and he let go his oar and prayed. Antonio felt the boat fall off from the wind. He saw Pedro's oar floating away astern, and he knew the end of his world had already come.

The top of a sea came over the weather rail, half filling the boat, and Antonio shouted "Bail!" He shifted his oar to the stern notch and tried to keep the boat head on to the sea. But he could not do it. The wind caught the high bow and swung the boat round, and Antonio let her swing until she rode with her stern to the wind. Then he settled down to steer, with care, straight out to sea before the wind and away from the land and his home and his heart, into the unknown to the westward. There was nothing else he could do.

The boat scudded fast before the gale. She was an open, undecked craft, but she was buoyant, and running dead before the wind she shipped but little water. She contained an oar, a mast of fir, a flaxen sail, two nets for catching flying fish, a dead fire in a box of sand, two small crocks of water, and food for two men for one day.

For many days the gale blew from the East; then moderated, and thereafter the interrupted North East Trade wind set in steady, constant, and strong. The haze of the gale lifted, revealing a blue sky dappled with little white clouds and a blue ocean broken by the sparkling crests of breaking seas. Flying fish, like jewelled darts, skimmed in the hollows of the waves; squall clouds slid from horizon to horizon, trailing their draperies of hissing rain. And day by day the sun rose up in blood and fire, poured down its diamond light upon the sea and sank in a golden glory. And the boat sailed on, driven by the inexorable wind towards that glory and that gold.

One year later the boat came back. She came sailing in at daybreak before a light North Westerly air and grounded on the beach of Porto Santo, Madeira. She contained an oar, a bamboo mast, a flax sail patched with cotton, a torn net mended with coir, half a coconut shell grotesquely carved, three grains of maize wedged between the mast and its step, the wasted bodies of Pedro and Antonio, and a momentous secret.

The woman who found the boat screamed shrilly when she saw what was in it. She had good excuse, for Pedro and

Antonio did not look pretty nor smell nice. Antonio was merely a heap of rags and bones in the boat's bottom ; but Pedro was lying on his back and his face was horrible. His eyes were sunk deep in their sockets, and from his skull-like face a tongue that was black and swollen protruded between his grinning teeth. The woman went on screaming.

Men came running from the nearby house. One swore when he saw the boat's cargo ; one prayed ; and one, crying out in pity, ran back up the beach. Returning with a jar of water, the man ran in to the Master of the house.

"What is this hubbub ?" asked the Master.

"A boat cast up on the beach", his servant answered. "There are two men in her, Master, dying from hunger and thirst."

"Then be careful what you do with the water, fool !" answered the Master. "Let them drink it all and they will surely die. Moisten their mouths only. Let them drink but a drop at a time."

The servant ran on and his Master walked after him. He did not hurry. In his forty years of life he had knocked about most of the world (or, rather, most of the world then known to Europeans) and the prospect of seeing two dying men did not excite him. Once, on a voyage to Iceland, he had seen starvation kill most of a ship's crew, and he remembered a long calm on a passage between the Azores and Lisbon when he had nearly died of thirst himself.

When he came in sight of the boat he stopped and surveyed her. He said to himself, "a Portuguese-built boat. A fishing boat from Madeira, blown out to sea. And when they lost sight of the land the poor fools lost their heads. . . . Lost themselves. . . . Will lose their stupid lives, probably. . . . All for lack of a little thought, a little knowledge, a little learning" !

When the Master approached the boat, the group around her stood aside and showed him Pedro and Antonio lying on the sand. Their faces were wet, and the man who had fetched water was trying to pour some into Antonio's mouth from his cupped hand. Antonio coughed.

"You choke him, fool !" said the Master. "Hold up his head. He looks past death already, as does the other ; but the human body is most amazing tough, as I know well. Give the wretches

no more than ten drops at a time . . . and they may live."

He turned away from Pedro and Antonio and looked at the boat, which his people had pulled up on the beach. He looked at her with a seaman's eye. He saw her bottom, foul with a growth of barnacles and weed, and it struck him that the weeds were very long and the barnacles very thick. He remembered the sea-growth he had helped to scrape from the bilges of the ship which took him from Bristol to Iceland and back again. In that three months' voyage she had grown a six-inch crop of weed, and barnacles as big as buttons ; but the weeds trailing from this boat's bilge were a foot long and the barnacles studding her worn planking were the biggest the Master had ever seen.

He went up to the boat and looked inside. Her mast was unstepped and laid along her thwarts, and he noticed it was made of a wood he had never seen before. He looked at the bamboo's rings and ridges and thought it curious that the spar should be thus carved, or worn. He tried the surface with his thumbnail. It surprised him to find it was as hard as porcelain, and when he looked closer he found the ridges on the wood were of natural growth.

The people watched their Master climb into the boat. They saw his eyebrows rise when he fingered the white patches in the weather-stained sail. They saw his lips move as he pulled at the heap of net and gazed at the knotting and the fibres of the mended mesh. They heard his exclamation when he picked up the carved half-shell. And they were surprised when their Master turned to them and cried : "Take up those men ! Take them to the house. Treat them tenderly. Bathe them. Clothe them. Give them a little soup ; a little wine. At first a very little. If they have more they will die. Nurse them with kindness. On your heads be it. *They must not die !*"

When he had seen Pedro and Antonio carried into his house the Master returned to the boat. He examined every part of her with great minuteness. When he had done, he sat silent and in deep thought, with the three strange grains of corn held in the palm of his hand.

* * *

The Master tended Pedro and Antonio with care. They lay on couches in his own apartment, where he ministered to them

with his own hands; watching over them with an unremitting vigilance and an extreme solicitude, amazing to his servants and astounding to this wife. He gave strict orders that no one should enter the room, where for a night and a day and half a night he fought alone to bring back to Pedro and Antonio the power of speech and the faculty of memory.

In the middle of the second night the Master was rewarded by hearing Antonio say "Water!" in a faint and husky voice. He gave him a spoonful of water, and Antonio said "More. More, for Jesu's sake!" Antonio opened his mouth and waited to feel again the cool liquid trickling down his throat, but, instead, he found himself swallowing a stream of liquid fire. Antonio gasped and choked. He heard a voice say, "Swallow. It is a cordial. Drink, and it will give you life. Drink, and tell me where you have come from. Speak! Where have you been?"

And Antonio answered, "Water! For the love of God".

"I will give you water", said the Master. "A long, cool draught. But first you must tell me where you have come from. *Where have you come from? Speak!*"

Antonio groaned. He felt himself lifted and the rim of a cup pressed to his lips. He drained the cup. It was milk. And presently Antonio fell asleep.

When Antonio awoke, he had come out of the Valley of the Shadow. His senses had returned to him. He felt and appreciated the softness of his bed, and its stillness. He heard the blowing of the wind, and he was glad, because he knew it was not the sound of wind in the rigging, but the song of the wind in the trees. He smelt the scent of earth and flowers, and tasted the clean sweetness of orange juice on his tongue. He licked his lips. A voice said, "Drink!" and Antonio opened his eyes. He saw a strange man beside him with a brimming jar of water in his hands.

Antonio drank greedily, for his thirst was raging. His dried-up body was still one aching thirst. He drank. He wanted to drain the brimming jar, but when he had gulped six mouthfuls the Master drew the jar away. Antonio tried to hold it. He tried to reach out and seize the jar, and it surprised and dismayed him to find he had not strength enough to raise his hands.

Antonio said, "More! Give me more—for Mercy's sake!"

"It is for mercy's sake I do not let you drink", replied the Master. "Where have you been? Tell me, where have you come from? Answer me well and truly, and you shall drink again. Where have you been?"

"I have been. . . . I think I have been. . . . It has no name. The land was the end of the world. Give me water, for I die of thirst."

"Tell me all. Tell me everything—and you shall drink. Where lies this land?"

"In the West. I do not know where. When we were near death we came to a land of many waters, where people fed us and gave us drink."

"What did the people call their land? St. Brandon? Antilla? Speak, man! The land *must* bear a name."

"The lands had no names. None of those lands. They were not Christian lands and the people were not Christians. They succoured us. When we were hungry they fed us. When we thirsted they gave us drink. Give me water!"

"Presently. Answer me! Tell me. Then you shall drink and eat. How did the people look?"

"They went naked and their skins were brown. They had broad faces, different from Christians. They were generous to us strangers; but Pedro played with their women and they would have killed us, so we fled. It was the first land we came to, and from it we fled North."

"Where is your home? Are you not a fisherman from Madeira?"

"I am Antonio, a fisherman of Palma in the Fortunate Isles. Where is this place? Is Palma far away?"

"Palma is near", said the Master. "Fear not, for you have come home. You have come to Porto Santo, an island of Madeira. I think you have come from the unknown ends of the world, and God Himself has guided you safely back—to me."

"Water! For the love of God, give me water."

"Drink! It will moisten your lips—perhaps loosen your tongue. Now stop! No more. But tell me all you have to tell and you shall drink your fill. When did you sail from Palma?"

"More months ago than I remember. Many months. It is very many months since we were blown away to sea. Where is Pedro? Is Pedro dead?"

"Your mate is here, beside you. But I think he will not be here very long. Forget Pedro. Attend to me. From whence came the wind that blew you to sea?"

"From the East. It blew for many days."

"For how many days?"

"I do not know. For very many. We were as dead men from hunger and thirst when the calm came. The calm and the rain."

"Did you sail always before the wind?"

"We sailed dead before it as long as I could steer. The boat could not face the seas, but she ran before them safely and fast."

"When you could steer her no longer, what did she do?"

"She ran on, under her bare mast. The windage on her high bow kept her from broaching-to. She is a good boat. Where is my boat?"

"She brought you safely here."

Antonio smiled. "Yes; a good boat", he said. "A good boat, and faithful. Her name is Maria. When I can stand again I will sail her home to Palma." Antonio paused. And, presently, the Master, who did not wish to lose one word that fell from the lips of the man whom God had sent him, heard Antonio murmur "Maria!"

"Drink this", said the Master, putting to Antonio's lips a spoonful of wine. "When the gale ended, what then?"

"The rain came. Much rain. It filled the boat's bottom so that we drank where we lay. When we got up and looked about, the wind was gone and the sky was clear. We set out nets and caught flying fish, as many as we could eat."

"And after?"

"Afterwards the wind came out of the East and North. It blew fresh, and always from the East. From North of East, or South of East, but always Easting. We could not sail against it. We tried, for many days, because Pedro was afraid of the place where the sun sank in the sea. I, too, was afraid, but at last I grew weary of beating against the East wind that never ceased.

The *Maria* is a good boat, but no boat could have sailed against that wind and sea. I did not wish to go on sailing backwards and forwards across the same place in the sea until death came. I thought, if we must die, let us sail on to the edge of the world. I thought we should meet death there, but before we died we should see what no man had ever seen. I did not want to die. But I wanted to see. So at last I put the boat before the wind again and sailed West, in spite of Pedro's prayers."

"How did you steer? You had no compass?"

"We steered by the wind. We kept it astern. It came out of the sunrise and blew into the sunset."

"Now answer me with care", the Master said. "At midday, when the sun was highest in the sky, where did it stand? On your right hand, or on your left?"

"On our left hand, but not over much. It struck down upon our heads, and well I remember it", answered Antonio. "Our sail cast little shadow, and there was no place to shelter from the sun. We were near burnt up alive."

"Can you recognize the stars?"

"I am a sailor. I know the North star."

"At this time, then, when you were running with the wind, how high did the North star stand in the sky?"

"It stood on our right hand, as high and no higher than when shining on our beach at Palma."

"And no lower? Think! As you sailed on, did not the star sink lower in the sky?"

"A little, maybe. When we came to the land, the star had sunk a little; perhaps two fingers' breadths."

"For how many days did you sail before you saw the land?"

"I do not know. Very many."

"Oh, fool!" cried the Master. "Think! Tell me, if you wish to drink again, tell me! Was it ten days? Was it a hundred? Speak!"

"It was many more than ten, but how many I do not know. While we sailed West my beard grew a hands' breadth and we counted two full moons."

"Ah!" exclaimed the Master. "Now we get a bearing on the truth!" He pondered deeply for awhile and then he said, "Man! You sailed from Palma some little while before last

midsummer's day. You steered a course a little South of West. You sailed for more than sixty days before you saw that land. Now midsummer day is near again. How long did you stay in the new land?"

"For many days. I wish to drink."

"Presently you shall drink. Where stood the midday sun when you sailed North from that first land?"

"To the North. We sailed to the North, where there were many islands and the sea was a litter of reefs. We landed on little islands where there were no people. We were afraid of the people, who would have killed us because of Pedro's sins. On the islands we found much fruit. We found sweet oranges. Ah! Give me an orange to suck!"

"I will give you oranges, milk, bread, meat, wine, and water", the Master answered. "First, you must tell me everything, then you shall eat and you shall drink."

"Then I will tell all quickly", Antonio answered. "We sailed North until there was no more land, and a very mighty current took us and carried us North-Eastwards out into the sea. The water of that current was bluer than the sky and hot as blood, and much seaweed floated in it. In that place it was always calm, with littler wandering airs, and we drifted beneath great thunder clouds full of lightning and rain. Much rain fell and we bailed it from the boat. We caught many fish and one turtle. Then the wind came. It came out of the West and we set our sail and steered before it for very many days. We . . ."

"Wait! When first that West wind came, where stood the sun? To the North or to the Southward?"

"Well to the South."

"And the North star? You saw the North star?"

"I saw it higher in the sky than I had ever seen it. I was afraid. But Pedro laughed, for he had seen the star thus in his youth, when he fished from his father's boat at Lisbon."

"Ah!" exclaimed the Master. "So Pedro observed that little fact! It was Pedro, then, who remembered that small thing of so great significance! Have I chosen the wrong tool? Have I cherished the fool and neglected the man of wisdom?"

The Master looked at Pedro. He saw that Pedro was dead. "A pity!" he said. "There lies the finer tool; the instrument

of greater precision—broken! He died unshriven. But a priest! A prying priest. . . . I dare not risk it! And his secret will be safe with God—and with me."

"Water!" said Antonio. "My throat is dried up and I can speak no more. Give me water or I die!"

The Master turned and put his hand on Antonio's shoulders. "You have told me enough", he said. "You have told me what I would know—except for this one thing. Tell me—and be very sure you speak the truth—tell me: have you spoken of this to any man but me?"

"I have told no man", Antonio answered. "No man knows where Pedro and I have come from."

"Where Pedro has gone, no man knows", said the Master. "Where you are going, there shall I go. But I, too, shall go where you have been."

"I do not understand."

"Lie still, in peace. Do not strive to solve my riddle. Forget what I say. A sick man's intellect must not be strained by puzzles. His body needs strengthening with drink and food. Drink this!"

Antonio drank and he ate, and presently he died.

Pedro and Antonio were buried in one hole behind the house on the beach of Porto Santo. They were soon forgotten. For soon afterwards the house was vacated and its servants dispersed, when their Master, one Senor Cristoforo Colombo, decided to visit the Courts of Portugal and Spain.

[NOTE.—The castaways on Columbus's beach at Porto Santo figure repeatedly in books about Columbus. According to one tradition they were Indians, according to another, Portuguese or European seamen. In both traditions the men were dying, had evidently been at sea for a long time, and there were strange objects in the boat. A theory held by many, and certainly by me, is this. We know that Columbus visited Iceland prior to his First Voyage to America, and at that time the Icelanders knew of Eric the Red's voyage from Greenland to Vinland (? Maine). Greenland was then supposed to be a part of Europe, but we feel that a man like Columbus must have been impressed by the Vinland story. After his Iceland voyage he went to live in Porto Santo, Madeira, and is said to have seen the two castaways. The tradition persists that Columbus himself nursed the two men in his own house. They died, in all the stories, very soon, and immediately Columbus sailed for Lisbon and started his agitation for ships to sail West across the Atlantic. In estimating the deductions drawn from this legend we must not forget the morals of the time—W. M.]

THE MIND AND MOOD OF FRANCE

BY W. HORSFALL CARTER

A CONSTITUTION, someone once said, is the expression of a state of mind. The speaker was probably an Englishman anxious to justify the national dislike for hard and fast precepts which are bound, sooner or later, to be overborne by the stream of life. But, when you come to think of it, it is an axiom of general application. The constitution of the Spanish Republic of 1931, for example, bears eloquent testimony to the state of mind of the great mass of the Spanish people reacting against seven years of dictatorship. To-day, conceivably, it no longer reflects psychological reality. The constitution of the Third Republic in France, similarly, when it was framed, reflected a state of mind that bears not the slightest resemblance to that of the vast majority of Frenchmen to-day.

Constitutional lawyers have, of course, for years pointed out the weaknesses of the fundamental charter of the nation. But then that was their job. The actual practitioners were far too busily engaged in scoring points in the party game, as it was played in France, to worry. And the general public, as is the rule in normal times in any country, thought as little about politics as possible, having been taught that their job is to make money and leave the rest to Providence—or, latterly, the Providence-State.

The crisis-years have changed all that. In France, as to some extent in England, "the people" is waking up and rubbing its eyes in amazement at the discovery that the family mansion of "parliamentarism" has been for years decaying from internal dry-rot. When therefore M. Doumergue announces that renovation work is to be put in hand soon, he is not, as he seems to think, proposing anything that is going to shock the *bourgeois*. The only question is whether the minor structural alterations now being suggested are going to satisfy a tenant whose mind is

set on something very much like a new house, and whose mood is one of rebellion.

What, in fact, does M. Doumergue propose? First of all, that the Prime Minister, or *Président du Conseil*, as he is called, shall be given power, under the constitution, to dissolve the Chamber and appeal to the country. In this way it might be hoped to avoid the continual ministerial crises which hold up the administration of urgent public affairs. Nothing very alarming about this suggested restraint on the irresponsible deputy. It is common ground in France that the main purpose of any revision of the constitution must be to restore the independence of the Executive *vis-à-vis* the Legislature. There have been thirty governments in France since the Armistice; the average duration was five months and twenty-five days.

The second proposal is to withdraw from the deputies their present right of initiating expenditure. The result of this travesty of the function of the control of the national housekeeping, is seen in the fate that attends, as a rule, the French budget, which M. Viviani once compared to "a caravan *en route* along perilous paths, paying tribute at each turn to armed bands". All kinds of expedients have been tried to overcome this obvious defect in French parliamentary practice, but without success. Only when they are thoroughly frightened, as when M. Poincaré took charge of the country's finances in 1926, or M. Doumergue's "National" government did away with all the parliamentary conventions this year, have the deputies been prepared to give up their habit of voting large sums, quite irrespective of the position of the exchequer.

But the deputies have done so because they look upon themselves, first, last, and all the time, as delegates, not representatives. Each of them has been *delegated* by those who elected him, in a small-sized area, the *arrondissement*, and under the system his outlook is necessarily parochial. In practice he may be the servant of certain private or professional interests; he certainly takes his orders from the local party caucus. When he gets to the Chamber or Senate he finds himself bound not only by party ties, but under obligation to join in this or that group mobilized to watch and defend the interests of this or that factor of production, *e.g.* the hundred or so groups for the defence of motoring,

wine, afforestation, railwaymen, etc. What chance has such a man of discussing a question from the point of view of the general interest?

It has always to be remembered that the 1875 constitution was intended rather as a temporary expedient than as a pattern of government. It bears the mark of mistrust, on the one hand, of those elements of tradition who were still hankering after a monarchy, and, on the other hand, of the working masses who had begun to show their strength in the *Commune*. The executive power was deliberately weakened, to preclude any further napoleonic ventures. Against "the revolt of the masses",* as pre-figured in the *Commune*, the Senate was conceived as a force of social conservatism. It was not to have any power of overthrowing ministries, but, by way of compensation, it was to be the arbiter of a dissolution. Article V gives the power to the President "with the approval of the Senate" to appeal to the country. In practice the agreement of President and Senate has never been forthcoming, the Senate becoming, after 1884, part and parcel of the same system of static equilibrium as the deputies and being captured by the (*political*) Left.

The electoral system of Parliamentary democracy in France might really have been devised to prevent any effective government. Remember that the chief preoccupation of the privileged caste, in this case Left-Centre politicians, pluming themselves on being the direct heirs of the immortal principles of the French Revolution, was to resist "reaction"; the Radical Party's four main maxims were (1) the lay school, (2) separation of Church and State, (3) introduction of the income-tax, and (4) a sneaking fondness for planned economy. To achieve these ends all that aggressive individualism which is the hall-mark of Frenchmen was mobilized, and remarkable feats of party organization were accomplished. It is often said that France is still Radical or Left-Centre in politics, if the country be taken as a whole: hence the need for the present National Government to walk warily in any plans for reform. But the same thing has happened to the Radical party as to the Liberal party in this country. It

* See that contemporary classic, *The Revolt of the Masses*, by Jose Ortega y Gasset.

has, largely, achieved its objectives. And the party machine, the network of committees and delegates that control local life, is now an obstruction to the performance by the State of certain necessary and, indeed, urgent functions.

In the meantime the stream of life has been flowing fast, and, as in every country, has placed in the forefront of people's minds the issues of social reorganization. For years the electoral oligarchies sought to ignore these issues: and so organized labour and other professional bodies were compelled to apply pressure from outside upon parliament, in order to win gradual and grudging concessions. In this way, while the constituencies have remained what M. Briand called them, "stagnant pools", the deputies have easily become the tools of powerful business or financial interests. Subservience to sectional pressure, and consequent neglect of the *national*, i.e. general interest, has been particularly the case with the Radical politicians. Their own programme having been more or less fulfilled, they have readily resorted to every kind of demagogy in order to get the support of the proletarian masses, which are one of the main by-products of the development of modern industry. That is the root cause of the *mystique* which has so long held French progressives in its spell, "no enemy on the left," and which finds its concrete expression in the electoral alliance of the *cartel des gauches*. That this coalition, in practice, has produced very little result in the way of social reform measures experience shows, and it is not due entirely to the doctrinaire character of Socialism as preached by M. Léon Blum, with its chronic refusal to accept ministerial responsibility. M. Alexandre Millerand had to leave the Socialists years ago because he really wanted to get certain measures of social reform through the Chamber. M. Briand made no headway until he emancipated himself from party ties.

It really boils down to this, that the Left in France has for the past two decades exploited popular sentimentalism, without offering any positive, up-to-date programme. And now their last refuge, the *mystique* of peace, centred on M. Briand, but also on M. Herriot, has collapsed under them. It is true, I think, to say that the Left as an effective political force was already hopelessly disintegrated, even before the ingrained corruption of the

*République des Camarades** was brought out into the light of day by the Stavisky and other scandals.

That is not to say, of course, that the Left elements are likely to take lying down the fate which circumstances seem to have in store for them, *i.e.* loss of those positions of power which have so long been theirs. The pressure on M. Albert Sarraut to resign, as a result of the negligence of the Sûreté police demonstrated at Marseilles, will certainly be interpreted as a party manœuvre, and no doubt, on the strength of their position in Parliament, a section of the Radical Party at Nantes will recommend a bid for office on a programme of reconstruction; the argument being that, while certain deputies may be individually discredited by their association with the Stavisky affair, the allegiance of rank-and-file in the provinces to the traditional Left-Centre line of policy is unshaken, indeed has been reinforced by the unscrupulous campaign of certain representatives of the Right (*e.g.* M. Philippe Henriot) during the "truce", and by the spectacle of June 30th and its aftermath in Germany.

The results of the cantonal elections on October 7th and 14th would suggest that this is a miscalculation; for the one party to register an actual set-back was the Radical-Socialist party, and, above all, the distinctive feature, as in by-elections in England, was the aloofness of a considerable percentage of the electorate. The ballot-box has lost its glamour. Contrast this with the real eagerness to listen to and to heed the paternal advice of M. Doumergue, and you have a snapshot of the entirely new situation which militant party men have not yet fully grasped.

Developments in Germany have indeed shocked and disgusted all Frenchmen without distinction of party, and have finally scotched any danger there may have been of Fascism. Anti-Fascism in France, even more perhaps than in England, is so much tilting at windmills. But what does exist, particularly now when the professional classes are beginning to feel the pinch of unemployment, is a deep-rooted revolt against plutocracy; against the "fraud" of democracy, as represented in party politics, which allows, in practice, the country to be ruled by a small but powerful business oligarchy, of which the *Comité des Forges*,

* *La République des Camarades*, Robert de Jouvenel, 1914; new edition with preface by Paul Morand. 1934. Grasset.

the more important banks and insurance companies, are the spearheads. In France—and not only in France—it is the middle class which makes revolutions, when at last convinced that its interests are identical with the workers'. Because the whole strength of an awakened middle class, backed by organized labour, will be needed to effect the necessary reform of the State by constitutional methods, and not mob-violence, the achievement of the Socialist-Communist united front, which is fated to drive a wedge between the middle-class "revolutionaries" and the workers, is an alarming and distressing factor. Doctrinaire leaders, as in Spain, are allowing themselves to be swayed by their distrust of certain individual reactionaries in the present government, such as M. Tardieu, and to proceed along the anti-Fascist *cul de sac*, striking an attitude of opposition which for all practical purposes counts them out in the era of national regeneration now beginning.

For, make no mistake about it, far-reaching changes in the whole structure of French political and economic life are going to be carried out within the next year or so. The February riots disclosed, they did not in any sense create, a general *malaise*, a profound discontent with the established order, so impervious to change. A normally elected parliament, with a pronounced Left-wing majority, had to bow before the storm, and none of the forces of renewal having *at that time* any positive alternative in readiness, it was natural enough that *le capitaine des pompiers*, M. Doumergue with his "national" fire-brigade, should be called in to conduct salvage-operations. These were successfully concluded with the economy cuts, the balancing of the budget, the reform and simplification of the fiscal system, and, last, but by no means least, the sending away of the deputies for a long vacation, during which, as the Prime Minister frankly admitted, it would be much more possible to get on with the serious business of governing and adjusting political and economic institutions to the needs of a new age.

The political situation in France, as seen from the Chamber—as conceived by various party paladins—is faithfully enough reflected by our newspapers. But the one dominant feature which strikes the visitor to France to-day is that *extra-parliamentary* forces, not the deputies and their faithful constituents,

are setting the stage for the next act. Members of parliament as a class have never been so unpopular, so discredited in the public mind. So much so that increasing support is being given to the idea of substituting for the statutory National Assembly at Versailles a Constituent Assembly empowered to draft a corpus of constitutional changes much more far-reaching than any suggested by M. Doumergue. And this constituent assembly would be composed of persons outside parliamentary life altogether, present and former deputies and senators being *ipso facto* ineligible. It would sit for a period of six months, and its conclusions would eventually be submitted to the country in the form of a national referendum. The party machines would fight tooth-and-nail against introduction of the referendum, but some such bold recourse to direct democracy may well prove the Republic's way of escape from death through inanition. The existing Chamber and Senate would continue to function—assuming, of course, that the Radicals under the direction of M. Herriot can be induced to renounce their electoral ties on the left and give substantial, though not uncritical, backing to the new budget estimates introduced by M. Germain-Martin.

This notion of a constituent assembly, which could give representation directly to the various organized economic interests that have hitherto achieved results by backstairs intrigue, was first adumbrated by M. Anatole de Monzie. It has been taken up by the Neo-Socialist group, headed by M. Adrien Marquet, at present Minister of Labour, and M. Marcel Déat, who at their party congress in July definitely committed themselves to this demand, after the recess, for a constituent assembly of three hundred to three hundred and fifty persons, "to assemble democratic forces around a programme of immediate action for reform of the State, and organization of the economic system of the country".

After the tragic farce played by military experts at Geneva sent to effect disarmament, that is, the abolition of themselves and their functions, it is intelligible enough that Frenchmen outside the quagmire of party politics should foresee considerable difficulty in obtaining the necessary reforms through the very persons who benefit by the existing anarchy. The effective phrase in the Neo-Socialist declaration is that referring to "immediate

action". For no impartial observer of French affairs can deny that as time goes on the gulf between Parliament and *le pays* is continually widening.

The life-blood of the country is indeed represented by certain purely economic organizations, such as the General Confederation of Labour, which has had a long and proud record of political neutrality (now alas! marred by acceptance of the principle of fusion with the Communist trade union organization), by sundry patriotic societies and leagues, of which the *Croix de Feu*, both in personnel and leadership and general objectives, is far and away more important than the others; by that effervescent and daily more vocal section of French opinion that claims to speak in the name of Youth; and finally by the ex-Service men's organizations which are entering the political arena this autumn with a programme of national regeneration to which, in effect, there is general agreement among the politically-minded prepared to take the places of the "old gang" of politicians.

Anyone living in France to-day must be struck by the growth of groups and societies whose main function seems to be to protest in the name of youth against French gerontocracy, or government by old men. This is a common enough phenomenon in other countries these days. But in France the idea of young men and women organizing themselves to participate directly in the administration of public affairs is novel and startling. In Paris, at the end of June, a so-called States-General of Youth, brought together young men representing every shade of political thought, and established that among them the customary labels of "right" and "left" have no meaning; that, consequently, the battle-cry of Fascism *versus* Socialism was really agitation-material having no basis in reality. The congress also showed that all the thinking youth (*i.e.* under thirty-four) is anti-capitalist, by which is meant opposition to the effects of liberal economics, and especially concentration of financial and industrial power in a feudal oligarchy which indeed, through its stranglehold on the press as on the deputies, has for so long made what is called public opinion. Out of 45,000 joint-stock companies, 1,000 have all the power, and 218 persons in all hold the directorships. This anti-capitalism does not connote antagonism to property. It is indeed a recognition, such as we have recently had explicitly

from Signor Mussolini that "in face of the irrevocable decline of the capitalist civilization, there are only two solutions—the Communist and the Corporative". Although the word "corporativism" itself is not very much in favour, there is a surprising community of sentiment among the younger people in favour of Signor Mussolini's achievements of political and economic reconstruction in Italy. It is not suggested that all the machinery of parliamentarism should be thrown on the scrap-heap; it is, on every side, suggested that the present State is not capable of resisting marauding private interests, and that before any readjustments of substance can be undertaken, it must be made so capable.

The project of a Corporative State is by no means a monopoly of the younger generation of the Right. The C.G.T. (the opposite number of our T.U.C.) and Socialist leaders like M. Paul-Boncour have long been pressing for some kind of statutory guild representation. The Neo-Socialists, too, are out for a strong State, one, as M. Marcel Déat remarked to me, capable of directing instead of merely salvaging individual enterprise ("capable de diriger, et non pas seulement renflouer, l'économie"). The problem for Socialists to-day, said M. Déat, is no longer—at least in the immediate future—one of a better or fairer distribution of the cake, but of making a new cake, in other words, proceeding with structural reforms in the economic and financial sphere.

The *Anciens Combattants* have now a pivotal position in French politics. I do not propose to examine here the programme of renovation on which they take their stand. Suffice it to say that it includes most of those suggestions for strengthening the executive which were first demanded by M. Tardieu in *L'Heure de la Décision*, and have now obviously been adopted by M. Doumergue; but it includes, too, an emphatic demand that professional and economic interests shall be catered for by a proper assembly or assemblies. "We shall call that State effective", writes M. Henri Pichot, the live wire who is the president of the Union Fédérale des Anciens Combattants, grouping about a million, "which is strong enough to emancipate itself from the grip of high finance, big business, etc."

v. Failing an adequate governmental plan for reform of the con-
the

stitution and the economic structure of the country, the spokesmen of the Confédération at a congress last July announced their intention of coming out, with a specific programme on their own, at the head of the "social coalition" of extra-parliamentary forces. Whether, in fact, they will take action in the next month or so, the *Anciens Combattants* certainly represent a solid phalanx of moderate opinion around which the demand for new men and new measures is crystallizing. The differences of opinion within the ranks of *Anciens Combattants* are questions of tactics and not of substance. They have in the *Croix de Feu* and its leader, Colonel de la Rocque, the material for the necessary patriotic, and at the same time "socialist" appeal. And they constitute a very valuable bridge—indeed the essential link—between the present regime and the too consciously revolutionary youth of France.

To confine the reform of the state to a curtailment of parliamentary prerogatives, or a strengthening of the executive power, would thus be a fatal mistake. It is economic and social change which *les vivants** want, not just tinkering with pieces of constitutional machinery. There is hope indeed that the change-over can be effected without any revolutionary outbreaks. The bloodshed of February 6th last, with its casualty roll of twenty-five dead and a thousand injured, should close the account of violence. If all goes well, France, with her astonishing democratic strength, may well have found a new recipe for "revolution". Sir Oswald Mosley discovered and announced some years ago that the real cleavage in British political life after the war was not one of party but of generation. So with France to-day, where you have organized *cadres* ready to establish a new regime, not in the name of any party nor any class, still less through any military clique, but in the name of a classless cross-section of the community. The Revolution of Order is to be the work of that generation which grew up through the tribulations of the War to be a living protest against the continuance of public affairs in the old grooves. That process, which has to follow and complete the family doctor ministrations of Papa Doumergue, is now plainly visible.

* The manifold organizations of ex-service men rallied together in a States-General of Shattered France on Armistice Day, 1927, and M. Henry de Jouvenel founded the *Revue des Vivants* to provide them with a mouthpiece.

LONDON CHANGE

BY H. PEARL ADAM

PAINTERS draw back from a canvas and look at it through a mirror to see whether it is true to intention. Those who live long abroad feel when they come home that some similar alteration of focus has taken place in them. Twenty years out of England bring the Londoner home in just such a state of mind. But there is this difference, that the returned traveller sees through the mirror changes of fact as well as of focus. Indeed, there are so many changes that he hardly knows whether his perceptions are more affected by what is altered or by what remains the same.

Chesterton once set two of his characters considering whether it was not more wonderful that on the Underground the station after Sloane Square was always Victoria than it would be if, one strange day, it wasn't. It sometimes seems in looking at the London of today, and comparing it with the London of twenty years ago, that the next station will be Colney Hatch, or Kensal Green, or a kind of mixture of Sloane Square, Victoria, and a dozen others. The Inner Circle is still running, but the ground it covers is no longer the same.

The first sight of Park Lane after they had built the Grosvenor House cliff caused a sensation of dismay verging on religious terror. Was this small flattened garden, with its shrub-like trees, Hyde Park? Was this yellow pancake Londonderry House? Were these rapidly-running ants the towering double-decker motorbuses whose own introduction into London life had caused such a stir, and a feeling approaching to alarm?

Above all, had not houses, those beneficent shelters to our weakness, those cosy wraps to our happiness and kindly shields to our sorrow, had they not run megalomaniac? Here was a fact overpowering as an Alp, but not formed by any astounding convulsion of nature, merely built by men, brick by brick, brick

by brick, brick by brick; deliberately, patiently, and industriously produced. It was not the rectangular block which New York has contributed to the metropolitan existences of the world, for it had conformed to the shape of the ground on which it was built; but there its humanity ended. With a thousand eyes it gazed coldly out over the Park it hadn't time to swallow. It seemed ready to step forward and mow down Jack and his Beanstalk, overshadow Wendy and her tree-tops. It was too menacing, too grim, too smug, to be compared to Alice when she looked down on the trees and cried: "Curiouser and curiouser". Indeed, no one could look at it and think of Alice at all.

Old Grosvenor House was not very prepossessing, though slightly more comely than the very ugly Devonshire House. But it had that kind of deliberate lack of attractiveness which seems to have been sought for by English architecture at a certain period. People built houses like prisons, containing ballrooms more ornamental than the seventh heaven. Those houses had gardens, however, and in those gardens were trees which it had taken more than one century to produce, and which no future century can reproduce.

A few years ago there was a great outcry about new Regent Street, but Park Lane seems to have been allowed to metamorphose itself with hardly a protest, and hardly a wreath of farewell. In its usual haphazard way London has managed to lick Regent Street into shape, if not beauty. The notion of uniformity seems to be quite outside the idea of the Londoner. He goes to Paris and admires it very much, but if anybody suggested to him to Haussmannize London he would probably resent the proposition with native energy. He is, indeed, like Amelia Sedley's Captain Dobbin, rather slow, not outstandingly intelligent, very faithful, and very, very loth to change where his affections are given. Hence he is the despair of architects and town-planners, and the London which clothes him is like the woman whose homely face only shows its quiet beauties as you get to know her and love her, rather than the handsome hussy or ravishing beauty who commands passion at sight.

The eighteenth and early nineteenth century squares of London will soon be dependent only on their trees for their

special character. In Golden Square there are not more than three houses in which Ralph Nickleby could have lived. The south side of Berkeley Square is unrecognizable. Portman Square is one-third occupied by coldly handsome blocks of flats. The finger of change has touched Grosvenor Square, where one of the "eligible mansions" has given way to a group block of flats which has a distinct interest. For one thing, it is in the William and Mary style, considerably more decorative than the Georgian house it replaces; for another, the builders are so penetrated with the idea of the daring they have shown in laying hands on Grosvenor Square itself, that they have repelled all possibility of an accusation of vandalism by a board stating that :

Desirous of retaining the old traditions of Grosvenor Square, the owners of the building are willing to discuss tenancies at moderate rentals with persons of distinction and of approved status.

Surely the edifice must be called Kellynch Hall?

At any rate, each flat is intended for full occupation. They are not of the enormous brood of service flats which have sprung up all over London since the war. If there is one tradition stronger than another in English life it is that of hospitality, and of family life centring round what used to be called "the mahogany". The service flats hardly hold with that tradition at all. They are due partly to the numbers of women who work and have little time for housekeeping, but also a great deal to laziness on the part of women wealthy enough to take this short cut through the Gordian knot of servant trouble. An English home without its individual kitchen strikes the returned wanderer as very strange. A natural correlative is the appearance all over London of great numbers of restaurants and the light-luncheon-tea-shop. Not even the prevalence of shops devoted to ready-made wearing apparel is more noticeable than the increasing proportion of service flats, and the accommodation for people who apparently mean more and more to eat meals prepared for them, either at home or abroad, by communal kitchens.

Not yet has commerce laid its hands upon Grosvenor Square, but the returned Londoner sees with a thrill, partly of horror, partly of interest, and possibly, if doubtfully, of approval, that there is a flower-shop in Park Lane, to be followed at once by a tobacconist's, and actually a butter-and-eggs shop in Berkeley

Square. In one respect, of course, the needs of the vile body have long been catered for in Berkeley Square, in the cake-shop; quite at the corner, almost out of the Square, it is true. But there is a respectably historical atmosphere about cake, what is known in France as *du plus pur dix-huitième*. It is associated with routs, with powder, with Bohea. It is a different matter to find butter and eggs well ensconced in face of the magnificent planes. Never mind—the haunted house still stands.

Naturally the war memorials are all new to the child of London who has not been able to come home for a long time, and even one who has been able to pay visits home only realizes after some period of months as a Londoner again, a repatriated Londoner, the special look they give to the town. One thing can be said of all of them—they are lacking in trimmings and fal-lals, and what one might call the frillier kind of heroism. There are on the Continent war memorials in which claptrap is carried to such a degree that it becomes almost awesome to the spectator. We run to masses of stone, and quiet bronze figures, for which we should be grateful. If in little country villages we are apt to be too fond of the obelisk, at least the motorist back from the Continent will be glad to be spared heroic symbolic figures of Patriotism receiving the souls of her dying children, of the country solacing her widows, of the soldier dying in agony alone on the battlefield, with his eyes fixed on a flag or an emblematic animal. We are not free of symbolism, of course, but we fear it; with some reason, as can be seen by those who pause before the heavy bronze monument to that loveliest and most delicate-looking of ladies, Queen Alexandra.

One cannot help wondering what Lord Macaulay would have imagined his New Zealander would think today. He would probably not stand on London Bridge, he could not stand on Waterloo Bridge, but he might stand on Lambeth Bridge. Macaulay would surely be too busy arranging his own sensations, if he saw London from that new point of vantage, to stop and consider what effect it might have on any Antipodean. Not only is London seen for the first time from this particular angle, but it is a totally new London which is thus seen. The great white masses of new office-buildings, although they are so much

taller than the old buildings around them, manage to give an overpowering sense of horizontality. It is curious, interesting, and far from uncomely. Their dazzling whiteness can, of course, be left to the climate for any necessary softening.

There is a fine view, but it suggests a danger, in the comparative dwarfing of St. Paul's. It is probably not beyond the powers of modern engineers to put the Cathedral on a kind of jack-arrangement, and screw it up and up as the surrounding buildings get higher and higher. One only wonders if they are capable of performing a similar operation on human opinion. Possibly; but are they not by any chance afraid of the ghost of Wren? There is in Antwerp an hotel thirteen storeys high, and from the top of it, so long ago as 1930, the exquisite slender spire of the Cathedral was seen to have lost its pre-eminence, to have lost its meaning, to have lost nearly every suggestion of other-worldliness, owing to the growth near it on the river-front of enormous blocks such as we have ourselves on our Embankment today.

However, St. Paul's can hold its own for some time yet, and probably all Londoners would put up with the present menace, so long as it went no further, if they could change it for an assurance that something as dignified as the Shell-Mex building would be arranged along the southern bank of the river. London is an unself-conscious city (and therein lies a good deal of her attraction), but even a virtue can be carried too far; the south bank between Battersea Bridge and London Bridge is sufficient proof.

A strange thing in London is her railway stations. The big ones are everything but comfortable and anything but beautiful; large, noisy, draughty sheds. The average big terminus is almost as much like a passage from Dante as ever it was, which is saying a good deal. But after all London's termini are palaces compared with some others to be found in these islands. (If there are more forbidding places on this earth than the stations of Crewe, Rugby, Bradford and Manchester, and many other places of the kind in England, it is to be hoped that the Travel Association will not mention them to incoming visitors!) Paris is so convinced of the importance of first impressions that, though she has closed down her Grande

Ceinture railway, she has kept open one small section of it on the western side of the metropolis, because of the little station just outside the Porte Dauphine. When distinguished guests come to the capital they are brought round from the main line to this little station, because thence the way into the centre of Paris lies up the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne (now the Avenue Foch) and down the Champs Elysées.

London has no such gay little station to act as it were as lady-in-waiting to her big ones.

But her small stations are almost delightful in their rusticity. They have not altered, they seem to glory in being behind the times. One might almost say between the times, for they do not seem to belong to any particular age. Most of them have been painted in a curious tone of chocolate, which is very difficult to define. The British Colour Council has recently published an enthralling dictionary and chart of standard colours. The tint of our rustico-metropolitan railway stations finds no place on that chart. It seems to have a sickly grey in it, and a rather raw kind of red also. These places scorn to follow the example of the omnibus company and truckle to the increasing softness of our race by excluding the climate. Not even in the open air can one get more thoroughly wet or chilled than on the platforms of these curious spots. It is to be noted that they are nearly always raised very high, enabling all the winds of heaven to roam at their pleasure along the platform, carrying the rainfall with them.

If one woke up in Waterloo Junction one might imagine oneself in some far-flung corner of the Empire. People hurry up from the depths on to the platform only just in time for their train, which is not to be wondered at; between trains the place is a desert, haunted by the sad thoughts of those who have just missed their train, and the terrible anxieties of those who are hurrying to catch one. But apart from its native ugliness, its utter lack of, or attempt at, decoration, the principal thing about this, after all, very important junction, is its look of being anything but metropolitan.

In some other cases this has been carried to the point of actual provincialism. The embankment of the railways has caused these stations to be placed high, and one can in some cases suppose

that the local inhabitants, especially in low-lying populous districts, might go up on to the railway station for a breath of air and a glimpse at a further horizon than is allowed to them by their narrow street. Moreover, between trains there is quietude, a lack of hurry, a lack of crowds, even a lack of noise. The thunder of the traffic comes up deadened by the distance provided by those terrible staircases, and on a summer evening one can pass worse moments than on these elevated boardwalks. Some have strips of garden; nearly all command a view of sunset.

London traffic has to its own account a literature which would fill a small Bodleian. Decidedly the returned Londoner feels inclined to add to this literature. Except on one or two of the lines of omnibuses (and it is to be noted that these one or two are the least attractive lines) he will not be able to see his city from the top of his omnibus. At least, not in the sense in which he used to do so. Closed in by glass, in obedience to the social movement which has rid most of our population of most of its underclothing and rendered it all the more susceptible to weather, these vehicles have the disadvantage that they have to be lighted at night on the upper floor, apparently to allow their customers to read all the sooner that there is little hope for England now, that "England has collapsed"—on the cricket-pitch—that there has been a horrible murder in the East End (or more likely in the West End), or some such item as that Tigers, or Rovers, or Pirates have smashed Arsenal or been conquered by it. These covered omnibuses are a real trial to the returned Londoner, who used to ride like a Roman Emperor through his city, raised above the turmoil, able to see everything, and making no more of the climate's asperities than could be met with by the waterproof apron kindly provided by the omnibus company and an umbrella kindly carried by himself. In those days one did not have to consider whether one was sitting on the forward or the backward seats before one decided to smoke, and engaged couples were able to enjoy a semi-privacy which, without flouting Mrs. Grundy, kept her in her place.

At Piccadilly Circus one does not really mind being bereft of the view at night. Indeed, in spite of the tall lamps installed a couple of years ago, and said to produce an effect of daylight, it is almost impossible to see Piccadilly Circus; one can only

see the announcement that somebody's port and so-and-so's beer should be acquired by us on our next shopping expedition, or our next pub-crawl, as the case may be. Oxford Street has also fallen a victim to neon. The only thing one can do is to put on smoked glasses; and then indeed, looking round, one might perhaps imagine oneself in Aladdin's orchard, on the trees of which hung jewels instead of fruit.

The recent provision of five-barred gates, which the pedestrian can leap between pavement and island, is a measure of the complication which has overtaken the traffic. It is said that ants are too small to see the foot which treads on them, or to conceive of the being owning the foot. The London pedestrian is now caught between extremes. He can be run over, and even killed, by a car so small that he never saw it coming, or crushed by a coach so large that he thought it was the house at the corner. In his last conscious moments he may be able to register surprise that only about twenty-five heads appeared at the windows of Leviathan, whilst three or four quite long, thin young people emerged from the small car on which he nearly trod, before it killed him.

If the change and the lack of change in London are equally surprising the same thing may be said of manners and of customs. It used to be said by the English Colony in Paris that many of them had not cared to come and live at home because of the social restrictions. That one was so much freer in Paris. That one could go out dressed as one liked, and nobody would take any notice, but that in London this was impossible. This is no longer the case. People nowadays do pretty much as they like, and if they do not actually wear sun-bathing costumes in Grosvenor Square, neither do they wear the uniform of city life on penalty of losing their job. In the heart of the residential West End one can see on any summer evening young couples promenading, the boys in light flannels, open-necked shirts and no hat, and the girls in summer frocks, often with no hat, sometimes with no stockings. It is difficult not to like seeing them, they seem so unself-conscious, and they are certainly good to look at. They give an almost homely air to a town street at the end of its exhausting day of traffic.

There has been a great loosening up of formal tradition. 1;

began after the war ; then the crisis came, when we all got poor together, and did not mind saying so. That had a very genial effect on our customs. It made the formal dinner-party a rarity, and a picnic-supper a commonplace. The dinner-gong was heard at all sorts of unusual hours, until it finally died away and is hardly heard at all. People come to meals without it, because there is no one to beat it. The result has been a rather happy one. Not only is the picnic-supper greatly enjoyed by the people who used to be formal, but, on the other hand, the formal dinner-party is greatly enjoyed by people who always hated formality. It ranks among entertainments as generals or admirals rank among ordinary folk. It is a change from the hasty acceptance of a telephoned invitation for the same evening. It brings back into the fold for a few hours the generation which has rather gone native, and restores it to the world of elders who dress for dinner as punctiliously in Eaton Terrace or at the Grange as if their houses were lonely camps in the jungle ; and indeed sometimes they seem so to their owners.

How else could it seem to them ? Butlers have become charwomen in the home and a joke on the screen ; grand-daughters of impeccable morals behave as though they had none at all—and no stockings either. Blocks of flats arise where mansions stood, and house-agents advertise in the newspapers as the possessors of “ still a few ” of them ; from the windows of those already let float broadcasted the seasick glissades of the crooners, who never attack a note direct ; not to have the telephone is unthinkable ; every new building is in white layers, like a bride-cake without the decoration ; cigarettes turn to dust and ashes everywhere ; voices are loud, doors are slammed, and through the streets flows a traffic of vehicles and people which would have seemed, in a prophetic dream twenty years ago, positively Wellsian in its unlikelihood.

Yet the London to which one returns today is a friendlier place than the London of twenty years ago. More of its life is lived outside its solid brick walls and is visible to the eye, even to the stranger and the foreigner. It is less enclosed, and therefore less formidable. If it has lost some of its decorous, unexcited calm, it has gained a vivacity which has nothing hostile nor heartless in it.

DICKENS AND *THE MORNING CHRONICLE*

Some Hitherto Unpublished Letters

BY WALTER DEXTER

EDITOR OF *The Dickensian*

SINCE Forster wrote his monumental *Life of Dickens* many additions have been made to our knowledge of the early days of the great writer. Forster did not know Dickens before *Pickwick* had made his name a household word, and in writing the life of his friend he had to rely on others for much of the information of the obscure days of Dickens's apprenticeship to the calling of novelist.

Forster confused *The True Sun* with *The Morning Chronicle* when referring to a strike of reporters, as the letters to Thomas Beard * show, and apart from the letter to Hogarth, printed in the *Letters of Charles Dickens*, 1882, in which he asked for increased salary for writing *Sketches by Boz*, we have little knowledge of Dickens's actual dealings with the proprietor of the paper in which the *Sketches* first saw light.

Dickens joined the staff of *The Morning Chronicle* just one hundred years ago. His own account of his association with the paper is contained in a letter to Wilkie Collins in 1856. “ When *The Morning Chronicle* was purchased by Sir John Easthope and acquired a large circulation ”, he wrote, “ I was engaged there, and I remained there until I had begun to publish *Pickwick*, when I found myself in a condition to relinquish that part of my labours. I left the reputation behind me of being the best and most rapid reporter ever known ; and I could do anything in that way under any sort of circumstances, and often did. (I daresay I am at this present writing the best

* Dickens to his Oldest Friend. *Putnams*. 1932.

shorthand writer in the world.) My faculty for descriptive writing was seized upon the moment I joined *The Morning Chronicle*, and I was liberally paid there and handsomely acknowledged."

He had said pretty much the same of himself eighteen years previously in writing to a Dr. Kuenzel, who was preparing a biography of him for the German public. He refers to "... *the Morning Chronicle*, where I remained until the four or five first numbers of *Pickwick Papers* had appeared, and in the columns of which journal most of my shorter sketches were originally published. Some few appeared in the old *Monthly Magazine*. I may tell you that I was considered very remarkable at the *Chronicle*, for an extraordinary facility in writing and so forth—that I was very liberally paid during my whole connection with the paper, and that when I quitted it, *Pickwick* was rapidly approaching the zenith of its fame and popularity."

Now there are some statements in these letters which do not quite tally with the facts. There are other letters of Dickens which put a somewhat different construction on this period of his life. These are either unpublished, or have been published in such obscure places and at such odd times as to have escaped the notice of his later biographers. It is with these letters that I shall presently deal.

The references in these letters to liberal payment, and handsome acknowledgment, strike one as odd in view of subsequent letters which I shall quote. Meanwhile, let us look at his financial position. His salary was five guineas a week at first; this was increased by two guineas the following January in consideration of his special contributions, "Sketches of London." He had already commenced writing stories under the signature of Boz, in the *Monthly Magazine*, before joining *The Morning Chronicle*. For these he did not receive any payment.

Dickens's value as a descriptive writer was not long in being recognized by the *Chronicle*. Charles Mackay tells us that during the time when Parliament was not in session it was part of his (Mackay's) duty to confer with Mr. Hogarth and Mr. Black upon how best to utilize the services of the parliamentary reporters in the general work of the paper—such as attendance at public meetings, reviews of books, or notices of new plays.

"Mr. Black desired to spare Mr. Dickens as much as possible from all work of this kind", says Mackay, having the highest opinion of his original genius, and a consequent dislike to employing him on what he considered the very inferior work of criticism. "Any fool", he said, in his usual broad Scotch, "can pass judgment, more or less just or unjust, on a book or a play—but 'Boz' can do better things; he can create works for other people to criticise. Besides, he has never been a great reader of books or plays, and knows but little of them, but has spent his time in studying life. Keep 'Boz' in reserve for great occasions. He will aye be ready for them."

The Sketches contributed by Dickens during 1834 and 1835 were published in two volumes by Macrone early in 1836, and about a month later the first monthly part of *The Pickwick Papers* made its appearance.

Within six months the circulation of *Pickwick* increased to such an extent that Dickens seriously considered resigning from his journalistic engagement and adopting story writing as a profession. His final determination was made when Bentley the publisher invited him to become the editor of a new monthly publication, *Bentley's Miscellany*, at a liberal remuneration, which would leave him time to complete the other novels he had already agreed to write for Macrone and Chapman and Hall.

Accordingly, on November 5th, 1836, he sent in his resignation and addressed John Easthope as follows:

15 FURNIVALS INN.

Saturday, November 5th.

MY DEAR SIR,

In inclosing to you the accompanying Letter to the Proprietors of *The Morning Chronicle*, I am anxious to express to you personally my warmest and most sincere thanks for all the courtesies and kindnesses I have received at your hands. Although I exchange for a less burdensome and more profitable employment, I can assure you that I feel great regret in leaving an Establishment where I have uniformly discharged my duties with so much pleasure to myself, and I hope I may add, with so much satisfaction to my Employers.

Notwithstanding that my time will not be very much occupied immediately, I have deemed it right to beg you to accept my notice from to-day. I only concluded my other arrangement this morning, or I should have given it before.

The additional Salary, if you please, will now cease. Between this time, and the period at which my notice will expire, I shall take care to

make the number of sketches bear the proper proportion to the amount I have received. I should be happy to speak to you further on this subject, if you will have the goodness to write me word, when I may hope to see you at the office.

I am,
Dear Sir,
Most faithfully Yours,
CHARLES DICKENS.

John Easthope, Esqre.

The notice expired on Saturday, November 12th, and Dickens left the newspaper office : but he appears to have been offended at the little notice which had been taken of his disappearance from the staff, and apparently resented the want of appreciation of the proprietors of *The Morning Chronicle*, judging from the letter he wrote to Easthope a week later :

15 FURNIVALS INN.
Friday Morning
(November 19th, 1836).

DEAR SIR,

If you imagine that I was guilty of the least intentional disrespect in not returning to the office the other day, you do me the greatest injustice. Having left Mrs. Dickens in a shop near by ; and having consumed in waiting at the office and going to Cecil Street, a much longer time than I supposed I should have been absent, I did not choose to leave her any longer in a strange place ; knowing as I did how very easily I could account for my not returning (if you had thought anything of it at all, which I considered highly improbable) when I did see you. I have not called since, because I have been very ill, and have not left the house for several days, and have since been obliged to devote my whole time, morning and night, to recovering the ground I had lost by indisposition.

You will permit me to assure you, very respectfully that you are greatly mistaken in imagining that I had *forgotten* that I was to supply a Sketch *weekly*. I merely pursued the same course as I adopted when I wrote the Sketches before. We had the same agreement then, but I wrote sometimes two in one week, sometimes none, as suited my convenience, and that of the paper. The very circumstance of the revising Barristers' Courts being open at the time, assured me that the Chronicle would sustain no injury by my doing so. Its columns must have been pretty full, for on one occasion, a Sketch was lying at the office, I think three days before it was wanted. I have only to add that I shall return the six guineas with the utmost pleasure, and that I wish I could return at the same time every additional sixpence beyond my regular Salary as a reporter that I have received from the Establishment, although I have rendered in return for it, the money's worth.

I should have been well content to have left ; and to have considered the constrained and abrupt terms of your former letter, as one of those matters of course which so often pass between master and servant, when

the servant gives his month's warning, and takes his services elsewhere. But I will say now, in the same frankness and honesty with which you express your feelings to me, that I *did* expect on leaving, to receive some slight written acknowledgment from the Proprietors of *The Morning Chronicle* of the sense they entertained of the services I had performed. I may say now, that on many occasions at a sacrifice of health, rest, and personal comfort, I have again and again, on important expresses in my zeal for the interests of the paper, done what was always before considered impossible, and what in all probability will never be accomplished again. During the whole period of my engagement, wherever there was difficult and harassing duty to be performed—travelling at a few hours' notice hundreds of miles in the depth of winter—leaving hot and crowded rooms to write, the night through, in a close, damp chaise—tearing along, and writing, the most important speeches, under every possible circumstance of disadvantage and difficulty—for that duty I have been selected. And I did not think when I made great efforts to perform it, and to eclipse (as I have done, again and again) other papers with double the means, that my reward at last would be a regret that I had ever enjoyed a few weeks' rest, and a fear lest at the close of two years, I should have received six pounds six too much ! I have, however, the satisfaction of knowing that there is not another newspaper office in London where these services have not been watched and appreciated—that there is not one of my colleagues who will not cheerfully bear testimony to them—and with the respect and esteem of both Editors and reporters, I am happy to say that I can afford to part with the thanks of the Proprietors, although I feel much hurt, and much surprised at the conduct they think proper to pursue towards me.

Depend upon it, Sir, that if you would stimulate those about you to any exertions beyond their ordinary routine of duty, and gather round you competent successors of the young men whom you will constantly find quitting a most arduous and thankless profession, as other prospects dawn upon them, this is not the way to do it.

I am,
Dear Sir,
Faithfully Yours,
CHARLES DICKENS.

John Easthope, Esqre.

Not unnaturally, Easthope resented the tone adopted by his former employee ; perhaps he remembered the part young Dickens had taken in the strike earlier in the year, and all the *Pickwicks* in the world were powerless to remove the sting of this parting shot of one who, in his opinion, was suffering from a swollen head.

The rough draft of his reply runs as follows—it is unfinished, and the second paragraph is crossed out :

M. C. OFFICE.

Friday, November 19th.

DEAR SIR,

I will only say that I am sorry to have received such a letter from you as that which I have just had—I regret to hear that you are ill, and I cannot help thinking that it is to that Cause I may attribute your Irritation.

I have no copy of my note, but so far as I can rem^r its contents I am not aware of anything contained in it calculated . . .

It is evident that no further resentment was expressed by Easthope, for the following notice of Dickens's connection with *Bentley's Miscellany* appeared in the issue of that paper for January 4th, 1837:

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.—This is the right sort of companion for old January. It is full of fun and revelry, and its merry humour sets the blood spinning with healthy alertness that defies even the present stubborn cold weather. And no wonder, when we think of the club of choice spirits who, to use the old tobacconist's legend "Are united in one cause." "Boz" is the President; and seated around the table, we find Theodore Hook, Fenimore Cooper (author of "The Pilot"), Father Prout, Doctor Maginn, Samuel Lover, Haynes Bayly, and the celebrated authors of "Headlong Hall", "Stories of Waterloo", "Ratlin the Reefer", "Hajji Baba", etc. These are the men to make a "Miscellany" worthy of the best days of glorious John Dryden, and his publisher honest old Jacob Tonson."

This notice was, it appears, due to the good offices of Dickens's friend J. P. Collier; but Dickens could not be persuaded to write Easthope a line of thanks. The "ungratefulness of young Dickens" had no doubt been noised round the office by the chief proprietor, causing Collier to send a private line to Dickens, which produced the following letter in reply. It is undated, and was probably written in January 1837:

FURNIVALS INN.

Friday Morning.

MY DEAR COLLIER,

I feel very much obliged to you for the trouble you have taken in my behalf. Nobody, I assure you, is more sincerely desirous to stand well with every one than I am; but I cannot write to thank Mr. Easthope for the notice, since I cannot retract one syllable of the letter of which he complains. It is odd that, in the correspondence which passed between us, he complains before this letter was written or thought of; the real and only ground of complaint seeming to be, that I should ever have contemplated the possibility of having anything better to do than reporting for the *Chronicle*.

At some pecuniary loss I gave my notice a long time before I need have done so. I knew that I could by no possibility, have anything to do for some time to come; but I was unwilling to take advantage of the system the proprietors had established, and so gave my notice at once. I acted with great fairness by them, and have nothing to atone or explain.

I am very anxious that you should now see the letter Mr. Easthope complains of, and the epistle which produced it. I am chained to Mr. Pickwick just now and cannot get away; but on Tuesday morning I hope to be at liberty, and shall take the chance of finding you at home.

I may add that, in writing you about the *Miscellany*, I had not the most distant intention or idea of asking for any notice out of the ordinary course—much less had I any notion of asking a favour at Mr. Easthope's hands, knowing the difficulty of having any notice in the paper, when half-a-dozen proprietors and agents are pulling different ways, each for himself. I appealed to your kindness and friendship to me to see they did not neglect what, after all, I am strongly disposed to think they would have done with the first number of a new periodical of Bentley's, had Powell himself been the editor.

Believe me, my dear Collier,

Most faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

We can see here the great antagonism which existed between the proprietor and his late servant; the former recognizing in Dickens a very capable descriptive writer, of undoubted value to his paper, but never thinking of any other life for him than that of a newspaper man; and Dickens, full of the fire of genius, anxious to break the chains that bound him to that dull routine of the newspaper world, and to seek fame in the realm of imaginative literature.

How it must have rankled in him, that Easthope should never have regarded him as being suitable for anything better than newspaper reporting!

A few years—less than eight—were to witness a wonderful change in the situation. Easthope had become Sir John; the greybeards of Edinburgh and the youth of Boston and New York had acclaimed Dickens as a genius. *Oliver Twist*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, *The Old Curiosity Shop*, *Barnaby Rudge*, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, and *A Christmas Carol* had set the seal on his fame. The knight, his lady, and his sister, had dined at his table prior to his departure for Italy; and it was perhaps then that the proprietor of *The Morning Chronicle* suggested to the famous author that he might possibly care to contribute once again to

his old paper some letters descriptive of his coming travels. Then thoughts of the past arose in Dickens's mind ; he had no liking for a renewal of business transactions with Easthope ; he would hate to find himself bargaining with him. He may have recalled the knight's earlier opinion of his capabilities and translated them into what Sir John might consider their sterling equivalent. But nevertheless Dickens could not resist the compliment. Yes, he would write something from time to time for his old paper, and leave it to Easthope to fix the proper value to his work ; and the shame be his if he fixed it too low !

Such was the decision communicated to his friend Mitton in a letter from Devonshire Terrace, on Sunday, March 10th, 1844 :

MY DEAR MITTON,

Easthope is such a damned screw, and it is so impossible to fix him to anything, that I thought it best not to dally but to do something, for the good men of the past, if they heard (which they would be sure to do from him), might think I had rather forgotten Fred's quick appointment and rapid removal. I was standing out on a question of finances. So I said to Doyle "I won't make any bargain with him at all, or haggle like a peddler, but I'll write him a leader now and then and leave him in June to send me a cheque for the whole. He shall set his own value on them ; and if he sets too little, the shame is his, and not mine." He would pay *Anything*, he says, for letters from Italy, but that wouldn't do. I have no doubt he would pay twenty guineas a week. But it wouldn't do.

I send you a paper with my first article in it, the second leader. When you have read it send it me back, as I have no other.

The "leader" referred to was in *The Morning Chronicle* of the previous day, and as it is the only contribution of this nature which can be traced, it is highly probable that the value of Dickens's services did not receive a proper assessment at the hands of his old employer.

The two letters to John Easthope, now published for the first time, were placed at my disposal by Count de Suzannet, to whom my thanks are due.

"SOMEWHERE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN"

BY SIR HARRY LUKE, C.M.G.

TO those whose fate it was to be cast on to its shores or to find occupation and accommodation in its harbours, Lemnos first presented itself, in the early days of 1915, under the modest anonymity of "somewhere in the Mediterranean". In the hope, cherished but faintly yet at times actually realized, that our letters would be able to pierce the veil thus suspended between our correspondents and ourselves, we gave this mystic formula as our postal address ; but when, a little later, the veil was lifted and that "somewhere" was localized at Mudros, I do not think that our friends and relatives were very much wiser than they had been before. Until the Dardanelles expedition brought the island of Lemnos and its remarkable bay of Mudros into a new prominence, it must be admitted that neither the whole nor the part had figured conspicuously in the eye of the modern world. Boasting no visible remains of Hellenic antiquity and of an unspeakable monotony of treeless scene, Lemnos had attracted neither the archæologist nor the tourist. Few, it is safe to say, besides students of Ægean civilization possessed any knowledge or retained any recollection of its picturesque mythology, of its not unimportant contributions to classical anthropology. That this volcanic isle was sacred to Hephæstus, who,

"flung by angry Jove
Sheer o'er the crystal battlements of heaven,"

fell upon its rugged crags ; that once the Lemnian women, disdainful of Aphrodite, were afflicted by the angry goddess with an evil savour and, having thereby lost the love of their husbands, murdered these and all the other males of the island in revenge for their neglect ; that Jason and his Argonauts then paused here on their way and replenished the island's stock of children ; that these stories formed the subject of one of the hundred

lost dramas of Sophocles; that here was produced in remote antiquity and has never ceased to be produced the world's most celebrated medicinal earth, the *terra Lemnia* or *sigillata*; these things were caviare to the general. Not long ago a striking Academy picture entitled, if I recollect aright, "The Lemnians", drew public attention to "the Lemnian race of husband-slaying wives"; but this was since the war. At the time of which I write Lemnos was still plunged in oblivion; while those immediately concerned regarded "somewhere in the Mediterranean" as a distinct euphemism for the bleakest, ugliest, most un-Mediterranean-looking island they had ever seen or imagined.

It was to this dreary and uninviting spot, more suggestive of the Hebrides or the Falklands than of the Isles of Greece, that I proceeded, in February 1915, to join the Staff of Admiral of the Fleet Lord Wester Wemyss, then Rear-Admiral Rosslyn Wemyss. The Admiral had arrived there three days previously, invested with the twofold functions of Senior Naval Officer, Mudros, and Governor of Lemnos; and he has chronicled, in his book *The Navy in the Dardanelles Campaign*, his astonishment in finding that the island he had been sent out to govern belonged to somebody else. Taken by Greece from Turkey in October 1912, during the first Balkan War but of a national status that had evidently failed to secure much publicity, Lemnos already boasted, we were soon to discover, not one but three Governors, who represented, in different capacities, the island's lawful owners. In Kastro, the capital, a pretty little town on the eastern shore, looking across fifty miles of sea to the noble peak of Athos, a Civil Commissioner and a Military Commandant exercised authority in their several spheres; in Mudros was the senior of the three, the *Frère aîné de la Trinité*, if I may use a jest well worn in another connexion, in the person of a Greek Paymaster-Commander. This naval officer, who was to prove to us, in circumstances that must often have tried his *amour propre*, an understanding helper and a loyal friend, bore the title of *Διοικητὴς ἀμύνης Λήμνου*, "Commissioner of the Defence of Lemnos", and was the ultimate depository of Greek sovereignty in the island. In the presence of such a plethora of legitimate authorities the arrival of yet another Governor—of

one, moreover, who represented a Power with no legal *locus standi* in the place—might have appeared in theory to be somewhat of an anomaly. In practice it proved all-essential to the security of the Allied base, which was now rapidly growing in and around Mudros in preparation for the combined operations against the Gallipoli Peninsula. With no sovereign rights upon which to rest his authority, with no defined limits to his territorial jurisdiction, the Admiral proceeded to set up on behalf of the Allies an Administration which for utter lack of those constitutional foundations usually considered necessary to a Government, combined with a degree of paternal despotism marvellous to look back upon in these days of a drab return to ordinary law, was, I venture to think, unique. The executive officers of this remarkable organization were two, namely, Admiral Wemyss as Governor with myself as "Government Secretary", a designation improvised *ad hoc* under which I implemented his instructions and administered, under his orders, our little *imperium in imperio*.

My machinery for this purpose, so far as the routine of government was concerned, was neither complicated nor costly. It consisted of two civilian Cypriote clerks and two printers with a modicum of English and Greek type, all lent by the Government of Cyprus. Somewhat later I took unto myself an assistant with the duty of watching the Kastro end of the Island; but the real power behind our rather sketchy throne consisted, of course, of the Allied armed forces, who ensured, when necessary, the execution of orders and provided the requisite cordons and guards.

Fortunately we were unhampered in our task by any instructions from home and could take such dispositions as seemed necessary with complete freedom of action. We did not attempt to interfere in any way with the normal Greek administration, either fiscal, judicial or municipal. We imposed no taxes, we heard no suits, we insisted upon the Mayors and village headmen fulfilling their proper functions. We sought only to make Lemnos safe for the Allies and, when we legislated, which we did pretty drastically (by a sort of ukase which we euphemistically termed a "Government Notice", promulgated in poster form in English and Greek), our legislation envisaged

exclusively the security of the Allied Forces. We had to guard, in the words of Lord Wester Wemyss, against "spies, secret agents, mischievous neutrals, babblers and adventurers"; we had to establish a rigorous postal and telegraphic censorship; we had to prevent unscrupulous local profiteers from endangering the health of troops and convalescents with unscrupulous local liquor; we had to watch and control neutral shipping and to regulate the movements of the numerous local schooners (*caiques*); we had to conserve local food supplies; we had to assess compensation to the owners of the land converted into camps; we had to devise sanitary regulations in view of the unexpected presence of many thousands of sailors and soldiers in a thinly populated place of the most primitive resources. I had even to fix the charges at the popular natural hot springs at Thermæ, whose lessor had been extorting from unhappy officers and men, repairing thither for a Turkish bath, about eighty times the normal price.

Our principal difficulty lay in carrying out the first of these varied obligations in such a way as to reduce the loopholes for the infiltration of undesirables to a minimum. The establishment of the Allied base for the Dardanelles campaign, coupled with the presence of thousands of allied troops with money in their pockets, proved as irresistible to those anxious to acquire information as to those desirous of disposing of merchandise, two categories not infrequently merged into one. From Athens, from Volo, from Salonika, from Kavalla, from Dedeaghach, from Mytilene, from Crete, from Egypt, in short from every neutral port in the Levant there converged or endeavoured to converge upon Lemnos every sort of adventurer, filled, when his motives were not more sinister, with the true Levantine determination not to miss so golden an opportunity to get rich quick. At first these people were mostly of a harmless kind. I remember two gentle monks from Mount Athos who, during a brief and profitable plunge into the worldly life, peddled chocolate and Turkish delight to the Australians. But a more equivocal type of stranger soon followed in the wake of the humble hawker; for, although we could easily control arrivals at Mudros, we had not the same facilities at Kastro, which lay outside such nebulous jurisdiction as the Admiral possessed

in the eastern part of the Island. Luckily there is in the northern coast of Lemnos a deep indentation, corresponding with that made by Mudros Bay on the south, so that a narrow isthmus joins the eastern and western halves of the island. Across this isthmus we placed a cordon of troops, and no one was admitted through this cordon into the Mudros side without a pass signed by myself. Nor did by any means all the undesirables in the place come from outside: Lemnos, too, provided its quota, and that in no ungenerous measure. So by degrees there took place a combing out of the unwanted; and ultimately I had to devise a second type of pass, of a different colour, without which no Lemniote was entitled to reside in or enter the eastern half of the island. Hard on these there followed yet other forms of permits for other aspects of human activity, irksome, no doubt, to the unscrupulous and the disloyal sections of the population but quite indispensable to us. As for the inhabitants who behaved themselves, they reaped harvests of an undreamed-of richness in the rents we paid for their lands, and in the opportunities they found—and used—to sell their produce to the troops.

How, it will be asked, were these regulations enforced? What was the penalty for their non-observance? The answer is contained in two words of sinister import in those days to the evildoers of Lemnos: the words "concentration camp". The concentration camp was a piece of land on an eminence about a mile away from my office, enclosed in barbed wire. Its features were some tents just outside the wire for the guard and the cook, some tents inside it for the inmates, and an otherwise undisturbed view of the azure sky of heaven. The inmates were recruited (without difficulty) from those found transgressing the Government Notices aforesaid, after being sentenced by me to such terms of detention as the circumstances appeared to render appropriate. Every now and again, accompanied by a naval guard and a picket-boat of suitable capacity, I would pay surprise visits to villages along the shores of Mudros Bay, surround the villages while passes were examined, and dump those whose passes were obsolete, forged or non-existent into the picket-boat for conveyance to the camp. On one of these occasions I found in a village near one of the convalescent camps a man who had contrived, despite the vigilance of our

coastguard posts and torpedo-boat patrols, to land on an uninhabited part of the coast from Thasos or some such neighbouring island and had since been plying a thriving trade as a grocer and retail purveyor of indifferent Greek "cognac". I concluded that his trade was thriving because, when I caught him permitless, he went down on his knees and proceeded to count out 1,000-drachmæ notes from a bulging pocketbook, which he offered to me if I would allow him to remain where he was. In view of the time and the place—the time being one of a steady drop in the value of the drachma and the place a crowded village square of conspicuous publicity—I gave the lie to the dictum of the late Sir Robert Walpole. But I stopped the man after he had counted out the sixth thousand and had him hustled into the boat.

The method of emptying the camp was as direct as the method of filling it and was, I fear, equally arbitrary. With Lemniotes there was, of course, no difficulty; they walked quietly to their homes after purging their sentences. But as regards evacuating those detained for smuggling themselves into the Island without permission (with whom we did not want to be burdened longer than was necessary), the treatment was necessarily different. Now it constantly happened that coasting and tramp steamers found their way into Mudros harbour with papers subsequently found by our boarding officers to be at variance with the instructions laid down by the Allied Naval Command; in these cases permission to clear was refused pending full investigation. After the institution of the concentration camp I arranged with our port control authorities that in no case would these ships be allowed to proceed on their way without a certificate from me, which certificate I made conditional upon the masters of the ships undertaking to carry free of charge to any port they liked, provided that it was outside Lemnos and the area of operations, the strangers due to be discharged from the camp. At first one or two captains jibbed at this proposal, demanding to be paid by the British Government a fare of at least £4 per deportee; but, when they found their clearance papers hanging fire and their demurrage mounting up, they resigned themselves to the inevitable. It soon became known in Ægean shipping circles that vessels unlawfully entering Mudros ran that particular kind

of risk, and thereafter I had no more trouble in this respect.

One of my most difficult preoccupations was with the liquor question, to which I have already made allusion. There were in the island several small distilleries of inferior brandy and arrack; and it soon became abundantly clear that steps would have to be taken to check the indiscriminate sale of these products to the troops, especially to convalescents. In the first instance, but without much real hope of success, we tried moral suasion and suggestions of local option in the villages; the next stage was definite prohibition within a zone gradually increasing with the increase in the number of camps. That order being, as it was bound to be, constantly evaded by the profit-snatching Danæans, I had ultimately to resort to a frank confiscation of undeclared stocks of liquor in the prohibited zone, reinforced by the concentration camp for the delinquents. Being in no sense an advocate of the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, I grieve to think of the quantity of liquor I caused to be poured into the ground; but, if it made eastern Lemnos, in modern parlance, bone-dry, it safeguarded in an important respect the health of the troops. Incidentally it involved the Admiral and myself in serious differences with the Bishop of Lemnos, the ecclesiastical chief of the island.

The Bishop or, to give him his full title, His All Sacredness the Metropolitan of Lemnos and Hagios Eustratios (Hagios Eustratios, commonly known as Strati Island, being a dependency of Lemnos, lying about twenty-five miles to the south) was handsome, young as Bishops go and vigorous, a man of imposing presence, of unquenchable enterprise and of considerable force of character. He was essentially not a "religious bishop", using the phrase in the sense in which Italians sometimes speak of a "religious Pope". He had previously been Metropolitan of some see in Macedonia, where he had taken his full share in the special activities associated with that unrestful neighbourhood. He was what the Greeks call a *palikari*, that is to say, a blend of fighting-man, bully, dandy and sportsman (a blend not as uncommon among the Balkan episcopate as might be supposed); he was also what is known in Macedonia as a *komitaji*. For what he lacked in saintliness he made up in

virility ; and he took pride in the fact that in one of the innumerable *bagarres* which punctuate existence in Macedonia he had with his own hand despatched about a dozen Bulgars to what he was convinced was eternal perdition. After this episode he was transferred, as a measure for pacifying the countryside, to the more calming diocese of Lemnos, where we found him turning, as it were, a very real revolver into a metaphorical ploughshare.

But the Bishop, despite his fiery temperament, was not a Greek for nothing ; this fighting prelate was no stranger to the arts of trimming and of studying his own advantage. Lemnos having formed ecclesiastically, before its annexation by Greece, a part of the Patriarchate of Constantinople, there was now some doubt whether the see still owed allegiance to the Œcumenical Throne or had become, by virtue of the annexation, subject to the Holy Synod of Greece. Similarly, in his political convictions, the Bishop was as uncertain as he was in his spiritual allegiance. Oscillating between Constantine and Venizelos as the balance between the two protagonists of Greece swung this way or that, the holy man performed prodigies of virtuosity in the endeavour to preserve his own, complacent with us to a degree when things went well with the Allies and Venizelos's shares achieved a corresponding rise, exacting and obstructive when he thought that events were justifying the policy of King Constantine. But his greed proved his undoing. In October 1915, I had occasion to be absent from Lemnos for three weeks in Salonika and elsewhere. On my return I learned from the Admiral that there had been a recurrence of liquor trouble in the neighbourhood of the camps at "Mudros West". The next day I crossed the Bay to investigate matters on the spot, and the information I gleaned led me to search a small monastery just outside one of the camps. There, not altogether to my surprise, I found that an underground chamber adjoining the crypt of the monastic Church had been fitted up as a veritable gin-palace ; and it soon transpired that the man who had been financing this establishment—and drawing the profits—was none other than the Bishop. Lord Wester Wemyss has lifted the veil only partially on the painful scene which ensued a few days later in his cabin in the *Europa*, when the Bishop, robbed of this prey, was no longer

- ὁ ἅγιος but ὁ ἄγιος Λήμνου*. Not long afterwards this Father in God withdrew for a while to Athens to cool his heels on the mainland of Greece, after launching against the Admiral and myself every anathema in his well equipped spiritual arsenal.

As time wore on it was only in episodes such as these that relief could be obtained from the awful monotony of life in Lemnos. At the outset of the campaign, when everyone was full of hope and confidence and all was bustle and expansion and tremendous activity, Mudros was both lively and interesting. Its harbour was an impressive sight as it filled with hundreds of vessels of every description, ranging from Dreadnoughts to dredgers, from steam-yachts converted into hospital-ships to sturdy little Yarmouth trawlers. The most graceful, and perhaps the most incongruous craft in harbour was H.M.S. *Imogene*, well known in the spacious days before the war as the *stationnaire* of His Majesty's Ambassador to the Sublime Porte. This trim little yacht had been mobilized at the beginning of the Dardanelles expedition into Admiral Wemyss's flagship, which she continued to be until the staff and the work outgrew her and compelled expansion into the *Europa* ; and for some months her dainty cabins panelled in white and gold, her downy four-poster beds offered comfort as welcome as it had become unaccustomed to the members of the Admiral's staff to whom they were allotted. But oddly out of keeping as were these luxuries with their new surroundings, they had none the less to be preserved against the day (destined never to come) when the *Imogene* would revert to her original use, would again cruise peacefully up and down the Bosphorus and among the Princes' Islands in the Sea of Marmora. So the domestics of the yacht were retained and converted into naval ratings, and as such there now functioned George the Greek, Marko the Montenegrin, Paul the Persian and Tewfik the Turk. Tewfik the Turk was, to the best of my recollection, a Moslem Albanian, while Paul the Persian was a Nestorian Christian from Urumiah in Persian Azerbaijan. Subject to the above explanation these happy

* i.e. not the "Holy One of Lemnos" but the "wild man of Lemnos". Bishops of the Greek-speaking branches of the Orthodox Church are colloquially referred to, and addressed as, ὁ ἅγιος (holy), followed by the name of their see.

alliterations enshrined the genuine names and nationalities of the four men and were not, as one might be tempted to assume, the ingenious invention of some Embassy wag.

Every day Mudros's narrow streets were agog with British Imperial and Dominion troops, with Indians, Gurkhas, Maoris and the Zionist Mule Corps; with the French and their Foreign Legion, their Tirailleurs, Turcos, Spahis and Senegalese; with seamen from the Russian cruiser *Askold*, whose five funnels wonderfully impressed the inexpert; with Greek refugees from Asia Minor being drilled by the French into a "*Légion d'Orient*" and clothed in a blend of Zouave and Albanian dress. One day, as if in illustration of this cosmopolitan variety, I received at the "Restaurant de France", where I would sometimes lunch when too busy to return to the *Europa*, the following coins in change for a sovereign: English and Australian shillings, French and Greek silver, an Egyptian ten-piastre piece, a rouble, a lira of Pius IX, a Tunisian franc, a lev of Ferdinand of Bulgaria, a few Turkish *metaliks*, some thick copper obols of King Otho of Greece and a *soldo* of San Marino.

But, as stalemate developed on the Peninsula, Lemnos became appreciably duller and, after the evacuation, almost intolerable. My only distraction was now a weekly visit of inspection to Kastro; and the *bonne bouche* of this visit, in a very literal sense, was luncheon at an excellent little restaurant set up by a Kastriote who had been for years Lord Cromer's cook in Cairo. The isthmus cordon had also taken on with the times (spies being now no longer so interested in Lemnos) a more prosaic and material group of functions; it had become, amongst other things, a preventive service against the introduction of *hashish*. Men of the Egyptian Labour Corps, who had been imported to build roads and piers about Mudros, were beginning to create a lively demand for this article, which I now learned with surprise was manufactured in Greece. Flat, compressed, oblong packets with rounded corners, neatly stitched in canvas, were gradually finding their way from the Piræus to Kastro, where my vigilant assistant discovered that a service of market-women was being organized to smuggle them across to Mudros, concealed at the bottom of baskets of tangerines. I remember burning a large haul of these slabs behind my office, and my

disappointment at the holocaust giving off not the faintest aromatic smell.

Two short missions to Mount Athos also provided a welcome break. There was, indeed, talk early in 1916, in connexion with enemy submarine activities, of establishing an Allied post in the monastic Republic, and a friend of mine was selected to be "Resident and Senior Naval Officer, Mount Athos". I turned out for him in my printing-press a sheaf of proclamations, regulations and passes in English and Greek, while ingenious people in the *Ark Royal* designed a set of perfectly delightful postage stamps. In the event the project was abandoned (on account, I believe, of certain Russian objections), and the war was the poorer by what would have been a picturesque little episode. I have always regretted that those stamps with their English, Russian and Greek lettering and values in pence, kopecks and lepta, bearing the Byzantine double-headed eagle surmounted by a medallion of the Virgin and Child and surrounded with the words "Theocracy of Mt. Athos", never advanced beyond the state of proofs.

During the six months that I remained in Lemnos after the evacuation of the Peninsula (Admiral Christian having by then succeeded Admiral Wemyss) much of my time was taken up with the enlargement and putting into order of that part of Mudros "which is for ever England". After the first attack on the Narrows we had acquired for this purpose a field adjoining the Orthodox cemetery of the village; but many, alas, were the extensions that had subsequently to be made. Even here I was confronted with the characteristic rapacity of the Lemniotes, and one old peasant woman, whose small parcel of uncultivated ground it was necessary to include, it having been practically surrounded by successive extensions, held out for a fantastic price with a tenacity worthy of a better cause. When the Allied cemetery (for there are laid to rest there representatives of all the races I have quoted on a previous page, irrespective of colour or religion) was completed I left Lemnos without regrets, after a full year and a half of it; and, in common with the many thousands of others who were cast upon its shores during the campaign, I felt that I should not mind if I never saw it again.

A certain interest attaches to one of the Admiralty charts

of Lemnos on account of the names, seemingly innocent, which it allots to four eminences near Kombi Point on the western shore of Mudros Bay. The names are :

YAM HILL
YRROC HILL
EB HILL
DENMAD HILL

and their origin is as follows. Some years before the war one of His Majesty's ships commanded by a certain Corry was sent to Mudros for three weeks, but the stern and conscientious C.O., instead of letting his officers spend their time shooting red-legs, made them do surveying work ashore. They took their revenge by giving these hills names which, reversed, called down eternal punishment upon the unsuspecting Corry. As they seemed no more outlandish than any other names in those parts their significance was not spotted, so they found their way on to the chart, where they have remained ever since.

What Corry's officers in Mudros felt about Captain Corry, that is what I felt about Mudros.

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

VIOLENT and bloody deeds have a sinister fascination, but the first news of what happened at Marseilles brought back one ominous name to thousands of anxious minds : Sarajevo. It is not so grave as that. But the ruler who at that moment seemed most likely to consolidate security in Europe, and the statesman of whom the same might be said, were swept out of action in one swift killing. Nothing has ever so clearly proved that no life is safe at any moment against the man reckless of his own. In this case recklessness was pushed to the level of a Dyak running amok ; the killer, with blood in his eyes, even when his object was attained, went on killing. That kind of desperate resolution, like a weasel's, extorts a certain respect ; but the man he went out to kill had for six years, through three wars, given courage to people in years of defeat even more than in hours of victory. He had led to national status what, as this tragedy proves only too clearly, is not one nation yet. A national hero in times of discord is always by some part of his own people regarded as the arch enemy : Englishmen will not easily understand ; Irishmen will remember Michael Collins and Kevin O'Higgins.

M. Barthou, whose death was probably undesigned bounty to the forces of destruction, stood high in the counsels of Europe. He was one of those Frenchmen who bring into political life the most accomplished intellectual culture—like Clemenceau and like Poincaré, under both of whom he had served, and whose political tendencies he shared. England, however, had come to regard this attitude of France in foreign affairs with less hostility and with more comprehension. If M. Barthou could have brought about that better understanding between France and

Italy, based on a reconciliation between Italy and Yugoslavia, which was the ultimate purpose behind King Alexander's visit, England and Europe would have applauded him. It is possible that the reaction from this shock may dispose good Europeans in France, Italy, and the Balkans, since they cannot restore the dead, at least to see that the beneficent will of those who fell shall not be thwarted by a mad fanatic.

Events in Spain are distressing to all who love that country ; no nation anywhere endears itself more to those who visit it.

**Spain and
Russia**

Spaniards are liked and admired, because it seems (I speak, to my sorrow, without personal experience) a high tradition of courtesy is preserved there among gentle and simple. They are said to be deficient in education, but no one denies that they have dignity, a real self-respect, which can only come from inherited culture, worth more than the mere habit of using the written word. Such a people cannot be driven in herds, and that is why I doubt the truth of one observation credited to Lenin—that Spain was the European country most likely to follow Russia's example. Admitting that there were resemblances : a terrible gulf in the degree of wealth between the owners of property (often absentees) and the peasantry ; a clergy in the lower ranks ill-provided and ill-educated, in the higher ranks, too rich and too worldly ; a lack of contact with modern knowledge—still, such a people as is described to us by those who know them in Spain will think, and what matters more, will feel, and act on their feelings, as individuals. Submission was in the blood of Russians : Spain is only too full of local resistances. Lying where it does, beyond the barrier of the Pyrenees, beyond a solid France, its disturbances menace no neighbour nation, and it has no cause to fear attempts on it from outside. Yet if indeed the whole of Spain went Bolshevik, it would be a serious matter for all Europe to lie between two spheres of this infection ; and a new focus would radiate more activity than the original one.

But if, unfortunately, Spain seems unlikely to do anything harmoniously as a whole, it is fortunately unlikely to be swept by any mass movement. What threatens there is in part anti-clerical revolt, directed against any political grouping which

would restore the clergy to even part of the power which, under the monarchy, they exercised, especially in education. But it is more than that : it is the claim of doctrinaire republicanism to dictate to democracy : the claim which, when there was civil war in Ireland, Mr. de Valera put into a formula : " The people has no right to do wrong ! " A minority of orthodox " Republicans " arrogate to themselves the function of deciding how far the public at large may modify the application of full-blown, or in the modern phrase " hundred per cent." Republicanism. Democracy means that the people shall choose how it will be governed, and if Señor Lerroux decides that Catholics shall be called into the government of a country where Catholics are greatly more numerous than the rest, he certainly has a democratic right to do so ; and it seems that the army stands solidly for this right against those who work with guns and bombs to deny it. Russia's example has gone far to persuade all self-righteous minorities that they can establish themselves and their principles in power by sufficient ruthlessness. Every defeat inflicted on this belief and those who put it into practice is a step towards peace—and liberty.

It is sometimes good to listen back and hear the commentary on life which rose to men's lips a considerable time ago. In 1760, Goldsmith had begun to publish his *The Guardians of Liberty* *Citizen of the World*, and very early in the series his imaginary Chinese observer has these remarks upon the English :

" Pride seems the source not only of their national vices, but of their national virtues also. An Englishman is taught to love the King as his friend, but to acknowledge no other master than the laws which himself has contributed to enact."

This pride, it seemed to Goldsmith, was to be found in strange quarters. He pictures outside a debtors' prison one of the debtors conversing through bars with a porter and a soldier, and expressing the greatest of his apprehensions : " If the French should conquer, what would become of English liberty ? My dear friends, liberty is the Englishman's prerogative." Since those days that prerogative has been in theory extended over all Europe, under the name of democracy, but in fact, as we all know,

has been abolished over a formidable portion of its territory, and is threatened over the remainder. Not from the outside: France is no more going to take away England's liberty than England France's. On the contrary, the world has so evolved that these ancient opposites are now united in a common guardianship of freedom. Not indeed by their armed power; a sense of international principle—which has been part of the same evolution—will not permit outside states to protect liberty against attacks from within. Austria, had Austria been left a fair field, might have gone Nazi without danger of intervention. External power has been invoked and displayed there to secure to a small nation its freedom of choice; and both France and England are committed to do as much again if need should recur. For individual liberty outside their own boundaries they accept no such trust. Yet by example they are its main upholders. For, although in Switzerland, Scandinavia, Holland, Belgium, and Czechoslovakia, men retain that personal freedom of which England in Goldsmith's day was regarded as the special home, it simply could not survive anywhere in Europe if France and England yielded to a double movement which is at work in both.

That is why one watches with almost painful interest the mustering and review of forces before the opening of a new parliamentary campaign. In both countries the **"Nothing Happens in England"** real issue is to know whether in future there shall be any parliamentary campaigns. No doubt in England this question is not of today or to-morrow. I have always accepted the philosophy of an answer given by that very able Jew, Sidney Low—"What is going to happen in England?—What always happens in England. 'Nothing.' That is the strength of England." He said that some thirty years ago, and in a very different world, yet I see no reason to believe that he would change his opinion now. If indeed the Fascist movement in England required to be taken seriously, Communism, or at least Left Wing Socialism, would have its chance. Sir Oswald Mosley's experiment in Hyde Park demonstrated that the Black Shirt business was little more than a dilettante masquerade, like the old "White Rose" assemblages, while the opposition to it ran like a swirling tide. But Communists will

make the most of the Fascist bogey as a stimulant for their own propaganda; it is easier to move when you have something challenging to move against—especially if it is not too formidable.

Proceedings at the National Labour Party's Conference were, on the surface, reassuring. The Left Wing's motions were voted down by overpowering majorities of steady-going trade unionists. Mr. Lees-Smith pointed out the danger that voters with savings would resist the idea of confiscation. But there is truth in Sir Stafford Cripps's argument that drastic taxation of capital values, which the official Labour Party contemplates, is very much the same as naked confiscation. In fact, however, so long as the solid trade unionist wing dominates, liberty is not seriously threatened. But I remember how easily the old-fashioned Nationalists of Redmond's following were able to swamp their Left Wing until unforeseen convulsions coming from the outer world gave Sinn Féin its chance. Even without the European War, civil war, threatened from Ulster, might have developed the same result. It is never easy to decide effectively that you will have so much revolution and no more. Labour politicians admittedly aim at far-reaching changes, and change in some measure is the condition of growth, that is, of life. But the rate and the nature of change in a free society will be decided by those who control the brakes. Too much brake means a skid and a crash. That is why some symptoms at the National Conservative gathering are disquieting. A great many Conservatives would prefer to see a purely conservative administration—by which they seem to mean a return to the policy of the Manchester Liberal School tempered by so much Protection as is useful for business interests. One significant vote practically condemned the action of the Ministry of Health by demanding that "an equitable basis of compensation should be secured for dispossessed owners of property which had been maintained in a habitable state of repair". Sir Hilton Young, in replying, said that "when a house was unfit for habitation, it was not entitled to compensation". He was at once challenged; "Why?" and the vote indicated that Conservatives at large were not prepared to accept the decision of Socialist municipalities as to what was unfit, even when the Ministry

confirmed it. Here Socialist propaganda gets an excellent chance to represent conservatism as championing owners of undesirable slums.

The other resolution critical of the Government sought to pin Conservatism to a declaration of policy on India without waiting for the Joint Committee's report. No member of the Government spoke; the case for waiting till the body entrusted to hear evidence should have pronounced was put by leaders of the rank and file. 1,063 votes were cast and the resolution was defeated by just 23. Plainly enough there was need for an assertion of authority, and Mr. Baldwin, never at his best till he has his back against the wall, gave it: "I am at present the leader of the party, and as long as I lead, I am going to lead it." He got a ringing answer: all men, but more especially Englishmen, like courage. Then he went on to one of those observations by which he affects the public mind. There is restlessness, widespread, he said: but it must not be taken as simply the revolt of the "have-nots" against the "haves". It is restlessness under the invasion of man's sphere by the machine. There must be reorganization of society to utilize the leisure which machinery has not only created, but imposed. Less necessary work to be done by men and women means more leisure.

Those who wish to see a break-up of the existing order will regard enforced and miserable leisure—the leisure of the unemployed to-day—as a useful disintegrant. The prime object with Conservatives should be to ensure that since this leisure must exist, it shall not be miserable nor destructive. They stand for maintaining the English tradition of liberty; in times like these, liberty must be more than a good mouth-filling name, to be applauded, as Goldsmith's irony suggested, by debtors in prison. It would be pleasant for Conservatives to feel that the country is governed solely on lines agreeable to those who have at the moment a huge majority in Parliament over all other political sects. Coalitions are not liked, even when you call one a "National Government". But they are in fact the substitute for a dictatorship to which England and other parliamentary countries have recourse in face of an emergency. Parties and

individuals—except those who feel it more patriotic to be in opposition—must then give up something of their full political rights, and leave in abeyance some of their political tenets. This is the harder because those who make the sacrifice have to watch the opposition (as they think, unpatriotically) asserting its particular views to the top of its bent. Naturally enough, some of them begin to have a hankering after other forms of corporate dictatorship in which no opposition is tolerated.

But it is worth while for Englishmen to consider the case of France. Here M. Doumergue's administration has beyond doubt rendered great services and might set out a record of achievement comparable to that which Mr. Baldwin recalled; yet in France also the structure on which his limited dictatorship is founded threatens to crack. Frenchmen who were badly scared last February now pick up heart of grace and do not see why party preferences should not be fully asserted. The danger ahead is different. In England, the solidarity of a "National" government is threatened by division over Indian policy—a matter of external empire: in France M. Doumergue's policy is in danger because he wants to strengthen the Government inside France. Englishmen are elected to the parliament to be part of a team under the orders of a captain, who may be charged with the conduct of the nation's affairs. But the French have never really given up the Athenian plan under which each citizen went down to the Assembly and followed his own personal inclination; and since this is not physically possible, they insist—by usage stronger than law—that local members shall at any moment be ready for the sake of a local or sectional interest to trip up the Government, which represents the nation as best it can. M. Doumergue proposes (chiefly) that when this happens, the Government may appeal, as in England it can, to the nation for a verdict. A "truce" in France means that the game is not to be played according to the usual rules, and for a time full authority is conceded to the nation's representatives. But the emergency is now past, and a large section of French politicians think it time to form a "*Front Commun*". Against what? When authority is prolonged, it looks to them like dictatorship; and it is indeed a sort of

dictatorship put into commission. But Englishmen will argue that France, or Europe, can ill afford that the policy of France should lack continuity at present. Is it less clear that continuity in England is needed by England and by Europe? or that continuity is threatened by the unchecked play of party spirit? Is October, 1931, so much further off than February, 1934, or England's recovery so much more complete than that of France?

In both countries—need one say?—the menace is not Socialism, for Socialism has penetrated the whole of civic existence. Sir William Harcourt, that stout Whig, said as a kind of paradox: "We are all Socialists now"; but he would hold up his hands in horror at measures which the most Conservative Government now conceivable carries out as matter of course. Owners of property have learnt to submit to demands on them which would have been inconceivable to a Whig world (the vanished Utopia of true blue Tories). What remains however is liberty: the right of free thought, free speech, and free action. That has gone by the board in Russia and in Germany: not much is left in Italy. It might go also in England and in France—and whether Black shirts or Red shirts abolished it, would not matter profoundly.

Meanwhile, among the things which have helped to create in England a sense of security, it is pleasant to note one that impressed popular feeling. When the *Queen Mary* took the water, England masterfully asserted an old claim to mastery. Many thousands held their breath, too moved for cheering, when that vast fabric of metal, "long as a street and taller than a tower", was set in smooth motion by a royal lady's touch on a button. Imagination boggles at the effort to realize all the skill and all the power that are implied; but it pictures readily enough what resumption of this interrupted enterprise has meant to thousands of the best workmen and their families, and will mean to thousands more. Mr. Masfield's ode had a subject well fitted to the seaman who is laureate to a sailor king; and his lines of benediction will find echoes far away.

Less happy are the reflections arising out of another sea challenge. Ill blood seems to attend all these contests for the America's Cup. At least one may thank Providence that there are no test matches played with the United States. Whether good feeling has now been restored between England and Australia only the experts in such matters can decide; but at least the wave of real anxiety in England over Mr. Bradman's illness, reaching, as it did, the most unlikely quarters, must have been recognized at the other side of the world. A Chinese philosopher (real or imaginary) might be astonished at the importance given to sport and its heroes; but this is neither novel nor peculiar to the English-speaking world. Mr. Compton Mackenzie's book on *Marathon and Salamis* tells me (what of course Macaulay's school-boy would have known) that while the Spartans were making their immortal stand at Thermopylæ, and the Greek fleet was fighting at Artemisium an action which was the forerunner of Salamis, "the two most renowned Greek boxers, Theogenes and Euthymus were fighting their great match at the Olympic games".

The last number of this REVIEW welcomed the magnificent French-English dictionary which Mr. Mansion, directing a powerful team, prepared, and Messrs. Harrap published. Almost at the same time the Clarendon Press render another service to good understanding between neighbour nations and complementary cultures by bringing out the *Concise Oxford French Dictionary*—much more limited in scope, and consequently modest in price. It is French work, not English; two married workers with only some small outside help carried through the whole—both of them singularly able, both having intimate comprehension not only of English language but English life and English literature. The directing spirit was Abel Chevalley, and though he did not live to see final completion, the book (for it is a book, not only a dictionary) is stamped with his impress. He loved words as other men love wines, with a sensuous delight in their colour and quality, a keen interest in their shifting values. In his writings, but more specially in his letters, there was the oddest mixture of those new terms which philosophy and criticism

Sport and Ill Blood

A Lover of Words

borrow from science, with survivals from the tongue of Rabelais, or some fresh mintage of slang. Whatever would give precision to his thought he accepted as an instrument; but he leapt joyfully at a word which had sap and pungency. Turning over these pages one seems to watch a man playing a game of skill rather than executing a task. If there are two colloquial equivalents for some phrase, though one would be explanation enough, down they both go, for enrichment.

A special feature of the work is the provision of "danger signs" set against words whose appearances are misleading. "A sensible man" and *un homme sensible* are as different as sense and sensibility. By following these signs one might compile an amusing list of possible blunders: for instance, no cook in France looks for *une situation*, but every young man going into business does. You never say that you sent your friend a *note*, unless you mean some sort of bill. And it does not do to tell a person that he is *fastidieux*, which only means "tedious". *Mignonette* may mean several things, including a "midget" photograph, but never mignonette; and *primerose* (if you meet the word, which is not common) is a hollyhock. *Gourmand*, as most people know, at worst signifies no more than greedy; but here is Chevalley's useful ruling: "A *gourmand* is more voracious than a *gourmet*, but less so than a *glouton*." In these cases there is a definite error to be avoided. But since language is, to quote again from his introduction, "a house more than half built in the air, of metaphors, shadows and shades and visions, ever changing, ever moving, without perhaps one single exact counterpart in the two enchanted fabrics", it follows that there are distinctions which no dictionary can give account of.

One might build a whole essay on the different inflections of so simple a word as "courage" in the two tongues. It would go to prove that the French think more of resistance to attack on the nerves, the English rather of a valour that goes into action as a bird sings. Probably the theory would be wrong; but the hunt would be worth following.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

A PROPHET TO-DAY

By HENRY W. NEVINSON

EXPERIMENT IN AUTOBIOGRAPHY, by H. G. Wells. Gollancz. 10s. 6d.

If only the rest of this book had not been of such absorbing interest, I should like to have spent the whole of this article upon the Introduction. The author begins by complaining that his thoughts and work are encumbered by claims and vexations from which he can see no hope of release. They paralyse the proper use of himself. He is entangled and eaten up by daily demands and urgencies. He wants to lead a supernatural life, and to concentrate the largest possible proportion of his energy upon the particular system of effort which he regards as his distinctive business in the world, and he does not desire to live longer unless he can get on with that business. But his purpose is thwarted by the invasion of quite secondary matters, subordinate and everyday things in an ever-growing jungle. "My hours are choked with them", he says, "my thoughts are tattered by them". All his life he has been struggling against them, but the sense of crisis has become more acute now that he has only ten or fifteen years left for his work.

For his purpose, he says, he requires a pleasant, well-lit writing-room in good air, and a comfortable bedroom to sleep in. There should be a secretary or typist and an abundant library within reach, a pervading sense of security and attention, beautiful scenery outside the

big windows to be changed ever and again. Like Henry James, he craves for "A Great Good Place" where the fagged mind could be active and free:—

"Because of my essential preoccupation", he writes, "I have never given any person nor place a simple disinterested love. It was not in me. I have loved acutely, but that is another matter. I have attended spasmodically to business and money-making. And here I am at sixty-five (spring, 1932) still asking for peace that I may work some more, that I may do that major task that will atone for all the shortcomings of what I have done in the past."

It is a complaint that many people must sympathise with. Certainly nearly all writers and workers in the arts will sympathise. Ruskin raised the complaint in almost the same words: Goethe and Carlyle felt the entanglement of common life; even Pater lamented it as an unfortunate necessity. But it is surprising that Wells should feel it so deeply; for his life, with its enormous production, seems like a triumphal march over the dull little paving-stones of life. And even if he had dwelt in that well-lit writing-room and comfortable bedroom, gazing out upon beautiful scenery, and untouched by the common cares and bothers of mortality, what would he have gained as a writer? What would he not have lost? He is a great writer—by universal consent one of the three greatest writers that our country has produced in the last forty years. But I do not find that the greatest writers have cherished their

genius with cloistered and fugitive solicitude. Had Mr. Wells been able to live in that enviable isolation, we should never have had *Kipps*, nor *Love and Mr. Lewisham*, nor *The New Machiavelli* nor *Mr. Britling Sees it Through*, nor a lot more of his most delightful and influential works. He would have missed the rude experience which has given him his knowledge of this wild and incalculable world. He admits that the Great Good Place cannot be found, but even if he had found it, I do doubt whether that would have helped him in his central aim of "making over the world":—

"In diverse forms and spirits we are making over the world, so that the primary desires and emotions, the drama of the immediate individual life, will be subordinated more and more, generation by generation, to beauty and truth, to universal interests and mightier aims."

He is a nobly incorrigible optimist. He is possessed by a conviction that the coming great world of order is real and sure.

"For us", he says, "the undying us of our thought and experience, that great tomorrow is certain". It is a consoling or encouraging belief, but if this hopeful prophet had lived in charming detachment from foul or sorrowful humanity, where would have been the consolation or the encouragement of his works?

There is no calm isolation about the story he tells here of his own life as it was. He speaks, he says, as a *persona* in the Freudian sense—the sort of person one most likes to think one is. I suppose everyone likes to speak or write of himself in those terms, unless he is infected by the mania of confession, driving him to exhibit sins he was never guilty of. But the *persona* was originally the mask through which Roman actors spoke upon the stage, and in most writers of autobiography there lingers something of the dramatic mask. Mr. Wells strips the disguise off as much as

he can, and the result is the study of an intensely interesting development from a childhood in a sordid beginning at Bromley through various uncongenial or unendurable efforts at making a livelihood up to the start of enterprises which led not only to wealth and worldwide fame, but to the opportunity for the exercise of his true faculties, which means the highest happiness possible to humanity.

As we read we seem to watch destiny barring one hopeless avenue after another, until at last she guides him into the right and narrow way for his genius to follow. Draper's assistant in one shop after another, usher in various inferior schools in turn, teacher by correspondence—he fails each time. And the strange thing is that destiny employed disaster on each occasion to drive him right, just as a good coachman may use the touch of a whip. He breaks his leg, his father breaks his thigh, he smashes a kidney at football, he spits quantities of blood from the lungs—each disaster supplies fresh opportunity for knowledge and an opening towards his rightful goal. Badly bred, badly fed, brought up in a filthy house by a casual father and a godly, harassed, incapable mother, thin to a skeleton, always hungry, often at the last extreme of poverty, he was yet possessed by that kind of irresistible vitality which has driven him all his life with the force of an internal combustion engine, always ready for the next enterprise, so that at fifty-four, for instance, he could plunge into a *History of the World*, of which he knew little, and yet could make it an enormous success. Look at the list of his works, think of their power, their imagination, their fame so well deserved, and you will recognize what vitality means.

The present volume ends with his early success as a journalist, chiefly under Cust, of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and

it must have been about that time (1894) that I first heard his name. For I was then publishing something with J. M. Dent, the founder of the famous firm, and being called away for ten minutes, he handed me a manuscript, saying, "Just have a look at this, and tell me what you think". When he came back I said, "The idea is superb! A parson bringing down an angel with a shot-gun: glorious!" It was *The Wonderful Visit*, which I suppose was the first of the great series of the author's triumphs. But the present volume tells only of the struggle before the triumph began.

There are many other points in the volume which one would like to discuss at length: such as his violent opposition to Christianity: "At the test of war, disease, social injustice, and every real human distress, it fails—and leaves a cheated victim, as it abandoned my mother"; "always an absent help in times of trouble". Or again, his equally violent attack upon Marxism, "its plausible, mystical and dangerous idea of reconstituting the world on a basis of mere resentment and destruction", "the simple panacea of that stuffy, ego-centred, and malicious theorist", "an enfeebling epidemic of spite", "the malaria of the Russian effort to this day". And yet again, the contempt poured upon the *Œdipus complex* and the similar stuff which the psychoanalysts preach. He suffered much from many false teachers. Perhaps most from those who persuaded him to be "confirmed" though he had no belief in the rite, just as Heine suffered most from his "conversion" to Lutheranism. But let me end on one of the happier notes. In Huxley he found a true teacher, and the year he spent under him at South Kensington (1884-1885) was "the most educational year of his life". Darwin and Huxley he calls "those mighty intellectual liberators".

CONFUCIANISM AND MODERN CHINA. By Reginald F. Johnston, K.C.M.G. *Gollancz*. 8s. 6d.

ALTHOUGH this book necessarily cannot have the dramatic appeal of *Twilight in the Forbidden City*, it is one most warmly to be recommended. More and more the West begins to recognize that it must recast its ideas of China by standards of accurate information—somewhere, that is, between the prejudices of "diehards" and the dangerous sentimentality of the "uplifters". To this end *Confucianism and Modern China* is as valuable as it is enthralling. It is delightfully written (and very charmingly illustrated); it makes no demand on previous knowledge of China; it is essentially a book that must appeal to all readers interested in the thoughts and passions that have swayed great masses of men; and its author's almost unequalled knowledge of Chinese philosophy is reinforced by the widest reading and close acquaintance with comparative religions.

Whether Confucianism is properly to be called a religion is, as Sir Reginald Johnston shows, a debatable point. That the Sage himself believed in a Personal God is plain from many passages in his writings. But by the time of Chu Hsi, the great Confucian critic of the twelfth century, this side of his teaching had been practically eliminated. Hence, perhaps, the antagonism of so many Christian missionaries, who may not quite relish some of Sir Reginald Johnston's criticisms. But he can also quote Dr. John Ross of Manchuria, one of the most distinguished of the missionary body, with others who might be mentioned, who urged the missionaries to "claim Confucius as an ally, not oppose him as a foe".

The reader may judge for himself. The first chapter gives fourteen passages selected by the greatest Confucian scholar of modern times, a man of singularly noble character, Mr. Cheng Hsiao-hsü,

now Prime Minister of Manchukuo, as containing the quintessence of Confucius's teaching. It is impossible to resist the profound appeal, lying beneath the simplest phrasing, of these injunctions, or to overrate the tremendous implications of ancestor worship and filial piety, the last phrase far exceeding the significance of the English words and covering practically every act of life. During the nineteenth century Confucianism largely stiffened into mere form and ceremonial, but that was not the Sage's fault, and the fact remains that no influence has so deeply imbued and moulded the Chinese people and bound together their many heterogeneous elements through centuries of varying fortune as Confucianism.

During the past twenty or thirty years China has hurtled through not one but at least five political upheavals, and been swamped with waves of alien educational and social revolution. It was not surprising that the reformers should turn viciously against Confucius. Few if any of their actions would stand the test of his pure, exalted standards. His belief in an ideal Emperor was anathema to those who had declared against all monarchies. The younger generation, preaching self-determination and companionate marriage, girded against discipline in any form. Whatever was old was abominable. Yuan

Shih-kai, with a true instinct of what China really needs, inaugurated a Confucian revival. But it died with him. Persecution followed. Armies of rival Tuchuns fought across the sacred ground of Confucius's birthplace, which even barbaric invaders had respected. And between the horrible years 1923-30, as Sir Reginald Johnston says, "Confucianism may be said to have touched the nadir of its fortunes".

To those who believe in China (which must include all who know her), these things are transient superficialities. Often Confucius has seemed to be defeated by rivals for Court favour. Always he has come back. The fact that in 1929 the sheer weight of public opinion could stop the Kuomintang, then at the height of their power, from seizing the Confucius family's estate shows the true feeling of China. And already, as Sir Reginald Johnston says, there are enough evidences of a Confucian revival—even Canton is studying him, and his birthday has been put back among official festivals—to give "good grounds for a moderate optimism".

In fact, the revolutionaries have been fighting against something that did not exist. Confucius never enjoined loyalty to a bad king. Mencius, his greatest follower, preached the people's right of revolution so strongly that the first Ming Emperor tried to degrade him from his place in the Confucian cult. If Confucius believed in an imperial form of government, it was possibly because no other system seemed feasible in his day. In the best sense of the word he was essentially democratic.

After all, the Sage's true power resides, not in politics, but in his ability to produce the *chün-tzū*, the "gentleman" in its highest sense, the ideal aimed at by every true Chinese, which has raised their civilization to a point exceeded by none.

O. M. GREEN.

LIBERTY AND LEADERSHIP

By WICKHAM STEED.

BRITAIN'S POLITICAL FUTURE. A Plea for Liberty and Leadership, by Lord Allen of Hurtwood. Longmans. 6s.

THIS essay on contemporary politics is, in reality, a bulky pamphlet. Lord Allen of Hurtwood says he meant to write a pamphlet and found it had become a book. He would have done better to stick to his original intention and to boil down or "inwardly digest" his matter so as to bring it within a more modest compass. The essentials of his thesis—which is sound and convincing in the main—could have been more briefly stated and would have gained by compression. As it is, the attention of readers may be diverted from them and turned towards controversial points of minor moment.

Shorn of superfluities, the author's claim is that the real need of the times, especially in Great Britain, is for an adjustment of men's minds to modern conditions by political leaders of vision—"something equivalent to an act of faith". He notes the failing of faith in many quarters, even in the Labour movement to which, apparently, he still belongs, and the present lack of a "genuine sense of purpose". "It was that faith in purpose which received such a shock", he adds, "when, in 1929-31, Labour seemed to play with the politics of government. Having at last reached the stage of government, our words must result in brave action. If we are ever again to be defeated, it must be because we did things, and not because we abstained from doing them."

Those who imagine that, in saying this, Lord Allen of Hurtwood is at one with Sir Stafford Cripps and the Socialist League will find themselves mistaken. He believes, no doubt, in a "Govern-

ment of Action", and suggests how such a Government could be formed. But, in his view, it should be a Government of co-operation between political parties whose leaders would pay more heed to the things that unite than to the things that divide them. They would, for instance, stand together for democracy against dictatorship, and would seek to make National Government a reality. He believes that "nearly all thoughtful and public-spirited men and women have now been won over to desire the same thing. All see the peril; many see the opportunity. Most of them know in their hearts what ought now to be done, and yet they remain silent or are afraid to confess what they believe".

Hence, the author argues, the recent tendency on the part of electors to abstain from political activity. By-elections since 1931 show the victory not of this or that party, but of indifference, for no political party speaks to the people in tones that command attention or in words of faith that kindle faith in others.

This is true. If it is questionable whether Lord Allen's idea of kindling faith in his scheme of domestic reform will appeal to many minds, his handling of the one problem on which our people do feel strongly—that of peace or war—is, on the whole, shrewd and powerful. He says rightly that "the people are wholeheartedly in favour of a bold peace policy, but wait for this to be expressed in a straightforward proposal that meets its most urgent need—the need for Security. Disarmament is the wrong approach. The Government and the Pacifist have failed in this matter. . . . There is only one immediate hope of stopping war, and that is by finding

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the way to make nations feel secure so that they and their citizens may cease to be afraid".

If the leader of some great nation would challenge the governments of the world by an act of leadership, Lord Allen declares, the tension would be lessened, the paralysis removed; there would be an immediate response if a nation with the peculiar authority of our own should ask for a Peace Conference, rather than a Disarmament Conference, to think out afresh this problem of security which has emerged as the key to every other aspect of international co-operation. "Agreement on disarmament must include a collective guarantee that the agreement will be kept."

Here Lord Allen's zeal outruns experience. Conferences do not "think out" problems; either they run away from them or mask disagreement by worthless formulæ. The first requisite is not to summon a Peace Conference. Rather is it to think out in advance a British peace policy so sound, and to make it so clearly and fully known, that on the basis of it the peace-loving nations of Europe and the world could form a united front against war. Whether or not the decisions of this united front were afterwards registered at a Peace Conference or elsewhere would matter comparatively little. What is important and urgent is that the thing should be done.

It will not be done solely by pleading for an international police force. Here, again, Lord Allen of Hurtwood needs to think more deeply. An international police force, however and whenever set up, could only be formed to uphold an accepted common law of nations. And the law of any international community in search of security will need to be modelled on English common law which provides security against successful lawlessness in this country by for-

bidding individual citizens to be neutral in any clash between the lawless and the guardians of the law.

ESSAYS OF THE YEAR 1933-1934.

Argonaut Press. 5s.

PITY the poor selector of this mercifully mixed bag of essays! Judging by quite a fair number of them, he must have yawned portentously over the many rejected as inferior, and but for the possession of a "name" it is doubtful whether some of these authors would have found themselves included here.

For the historian of literature, however, a book such as this has considerable value. By juxtaposition it points a contrast, if not a moral. Perhaps we may take the moral first and state, quite categorically, that it is high time the editors of our weeklies ceased to accept on the strength of a name, and our best-known essayists to sacrifice themselves on the altar of popularity and the editorial fiat. It is not merely to their greater length and substance that the essays here reprinted from monthlies and quarterlies owe their marked superiority over those which have appeared in the weekly press. The short essay, properly handled by an author not hopelessly overwritten, can shine as bright as any lyric. Of those here displayed too large a proportion, by contrast with those of greater length, are distinguished neither in style nor in inspiration, despite Mr. Ivor Brown's introductory assurance that necessity is the mother of the latter. Were the authors with the names that draw faced (as few of them probably are) with Necessity other than editorial and less overworked as professional entertainers, there might have been more essays in this volume equal to its finer examples—in almost every case the work of an author whose name is much less of a household word.

JOHN LINNELL.

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By EDMUND BLUNDEN.

THE PLEASURES OF POETRY: A Critical Anthology, by Edith Sitwell. Duckworth. 8s. 6d.

EVERY anthology, however precise and scholarly its purpose, presents in some measure a portrait of its maker; and it has been clear, on the separate publications of the three collections here brought together, that Miss Edith Sitwell was giving us more vividly and freely than most anthologists a *confessio fidei* in poetical matters. Her general title at the outset showed that. While on all sides the new signatories were strictly meditating a thankless muse, and determining their way of poetry with austere sense of modern necessities, Miss Sitwell thus claimed a Mayday privilege, and sang out that she was not joining the breakdown gang. In a plain title she emphasized one part of the late Sir Philip Sidney's *Apology*: "Nature never set forth the earth in so rich tapestry as divers poets have done; neither with pleasant rivers, fruitful trees, sweet-smelling flowers, nor whatsoever else may make the too-much-loved earth more lovely; her world is brazen, the poets only deliver a golden."

What, then, is the ultimate state of a work which began to appear in 1930? *The Pleasures of Poetry* is a volume approaching 700 pages, divided into three parts: "Milton and the Augustan Age", "The Romantic Revival", and "The Victorian Age"; and prefixed to each part is a lengthy causerie. As for the poems included, Miss Sitwell has confessed a difficulty at the beginning; she could not, under existing conditions, insert such pieces as *King Lear* or *Paradise Lost*. But, apart from such

really extensive works she has not excluded long poems, "The Dunciad", for instance, or "The Witch of Atlas". Her occasion gave her freedom from any call to represent all that has been admired in the periods she has taken; *The Pleasures of Poetry* will not serve the purpose of, say, Ward's *English Poets*, or even the *Golden Treasury*. It is a plump and well-complexioned album reflecting the taste and reading of a poet—one might almost call it a poetico-graph.

"I am certain to be reproved," Miss Sitwell says, "... both for the crime of enjoying myself, and because ... I have refused to include any poems which I do not enjoy, or any poets who, according to my feeling, should be rejected." That is candid enough for anyone. "I cannot, and will not, include such versifiers as Mr. T. E. Brown, with his 'wot', 'plot', 'god', 'grot' complex ... Nor will I weary my readers with the whimpering Eileen Aroons and Dark Rosaleens of this time. ... It would, also, be a mere act of treachery on my part to include the verses of the woman of genius who wrote *Wuthering Heights*; these verses are as inferior and as mawkish as the novel is instinct with fire and passion." With these unfortunates, Miss Sitwell also thrusts out Matthew Arnold, cramming his cap and gown into his hands as he goes.

But things like this, you know, must be In culling the Pleasures of Poetry.

The great point is the animation and fervour with which the anthologist and light-giver has gone about her flowery work.

Her introductions, as must be well known to most readers, are largely devoted to the delicacies of the poetic art as she recognizes them; and, whatever may be said by individual technicians against her details, the principal comment must be that her general doctrine is sound. There is no hope for poetry if it is not to be listened to with a special fineness of attention. You or I might write

An Ancient Mariner it is,
and do nothing wrong metrically, but
the poet wrote

It is an Ancient Mariner,
and requires of us the recognition that this was the only way. Towards such recognition, but in many other and profounder questions of effect, Miss Sitwell's critical considerations lead. In cases where she finds richness of picture and tone and we do not, the main value of her work goes on; and the taste which has not coincided with hers on a particular detail proceeds all the better for the discussion. It cannot be common to possess such a faculty for response to poets' minutest intimations as that which these introductions disclose.

Are they passages of criticism proper, or are they dreams on the borderland of poetry, these interpretations of favourite poems? Miss Sitwell takes Christina Rossetti's "Goblin Market" to be "the most perfect poem written by any woman in the English language"—and she then shares with us some of the pleasures in which its words and movements involve her mind. "In 'Currants and gooseberries' the word 'gooseberries' is, very slightly, longer than 'currants'; it brings us, too, into a dark shadow, coming after 'bilberries.' In 'Bright fire-like barberries' the line lengthens again, like 'Rare pears and greengages'; the bird's wings are heavy with dew as it flies. The beginning of the line is sharp and bright with sunlight, because of the sharp 'i's' in

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MACMILLAN

'bright' and 'like' (brought close together); and it is lengthened, too, by the word 'fire', which is a brighter echo of 'rare' and 'pears'. Then the word 'barberries' makes the line dip, like a bough heavy with these berries" . . . Such appreciation is a larger growth of Pope's verse, "The sound should be an echo to the sense", and informs us how keen a poet is in vocabulary and prosodic discriminations. To catch up this kingfisher, to perceive as this consciousness perceives, is a considerable task for "tame villatic fowl".

"These effects", Miss Sitwell grants, "are partly, though not entirely, a matter of association." It was a curious exercise for the present reviewer, several years since, to submit to Japanese students with a regard for English poetry some of the rhyme-sounds and syllable-values which occur in our verse, and discover how far these naturally made an effect on their fancy. Somebody who has done more along those lines should write a supplement to Miss Sitwell's readings of poetic essentials. Meanwhile, she has added a characteristic document, with copious illustrations, to contemporary criticism of poetry, and her "Pleasures" have this advantage over much of the other analysis now prevalent—that they are warm and glad. They speak of Helicon, and regions of enchantment—and they speak at the right time.

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STATIONERY

ONE FAIR DAUGHTER, by Owen Rutter. Gollancz. 8s. 6d.

THERE are three ways of bringing up children. The first is to spoil them by kindness; the second is to spoil them by discipline; and the third is to spoil them by indifference. I find that in practice I adopt the last method, probably because, like that unpleasant person St. Paul, I am not amused by childish things. I detest the noise children make, my nerves are exasperated by their destructive curiosity, and I am bored and stifled by their nursery interests. I try conscientiously to recall the intensity of thought and feeling which animate their lives, but I find that my imagination has died in that respect, and that my memories of my own infancy are dim and reluctant. It is an absolute agony to me to have to try and write a letter to a child.

I make all these confessions because I believe I represent a large section of adult humanity which today is puzzled and secretly rebellious about the modern sanctification of the child. My perverse reaction against this attitude almost makes me agree with John Wesley that a child should be put in a school where he or she begins lessons at five in the morning and goes on until nine at night, with no pause for games.

I am therefore not qualified to review Mr. Rutter's book. It makes me writhe. It turns my stomach. Yet when I examine his principles and practice I find it difficult to disagree with any particular detail. He is very sensible about such things as religious instruction, choice of school, inculcation of a social sense. He appears to have almost a genius for instructive games. And he actually enjoys playing with children.

Thinking it over calmly, I believe my instinctive revulsion from his book is mainly due to one unfortunate and distorting convention which he adopts. He eliminates the mother from the book. He might be a widower writing for

widowers. And they are always slightly pathetic people. The only passive part played by Mr. Rutter in the life of his only child whom he calls "Twinkle" was when she was in the act of leaving the womb. The reader feels that Mr. Rutter must have resented that maternal interference. Then again he believes several things which I disbelieve. He says that men "are usually fonder of children than women are. They often make better mothers than women". I believe that they *seldom* make better mothers than women. Take, for instance, Mr. Midshipman Easy's mother. She drank so much gin that she died of spontaneous combustion. Yet Midshipman Easy respected her and grew up into a decent fellow, partly on the strength of that respect. I hope that "Twinkle", mothered so exclusively by Mr. Rutter, will grow up into as decent a member of society as Midshipman Easy.

Then I disagree with Mr. Rutter's statement that "grown men and women are as alike as motor-buses compared with children, who are the real individuals of the earth: before education and convention have shaped their minds". I think children are different from each other, but that it is difficult to see this difference because it has not been developed by the individualistic growth determined by the infinite variety of experience. Roughly speaking, children's interests are limited and dull. They share a vehement passion for the breast or the bottle, and very little else, at least in the early and most repulsive stages of life. Gradually they become a little less unicellular and biological, and they make noises and gestures by which an adult (other than the mother, or, in the present case, Mr. Rutter) distinguishes for the first time one child from another. Gradually signs of habit, predilection, mania, idiosyncrasy appear in these fallow personalities, and the child displays that something of

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difference which makes him or her a distinguishable member of human society. Until then a child is usually conventional, conservative, greedy, prejudiced, and all the other evil things which cannot be shaken out of the system even when we are supposed to be grown up. Youth is a vice and a disease which even that wise physician Time cannot eradicate. It tries for three-score years and ten, and then it destroys us in the process.

Mr. Rutter also says that "fear is made and not born". I believe the opposite, that the child, "born in others' pain" enters the world reluctantly, howling with misery. It fears the hand of the nurse, the friendly tongue of the dog, the benevolent darkness. It fears to leave the mother's lap, it "creeps unwillingly to school", it is terrified and shy of other children, adults loom over it like ogres. Such is the mad fantasy of the savage, the child. Knowledge, reason, courage, enterprise come later, as the personality grows and feeds upon experience. But Mr. Rutter would eliminate fear. He wants to edit the moments of the infant's day, to tear whole pages and stories out of the fairy-tale canon. But he should begin earlier. He should begin when the child is in the womb, a victim of the bio-chemical conflicts of the mother's blood as she reacts to *her* environment of love, hope, greed, terror. He should censor the news travelling through the umbilical cord, so that when the child appears into this world, it will be a white, immaculate little corpse, safe for his experiment, unstained by contact with its mother, that factor which he has so jealously excluded from any part in this book.

"Swift always put things a trifle crudely", says Mr. Rutter, "but although he was never a father . . ." I wish, in both respects, that Mr. Rutter were like Swift. RICHARD CHURCH.

**THE NAVAL MEMOIRS OF
ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET SIR
ROGER KEYES: The Narrow Seas
to the Dardanelles, 1910-1915,**
Thornton Butterworth. 21s.

A SHORT time ago, in writing about Admiral of the Fleet Sir Roger Keyes, I referred to him as the veritable Nelson of today, and his book of Memoirs only goes to confirm me in my opinion. Although the book contains a good deal of criticism of the Admiralty and his senior officers, yet, as one would expect from a man like Admiral Keyes, who has had long and distinguished service himself both at the Admiralty and as Commander-in-Chief, his criticisms are fairly made with a sense of responsibility and supported by fact.

Not only this, but in nearly all cases referred to in the book it is not a case of being wise after the event, but we have exactly what Admiral Keyes thought, said, and did at the time, which makes his remarks and criticisms of real historical value.

He says in his Foreword that he hopes that if his Memoirs "meet the eye of the younger generation, they will help them to avoid the mistakes we made." In this connection it is perhaps a pity that Admiral Keyes has confined his Memoirs to a limited period which only covers his time in the Submarine Service and at the Dardanelles. His earlier experiences, showing how his character of loyalty, courage, daring and independence had developed during his service in the China War and in destroyers, culminating in the record we have before us and the glorious epic story of Zeebrugge, might have been included under the title.

In the opening chapter we get an insight into the manner in which Admiral Fisher formed his likes or dislikes, very often based on rumours, and one can see how this sort of thing continues to this day; but, as far as

Admiral Keyes was concerned, the dislike acted in his favour in the long run. Admiral Sir Arthur Wilson of the same period, on the other hand, was quick to realise that in Keyes he had a young captain of an independent and forceful character, and not what is often called the "standard pattern naval officer", *i.e.* one who obeys orders and complies with the regulations.

Keyes was a "salt horse", an officer with general sea experience, but not a specialist in *matériel* or any particular branch, such as gunnery, etc.—a good, all-round seaman, in fact. To him was entrusted the Submarine Service, a highly technical service it is true, yet Keyes was the man for the job, for he brought with him a great knowledge of personnel, a most important factor in the Submarine Service; whilst he had the sense to surround himself with the best expert advisers on technical matters available. In fact, he never pretended to be a "know-all", yet when we come to the war chapters, one is left with the impression that the only thought he had in his mind was "full speed ahead, attack the enemy"—yet even this thought was tempered with that sound judgment required of a daring leader.

The early days of the war found Keyes in charge of the submarines in the North Sea, not organised as he advocated but in the best way he could get out of an Admiralty which was not itself agreed as to how to use them. The many disadvantages of the introduction of wireless are well illustrated in Keyes's experiences at this time. Messages often unnecessarily delayed or wrongly coded led to missed opportunities, whilst the very fact that the Admiralty were always "listening-in" often deprived officers of initiative.

Fisher's return to the Admiralty led to Keyes finding himself as Chief of



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the Staff of the various Naval Commanders-in-Chief at the Dardanelles campaign. Much has been written on this subject, but Keyes's account is that of a man who was on the spot throughout and who "felt" the situation and what was required. After the first great naval attack when battleships had been lost and things looked bad, and the Naval Commander-in-Chief expected to be relieved of his command, Keyes wrote referring to the enemy: "I thought he was beaten at 2 p.m. I knew he was beaten at 4 p.m., and at midnight I knew with still greater certainty that he was absolutely beaten." Yet the advantage was never pushed home.

At a later date Keyes, after continually pressing for a naval attack, got permission to come home (with the assent of Admiral de Roebeck—a very generous and broad-minded act on his part) to place his scheme before the Admiralty. It was a daring scheme, and one which awakened the enthusiasm of Mr. Balfour, the First Lord, who asked Keyes's opinion as to who should command the attempt. The Sea Lords could not agree amongst themselves nor take the responsibility, nor yet could the question of the seniority of Admirals be ignored. Had a board with imagination said to Keyes: "This is your plan, you are Commander-in-Chief, go and carry it out," another story about Gallipoli might well have been written. But, as Keyes says in his book, "Not one of the Sea Lords had any experience of the Dardanelles, or had ever seen a shot fired in war." Keyes was only a Commodore and the job was worthy at least of a Vice-Admiral.

One leaves the book with a feeling that Keyes was a man whose experiences are worth reading, and a man who could well write a lot more, to the advantage not only of the coming generation but of the present one.

GORDON CAMPBELL.

CROMWELL, by John Buchan. Hodder & Stoughton. 21s.

CROMWELL, by Hilaire Belloc. Cassell. 12s. 6d.

Nothing could be more fortunate than the coincidental appearance of these two extraordinarily interesting and able books. Mr. Belloc and Mr. Buchan are of different schools. Mr. Buchan is of those who would accept the balance of modern English life as on the whole a good balance; Mr. Belloc is of the opposition. It is, therefore, the more interesting to see how far they agree in their interpretations of the character of a man who stood at one of the great turning points of English history.

They are agreed in their account of the circumstances that produced the quarrel between Charles and the Parliament. "The shrinkage in value of the ordinary revenue of the Crown, which paid for the governance of England" (owing, of course, to the very steep rise in prices during the sixteenth century), writes Mr. Buchan in a footnote, "made it necessary for the Crown to apply regularly for what had hitherto been exceptional grants, and Parliament exacted as the price of these a complete revolution in its constitutional status." Mr. Belloc has often made the same point—notably in his *History of England* and his *Charles I.* It so happened that Parliament was dominated by a group who were inflamed by a most violent hatred of Popery and who, as the price of their giving money to the King, insisted on his following a religious policy which his conscience did not allow him to follow. Hence the quarrel.

So far so good. Mr. Belloc is, of course, characteristically careful to point out that in no sense was the Parliament representative of the people. Mr. Buchan in one place—on page 108—does, it is true, speak of the House of Commons as "the English people's own creation," but we think that it must be by a slip

of the pen that he does so, for in half a dozen other places he brings out most forcibly the undoubted truth that, by the time that the religious issue was raised, and long before it got to fighting, public opinion was on the side of the King, that free elections on any sort of extended franchise would certainly have returned overwhelming royalist majorities.

The question that one cannot but ask concerning this strange period was what brought into being this energetic body of men, filled with a hatred of Popery that was hardly sane. Every Englishman of Cromwell's day was sprung from an ancestry that had been Catholic but three generations at the most before. They lived in an England that had been made by men breathing a Catholic air. As Mr. Belloc very well shows, there were but few even among the Puritans who did not have near relatives who were Catholic. Why this strange obsession? Mr. Buchan explains it through history. "The danger from Spain had identified Protestantism with patriotism; events on the Continent . . . the Marian persecutions at home had become a legendary horror as presented by popular writers." It is a plausible explanation, but is it true? If the Spanish Armada were really thought of by contemporaries as the clash between two cultures, how is it that there is no mention of it at all in popular Elizabethan or Jacobean literature, that even under the Cecils England returned without difficulty to her ancient Spanish alliance? It is extraordinary, too, that throughout all Elizabeth's reign there is hardly a word of abuse of Mary. Foxe, of course, but Foxe—*et præterea nihil*. What other "popular writers"? One would expect to find the Cromwellian propaganda filled with tales of Marian horrors. It is this very expectation which makes it the more surprising that it is not. So far from these horrors being "legendary" in

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Cromwell's time, Burnett records that, when in 1680 he was deliberately trying to beat up anti-Catholic feeling, "I laid open the cruelties of the Church of Rome in many instances that happened in Queen Mary's reign, *which were not then known.*"

Mr. Belloc's explanation of the Cromwellian hatred of Popery is that it is the nature of the Faith to be either loved or hated. This is up to a point true, and it would account for a man who would not himself accept Catholicism taking sane steps to prevent it from returning to influence in England. It would account for him refusing, say, to allow the Catholics to establish an educational system in England. It would not account for the utterly wanton massacre of Basing House. Nor is it true to say that the Puritans were but fanatical in an age of fanaticism. On the contrary, in Cromwell's day sane men in every European country were coming to see that neither Protestantism nor Catholic-

ism was strong enough entirely to suppress its rival and that therefore a compromise of live-and-let-live must be found. Thus there had been the Edict of Nantes in France. The Thirty Years War in Germany was working itself out to the formula of *Cuius regio eius religio*. It was towards some such sensible compromise that Charles in England and Strafford in Ireland were feeling their ways, but the Puritans would have none of it. They were not the sane anti-Catholics who are determined that Catholicism shall not dominate; they were the insane anti-Catholics who are determined that Catholicism shall not exist, that it is an unclean thing.

Cromwell quite certainly did possess a streak of this insanity—one cannot call it anything else—a peculiarity not at all incompatible with that great humanity on occasions when it was not aroused, which Mr. Buchan very rightly finds in him. I think that this streak a little came out in the killing of the King. Both our authors tell this story with fascinating lucidity, though differing in their judgment when it was that Cromwell made up his mind that Charles must die. Both think that Cromwell killed Charles in self-preservation and are inclined to think that he was right in saying that it was Charles' life or his. But was he right? Whatever he did, his life could never be secure again. But was killing Charles, and so making him a martyr, the best policy? Would it not have been better to have exiled him? Of course he would have plotted in exile, but then the royalists were going to plot against Cromwell whatever he did, while the chances are that Charles in exile, like most exiled kings, would have declined in dignity. What sort of a figure would his great-grandson have cut in history if they had captured him after Culloden and executed him in London? Who, then, would be on the English throne to-day?

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS.

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SELECTED FICTION

CAPTAIN NICHOLAS, by Hugh Walpole. *Macmillan*. 7s. 6d.

OMEN MUST WORK, by Richard Aldington. *Chatto & Windus*. 7s. 6d.

THE TAKING OF THE GRAY, by John Masefield. *Heinemann*. 7s. 6d.

A good deal of trouble would be saved reviewing if the distinction between *literature* and *entertainment* could be more rigidly observed; in the case of novels, we might keep the word "novel" to describe a story belonging to the first class, and "fiction" for the second. Then, with so many geniuses about, we should begin to know where we were. It would be possible, for example, to raise Mr. Walpole very highly indeed as an expert *fictionist*, without giving the impression that we were advancing claims for a place in the literature of the novel.

Captain Nicholas is the equivalent, among novels, of a play which we can all enjoy because it is "good stage." It must be judged, I think, by the standard of readableness and diversion, and on this level we shall find the characters and scenes effective, and the narration admirably suited to its purpose.

Mr. Walpole gives us, then, a well-oiled family living in London after the war. Aunts, uncles, cousins, an old grandmother, as well as several children from the different branches, hang together in the same house with amiability and even affection. Perhaps the oldest of them has already retreated into the past; the younger are knocking on the doors; but on the whole there is a working agreement between them all, which ensures some rosy scenes.

We begin with a family tea-party. Captain Nicholas is announced. There is a general excitement and a feeling that in the next few weeks he will buck things up a little—for he means, of course, to stay the length of the book. The Captain is a good fellow with a bit of a past; he has been mysteriously abroad; he is being black-mailed; he has a taste for Chinese poetry, charades, and extracting confessions from his relatives. A magnetic, sinister and attractive individual. The temperature begins to rise. Everyone is pleased with the intrusion, there is more wine at dinner and better conversation after it: the Captain starts to move. Instinctively, through sheer good nature one might say, he extracts the secrets of those round him. The middle-aged spinster who, to the delight of the family, is receiving letters from a distant admirer, confesses privately that she writes them herself; a young girl reveals that she is living secretly with a poet already married. Captain Nicholas, like a busy bee, sucks the honey of several such innocent seeming flowers. And he is hard up, of course—they are willing enough to lend. But he also steals a valuable gold snuff-box. After a few weeks there are the mutterings of scandal, then open rows, for the Captain has a knack of letting out secrets without involving himself. His charm is irresistible, but either the family must break up in disorder, or Captain Nicholas must go. He is denounced by a lady whom he has treated in a particularly caddish way. He goes, with an invitation in his pocket to stay—"quite a while, we hope"—at the house of friends in Herefordshire. . . .

Mr. Walpole tells this story entertainingly and well. I do not mean to suggest that his treatment of it is superficial; on the contrary, he reveals the lives of a number of people with sympathy and charm. He does "create" successfully the particular world of which he is writing. Nevertheless, although Mr. Walpole is a fictionist of intelligent and persuasive powers, he is not in my sense of the word a true novelist—I do not think, in fact, that *Captain Nicholas*, good as it is, can by any stretch of criticism be treated as a piece of literature. It is a very enjoyable and first-rate fiction.

By the same standard Mr. Aldington's *Women Must Work* falls a good deal short. As a craftsman, Mr. Walpole has him beaten in every respect. *Women Must Work* is *Anne Veronica* all over again, made to look up to date, and of course failing to equal Wells. The satire on suburban stuffiness seems to me nagging and inept; the young woman's bolt for freedom is "urgent" more in the newspaper sense than any other. The book is, however, written with a certain passion and is worth reading. The descriptions of a love-affair with a middle-aged lawyer of artistic tastes, and of the hardships of living as a typist in London on 30s. a week are authentic. Mr. Aldington mixes up good and bad satire, melodramatic "scenes" and passages of genuine insight and sensitiveness, with a recklessness which would make Bennett or Mr. Walpole shudder. But he is not dull.

The Taking of the Gry is a sea story, but not one of Mr. Masfield's best. He can write a sea-story in direct simple prose better than anyone living. Here, though, the narrative seems rather bald, and the simplicity uneventful. It might be read as a rest-cure from more pretentious fiction.

G. W. STONIER.

FONTAMARA, by Ignazio Silone. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

THE TREASURE OF THE SIERRA MADRE, by B. Traven. Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d.

LAND OF PROMISE, by Leo Lania. Lovat Dickson. 7s. 6d.

ISLAND OF REFUGE, by John Fisher. Dent. 7s. 6d.

THOSE who have become sentimentally indulgent towards Italian Fascism merely because it has lasted a long time and has imposed silence upon the protests of humane and civilised people will do well to read Signor Silone's novel. The book has been banned in Italy; it is almost becoming a canon of criticism that modern dictatorships cannot stand good books, and that good writers cannot stand dictators. *Fontamara* is an exceedingly good book. It describes how a remote, "semi-savage" Italian village, living as it has for generations on the starvation line, is brought into contact with Fascism and is systematically robbed of its means of living by the upstart Fascist contractors. The story is told with calculated and cunning simplicity by the peasants themselves, with faintly satirical wonder, with a sly feigning of incomprehension of the intent of their persecutors and with a simple but blasting humour. Faced by this inscrutable childlike quality and malice of the peasants, the Fascists can do nothing else but beat them up and kill them, which they do. This is a very moving and very subtle book, purged of hatred but quite clear in its purpose. Its didactic purpose is well assimilated if it is not invisible. The story is an object lesson to those novelists who are preoccupied with the social crisis of our time, but who are overwrought about their material. The book reminded me of Strindberg's tale of conflict between town and county, the one called *Paul and Pär*.

The other novels on this list also deal

with crucial contemporary issues. Thus they are rescued from that futility which has overtaken the rootless novel of "personal relationships" in its tedious decline. Mr. John Fisher's English and American expatriates in their Sicilian hotels and villas, are people attempting to escape from the modern world while living on it. This, he shows, is the bourgeois dilemma. He has not much prose style—it tends to the scenic catalogue—but his people are firmly stated and he knows how to construct an exciting story. *Land of Promise* is about the Jews of the Ukraine. It raises not the problem of decadence but of survival against a perfidy and persecution which have shocked Europe.

When Ludendorff needed Jewish support for the War he promised a liberty and security which the Jews had not known for generations. Escaping from the pogrom during the revolution, a Jewish family remembers the promise and goes to Germany. Today we know with what Aryan honour the Ludendorff promise was kept. The family's bitter sufferings are movingly described. One follows the incredible resignation of the humble. Rosenberg, a Jewish lawyer who is spiritually uprooted from his race, and who wins the Iron Cross during the war, is brutally murdered by the Nazis. Here again is an economical, realistic political novel, unremarkable for its psychological treatment, but with its politics tolerably well in hand.

I have left the best book until the end. Herr Traven wrote *The Death Ship*, and his present novel, which deals with an expedition in search of gold in Mexico, is by far the best I have read this year. It is not perfect. Its tone is, perhaps, too laconic, cool and bitter; its restraint may be considered monotonous and posed; its end to have a forced moral tone. Even so, *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre* surpasses in suspense, excitement, psychological

profundity, moral and social suggestiveness and skill of narrative, any of the weekly batch of "masterpieces" advertised in the Sunday press.

Three men, Dobbs, Curtin and Howard, living in the squalor of a Mexican oil port, are so conditioned by corruption of the place—I mean the financial exploitation of the workers by the rich—that they turn to speculative escape in the common Mexican stories of hidden gold in the mountains. To work is useless, but gold means power. Dobbs is a down-and-out, Curtin is a cut above him and Howard is an old prospector. The men have no friendship for one another. They go up to the mountains, set to work on the mine they discover, plan what they will do with their share, defend the venture against bandits and finally depart, after months of gruelling slavery, no more tied to one another than they were at the beginning. It happens that the old man is obliged to stay behind in an Indian village and Dobbs and Curtin drive on, agreeing to bank the old man's share. Dobbs, the down-and-out, the man whom plutocratic exploitation has rendered completely cynical and amoral, proposes to rob the old man and to share with Curtin. But Curtin refuses. He cannot rob a man of the fruits of his work; to Dobbs, the under-dog, gold is not the fruit of work, but of luck. Dobbs plots to murder Curtin, and the most tense situation in a book which contains many, now is built up. I will not give away the secret of this extraordinary psychological duel in the Mexican mountains.

The Treasure of the Sierra Madre is a humane and powerful book, quivering with life, and of all the novels on this list it has come nearest to solving the problem of being contemporary without letting the ribs of propaganda show through.

V. S. PRITCHETT.

DECEMBER, 1934

AN AUTUMN LIST OF RECOMMENDED BOOKS

- NATURE AND LIFE, by A. N. Whitehead. (*Camb. Press.*)
- A HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE, Vol. II, by Elie Halévy. (*Benn.*)
- THE TRAGEDY OF GANDHI, by G. R. Glorney Bolton. (*Allen & Unwin.*)
- THE VALLEY OF THE ASSASSINS, by Freya Stark. (*John Murray.*)
- CHINESE TESTAMENT, by S. Tretiakov. (*Gollancz.*)
- ONE'S COMPANY, by Peter Fleming. (*Cape.*)
- THE GREAT DEPRESSION, by Lionel Robbins. (*Macmillan.*)
- AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY, by Viscount Snowden of Ickneshaw, Vol. I. (*Nicholson & Watson.*)
- DESERT AND FOREST, by L. M. Nesbit. (*Cape.*)
- MODERN ENGLAND (1885-1932), by J. A. R. Marriott. (*Methuen.*)
- THESE TIMES, by J. A. Spender. (*Cassell.*)
- THE REV. SMITH, SIDNEY, by Osbert Burdett. (*Chapman & Hall.*)
- THE NAVAL MEMOIRS OF ADM. SIR ROGER KEYES. (*Thornton Butterworth.*)
- THE RUSSIAN JOURNALS OF MARTHA AND CATHERINE WILMOT. (*Macmillan.*)
- CROMWELL, by John Buchan. (*Hodder & Stoughton.*)
- CROMWELL, by Hilaire Belloc. (*Cassell.*)
- VALE, by Dean Inge. (*Longman.*)
- AUTOBIOGRAPHY, by J. C. Powys. (*Lane.*)
- PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBERG, by Adm. Mark Kerr. (*Longman.*)
- CONFUCIANISM AND MODERN CHINA, by Reginald Johnston. (*Gollancz.*)
- EXPERIMENT IN AUTOBIOGRAPHY, by H. G. Wells. (*Gollancz.*)
- I, JAMES WHITTAKER, by James Whittaker. (*Rich & Cowan.*)
- THE LIFE OF LORD CARSON, Vol. II, by Ian Colvin. (*Gollancz.*)
- THE PLEASURES OF POETRY, by Edith Sitwell. (*Duckworth.*)
- FREEDOM AND ORGANIZATION, 1814-1914, by Bertrand Russell. (*Allen & Unwin.*)
- CHOPIN, by William Murdoch. (*Murray.*)

FICTION

- THE LITTLE WORLD, by Francis Brett Young. (*Heinemann.*)
- TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND, by Edward Shanks. (*Macmillan.*)
- HORDUBAL, by Karel Capek. (*Allen & Unwin.*)
- THE GOOSE-MAN, by Jacob Wassermann. (*Allen & Unwin.*)
- THE HUGE SHIPWRECK, by Kathleen Freeman. (*Cape.*)
- AT SEA, by A. Calder Marshall. (*Cape.*)
- PENANG APPOINTMENT, by Norman Collins. (*Gollancz.*)
- BARNHAM RECTORY, by Doreen Wallace. (*Collins.*)
- SKYLIGHTERS, by J. B. Morton. (*Heinemann.*)
- DEAD MAN'S HOUSE, by Halcott Glover. (*Dent.*)
- SHABBY TIGER, by Howard Spring. (*Collins.*)
- HARVEST IN THE NORTH, by James Lansdale Hodson. (*Gollancz.*)
- INTERLUDE FOR SALLY, by Beatrice Kean Seymour. (*Heinemann.*)
- THE LIONS STARVE IN NAPLES, by Johann Fabricius. (*Gollancz.*)
- CAPTAIN NICHOLAS, by Hugh Walpole. (*Macmillan.*)
- WOMEN MUST WORK, by Richard Aldington. (*Chatto & Windus.*)
- FORTAMARA, by Ignazio Silone. (*Methuen.*)
- THE TREASURE OF THE SIERRA MADRE, by B. Traven. (*Chatto & Windus.*)
- ISLAND OF REFUGE, by John Fisher. (*Dent.*)
- EARTHQUAKE IN THE TRIANGLE, by Lewis Gibbs. (*Dent.*)

THE FUTURE OF INDIA

I.—THE JOINT COMMITTEE'S REPORT

BY EARL WINTERTON, M.P.

(formerly Under-Secretary of State for India)

THE Joint Select Committee, on which I had the honour to serve, was appointed in the early Spring of 1933, by Resolutions of both Houses of Parliament, to consider "the future government of India, and, in particular, to examine and report upon the proposals contained in Command Paper 4268" (*i.e.*, the document commonly known as the White Paper). It will be noticed that the terms of reference of the Committee were extraordinarily wide, and we were at liberty, should we think fit, to make entirely fresh suggestions for a solution of the Indian question.

It was a remarkable innovation in British Parliamentary procedure to set up a Joint Select Committee to consider proposals presented by the Government of the day, which had been laid before the House in the form of a White Paper before, instead of after, the introduction of the Bill itself. There were special reasons in this case, however, which led to the adoption of this unusual procedure. In the first place, the question of the future of India is perhaps the most important question which has ever been before Parliament. It is a question which, until the refusal of the Labour opposition to nominate members to serve on the Third Round Table Conference in the Autumn of 1932, had, broadly speaking, never been treated as a party question, and had, consequently, been unaffected by the ebb and flow of the will of the electorate, so destructive, in our domestic affairs, of permanence and consistency in policy.

It was eminently desirable that every effort should be made to maintain this tradition, and to reach a decision on the merits of the case. It was hoped, by setting up a Joint Select Com-

mittee, on which all parties would be represented, before the introduction of the Bill, to reach the maximum measure of agreement between the main sections of political thought in this country, and thus to reduce to the smallest possible compass open controversy on the floor of the House, concerning the principles of the Bill, in due course to be laid before it. For this reason, apart from all others, the refusal of such leaders of Right-Wing opinion as Mr. Churchill and Lord Lloyd to serve on the Committee was regrettable, although the Committee did, in fact, contain several representatives of their school of thought.

A further object in setting up the Joint Select Committee, prior to the introduction of the Bill, was to enable representatives of Indian opinion, who had worked with British politicians throughout the three Round Table Conferences in building up the structure of the White Paper, to continue to be associated with the enquiry in its last stage. It was realized that the ultimate sovereignty of Parliament must be respected, but it would have been undesirable to abandon, just at the moment when concrete proposals were forthcoming, the policy of co-operation which had prevailed since the summoning of the first Round Table Conference. Under the procedure adopted, Indian delegates were able to sit with us during the whole stage of the hearing of evidence, with full powers to examine witnesses who appeared before us, and thus to make all the points they wished. We found the presence, in the early stages of our enquiry, of the Indian delegates, who were drawn from British India and the Indian States, of great value; they showed wisdom and judgment in bringing to our notice the essential points which required attention. Mr. Churchill, at the conclusion of his evidence, paid a generous and much appreciated tribute to the acuteness of mind and skill in interrogation of one of the delegates.

The Committee must surely have been one of the strongest which ever sat in this country. It included the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Derby, who has not only held high office at home and abroad, but who, above all men, is entitled to speak for Lancashire and its great trading interests; three ex-Viceroy of India, of whom one has also been Lord Chief Justice of

England and another British Ambassador in Paris; two ex-Secretaries of State, of whom one has been also Foreign Secretary; two ex-Governors of Indian Presidencies, and one of an Indian Province, and two ex-Under-Secretaries of State for India. Of the other members, some have lived in India, and others been members of the Simon Commission, or Chairmen of Committees sent to India to investigate points arising out of the Round Table Conference. The Government representatives on the Committee were the Lord Chancellor, the Foreign Secretary, the Chancellor of the Duchy, and the present Secretary of State and Under-Secretary of State for India.

The Committee was not, and was never intended to be, a judicial body in a legal sense, but to assert that it went about its task in a prejudiced manner, or that all shades of political opinion were not represented on it, is simply untrue. In fact, persons who make such a charge are going far beyond the needs of the case which they wish to establish—the unfitness of Indians for self-government. They are suggesting that Britons also, even very distinguished ones, with long records of public service, cannot be trusted to reach a fair decision on the merits of a case presented to them. One is left to wonder in whom the "Diehards" do place confidence.

The way we went to work was as follows. We heard evidence from April 1933, until the Christmas of that year, and this was published in three bulky volumes. Soon after we had concluded the hearing of the evidence, our British Indian colleagues departed, leaving behind them an exceedingly valuable memorandum which had been signed by all the members of the Delegation except Sir Tej Saprú, who contributed one of his own. It embodied the concrete demands of that moderate realist Indian opinion which, while prepared to accept the Government's scheme in principle, yet demanded certain modifications in it. Perhaps it would not be unfair to regard it as asking for rather more than the authors had any real expectations of obtaining, but that is the way of negotiators all the world over, and not least in the East. At any rate, when we hear so much of the extreme Nationalist demand for a Constituent Assembly and the like it is well to remember that there is a body of moderate opinion in India, who have many

reasonable demands, which we have been able to go some way to meet.

When we resumed work in the New Year we went through several months of general discussion on the evidence we had heard; by the middle of June the first draft of our Report was produced. After that followed weeks of minute examination of its text, line by line, during which members of the Committee moved amendments, alike of whole paragraphs and of isolated words. It was not until October that the Committee was finally satisfied.

Our first task was to decide the general lines of the scheme which we were to recommend. The fact that the Government's scheme had been evolved from the Round Table Conferences was naturally a most important consideration; nevertheless, our method was to start from the beginning and consider all the possible alternatives. If, in the end, our investigations have led us to a scheme which, in broad outline, resembles the Government's scheme, that fact only serves to demonstrate the more strongly that such a scheme is the only practicable one. It has, moreover, the advantage of avoiding, on the one hand, the archaisms of those who would give India little or no advance; and, on the other, the rashness of the Socialist desire to grant India the entire control of her affairs without any safeguards. General Smuts recently pointed out that "this was not a case where extremist views can prevail". What was required was something practical, something "that could be the gift, not of a Party, but of the people as a whole". If the gift is to be of our nation as a whole, clearly something in the way of a compromise is necessary. Moreover, in all the evidence we heard, there was no practical constructive alternative put before us. In this regard it is particularly illuminating to turn up the evidence given by Mr. Churchill himself, which is published in the *Proceedings*.

It is common ground among almost all schools of thought that provincial autonomy, which was recommended by the Simon Report, should be introduced. Some, of course, are anxious to qualify its grant by the reservation of law and order, and the judiciary. The whole question of law and order will be dealt with in a later paragraph of this article. Broadly

speaking, it remains true that everyone is agreed on the necessity of introducing provincial autonomy, and I do not therefore propose to say more about it here, except to stress one point. In the past few months, attempts have been made by some, among them the Duchess of Atholl, to argue that there has been a great decrease in efficiency in those departments in the Provinces which were transferred in 1921, and also to urge that insufficient evidence about these departments was heard by the Joint Select Committee. On the last-named point the members of the Committee are obviously in the best position to decide: in this connection it must be remembered that we had unpublished discussions with the Indian delegates on every aspect of the question before us; but, in any case, the Statutory Commission went carefully into the question of the transferred departments on the spot, devoted a chapter in their Report to the matter, and came to the conclusion that, on the whole, the transference of these Departments had been sufficiently successful to justify an extension of self-government in the Provinces.

The big question which we had at an early stage to face was whether we could accept a scheme for federation with safeguards. It was clear that some alteration of the present Centre was in any event required, as we were setting up autonomous Provinces in order to overcome the centrifugal tendencies of the units. The Statutory Commission, realizing this, had proposed a new form of Central Legislature which was to secure the centralized unity of British India. They stated, with great emphasis, that an All-India Federation was undoubtedly the ultimate ideal, but that they had not been empowered to consult the Rulers of the Indian States or ascertain the prospects of its early introduction. It was the momentous declaration of the Princes at the first Round Table Conference at the end of 1930, when they declared themselves ready to enter an All-India Federation in the immediate future, provided that their interests were sufficiently protected, that completely changed the situation. There can, I think, be no question that, had this declaration been made before the Statutory Commission reported, their Report would have included proposals for an All-India Federation to be set up at once. There are no doubt great

difficulties in establishing a Federation of States governed by Princes on autocratic principles, and of democratic Provinces, but this is more than offset by the danger of the friction which would ensue if no constitutional relationship were set up between British India and the States. A further argument for setting up an All-India Federation is the economic one. The States have complained for many years that there are subjects of all-India concern, such as tariffs, which are at present entirely regulated by a Central Government in which they have no part, and in which their interests are unrepresented; the Butler Report in 1929 recognized that the grievance was a genuine one.

There are some who say that when autonomous Provinces are being established for the first time, we ought to retain a "strong" Centre. About that there can be no two opinions, but the question is in what a "strong" Centre consists. It is generally agreed by all those who have had close experience of it that the present Centre is not strong enough. An irremovable Executive is liable to be consistently attacked by a Legislature with an elected majority and considerable powers, but with no sense of responsibility, derived, as here, from the knowledge that an Opposition will itself, in due course, form the Government. In fact, the present situation cannot continue.

The Centre which we propose, in our Report, should prove infinitely stronger. There is every reason to suppose that the grant of a large measure of responsibility to the Central Legislature will smooth relations between it and the Executive, and relieve the Executive from the position of being continually on the defensive.

If there is to be a line of demarcation, as all are agreed there must be, since certain departments of the Central Government have to be reserved for the present, it seemed to the Committee far better that it should be within the Central Government itself, as we propose, rather than that it should be drawn between the Provinces and the Centre. An irresponsible Centre and responsible Provinces must come into frequent opposition. Though, as our Report says, such a system "might appear at first sight to eliminate altogether the evils of dyarchy, its

real effect is rather to conceal dyarchy than to eliminate it. Its actual effect would be, for instance, to reserve to the Governor-General much of the unpopular duty of taxation, while allotting to responsible Provincial Ministers the agreeable task of spending the money so raised". The Governor-General would be in no better position, moreover, to intervene in the autonomous Provinces if the present Centre were retained, than he will be if Parliament adopts our proposals. It is interesting to note that no opponent of the White Paper has endeavoured to meet the dilemma which I have just stated.

Finally, there is the all-important fact that the States have said that they would only come into a Central Government if that Central Government were responsible. Equally, without the element of stability provided by the State, Central responsibility would be impossible in present circumstances. Everything therefore pointed to the creation of a responsible Central Government, such as the one we recommend, which would be strengthened by the entire reservation to the Governor-General of the departments of Defence and Foreign Affairs, and arming him with various special responsibilities and powers. It is not necessary to elaborate further the reasons which led us to recommend "Responsibility with Safeguards", since these are set forth in the Introduction to our Report, which I would advise all who are at all interested in the Indian question to study with care. It may, without undue conceit on the part of any of us who served on the Committee, be described as a model of clear reasoning and good English.

It is, however, worth pointing out the importance which the Instruments of Instructions to the Governor-General and the Governors assume under our proposals. Many of the safeguards and, in an academic sense, the very basis of the establishment of democracy itself, namely, the fact that the Governor-General is normally to be guided by the advice of his Ministers should, we suggest, be included only in the Instruments of Instruction and not in the proposed Act itself. These original Instruments would be laid before both Houses of Parliament, who would have the opportunity of making any changes in them they see fit.

Before I leave the general considerations which weighed

with us, and deal with one or two more detailed matters which are of especial interest, there is one other point on which a word or two might well be said. Our proposals are not that provincial autonomy and the Federation should be set up at one and the same time—in fact it is extremely likely that provincial autonomy will be put into operation first—but we propose that both parts of the subject shall be covered by one Act of Parliament. Against this proposal it has frequently been urged that it is very inadvisable to combine the two steps, and that Parliament should only legislate for provincial autonomy at first, and then later for changes at the Centre if provincial autonomy is seen to work. The answer is that this would cause acute friction between responsible Provinces and an irresponsible Centre, and would make any scheme unworkable. Moreover, those who say that it is wholly absurd to create the units of the Federation and weld them into federation at one and the same time are themselves ignorant of the present position. They do not realize that the Provinces, since 1921, have been themselves responsible for a great many important Departments of Government, those usually known as the transferred departments, covering a wide range of subjects, and that, in practice, even in the reserved Departments, the Provincial Executives have exercised a considerable degree of independence of the Centre. Provincial Governments are at present in no sense mere agencies of the Centre, but are already great Governments, fully conscious of their powers. The rigid demarcation of Central and Provincial subjects, and, in particular, the separation of Central and Provincial revenues, has already made provincial autonomy in many respects an accomplished fact.

I come next to the subject on which public interest in this country has been so largely focused, namely, that known as law and order.

The Committee devoted a great portion of its time to anxious consideration of this question. In the end, while recognizing that there must be a certain risk whatever we proposed, we accepted the proposal of the Simon Report that law and order in the Provinces should be transferred. It will be seen, however, that we have recommended several additional safeguards to ensure the integrity and discipline of the Police, and to

prevent Ministerial interference with the internal affairs of that Force. Speaking with considerable administrative experience of how the Police organization in India works, reinforced by personal friendship with distinguished European and Indian members of the Force, I believe these safeguards will remove the apprehensions of many past and present Indian policemen who support the transfer, but only with reservations and qualifications. We are not “handing over” the police, except in the sense that the ultimate responsibility for the task which they will have to perform will, in future, belong to Indian Ministers. Moreover, it will be seen that we have added special powers for the resumption by himself of any Department of Government which the Governor considers necessary in order to combat terrorism, and that we have visualized the possibility of this safeguard being brought into force from the very beginning in Bengal.

Let me describe very briefly the reasons which weighed with us in making these recommendations. We agreed with the Simon Commission that the subject of law and order was too closely inter-related with other subjects to reserve it separately. The execution of policy in all Departments depends in the last resort on the co-operation of the Police, and to leave the Police responsible to a different authority from the other Departments of Government could only make for constant friction, and would be a specially obnoxious form of dyarchy. Moreover, it is manifestly important that Indians should undertake the unpopularity which goes with the responsibility for law and order. Readers of the *FORTNIGHTLY* can realize what would happen, even in Great Britain, if Parliament, whilst allowed to criticize, had no responsibility for police administration.

There have been some who have held that at any rate the so-called Special Branch, which collects informations to combat the terrorist movement, should be reserved, but here again there was solid weight against the proposal. The work of the Special Branch is so closely inter-related with that of the Police in general, that it would be quite impossible to separate the two. Moreover, we think it is of the utmost importance to utilize Indian public opinion in combating the terrorist

menace. Had we reserved the Special Branch, the effect would have been to make the combating of terrorism a purely British affair, and to have retarded immeasurably, rather than encouraged, that growth of the sound public opinion hostile to terrorism, which has been such an encouraging feature of recent months, and the spread of which, in the long run, alone can overcome the terrorist movement. What we have done is to recommend a special, and very important, provision to ensure that records relating to intelligence about terrorist activities should remain strictly official secrets. This, according to the best expert advice available, should obviate the danger of leakage.

Another subject around which controversy has tended to rage outside the Committee in the last few months, has been the preservation of the independence of the Courts in an India which will be, to an increasing extent, self-governing. In comparison with the question of law and order, this problem appeared to us almost simple. It has always been intended that the High Court Judges shall continue to be appointed by the Crown, and to hold office during good behaviour. This proposal should, in itself, be sufficient to preserve the deservedly high reputation of the personnel of the High Courts in India. Although, mainly for administrative reasons, we propose the abrogation of the somewhat rigid rule under which, at present, one-third of the Judges of a Court must have been called to the English, Scottish or Irish Bar, and one-third be members of the I.C.S., we have made it quite clear that we contemplate that the High Courts will continue to be strengthened by personnel derived from these sources. We have also made proposals to ensure that the High Court shall have a position of independence, and the largest possible measure of freedom from political pressure. Witnesses before us also stressed the dangers of nepotism and corruption in the promotion and postings of the subordinate judiciary, especially as this would rest in the hands of a Minister who might be responsive to pressure from the members of the Legislature. As our Report puts it, "Nothing is more likely to sap the independence of a Magistrate than the knowledge that his career depends upon the favour of a Minister". To counteract this danger we

have recommended a rule that should members of the Legislature make representations about the appointment or promotion of any member of the subordinate judiciary, those representations shall *ipso facto* be sufficient to disqualify him. This is a rule which has been strictly observed for many years in the Civil Service of this country.

A great deal has been heard about the future of British trade with India if reforms on the lines of the Government's proposals were to be passed. So far as British trade *in* India goes, we have made sundry recommendations to prevent discrimination against British business and professional men, and to put trading in both countries on a reciprocal basis. But by far the larger half of the question which faced us was the question of trade *with* India and the alleged danger of the boycott of British goods and their exclusion by the imposition of unduly high tariffs.

It is sometimes forgotten that, since 1919, under what is commonly known as the Fiscal Convention, India, broadly speaking, has had the right to regulate her own tariff policy without interference from Whitehall. There can be no going back at this time of day on such an arrangement, even if it were not the indisputable fact that goodwill, and not compulsion, is, in the long run, the only possible basis for a prosperous trading relationship between the two countries. But we came to the conclusion that none the less a safeguard must be provided, if only to allay the fears which have been expressed in this country that an Indian Legislature of the future may attempt to impose restrictions on British trade, not so much with the object of fostering Indian trade, as of injuring and excluding British trade in a spirit of vindictiveness. We decided to recommend a new special responsibility of the Governor-General to prevent "measures legislative or administrative which would subject British goods imported into India from the United Kingdom to discriminatory or penal treatment". These words were intended to cover, not only direct discrimination, but also measures which, "though not discriminatory or penal in form, would be so in fact". While we do not expect that the Governor-General will have to invoke this special responsibility, and while it will not permit him to interfere

with the freedom of the Federal Government to develop its own fiscal and economic policy, yet it will provide against any vindictive legislation which may be attempted.

There is one big change from the proposals which have previously held the field since 1930 : we have abandoned the proposal that there should be direct election to the Lower House of the Federal Legislature, and recommend instead that the members of it should be elected by the members of the Provincial Assemblies. The present elected portion of the Central Legislative Assembly is chosen by direct election. The change, therefore, is one which may be represented in India as retrograde. It is, however, worth pointing out that the arguments for and against direct election are very neatly balanced, and authoritative opinion has constantly wavered between them.

The principal argument which has, in the past, been used against direct election is that in a country the size of India, unless the Assembly is to be of an unwieldy size, the constituencies must become enormous, while the number of voters for each seat would be so great, that all chance of personal contact or representation, as it is understood in the West, becomes impossible. This position would be accentuated under the extended franchise recommended by the Lothian Report. On the other hand, there are certain administrative objections to any form of indirect election which are set out in the Lothian Report. Moreover, Indians have acquired in the last thirteen years experience of direct election, and have expressed themselves emphatically in favour of its continuance. In making our final decision, two arguments may be said especially to have weighed with us. In the first place, under a form of indirect election in which the members of the Federal Assembly are elected by the members of the Provincial Assemblies, it is the units of the Federation rather than the territorial constituencies which are represented at the Centre. This is constitutionally sound. But the principal factor actuating our decision was the realization that only experience of the trend of events in India, after the institution of the new Constitution, can provide a real guide. Now, whereas if we started with indirect election it would be perfectly simple to change later to direct election, the reverse process would be out of the question.

If the recommendations of our Committee are embodied in the Bill shortly to be presented to Parliament, and become law, there is good reason to hope that they will provide the basis for a lasting agreement between the two countries. There is a large body of moderate opinion in India which will be willing to work them. A perusal of our Report should convince the majority of responsible people in Great Britain that the charges of "abdication" and "surrender", of which we have heard so much, are really no more than the glib and facile generalizations of minds which are too prejudiced, or too lazy, to study the facts. Our Report proposes a complete constitution for India. It leaves over practically nothing of major importance for later enquiry, except the one subject of the future of the Secretary of State's services, which is not to be investigated until at least five years have elapsed. We are not proposing to place any constituent powers within the constitution. Further changes, save those of a minor order, remain reserved for Acts of the Imperial Parliament, though we have provided opportunities for the Indian Legislatures to make their wishes known, and have specifically recommended that resolutions praying for revision of the size or composition of the Indian Legislatures shall be laid before Parliament.

It is to be hoped and expected that, in the words of our Report, "Parliament, in consonance with its own dignity, and with the traditions of the British people, will make the transfer generously, and in no grudging spirit". I cannot do better than conclude with another quotation, this time from a former Viceroy and ancestor of one of my colleagues on the Committee, the great Lord Lytton, who referred, as far back as 1877, to "the fundamental political mistake of supposing that we can hold India by what they call good government ; that is to say, by improving the character of the ryot, strictly administering justice, and spending vast sums on irrigation".

That in itself is good policy, but something more is needed, which can only be provided by close and cordial co-partnership and inter-relationship, based on the recognition of a mutuality of interests between the two countries.

II.—THE INDIAN VIEW

BY J. R. GLORNEY BOLTON

(Author of *The Tragedy of Gandhi*)

WHEN Queen Elizabeth conferred her Charter upon the East India Company, she did not pretend that England's commercial expansion would correspond with providential design. Yet many apologists in India have been anxious to portray this country as the instrument of Providence. When the Indian National Congress met for the first time, in 1885, Mr. Subramania Aiyar, one of the principal speakers, declared that "a merciful dispensation of Providence" brought India under "the domination of the great British Power". Twenty years later, when Mr. Gopalrao Krishna Gokhale founded the Servants of India Society, he stipulated that its members should "frankly accept the British connection, as ordained, in the inscrutable dispensation of Providence, for India's good". Like members of a leading Boston family, Lord Curzon presumed so easily upon his official intimacy with Providence that he was able to forbid the singing of "Onward, Christian soldiers" at his Delhi Durbar, because Sabine Baring-Gould condoned the heresy that "Kingdoms rise and wane". Nowadays a more secular temper prevails in India, and whenever a Viceroy or a Governor professes to see in the British *raj* the handiwork of Providence, some of the most devout Indians are sceptical. There is a suspicion that Aiyar and Gokhale misinterpreted the dispensations of Providence.

In the early autumn of 1930 the British attitude to Indian reform was still obscure. Neither the invitations to the Round Table Conference nor the declaration that Dominion status was the ultimate goal of British policy in India prevented a renewal of the civil disobedience movement. Indian prisons were filled almost to their saturation point. Mr. Gandhi, behind prison bars, was winning a non-violent civil war. And when an impressive array of Indian statesmen defied the taunts of Congressmen and came to London, they lived in constant dread of hearing

that some friend or kinsman had been committed to prison. Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru was the cousin of Pandit Motilal Nehru, whom the hardships of incarceration were soon to bring to an untimely end. It would have been intolerable for these delegates to return to India without the substance of reform.

Yet from England, it seemed, little help could come. Conservative opinion would have set its face against the demand for Dominion status; and Indian opinion constantly stated that it would be satisfied with nothing less than Dominion status. British statesmen had no acceptable scheme. The Simon Report, published for their guidance, died the day it was born. It died because Sir John Simon and members of the Statutory Commission were not empowered to investigate the relations between the Princes and British India, though in any advance towards Dominion status the Princes must play a decisive part.

As it happened, this bankruptcy of political proposals was the Indian statesmen's opportunity. The work of all great Conferences is done behind the scenes. When Princes like the Maharajah of Bikaner and leaders of moderate opinion like Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru came to London, few suspected that they had already agreed upon a common policy of action. The demand for Dominion status, once insistent, was quietly side-tracked. In its place the leaders put a far more ambitious scheme for an All-India Federation. The Princes agreed to federate; but they would only enter into a Federation in which the Federal Government was responsible to a central Legislature. Give us, said Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru virtually, responsibility at the centre: we will then agree to any reasonable limitations which you can show to be necessary in the interests both of India and of Great Britain.

Other successes attended these shock tactics. Within a few days Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru won the support of Lord Reading, and with the support of Lord Reading came also the support of the Liberal party. The onus of rejecting the scheme rested, therefore, with the Conservative delegates. Sir Samuel Hoare and his friends might have opposed the scheme vigorously; but their opposition would have brought them into conflict with the Indian Princes, hitherto regarded as the inflexible allies of the British *raj*. This was a revolutionary situation, for which the

Conservatives, like members of the other political parties in England, were not prepared. So they said that they would wait until the "picture" had been completed. In other words, they would concentrate upon the safeguards. This attitude delighted Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru and his colleagues, who had already won the admission that safeguards were to exist only during a period of transition. They were ready to place a carpet-bag on the mythical Round Table and invite the British delegates to put into it all the safeguards they could devise. The Indian leaders did this with a light heart, knowing full well that there are no safeguards which an astute politician cannot surmount. It is easy to convert a carpet-bag into a waste-paper basket. Mr. de Valera has since shown the world how it can be done. The Conservatives were dragooned. They have been dragooned ever since.

It is well to review the work of the first session of the Conference thoroughly; for it was then that the delegates laid the foundations upon which rest the recommendations of the new Report. Moreover, one cardinal fact emerges—the architects of the new scheme were Indians; Englishmen were forced to play the secondary part of critics. Frequently they have been meddling critics. It is true that Englishmen were swift to recognize the advantages of the Federal scheme. Legal experts like Lord Sankey and Lord Reading were eager converts. The Prime Minister—perhaps remembering that he was once elected to be President of the Indian National Congress—offered invaluable encouragement. But Indians were the pioneers, and this fact alone emphasizes the profound difference between the new Reforms and the reforms imposed by Mr. Montagu and Lord Chelmsford. The negotiations have since suffered innumerable vicissitudes. There has been a change both in the Government and in the political complexion of the House of Commons. Princes occasionally regretted their own rare wisdom. Mr. Gandhi left London a pitiable failure, and the imposition of the communal settlement by an unwilling British Government so weakened Indian prestige that one wonders how the scheme survived the blow. Yet the essential scheme remains. Nothing has successfully destroyed the pioneer advantage of its architects. The dragooned Conservatives have been busily throwing safe-

guards into the carpet bag. Yet a glance at the new Report suggests that shrewder members of the Joint Select Committee have discovered that the carpet-bag is about to become a waste-paper basket; for they have tried—and tried, one suspects, in vain—to give to the ribbons and festoons the quality of steel.

Such efforts, however, have only involved them in a logical absurdity. No matter how numerous or how important safeguards may be, they are necessarily subservient to the essential scheme. A Federal Government to which the Princes are committed must be a Government which those Princes can respect. A Federal Government responsible to the Legislature must have the fullest freedom consistent with the wishes, expressed or implied, of the Legislature. Otherwise, responsibility becomes a farce, and we ought not to confer upon India the travesty of self-government. We can neither govern without the consent of the governed nor impose a Constitution which the recipients refuse to work. It will not be a pleasing spectacle if the first decade of federal government in India is marked by constant friction over safeguards which have been unnecessarily imposed.

The process from the White Paper to the Report of the Joint Select Committee has been even and gradual. Former Viceroy, Governors and Secretaries of State have participated in the deliberations. The weight of authority—in the words of *The Times*—was "extraordinarily impressive". Nearly every shade of political opinion was represented, and a dissenting (political) Lord Salisbury compensated for the wilful abstentions of Lord Lloyd, Mr. Winston Churchill, and Sir Henry Page Croft. The Archbishop of Canterbury took an active part, and so convinced his co-workers that the long line of statesmen-ecclesiastics did not end with Randall Davidson. The Englishman is happily assured that he has risen above the party view. He has even forgotten what the party view is supposed to be. He looks upon these negotiations between Indians and his own countrymen as a grand experiment in compromise, and with the Englishman compromise is a religion.

But how are these things regarded in India? Whatever slight connection Canterbury may once have had with Benares the Indian Church Measure has subsequently severed; so we must forgive the Indian failure to appreciate the merits of archiepiscopal co-

operation. Of the part played by the "extraordinarily impressive" weight of authority Indians have, of course, rather strong views. We do not desire to retain the old form of bureaucracy in India; otherwise, few difficulties would exist. An Indian *personnel* could replace the present English *personnel* with very little effect upon the character of the bureaucracy. There are in India only thirteen hundred English civil servants and police officers. Normally more than four hundred of them are on leave. Half the remainder work at headquarters. The vast majority of Indians pass their lives without once seeing an Englishman. Who seriously pretends that the educated classes of India cannot produce young men capable of filling this small handful of posts? What satisfaction is it to hear that many young men, apparently suitable, fail at the examinations which are now imposed? Our problem in India is not one of perpetuating a foreign-made bureaucracy, but of making government responsive to, and dependent upon, intelligent and vocal Indian opinion. When Indians designed their own scheme, it seemed that this problem was about to be solved. The scheme came to life at a time when the flame of Indian Nationalism was burning at white heat. Since then, however, Englishmen have taken charge of the scheme. They found a structure having the dignity, the strength and simplicity of a Norman tower. They have superimposed a style of a strangely-decorated Gothic variety. Sir Christopher Wren as he built St. Paul's Cathedral could scarcely have been more amazed and vexed by his detractors than were the architects of the Federal scheme with the authors of the White Paper and the Report of the Joint Select Committee. Sooner or later, the decorations, of whatever variety, will have to go.

During recent years the process of Indian reform has been too placid to be healthy. The world has moved far since the first session of the Round Table Conference, and it has not been moving in the direction of democracy. There is a revolution in world leadership. Four years ago Herr Hitler was an inconvenient agitator, and Mr. de Valera a discredited idealist; Germany was a staunch supporter of the League, Russia an exile from the comity of nations, Manchuria a Chinese province; the financial crisis was still an academic conjecture, and the

United States a country led by a man who was applying ordinary remedies to an unprecedented slump. We shall never return to the world in which the Indians first propounded the Federal scheme. Many of the old bonds which still held us to the nineteenth century are broken. The twentieth century now hurls at us problems which, by the old standards of thought and action, are insoluble. Great Britain and Northern Ireland have become a Protectionist unit; the Irish Free State is committed to an experiment in economic nationalism; Canada reacts vigorously to the New Deal in the United States. The character of the Empire is changing. Meanwhile the entry of Soviet Russia into the League of Nations and the withdrawal of Japan completely transform the problem of India's defence. The attempt to retain the old order in a changing world is driving men to desperate courses. Speech itself is ceasing to be free. But the men who are clinging to the old ways of the nineteenth century fight a losing battle. India has been watching this revolution carefully. Advanced Indian opinion has always had a strong imitative strain, and it may learn as much from the New Deal as it did from the methods of revolt in Ireland and from the Soviet experiment.

Many people in England may rejoice in the belief that they have heard the last of Mr. Gandhi, the most troublesome of all the delegates who came to London. Yet Mr. Gandhi has failed not through extremism, but through a lack of sympathy with the aspirations of a younger generation of Indians. Like Mr. Redmond in Ireland, he lost touch with men about to become members of the governing generation. Gandhism may well go the way of Redmondism. The youths who once cried "Simon, go back" are about to become members of the governing generation. Seven years have passed since Sir John Simon and his colleagues set out for India, and seven years is a long time for an impatient people. There was a lag, even at the Conference, between the views of the Indian delegates and opinion in India. It is far more pronounced today. Yet it is doubtful whether members of the Joint Select Committee ever seriously considered contemporary opinion in India. Opinion, in fact, was judged to be static—as though opinion which remained static during the past four years could have any validity. Four years ago not

many Indian leaders would have quarreled seriously with the proposal to create a Federal Reserve Bank independent of political control. The financial crisis has since intervened, and one day Indian business men woke up to find that Britain had departed from the gold standard. The rupee was pegged to the pound, and at first fluctuated in a manner which the Indian authorities were unable to control. Indian fortunes were at the mercy of men in Downing Street and Threadneedle Street. It was India's severest blow since the publication of the Report of the Mesopotamian Commission. Experiments in managed currency have undermined the old canons of international finance. One day India will insist upon becoming the keeper of her own purse.

Congress has been steadily revising its own policy, and while Lord Willingdon was crushing a half-hearted civil disobedience movement, Congressmen decided to use the deadlier weapon of co-operation. They are now entering the Assembly and the Legislative Councils. Theirs is a return to the tactics once so skilfully employed by Mr. C. R. Das. They will promote only those reforms with which they are in sympathy, and if they are not strong enough to carry the majority with them, they will retaliate by hampering the work of the Government at every turn. But against such methods there is one effective remedy, and this is a forfeiture of public confidence. The mere fact that members must give an account of their activities to the electorate is an assurance that Swarajist tactics will not be consistently irresponsible. Not all opinion is enlightened, and not all opinion is extreme. We have, however, to assume that a healthy opinion—an amalgam of opinions good and bad—exists; for this is our sanction for devising new reforms at all. There are Princes who inherit a great tradition of rulership. There are communities whose leaders have long been versed in public affairs. There are the unofficial Europeans who have not hesitated to approve the new reforms. Even when Congress has gained many victories at the polls, the Federal Assembly is likely to remain a rather conservative association. The best and the most permanent of all safeguards is responsible opinion.

"The real truth", declared the Duke of Wellington, "is that the public mind cannot be brought to attend to an Indian

subject". But while this popular indifference should ensure for the new reforms a safe passage through the House of Commons, it is well to remember that statements made in a Parliamentary debate may inflict a permanent injury. There are Indians who will never forget some of the bitter things said in Parliament during the debates on the punishment meted out to General Dyer. They completely destroyed the good impression that had just been created by the King's proclamation, and became almost a prelude to India's first national experiment in civil disobedience. A few years later, when Lord Irwin issued his famous statement proclaiming Dominion status to be the goal of British policy in India and announcing a Round Table Conference, Indian opinion was undoubtedly impressed. Yet within a few days came the Parliamentary debates. There was opposition from Lord Reading, Lord Birkenhead, and Mr. Lloyd George. But what injured India's pride were the speeches of Lord Passfield and Lord Parmoor, who in their anxiety to secure a majority in the House of Lords, were almost apologetic in their defence of the viceregal statement. They had forgotten the impression their speeches would create in India. The Parliamentary debates can provide us with one more opportunity of appealing with effect to the Indian people. If we can show that our faith in the political wisdom of the new India is sincere, we may ward off many irritating controversies over the safeguards.

For very serious work lies ahead of this new India. Her population is increasing at such a rate that before thirty years have passed four hundred million people may be struggling to obtain sustenance from an impoverished Indian soil, and this will create a situation with which not even those who preach the economics of plenty will be able to deal. As it is, with the separation of Burma, India will become a food-importing country. The fate of the peasant is all-important. It may be that, in his efforts to develop the village industries, Mr. Gandhi is entering the most fruitful period of his life. Perhaps the time will come when his countrymen recognize the wisdom of his proposals for a new franchise. He spoke once at the Round Table Conference in favour of indirect elections. He expounded his *panchayat* scheme, whereby villages elect their representative, a group of

village representatives elect their district representative, and a group of district representatives elect the representative for the Legislature. Such a system both meets the Congress demand for adult suffrage and bases it upon the needs of the village communities. It is clear that the present communal franchise cannot endure for ever. A franchise so revised might bring to the front both men capable of dealing with the vexed problem of the peasants' indebtedness and men who do not fear to alter the indefensible landlord system in the *zemindari* districts. So great are these difficulties, so desirable is the capacity for statesmanlike and courageous improvisation, that one readily withholds sympathy from those whose favourite metaphor is that of "applying the brakes". The Indian leaders have an up-hill task. They need good horse-power rather than good brakes. Assuredly these problems could never have been solved under the present regime. India is swiftly becoming a rural slum. From this fate only her own leaders can save her. And they must be given freedom to act quickly. Very soon it will be too late to rescue India from her doom, and men will look in vain for yet another "merciful dispensation of Providence".

RADIO UNDER FIRE

BY HARRISON BROWN

IT seems an invariable rule that an article on radio should begin with what is known in vulgar parlance as a "bromide". Even the late William Bolitho followed this custom, though as usual he made it palatable. "Our age", he wrote, "which is cursed with inhuman savagery and want, also allows us super-human pleasures", and proceeds to sing a pæan in praise of those "ennobling wires" which for years made the roofs of cities look like a village deserted on the eve of washing day.

Today the pæans sung in praise of radio tend to be less rhapsodical—when, of course, they are not subsidized by self-interest. Another "inestimable blessing" has fallen upon humanity and, like all those that are not fought for, has been absorbed but not digested. And as with so many other revolutions in our habits introduced by the machine, men begin to wonder if the new phenomenon is a step towards their heaven or another landmark on the road to hell. They well may wonder, it is all up to them.

In Britain there is occasional criticism of programme details in Parliament and elsewhere, but, on the whole, general satisfaction with the fare provided. In Germany reports say that Dr. Goebbels has killed the radio. In view of the use to which the Nazi Government puts it, that is undoubtedly the best thing he could do to it. From the United States there have been rumours of "listeners' revolts", of Federal enquiries and hints of Government control. For us the controversy centres on the rival advantages of a State-controlled monopoly or a free commercialised system. The former is a means of selling or controlling ideas, the second a method of selling goods. Both systems attract the consumer by the bait of entertainment.

As usual, the Americans have been both more open and more energetic in pursuance of their enquiries. One speaker at the

annual convention of the National Advisory Council on Radio in Education, recently held in Chicago, roundly declared that "radio as at present constituted has driven away all persistent listeners except the morons". To which another speaker replied that in the United States "broadcasters in their own interests must try to give listeners what they want. In European countries broadcasters produce what the Government believes the listeners should have". In the post-debate discussion no speaker advocated Government control, the majority proposed stimulation of better programmes under the existing system.

It would appear from this that the extent of the listeners' revolt has been exaggerated. Whilst all are agreed that the system as at present operated calls for extensive reform, it can be definitely said that there will be no new legislation involving control. The reforming groups in America appear to have given up demanding nationalization or state control. It is impossible to say whether this change of front is due to conviction, or to discouragement prompted by President Roosevelt's reference to radio's "stimulation of buying power and its assistance to commerce generally", in his message to the Cincinnati convention of the National Association of Broadcasters in September. It was, however, Dr. Glenn Frank, President of the University of Wisconsin, who advised: "do nothing that will freeze control of radio in any specific form".

The attitude of the average Englishman to a commercialised system, though unimportant since no change is envisaged here, is nevertheless a tribute to the subtle propagandist methods of the B.B.C. It seems to be universally believed that, in America, one cannot turn on a radio without having soap or tooth paste rubbed into one's ears. And to people whose eyes are assailed at every corner by the rival claims of bottled refreshment, this seems obnoxious, even though they, too, can hear their native products advertised to them from France. To Americans the distinction is less noticeable. Criticism lies rather in the degree and form of advertising than of advertising itself. That it has reached a stage where the industry itself goes to expense and trouble to collect it, shows it to be a healthy form of criticism. There is too much blatancy and too much selling talk, and too much "scrappiness" in the programmes in consequence. These

are points which can be remedied, and will be, since the air costs money, and in radio advertisers have an instrument which can annoy as well as please their potential customers.

Listeners do not want a lot of guff about a vacuum cleaner, but they are ready to associate its name with a good musical programme or a favourite comedian. That the United States is at least as wedded to commercial broadcasting as we are to our system is proved by the success of the advertising itself. Whereas in 1932 some \$39,000,000 was spent for time on the air, this present radio year is already spoken of as possibly reaching a hundred million dollars.

Fourteen years ago to the month, the first broadcasting station was established by the Westinghouse Company at Pittsburgh. In 1932 there were already over 16 million sets in operation in families, out of a world total of some 25 millions. This means a potential radio audience of at least 50 million people, and may be accepted as proof that commercial broadcasting will last in America as long as capitalism! The latest convert is Henry Ford who, until recently, fought shy of radio advertising. In October of this year he spent \$57,700 weekly on time alone in broadcasting the Detroit Symphony Orchestra and the famous Fred Waring Band. Both these programmes, and their guest artists, are expensive in themselves—the band is said to receive \$10,000 a broadcast. Such sums make the £10 a minute look small which the B.B.C. recently paid for a "crooner". They reduce European fees for cultural features to microscopic proportions.

So much for the selling of products. But broadcasting has other functions: entertainment, information, education. In regard to the first of these especially no adequate comparison between the two systems is really possible, since the difference in national tastes may be almost as great as that between individuals. It may be said in favour of the commercialised system that the stimulus to seek variety is probably greater. Whether it be that American humour is more adapted to radio transmission, or that British minds are slower in the uptake, the fact remains that humorous items appear to "get over" better in the United States than they do here. With the exception of a few leading comedians, however, humorous skits are more

popular than single-turn comics, there as here. But British radio has produced no regular feature to equal Amos and Andy, either in humour or in popularity.

In music the best of America is the equal of anything in Europe, and everywhere there is much rubbish. But in this the B.B.C. system is much to be preferred, since a good musical programme deserves at least an hour, and that is not always to be had under commercialised broadcasting. Proof of the interest roused by the best music, however, and therefore of the fact that not all programmes are "scrappy", is shown by the voluntary contribution of over £13,000 recently made by listeners to the guarantee fund for the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Society. It does not often occur that a Beethoven Sonata is cut off before the end because the air had been sold next minute. But it has happened, and it is infuriating. Probably if the advertiser knew just how infuriating it is, he would prefer to let the sonata end before he began his patter. But such an arrangement would be hard to contract for!

In the distribution of news, radio everywhere faces one of its most difficult and controversial problems. In no country is the present service considered satisfactory, everywhere radio trails the newspapers instead of setting the pace. To a large extent this is probably inevitable, certainly it is so while the Radio Corporations have no news-collecting agencies of their own and so long as the present semi-war conditions between Press and radio continue. The first solution would mean considerable expense for duplicating work already done by the larger press agencies, but it seems likely to be done. In the state of jealous rivalry between Press and radio "private initiative" carries childishness to extremes, and the responsibility for it lies chiefly with the Press.

The B.B.C. appears to have reached a *modus vivendi* with the press agencies at the expense of its news bulletins, which are as dull as the "depressions south of Iceland" so monotonously announced. For the town-dweller the bulletins never provide more than a repetition of his evening paper, sometimes even of the lunch edition, but delivered without the verve of the headliner. The regularity with which family after family tunes in each night to catch the news, and tunes out again with grunts of

disappointment, is touching evidence of that hope which springs eternal in the human breast.

One thing news bulletins must emphatically be free from, and that is any attempt at interpretation. This elementary fact does not seem to be appreciated in all quarters. A contributor on this subject to the recent Broadcasting Supplement of *The Times* reached the astonishing conclusion that "there is certainly room for a more ambitious attempt to interpret events and tendencies in relation to one another and to the general progress of mankind". This is apparently the line now being adopted by Broadcasting House, with results which are often tendentious. If it is to be persisted in, then there is also "certainly room" for demanding that the credentials of the "interpreter" shall first be approved by Parliament in open debate.

In the United States the rivalry between the two mediums of news distribution has been more acute than elsewhere, even going to the length of threats by the newspapers to refuse to print radio programmes. It is natural that the antagonism should be greater under a commercialised system than under the British system, for under the former the real cause of the jealousy is justified. The radio in America now takes an enormous percentage of the total sum spent in advertising. The Press quite naturally assumes that this total sum is limited and that therefore, to some extent and above all in times of crisis, what the radio gains they lose.

It is in the cultural field that radio can be of most lasting benefit or may prove the greatest menace, and here the B.B.C. is far ahead of any commercial system. The attitude of the latter may be likened to that of the late Lord Brentford on novels, which must not offend the mind of the smallest child amongst us. Similarly, though for another reason, a commercial system aims at almost the lowest common denominator of human intelligence. In the words of a president of one of the American companies, "in broadcasting we are dealing with a mass message, and the material delivered must be suitable for mass consumption". This is the language of salesmanship. The necessity of conforming to it, coupled with the constant protests of educational institutions and the accusations of vulgarity from intellectuals, makes the lot of educational

directors under a commercial system an extremely hard one.

Whilst there is nothing in the United States to equal the steady stream of first-class scientific and "serious" talks provided by the B.B.C. and reprinted in *The Listener*; and whilst, also, the American definition of what constitutes an educational programme may seem elastic, it is entirely erroneous to suppose that American programmes have no cultural value. But where profit is the main objective, culture must always suffer from restriction. American radio is no exception to this rule.

That "radio is primarily a means of entertainment" is not solely an American opinion. It is probably the opinion of the majority in every country, and only a protected monopoly can dare freely to take liberties with it. That the B.B.C. does so and thus follows a course of restrained but compulsory "uplift" is considered by many of us a matter for congratulation. It may be noted, however, as the only instance where the American tendency to precede custom by legislation and "force people to be good", is to some extent openly approved in this country.

In the long run it will probably be seen that a people gets the radio it deserves, but there can be no doubt that such a system of open commercial competition as the American, places a heavy handicap on the use of the new instrument as a means of raising the general level of taste and intelligence. As things are, almost the only efforts to consider this angle, apart from some forty stations licensed by educational institutions themselves, are made by the two great networks of Columbia and the National Broadcasting companies. Extensive as are the fields of these two systems, they own only a fraction of the 600 stations broadcasting in the States, and they cannot force programmes on other stations in their networks. In the circumstances, if local stations can sell their time they will naturally prefer to do so, rather than take "sustaining" features for the benefit of a minority.

In view of the general impression in this country that commercialisation spells ballyhoo and ballyhoo only, it is interesting to note that Columbia's "American School of the Air" was first broadcast as a "sponsored" programme, the advertiser agreeing to limit his commercial announcement to a twenty-five-word statement. The trial was thrice weekly for fifteen weeks over forty-five stations. It was highly successful, and for the past

four years Columbia has run the school itself, recently over an eighty-six-station network from coast to coast. The subjects are supervised by eminent authorities, and the programmes prepared as far as possible in accordance with the general school curricula and arranged for different grades. Fifty thousand copies of a Teacher's Manual outlining the scheduled broadcasts are distributed free to teachers. When it is remembered that the Federal Radio Commission has laid it down that "advertising must be accepted as the sole means of support for broadcasting", the above record at least indicates that the oft-repeated claim of the larger companies, that they are trying to raise the cultural level, is not an empty one.

During the past few years time has been presented by these larger companies to lectures organized with a view to adult education by the National Advisory Council on Radio in Education. Some, but not all, of these programmes have been successful, even with the minority for which they cater. It is largely a question of technique, and the comment of a recent American editorial applies everywhere: "If some inspired Platonist could make logic as entertaining as Gracie Allen makes lunacy, educators would not have to demand time on the air. The broadcasters would come running after them."

The whole question of radio in education is experimental, and obviously requires the greatest care. When Sir Walford Davies or Miss Rhoda Power, or one of the B.B.C.'s other teachers begins the school hour, thousands of children reply unheard "good afternoon". It is amusing to hear them, and still more to watch the concentration on their faces as the unseen teacher proceeds. But nothing brings home more forcibly the immense power of the radio than the thought of thousands of small persons going through identical actions and mental processes at the behest of an individual who may be hundreds of miles away. It is, of course, only alarming in its implications. The most convinced individualist must admit that a large amount of the A B C of living may well be dealt with through the loud-speaker. For better or worse it is now a normal event in many countries. In Britain some 4,000 schools and over 200,000 pupils receive some daily education in this way.

That the practice must tend to develop susceptibility to mass

suggestion seems inevitable. Critics both in and outside the borders of the United States speak of our "spoon-fed civilization". They point to the power of advertising to hypnotize women into ruining their complexions with cosmetics of violent colour, or into overloading their own and their families' stomachs with an incredible quantity of breakfast foods. But the power of creating the habit of mind of which such things are symptoms is inevitably latent in the microphone.

I am reminded of a story which was current in Berlin a few years ago. A business man of some importance complained of the early hours he was obliged to keep in order to do his gymnastic exercises. "But why", enquired his friend, "do not you get up later and do them without the radio? You know them by heart". "Ah, yes", replied the tired one; "but if I did that I should miss the inspiration of knowing that thousands of others were doing the same thing at the same moment as myself".

It is greatly to the credit of the B.B.C. that its Educational Department and its talented staff of teachers seem to realize the necessity for avoiding just such "inspiration". In some of its history lessons especially, the ingenious introduction of sound effects and impersonation seem well designed to stimulate each mind, according to its experience and degree of imagination. A more serious danger is opened up when we find Dr. Robert Bridges asking that "our Educational Authorities should use this means to flood our primary schools with spiritual teaching". That seemingly innocent request is dynamite in a poetic wrapping. Great teachers are rare, and to the majority "spiritual" teaching can only consist in a re-hash of the moral codes which they themselves imbibed at an early age. There are many today who would consider the teaching of much of such codes to be a perversion of their children's minds. It would seem that the present state of the world might well justify some doubt, above all in the mind of a poet, as to the efficacy of the moral codes of previous generations.

But there is another function of broadcasting as yet unmentioned, and another type of news than that of the factual bulletin. That function is the preservation of human liberty in the form of free speech, and the type of news the adequate discussion of

those subjects which, though perhaps not in the headlines, are in everybody's mind. In this respect the B.B.C. has recently exposed itself to the strongest censure and fallen far behind the American system.

One of the points on which the B.B.C. has always shown itself to be most sensitive to criticism has been anything pertaining to its duties as a "guardian of democracy".

Great responsibility has always rested with the chief officers of the Corporation, especially since the withdrawal in 1928 of the ban on controversial broadcasting. To all intents and purposes the B.B.C. is a State-controlled institution. The control, of course, is exercised in that subtle but effective manner peculiar to this country; so subtle that it even permits rhetorical denial that control exists, yet so effective that specific broadcasts can and have been prevented by the Postmaster-General. To clinch this matter of control in any case, the money the Corporation earns goes to the Government in the price of licences issued. The B.B.C. then receives from the Government a grant, which with the sale of its publications, comprise its income. The conduct of its affairs is therefore subject for debate in Parliament, and sometimes, though all too rarely, has been.

In such circumstances it is inevitable that there should have been criticisms of political bias. It is unfair but not unnatural that the Government of the day should have chief say. On the whole, it is creditable that there have not been more glaring cases for criticism in this respect than have arisen.

If the principle of monopoly be accepted, it is also inevitable that the way be left wide open for a Government stranglehold in time of crisis. What is intolerable, however, is the suggestion of insidious colouring of the B.B.C.'s activities by appointees of whom the country as a whole is ignorant.

In the United States the Senate Commission of Inquiry into Arms Manufacture received considerable advertisement from the radio stations, as befitted a subject so closely concerning the lives and incomes of all citizens. The Chairman of the Commission, Senator Nye, has broadcast several times about it over wide hook-ups, and there have been many debates staged in different parts of the country.

At the beginning of the Inquiry especially, a large amount of

publicity was given to it by the British Press. Broadcasting House remained silent upon the theme, however, notwithstanding the publication of such statements as that, for every submarine built by Vickers for the British Navy, an American concern received \$100,000. Apparently the only reference to the Inquiry made over British air was an indirect one by Dr. Inge in the course of a talk on the causes of war. "I put aside the alleged malignant influence of armament firms. The shareholders in these companies are mostly small investors with several irons in the fire. They have no interest in promoting war, they are not more wicked than other people and they have no influence in politics." Since Dr. Inge can scarcely be accused of *naïveté*, we must conclude he does not read the papers.

There, however, was an opinion, honestly expressed. The B.B.C. prides itself on its skill in balancing controversy; one awaited another view. The opportunity came within a fortnight, and in the same series of talks, when Professor J. B. S. Haldane was asked to give his views. That talk has since been published, it was never given on the air, the B.B.C. censored it, and it is safe to say that they never censored a talk more suitable for the public to hear at such a time as the present.

We have here, in this contrast of treatment of a vital subject by the B.B.C. and by the much-abused competitive commercial system, a glaring instance of an intolerable danger in the former. Mr. H. G. Wells has done the country great service in cancelling his own talk as a protest against Professor Haldane's treatment, and thereby drawing still more attention to it. So much criticism has been aroused that the B.B.C. has been forced to issue an "explanation" of its conduct, an undignified and fatuous explanation be it said.

The banning of this talk is the more astonishing in that, by doing it, the B.B.C. exposes itself deliberately to certain suspicions, now being freely uttered.

This is no personal question. Here is a case upon which the British radio system has definitely fallen and betrayed its trust. We have been told that the encouragement of the critical mind is an aim of radio. We must now assume that, as under Goebbels, we may possess such minds, on condition that we do not use them.

LIMITATION OF NAVIES

BY HECTOR C. BYWATER

THE naval conversations between Great Britain, the United States, and Japan, which began in London last summer and were resumed in October, have already produced one concrete, if negative, result. They have sounded the death-knell of the Washington-London limitation treaties, which are now doomed to expire on December 31, 1936. Although Japan took the responsibility for this decisive step, she is known to enjoy the moral support of France and Italy, to both of which the treaties had become increasingly irksome. Unless, therefore, some development not yet foreseen occurs in the near future, the ratio system of controlling relative strength at sea may be regarded as dead.

Whatever the advantages of this system may be, they are apparent only to those at the head of the scale. When first introduced at the Washington Conference in 1921 the ratio formula was accepted by all parties as a convenient but provisional solution of their respective naval problems. It was, in fact, a makeshift; no one at that date, with the possible exception of the United States which had devised the plan, regarded it as a permanent arrangement. Briefly, it specified tonnage allotments in the ratio of 5-5 for the British Empire and the United States, 3 for Japan, and 1.75 for France and Italy. There was no pretence that these figures bore the remotest relation to the actual defensive requirements of the Powers. Then, as now, the two countries least exposed to naval attack were the United States and Japan. By far the most vulnerable of all was the British Empire, which still remains the only major Power that could be subdued in the space of weeks by severance of its sea communications, though France and Italy also are exposed to the deadly rigours of blockade.

Before examining the naval problem in its international aspect, it seems desirable to approach the question from a purely British point of view. This procedure may be old-fashioned, but no apology is offered for following it here. The chief concern of practical citizens who wish their country well is to determine how far covenants entered into with other nations for the regulation of armaments affect the security of their own land. That is the angle from which every good American, Japanese, Frenchman and Italian views the naval treaties. Only in Great Britain is there a tendency to subordinate national to international interests. The pendulum, however, is swinging back. Recent events in Europe and further afield have forced all save the most incorrigible of British idealists to admit the necessity for putting our defences in order. The growing demand for equality in air power is a portent of the times.

For Britain and the British Empire the experiment of naval limitation by treaty has proved a very qualified success. We are much weaker at sea, both relatively and absolutely, than we were before the experiment was tried. The supremacy we enjoyed in 1921-22 has gone. Our navy is supposed to be equal to that of the United States, and on paper it may seem so. Actually, however, the United States has a battle fleet numerically equal to ours, but more up to date; a considerable lead in modern cruisers—350,000 tons as compared with our 268,400 tons; a larger aircraft-carrier fleet, not to mention a 6 to 1 superiority in naval aircraft; a greater reserve of destroyers, and 30,000 more officers and men. How are these figures to be reconciled with the "parity" which is the official basis of our naval policy?

If the United States navy stood alone its formidable strength need cause us little concern since, quite apart from sentiment, there are political reasons which definitely exclude the United States from our list of potential enemies. Unfortunately, however, active naval preparations in one quarter inevitably provoke reactions in another. Japan keeps a vigilant watch on American fleet expansion, and does her utmost to maintain the balance by enlarging her own forces. Between France and Italy, too, naval building rivalry has become so obvious that it can no longer be camouflaged. Consequently, although we may not be the objective of this worldwide development of naval armament,

it is seriously affecting our relative position, and it is therefore untrue to say, as has been said, that we can regard the huge American building programme now in train with entire composure.

Much as we may sympathize with the desire of the United States to consolidate her strategic position in the Pacific and, incidentally, to exalt her prestige by becoming the premier naval Power, we cannot be expected to applaud a policy that not merely encourages Japan progressively to augment her own armaments, but seems to be inciting her to militant nationalism. The Western seaboard of the United States is less exposed to attack than Australasia, and, unlike the United States, we have valuable properties lying well within striking range of the Japanese fleet. Elementary prudence should counsel us against taking sides in a naval competition between the United States and Japan. What we must do, however, is to see that the British fleet does not become a negligible factor in the Pacific.

In seeking to determine what the strength of the British Navy ought to be, we are confronted by one obvious difficulty. From 1904 to 1914 we were forced to recognize Germany as our most probable foe, and thus had a standard ready to hand. So long as we maintained in the North Sea a certain margin of fighting tonnage in excess of Germany's we were assured of reasonable security. Further, in those days the touchstone of naval strength was still the Dreadnought battleship, for the powers of the submarine were untested and the air arm was in its early infancy.

Today the problem is not so simple. Who could forecast the decisive strategic area in which the British fleet may have to wage war? It may be the Channel, or the Mediterranean, or the China Seas; anywhere, in fact, except the North Atlantic. And how is relative strength to be measured? Is the battleship still the predominant factor, or should we concentrate on the building of cruisers, submarines, and aircraft-carriers?

For the time being the dimensions of our Navy are regulated by a "yardstick" which is not British, but American in origin. Alike at the Washington and the London Conference the United States took the initiative and prescribed limits of tonnage in each category of man-of-war, those limits conforming to what her admirals deemed necessary for American requirements. For

good or ill we accepted this purely American plan with certain trivial modifications. Hence the anomaly that British naval strength is now governed by an American formula; that the sea defences of a widely scattered commonwealth, whose communications extend over 80,000 miles, have been made to conform to those of a self-contained community which is separated by the width of oceans from the nearest potential aggressor, and to whom control of its sea routes is not a condition precedent of national existence. Our naval policy has, indeed, been drawn into a vicious circle from which it will be difficult to escape.

American naval aims are comparatively clear-cut. They postulate a fleet strong enough, on the one hand, to intervene in the Far East in defence of the "open door", and on the other to ensure respect for American neutrality—including the right to trade with belligerents—in the event of war in Europe. There is nothing culpable in either aim, and if we were in the fortunate geographical, strategical, and economic position of the United States, we should probably pursue the same course. As it is, our situation is fundamentally different.

Let us examine the differences a little more closely and begin with the battleship ratio. The U.S. Navy Department has decided that a campaign in the Far East would necessitate a minimum force of fifteen battleships to Japan's nine. This ratio, which was very carefully worked out, provides for the contingency of several American ships being sunk or disabled while crossing the Pacific to the war zone. To render them less liable to disablement they must be very large, heavily armoured, and well-protected below the water line. These conditions, it has been decided, necessitate a displacement of not less than 35,000 tons. As a result the American delegates at Washington in 1921, and at London in 1930, proposed for their country and the British Empire respectively a minimum force of fifteen 35,000-ton battleships and nine for Japan. They are tenaciously upholding the same figure at the conversations now proceeding in London, and, as on former occasions, turning a deaf ear to counter-proposals—backed by Britain, France, and Japan—for reducing the size, and thereby the cost, of future capital ships.

Again it must be emphasized that the United States, in taking

up this attitude, is absolutely justified on grounds of national defence, and therefore of national expediency. In other words, Americans are putting the interests of their own country first. Who shall blame them for that?

But now let us turn to what Great Britain's programme might have been had the initiative rested with her, and had her ruling authorities made her safety the prime consideration. She would undoubtedly have specified a minimum fleet of not less than twenty battleships, but would have restricted them to 25,000 tons. This would have enabled her to organize two battle-fleets—one, the stronger, available in an emergency for despatch to any quarter of the globe where our interests were threatened, the other just powerful enough to keep the ring in European waters. For whereas the United States might with a tranquil mind concentrate the whole of its capital ships in the Pacific, it is difficult to imagine any circumstances in which Great Britain could strip the Home and Mediterranean stations of battleship support. Even in the Great War, when Germany was the only naval enemy that seriously counted, and the North Sea the decisive arena, we were compelled to maintain a complete battle-fleet in the Mediterranean, not to mention cruiser squadrons at sensitive points in more distant seas.

Turning to cruisers we find the same discrepancy between American and British requirements, yet here also our policy has been adjusted to suit the American formula. American experts, still thinking mainly in terms of a Far Eastern campaign, demand very large and heavily armed cruisers competent to cross the Pacific and maintain themselves in enemy waters. Very different is the British conception of the cruiser and its functions. These ships, in our view, are primarily guardians of trade. Seaworthiness, a fair steaming endurance, and an armament strong enough to deal either with opponents of their own type or with auxiliary raiders such as the *Möwe* or *Wolf* are the essentials, and these can be embodied in a ship of 7,000 tons with six-inch guns. Numbers rather than big displacement and heavy armament are what the British Empire needs in regard to cruisers.

But once again we have been forced—or, let us say, have found it politically expedient—to defer to American ideas on cruiser policy. We have agreed to limit our cruiser fleet to fifty vessels—

a figure that is positively absurd in view of the requirements of any imaginable future war—and because the American penchant for overgrown cruisers is leading other Powers to build such vessels we ourselves have been driven to enlarge our new ships from 7,000 to 9,000 tons. When announcing this change twelve months ago the First Lord of the Admiralty referred to the “very serious dilemma” in which his department had been placed, inferentially by the action of the British Government in accepting the one-sided cruiser disabilities imposed on this country at the London Conference.

Finally, the destroyer and submarine tonnage ratios now in force are patently inadequate for our needs, and, worst of all, they are not binding on either France or Italy, both of which retain complete liberty in the multiplication of light surface-craft and submarines. It is a noteworthy fact that in the last ten years three foreign submarines have been launched for every British destroyer. On the outbreak of war, in August 1914, Germany had twenty-eight submarines ready for immediate service. Today France has three times and Japan and Italy more than twice this number of submarines available, and individually their boats are much larger and more formidable than the German U-boat of 1914. Conversely the British destroyer flotilla is barely one-third as numerous as it was in 1914. On no rational grounds of high policy can this extraordinary shrinkage of Britain’s defensive naval power be justified.

It is not enough to argue that neither France nor Italy nor Japan is a probable opponent of the future. The business of British statesmen is to see that the Empire is made reasonably secure against aggression from any and every quarter, especially at a time when our position, both as one of the senior partners of the European community and as a member of the League of Nations, compels us to intervene in foreign political matters, some of which have all the explosive elements of a powder magazine.

Whether it lies within the competence of British statecraft to evade the no doubt benevolent dictatorship of the United States in respect of naval policy will be demonstrated at next year’s Naval Conference. Japan, as we have seen, has already hoisted the standard of revolt. She professes to consider the 5-5-3 ratio

as a stigma bearing the implication of inferiority in the council of nations. If that be so, what is likely to be the attitude of France, whose fleet stands to the British and American fleets in the humble ratio of less than 2-5? Italy, too, with her newly-born national consciousness, will hardly be disposed to accept indefinitely a formula that labels her a Power whose maritime importance is little more than half as great as Japan’s. Since the ratio system, in its present form at least, completely ignores national psychology, its demise is a foregone conclusion. Pride of race is one of the imponderables which cannot safely be ignored.

The prospects of a successful outcome for the 1935 Conference are far from bright. Indeed, at the middle of last month those who had been following most closely the preliminary naval talks in London had begun to doubt whether the Conference would be held at all. To summon it without having previously reached some form of agreement on basic principles would be an act at variance with sound statesmanship. In so far as the London conversations were meant to clear away obstacles they have, so far, definitely failed. There is palpable disagreement, not merely on secondary issues—*e.g.* the unit tonnage and gun-calibre of future ships—but on fundamental questions of policy. Japan has notified her resolve to denounce the existing treaties, and, as her delegates point out, public opinion in their country would not tolerate any retreat from that position. Despatches from Washington, clearly inspired, reflect the official American view that the British Government’s duty is to back the United States at all costs. There is much talk—rather belated, it is true—of the necessity of maintaining a united Anglo-American front to the Japanese demands, but this argument is weakened by the fact that at previous conferences Great Britain’s claim to a standard of naval strength which would have enabled her to defend herself in Europe while helping to uphold the balance of power in the Far East was chiefly resisted by the United States.

From now on, it is to be hoped, our statesmen will take the defensive requirements of the Empire as their sole guide when considering new international engagements. Their most difficult and delicate task will be to persuade the United States that adherence to a purely American formula of relative strength at

sea is not in the best interests of either country. After a trial of twelve years the failure of the experiment is now manifest. It has not improved Anglo-American relations—a vitally important consideration—nor has it contributed to the political appeasement of the world at large. Japan is restive to what her critics consider to be the point of truculence. As for France and Italy, most of the restraining clauses of the Washington Treaty have for long been a dead letter, though each has scrupulously observed the only rules to which their respective navies are subject, namely, those governing the strength of their battleship fleets.

The writer is not among those bold spirits who urge the scrapping of all armament limitation covenants and a return to the good old days when each nation built what warships it wanted without asking leave of neighbours. In principle the limitation system is sound. To discard it in a fit of peevishness would be madness. It is not the system that is at fault, but the methods by which hitherto it has been applied. If one may venture upon a mild word of remonstrance to our American friends, it would be to point out the unreasonableness of treating the 5-5-3 ratio like the laws of the Medes and Persians. To invest a political expedient, devised to meet a special but transient set of circumstances, with the sanctity of a religious creed is surely irrational.

Even if Japan had not taken the initiative in denouncing this formula, its repudiation by France and Italy would have been only a question of time. Obviously, therefore, the task of the statesmen is not to tinker with a discredited makeshift, but to evolve something to take its place, something sounder in conception and structure and therefore more likely to be permanent. An alternative is not far to seek. Consistently advocated by France and Italy, and now demanded by Japan, it is merely the substitution of "categorical ratios" by a formula of "global tonnage". As this jargon may puzzle those who have not followed the development of naval limitation by agreement, a word of explanation is desirable.

Under the present system each covenanting Power is allotted a certain sum of tonnage in every class of fighting ship on the fictitious assumption that their individual requirements in respect of battleship, cruiser, destroyer, and submarine tonnage

can be mathematically graduated. But, as we have discovered, the "yardstick" used to measure such requirements was made in America, and really designed as a convenient method of determining the naval strength of the United States, whose strategic position is entirely different from that of any other maritime Power, though approached most closely by that of Japan. As a measure of British, or French, or Italian naval needs the "yardstick" is utterly misleading, and cannot possibly be maintained beyond the year 1936, when the treaties founded upon it are due to expire.

Under the "global tonnage" system each Power would be allotted a round figure of tonnage, which it could use as it pleased: that is to say, it could invest most heavily in battleships and/or cruisers, or alternatively in lighter surface-craft and submarines. The only argument heard against this method is that one Power might build an excessive number of submarines and thus destroy the general equilibrium. That contention has been disproved by experience. Although both France and Italy have been, and remain, absolutely free from restrictions on the building of submarines, each has launched a far higher percentage of surface than of underwater tonnage. The universal desire for a well-balanced fleet, with its proper proportion of surface and submarine units, is a sufficient guarantee against such aberrations in building policy as opponents of the global system profess to fear.

Adoption of this system in place of rationing by categories would not in itself solve the problem of naval limitation, but it would simplify it. The next step would be to decide upon the "global tonnage" to be allotted to each Power. Friction would certainly develop if an attempt were made to apportion this tonnage on the existing 5-5-3 and 1.75 scale. In view of her demand for equality Japan would not be likely to accept anything short of the British and American figure, though she would not necessarily build up to it.

While it may be true that Japan's national pride will tolerate nothing less than her formal recognition as a naval Power of the first rank, the cold fact remains that she simply cannot afford to maintain a navy equal in strength to that, say, of the United States. Already she is faced with a heavy Budget deficit, and

those familiar with domestic conditions in Japan are convinced that the limit of taxation has already been reached. It is therefore difficult to discover any save academical objections to granting Japan the maximum allotment of "global tonnage".

To France and Italy respectively, a three-fifths share of the maximum might be tentatively offered, and since this would represent a marked improvement on their present treaty status they might welcome such a proposal. If, on the other hand, they declined it, ample scope would still be left for further negotiation. The important point is that British and American statesmen should appreciate the obvious resolve of other nations to free their naval policies from the tyranny of the American "yardstick". That instrument has served its purpose and ought now to be discarded.

Is it seriously to be believed that the security of the United States would be prejudiced by conceding to Japan the right—which almost certainly would never be exercised—of building naval tonnage up to the American level? Great Britain, whose stake in the Pacific is incomparably greater than that of the United States, has not hesitated to recommend the granting of equality in principle to Japan. If, in spite of this lead, Washington remains obdurate and continues to insist upon retention of the 5-5-3 ratio, the rest of the world will draw its own conclusions, remembering that ever since the war the United States has been loudest in preaching the virtues of disarmament.

As far as Great Britain is concerned her future naval policy seems clear. Bearing always in mind that, until such time as the Dominions are able and willing to defend themselves, the Royal Navy is virtually responsible for the protection of the whole Empire, British statesmen should never again be inveigled into engagements which inhibit the maintenance of a reasonably adequate fleet. Let us hope that a firm stand will be made against every invitation to sign new naval covenants which do not embrace every maritime Power of importance. The Three-Power Treaty of 1930, which continues to stunt the normal development of our Navy while leaving every continental Power free to expand its sea forces at will, was a blunder of the first magnitude. Renewal of that treaty in its existing form would be an unpardonable betrayal of the national interests.

THE DOOM OF THE REPUBLICANS

By D. W. BROGAN

THERE is a story told in a Scottish city of a carter, famous for his artistic use of profanity and for the ease with which he could be induced to display his gift. On one occasion, hopeful scholars removed the tailboard of his cart so that when the master got to the top of a long hill, all his cargo lay behind him. He contemplated his empty cart, the sky, the coal, his audience—and muttered: "That beats me". Such is the position of the political prognosticator who contemplates the victory of the Democrats, that is to say of the President, in the congressional elections of November, 1934.

The first reflection that the result inspires in the student is the sudden appearance on the agenda of the problem of what is to be put in the place of the Republican Party. Its defeat, two years ago, was humiliating enough, stunning enough, likely to be fatal to many leaders of the Party. It made necessary a house-cleaning, a brushing away of some cobwebs and a burnishing of old formulas, but even the Party's most hopeful enemies did not realize how profound were the ills the poll of 1932 revealed, how little likely to yield to mere medicaments, how urgently calling for major operations. It is now not an academic, but an urgent political question, whether anything can save the Grand Old Party; whether the two tornadoes which it has had to face have not torn it up by the roots, as well as breaking its branches.

It is difficult to convey what a sense of desolation such a prospect causes to the American politician, even of the Democratic Party. The Republicans were not loved by those outside the flock, their sins of omission and commission have been frequently chronicled, but even the professors who lectured, the moralists who deplored, never expected the subject of their lectures or sermons to baffle criticism by dying. The growing

discrepancies between the urgent needs of the day and the possibilities of meeting them offered by the old party system had been pointed out again and again. It was the theme of a very able book written by Professor Paul Douglas, of Chicago, four years ago. He pointed out that there was little or nothing to choose between Republican and Democrat, that the names had been deprived of all meaning by the adoption by both parties of an indiscriminating acceptance of business rule. The place for a party, not uncritical of the business idol, was vacant, and the demand would or should create a supply. The first thing to do was to get rid of the Democratic Party which was merely a pale copy of its rival. That a new party alignment might be near, and that the party found to be superfluous would be the then triumphant rulers of the union, did not occur to Mr. Douglas, and, even two years ago, it can have occurred to few people in America or out of it! Yet the situation has arisen in which it is well worth considering the consequences of the collapse of the Republicans into a mere local remnant, such as the Federalists became after the victories of Jefferson.

We have seen at home the dwindling into impotence of a great historical party judged by most of the electors to be lagging superfluous on the scene; but great as the achievements of the Liberal Party were, its death or slow decay is not so revolutionary a change in our landscape as the shrinking of the Republicans into a discredited remnant is in America. The Liberals played a great part in the making of modern Britain, they retained, they still retain, claims on the loyalty of millions of electors, but the Republican Party *was* modern America in its political aspect; and its claims on millions of voters were considered as secure as those of a deeply held religion. The America in which Senator Reed of Pennsylvania has lost his seat to a Democrat is *capable de tout*, and, having once learned the delights of being a Habbakuk, is not likely to relapse into conformity soon.

It is to the results in Pennsylvania that the American eye has been irresistibly drawn. For seventy-four years the "key-stone State" has been the corner stone of the politico-economic arch. In its politics has been reflected the working compromise between government and business which the Republican Party

existed to maintain. "Corrupt and contented", the famous judgment on Philadelphia applied to the whole State. It was in Pennsylvania that the power of the tariff in politics, its almost infinite capacity for stifling criticism and conscience was made most evident. To protect the sturdy infant industries of their State, Pennsylvania would put up with anything. They would keep on returning to the Senate the piratical Quay and the outrageous Penrose. Colossal robbery might, once in a generation, lead to a little local house-cleaning, but in national politics the vote of Pennsylvania was as sure a Republican asset as the vote of Mississippi was for the other side.

In the Republican hierarchy, the senior Senator from Pennsylvania for the time being, Quay, Penrose or Reed, was a "black Pope". The State did not produce Presidents, but it produced president-makers. Superstition exaggerated the power of the greatest of Republican machines, as it exaggerates the power of the General of the Jesuits; but the Republicans of Pennsylvania were the perfectly disciplined and never daunted fighting men of the Grand Old Party. Other States might flirt with the League of Nations, with the radical ideas let loose by the war; Pennsylvania set her heart on other things. New York might supply Mr. Harding with his Secretary of State, Mr. Hughes, a great jurist, with a real diplomatic success to his credit—the Washington Conference. California (or London) might provide Mr. Hoover with his prestige as a great organizer and humanitarian; Ohio might send a typical smart politician of the second class in the person of Mr. Daugherty; but from Pennsylvania came the real power, Mr. Mellon, the third richest man in America, who overnight became a great political figure; and, after he had succeeded in applying the abundant revenue to the relief of the rich, the title of "greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton" was hastily awarded him.

Mr. Mellon, the prudent manager of the national finances, the boss of Pittsburgh, had a worthy ally in Senator Reed, the great corporation lawyer, the admirable debater, the vigorous debunker of abstractions, the player of politics according to the rigour of the game. There *were* moments of difficulty. The boss of Philadelphia, a self-made political force, fought his way into the Senate over the prostrate figure of Senator

Pepper, a scholarly lawyer of ecclesiastical tastes; and Mr. Mellon and Senator Reed, whom Mr. Vare had defied, hastily swallowed all the harsh words they had used about him and gallantly defended his title to the seat he had won at such expense. The Senate was unsympathetic and Mr. Vare was excluded, but the United States was given a fine lesson in practical politics.

When western states were greedy for federal subsidies, the rulers of Pennsylvania, with no side-glance at the record of the state since the days of "Pig-Iron Kelley", were properly indignant. The war debts controversies, with their talk about technical transfer problems and other subtleties beloved of economists, were lightened-up by Senator Reed's suggestion that the West Indies should be taken in lieu of cash. The Smoot-Hawley tariff of 1930, the panacea that failed, was a remedy after Pennsylvania's own heart. Other states might quail, but never the old home of tariffs to the sky, and to hell with theory.

The case of Pennsylvania is not merely interesting in itself, it is of the highest symptomatic interest. The world war made America a creditor power; her action had changed the history of the world; for good or evil she had emerged suddenly from her isolation. To all the problems thus presented, the dominant party in the United States turned a Nelsonic eye. The implications of a creditor position were denied; the tariff was raised and then raised again; effective co-operation in salvaging Europe was refused; the game of lending money to Europe to pay her debts and to other countries just for the fun and the (private) profit of the thing, went on, because the thinking out of the new situation was painful to a nation which had been assiduously inoculated against thinking, a vice which might lead to doubts of the wisdom of an economic policy that had paid Pennsylvania, or some Pennsylvanians, so well. That state, which had long been corrupt and contented, managed to induce the whole nation to adopt its point of view in the great Harding scandals, which the leaders of Pennsylvania did nothing to expose, and in which one of them played a not very heroic role. The stock of credit which the old Republican rulers of the United States had acquired, the name of Lincoln, the real or apparent results of the economic policies of Hanna, the force and popular appeal

of Theodore Roosevelt, were recklessly squandered. They were declared to be unnecessary in a society in which everybody got a share of the booty, even if the shares differed, like the stars, in their magnitude.

This not very glorious but, to many, very agreeable Abbey of Theleme, had its roof blown off in 1929, and the American people have again decided that the repairing of the fabric will not be entrusted to the old firm: a decision of which the defeat of Senator Reed is the most obvious sign.

The defeat of the Republicans this year is far more ominous and ignominious than their defeat in 1932, for they have had two years in which to meet the situation; they have had the chance that opposition offers to a party to recover its breath, and there have been plenty of targets offered to the big guns of the party by the changing policies of the Administration. Mr. Roosevelt's continued popularity may have counselled prudence in attacks on his person or record, but no such taboo protected the general activities of the Administration. The policy of ploughing in crops and of building dams to increase them; of suppressing jobs by sacking old government servants in the name of economy, and employing thousands of untrained ones in new organizations; the debasing of the currency and the fulminations against the rise in prices; the preaching of economic co-operation in international affairs and the continuance of a policy of national self-sufficiency: these were all points on which a vigorous opposition might have concentrated with profit.

It is believed that Mr. Hoover and, or some of his close friends think it possible that he will be the Republican nominee in 1936. But such hopes are confined to a very narrow circle, and the party chiefs wisely forced the supersession of the Hoover leaders this summer. It was quite natural that Senators and Representatives should refuse to fight under the ægis of a chief who had been so badly beaten and who had never been popular with the leading members of the party he had led. To many veterans the disasters of 1932 were a visitation for letting the great prize fall into the hands of a newcomer who had not fought the good fight for the party all his life in the manner of Harding and Coolidge.

There was thus a chance for Republicans to start at scratch, to help the electors to forget the Hoover era and to give signs of having learned something from the past. That chance was not taken, with an ostentation that startled many Party loyalists. The new national chairman (a kind of combination of chief whip and chief organizer) was not the young and vigorous Westerner for whom many hoped; he was not even a vigorous and well-known conservative Easterner; he was a retired diplomat, Mr. Henry Fletcher, chosen because he had won friends by his amiability and had avoided making enemies by staying out of the country for many years. In the same fix, in 1856, the Democrats chose, as their presidential candidate Mr. James Buchanan, another diplomat from Pennsylvania, but they at least won one election with him as a mascot, although his feebleness ruined his party within two years. The Republicans have not even that consolation! They refused to present an alternative policy to that of the President; they appointed a *roi fainéant*; they dodged a united front on any issue except the old stand-by of "protecting the Constitution". This seemed to the Republicans good tactics, for they had illusions, not long-lived to be sure, that now seem comic when looked back upon.

A very eminent Republican told me, at the end of July, that the Party would gain 100 seats; he did not seem to realize that such a gain would wipe out the Democratic majority! But more careful observers really believed they were sure of fifty; some thought seventy not impossible. Cool-headed Democrats, in private, of course, were reconciled to a loss of twenty-five seats and would not have been startled with a greater loss still. On what were these hopes and fears based?

One effect of the Democratic sweep of 1932 had been to carry into Congress many Representatives and some Senators who were frankly surprised to find themselves there. It was the history of our "Doctor's Mandate" election over again. Men who had fought the hopeless cause of the Democratic party for many years, with little hope, perhaps no great desire to succeed, found themselves legislators. There was reason to believe that the electorate might repent of its action when it saw exalted to office men who had long been regarded as harmless defenders of a lost cause.

Then high hopes were placed in the drought. The sudden ruin that befell the American farmer over hundreds of thousands of square miles, was indeed an ironic comment on the zeal with which the Department of Agriculture had gone about persuading farmers to curtail their crops. God had stepped in to teach the impudent bureaucrat not to tamper with nature. "The American farmer", I was told more than once, "is still very religious. No cheque from the A.A.A. (Agricultural Adjustment Administration) will make up to him for having to plough in a fifth of his crops. He just *knows* it's not *right*—and he'll vote that way". I made some efforts to find these farmers, but without success. Plenty of farmers were sorry they had to destroy food; plenty would like to have seen it put to some use, but the A.A.A. for all its faults, *was* an attempt to help the farmer, and they believed it was a sincere attempt. This faith no Republican scheme had ever inspired!

More likely to tell was the effort to impress on the voters that, after all, the money had to come from somewhere: from the voter as taxpayer, or from the proceeds of the ingenious "processing tax" which formed the basis of the A.A.A.'s finances. Even here there were difficulties. That waste makes wealth, in some circumstances, had been sound Republican doctrine where the tariff was concerned. That the Government should spread wealth by public works, coarsely called the "pork barrel", was old theory and practice for both parties. It was a little late in the day to preach Gladstonian economy! But the scale of government expenditure was so vast that the public fear *might* have been touched. The experiment was not made. Faced with temptation, the Republicans fell. Senator Reed himself voted to override Mr. Roosevelt's veto of the American Legion raid on the endangered Treasury, and few candidates west of the Mississippi at least, dared to admit they were in favour of either killing, or even suggesting moderation, to the goose that was laying the golden eggs of relief, public works, cheques for not farming well, etc. Anxious for local victories, Republican candidates destroyed all chance of making a record in 1934, that might have stood the party in good stead in 1936. To have forced anything like unity on the party would have been a startling innovation, and the mere possibility of it

probably never occurred to Mr. Fletcher. It would have made no difference even if it had; so the unfortunate chairman led his regiment from behind, like the Duke of Plaza Toro, finding it quite exciting enough as the omens grew less cheery with each week, as the hopes of fifty seats dwindled to twenty, to ten, to desperate last moment attempts to hold the meagre ground left to the Party in 1932.

The policy of dodging has not paid; the policy of throwing over Mr. Hoover has not paid; the policy of standing by the Old Guard has not paid; the policy of defending the Constitution has not paid. The policy of coming out frankly for a capitalist economy, of admitting past sins of omission and commission, of adjusting political habits obsolescent for a generation, has not been tried.

If the Republican Party had encouraged independent thinking; if, in this autumn, it had resolved, since it was going to be beaten, that it would go down for some principle, making what might be an effective minority report, there would be more hope for it. But it has refused to do that. Mr. Ogden Mills, Mr. Hoover's Secretary of the Treasury, gave signs of independent thinking, of realizing that the old battle cries would not do, but what audience did he get? He may find it now, since the percussion instruments of Senator Reed and the noisy drumming of Theodore Roosevelt, junior, to take two examples, have failed to pay, but it may be too late. In Pennsylvania, this summer, my attention was called, contemptuously, to the number of "Duco" Democrats in that State; former Republicans who had seen the light with the capture of the city governments of Philadelphia and Pittsburgh by the long depressed minority party. Now that the Democrats have the state as well as the two great cities, we may expect the demand for political varnish to increase by leaps and bounds! Such changes are a sign of the times; when rats leave the sinking ship is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party, but when Pennsylvania rats leave, the ship must have given real signs of sinking and the party of being past aid!

What would a demise or a long crippling of the Republicans mean? The disappearance of the Federalists, a hundred years ago, was followed by the federalizing of the old Jeffersonian

Party. "Big business" in America will not long go on putting money on a horse so lame as the Republican Party has turned out to be. It is notorious that Chairman Fletcher found very great difficulty in getting a few hundred thousand dollars to fight this election. Powerful economic interests have learned the lesson of America's change of economic status, if the Republican leaders (apart from Mr. Mills) have not. Even, if business has not learned anything, it will try to buy political power from those who have it to sell, that is to say, the Democrats.

Nothing short of a terrific economic upheaval can prevent Mr. Roosevelt from winning in 1936, and the consequences of that victory are already being discounted in exalted business circles. Mr. Roosevelt is unpopular in the wealthy classes of America; long used to order, they dislike having to beg, but pride will not be gratified at too great expense. A century ago, while the more obstinate of the rich were still clinging to the Federalist corpse, John Jacob Astor, and other young men of vision, were making useful friends with the disreputable but powerful Jeffersonians. To-day the most effective criticism of the President has come from the dissident Democrats, from Messrs. Al Smith, Irenée du Pont, etc. So if the President has to move to the right, there is ready a nucleus of Democrats of wealth who would like nothing better than to make their party a home from home for the Republican orphans of the storm. This ambition is not confined to the Wall Street group mentioned above. It is unlikely that such eminent bosses as Mr. Thomas Pendergast of Kansas City and of Missouri, or Mr. Patrick Nash of Chicago and Illinois, are really worked up about the "New Deal". They do not want to quarrel with the leader of their party, or to lose votes by opposing him, but at bottom they would find a less upsetting direction from above if the party and its chief were more "safe", more conservative.

In the Middle West and West, Democratic politicians are faced with a similar problem, for in such states as Wisconsin, Minnesota, North Dakota, the real opposition comes not from the moribund Republicans, but from local radical parties: the Progressives in Wisconsin, the Farmer-Labour Party in Minnesota,

the Non-Partisan League in North Dakota. The possessing classes in these States have already begun to move over to the Democrats as their only means of salvation. How the Democrats in the Middle West and elsewhere will meet this situation it is far too early to say. They may decide to let the conservative wing go, for as far as the party has a doctrine or spirit, it is a *mystique de gauche*, as the French say. The elections show that the radical tide is still mounting; even the Republican victor in California had to call on that last reserve, the menace of free love and atheism, to help him to defeat Mr. Upton Sinclair—and he had to add to these trump cards the doubling of all Mr. Sinclair's bids including, apparently, some form of credit reform. This radical tide will undoubtedly be felt in Congress, and it, not the Republican rump, will be the President's real opposition.

But the lessons of last month should make prophets wary. It may seem impossible to keep under the same riddled Republican flag Senators Hiram Johnson and Borah and Senator Davis of Pennsylvania, or Senator Austin of Vermont. It may seem equally impossible to keep together a victorious Democratic army with such varied elements in it as are represented by Senator Byrd, of Virginia, whose hostility to the New Deal has not been hidden, and such a warm champion of presidential infallibility as Senator Burke of Nebraska. As for Senator Huey Long of Louisiana and his even noisier neighbour, Senator Bilbo of Mississippi, they are disruptive enough for any dozen parties. But the collapse, permanent or even temporary, of the Republicans should produce some attempts at that realignment of parties which wise and good men have hankered after, in vain, for a generation. But it may also do nothing of the kind. "In the Archey Road", said Mr. Dooley, "when a husband and wife find they can't go on living together—they go on living together". For a long time now, American politics have been like the Archey Road, and it is too early to say that they have moved away from that thoroughfare.

TERRORISM IN THE BALKANS

BY HARRY SPEED

THE murder of King Alexander in the streets of Marseilles has again brought into notice the activities of the Macedonian revolutionaries, which have steadily remained a potential danger to the peace of the Balkans whilst the attention of Western Europe has been concentrated on its own recurrent crises. What was the precise part played by the Macedonians in organizing the assassination plot, and how far conspirators of Croat nationality were involved are questions which are still the subject of investigation. The Yugoslav Government has now prepared a memorandum in which it draws the attention of the League of Nations to the result of these intrigues and the fact that they are calculated to disturb international peace. The natural impatience which the delays in extraditing incriminated persons have excited in Yugoslavia and the suspicions cast upon neighbouring countries are evidence of the delicate and explosive nature of the situation, and it is the purpose of this article to show the wide ramifications of the revolutionary organizations which have been secretly at work in recent years.

For a proper understanding of these matters we must go back to the events in the Belgrade Skupshtina on June 20th, 1928. In answer to an insulting interruption, a Montenegrin deputy of sinister reputation, Punisha Rachich, broke off his speech and drew his revolver. The shooting ended in the killing of three Croat deputies and the wounding of three others. Among the dead were Stjepan Radich, the leader of the Croatian Peasant Party, and his nephew. Rachich got off comparatively lightly.

The treatment of the "murderer of the Skupshtina" aroused almost more indignation in Croatia than the murders themselves. It gave colour to the accusation of collusion on the part of the Belgrade authorities. The relations between the Serbs and the Croats had never been good at the best of times,

and now the hate of the "oppressed" Croats found vent in desperate measures. Two organizations sprang up. The one, under the leadership of Dr. Pavelich and Dr. Perchech, took the terrorist road. The other strove towards the same end by peaceful means, being directed from Paris by Stjepan Radich's son, from Vienna by Dr. Koshutich, and from Geneva by Dr. Krnjevic. The terror intensified as Croat demands for the punishment of the murderer went unheeded. The intensification of the terror called forth correspondingly repressive measures from the central authorities.

On March 22nd, Toni Schlegel, the Editor of the Zagreb newspaper *Novosti*, was shot in broad daylight as he was getting out of his car. It was alleged that he had used his paper to support "Yugoslav" tendencies, and had betrayed Croatia to Pan-Serbia. The actual murderers were never found, but two accomplices were imprisoned. This murder was a signal for a fresh series of outrages. Many of the militant Croat terrorists went abroad, the better to make preparations for further attempts. Dr. Pavelich and Dr. Perchech spent many years in Vienna, Budapest and Pécs, which were the centres of the Croat emigration. In quick succession gendarmes were murdered and bombs thrown in the Palace of Justice, in parks, in newspaper offices and in trains. Some of the terrorists have themselves given us descriptions of how these plots were prepared and carried out.

One of the most intelligent of them, Ivan Levakovich, a peasant who had delved deep into Nietzsche, gives us the following account. He arrived in Vienna and met Dr. Perchech at the Vienna South station and went to Oedenburg with a false passport. Two infernal machines were produced in the house of one of the conspirators and carefully concealed in loaves of bread. But one of the loaves took on such a curious shape that it had to be thrown out of a carriage window in order to avoid attracting attention. Another conspirator forgot to time a bomb intended for Alexander and narrowly escaped being blown up himself. The successful execution of a plot was usually announced to the organizers by a telegram bearing the formula: Man-child born.

A still more serious movement broke out in 1932 in the Lika,

a district lying between Zagreb and the Dalmatian coast between Shushak and Split. The movement called itself "Ustascha" (the Rebels), and had broad popular support among the peasantry. It was organized on the model of the Macedonian revolutionaries in bands of komitadjis, who passed and executed death sentences on the more notorious of the local gendarmes and soldiery. These murders frequently were followed by bloody fighting and ended in the defeat of the rebels with the arrival of reinforcements. The Ustaschi were well armed on modern lines and obtained both money and weapons from Hungary and Italy. In connection with this outbreak, the so-called Hirtenberg affair raised considerable commotion. The Italians had commissioned the improvement and modernization of old Austrian war material at the armaments factory at Hirtenberg. It was intended to have it sent to Croatia via Hungary by means of false customs declarations. The Austrian Social-Democrats called attention to this scandal and vehement protests from France in particular were successful in having the material sent back to Hirtenberg.

Up to this time the terrorist organizations had been active in Vienna. Both Dr. Pavelich and Dr. Perchech had a strong following in that town. But in 1931 three agents-provocateurs were sent from Serbia to put Dr. Perchech out of harm's way. The Austrian police discovered the plot in time and during the trial of the three Serbs, Belosevich, Cwerga and Tomljenovich, the whole Croatian question received a thorough airing. Perchech soon found Vienna too hot to hold him and left the country. Since then he has wandered from France to Belgium and back again, until his recent arrest in the former country in connection with the Marseilles murder. Dr. Pavelich left for Italy, and Belgrade is now pressing for his extradition.

The vigilance of the police in Yugoslavia was largely successful in lessening the number of outrages which occurred on Yugoslav soil. But the only result of this has been to drive the terrorists abroad. The murder of Alexander was the last step in this process, and in a sense the zenith of the movement.

Another organization which has been mentioned in connection with the Marseilles murder, and from whose ranks it appears that the assassin was drawn, is the Internal Macedonian

Revolutionary Organization. This formidable group of revolutionaries has a reputation far more gruesome and sinister than that of any of the Croatian groups. For the last four decades it has fought unremittingly, first against the Turks and then against the Greeks and Serbs.

IMRO, as the Macedonian organization is usually known, aims at the creation of an independent Macedonian state, stretching from the Gulf of Salonica to the Rhodope range and westwards towards Montenegro. This state would include the large towns of Salonica, Kavalla, Skoplje, Bitolj and Shtip. The population of this territory belongs to one of the most beautiful races of Europe and is also one of the most cultivated and intelligent. This combination of great physical strength and penetrating intelligence makes the 600,000 inhabitants of Macedonia a particularly dangerous enemy to any state that claims suzerainty over them. The komitadji bands which terrorize the country played a large part in undermining Turkish authority in the province. They turned on the Serbs with equal vehemence and their greatest efforts since the second Balkan War have been directed against Belgrade. Their leader, Michailov, is said to receive a subsidy from Italy for his services as a thorn in the side of the Yugoslav Government. The small strip of Macedonia which fell to Bulgaria after the Great War has formed their base of operations.

The Serbo-Bulgarian frontier presents an astonishing spectacle to the casual visitor. Along a border-line several hundred kilometres long there are only two points at which the frontier can be crossed. The remainder is hermetically sealed by means of trenches, electrified barbed-wire and mines. A touch of the electric wires means not only instant death but also a pandemonium of bells and alarms. Heavily armed troops rush to the scene and ask no questions before blazing away at visible or invisible opponents. The hair-raising rumours which are put in circulation on both sides of the frontier give some idea of the bitterness with which the struggle is being waged on both sides.

The Macedonians accuse the Serbs of brutal repression of all vestiges of Macedonian national characteristics. There are no Bulgarian schools, the priests and teachers have been driven

away and the church ceremonies have been completely serbized. The singing of Bulgarian songs, the use of Bulgarian Christian names and of the Bulgarian language in ordinary conversation are forbidden, likewise the importation of Bulgarian newspapers. The Serbs retort that the activity of the komitadjis has undermined all state authority in Macedonia. The peasants of the district were for long terrorized until they themselves were forced to organize in self-defence and stop the activities of the bandits on their own. They also maintained, at least until a short time ago, that IMRO constituted an "imperium in imperio" which remained quite deaf to the admonitions of the central government of Bulgaria.

IMRO certainly constitutes an "imperium in imperio". But the strength of the Macedonians has been wasted in continual internecine warfare. Their best men have been murdered and the rest live in a state of continual nervousness. The greatest leader of the Macedonians in the last few decades was Todor Alexandrov, who was murdered in August 1924, on his way to a meeting. General Alexander Protoguerov and Ivan Michailov succeeded to the leadership. The latter had been Alexandrov's personal adjutant and friend. On hearing of the murder he declared war on the murderers. In September 1924 he lured all those whom he considered to be suspects to a revolutionary meeting in Gorna Djumaja and had them slaughtered in cold blood. Many of the killed were among his truest supporters. Fresh from the blood-bath, Michailov learnt that the real instigator of Alexandrov's death had been General Protoguerov himself. He set himself to organize a corps of sharpshooters with the object of annihilating Protoguerov and his friends.

One of the most startling steps in this campaign was a murder in the Vienna Burgtheater in 1926. Ivan Panica, a supporter of Protoguerov's, was shot in one of the boxes of the theatre by a young woman of 27, named Menzia Carniciu. The murderess was sentenced to eight years imprisonment but was later released on account of illness and returned to Bulgaria, a national heroine. There she married Michailov himself and fled with him to Turkey after his expulsion from Bulgaria a month or two ago.

Other murders followed that of Panica until Protoguerov himself was murdered in broad daylight in the streets of Sofia on August 7th, 1928. Michailov obtained sanction for the already executed death sentence from a Macedonian congress, and demanded from all remaining supporters of Protoguerov unconditional surrender. The greater part of them submitted, only a small group daring to carry on the struggle. In August, 1928, sixteen of the latter were lured into a trap in the Macedonian mountains and all save two slaughtered. The two who escaped did not last long. A month later they were killed during a shooting affray in Sofia. Last of all fell Bajdarov, Protoguerov's representative abroad, shot in broad daylight in Varna.

From the summer of 1929 to the summer of 1934 Michailov remained the sole ruler of the "imperium in imperio". He made his home in the mountain fastnesses in the neighbourhood of Sofia. Anyone considered worthy of an interview was taken over wide detours with blindfolded eyes, to the accompaniment of extraordinary rites. For the Macedonians Michailov was a god, shrouded in his own mystery. He is a young man, not yet forty, of unusual physical beauty, penetrating intelligence, personal courage and incredible coldbloodedness.

The present Bulgarian government is the first which has plucked up courage to deal with IMRO. Its very existence, indeed, is due to a revolt among army officers against the perpetual interference and dictation of the Macedonians in Bulgarian affairs. These officers, forming a league which steadily grew in secret, resolved at all costs to be done with IMRO, and their movement finally led to the *coup d'Etat* of last May, which brought the present Government into power. The energetic measures of the military dictatorship have already driven Michailov and Carniciu to flee to Turkey. Thus the leaders of IMRO, which played a large part in freeing Bulgaria from the Turks, and then sought to dominate Bulgarian affairs, now direct operations against the Bulgarian government from the hospitable soil of Turkey.

The connection between IMRO and the Croat organizations is naturally difficult to determine. As long as Michailov was the uncrowned king of Bulgarian Macedonia, he was in the habit of receiving foreign journalists and discoursing at

length on the subject. Not long ago he made the following declaration:—

"From the first moment of the creation of the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, the leaders of IMRO were convinced that the relations between the Croats and the Serbs would get steadily worse. This has now come to pass. The murder of Stjepan Radich and the unconcealed efforts of the Serbs to annihilate the Croats have united all Croatia in the struggle for existence. All Croatia is united against the tyrannous provocation of Belgrade. All the enslaved peoples of Yugoslavia are overjoyed, in particular the Macedonians. With every new ally, we advance a step further along the road to freedom. We Macedonians have preserved a particular friendship for the Croats, which is now stronger than ever, as they are natural allies in our struggle against Belgrade. In the struggle for freedom every Croat success is our success and vice versa. So Croats and Macedonians fight shoulder to shoulder against Belgrade."

This declaration throws a vivid light on the connection between the two organizations, and the co-operation of both groups in the Marseilles murder is easily explained. As is now known, the assassin was a member of IMRO who had been active in Budapest, supplying arms and money to both organizations.

It is easy to catch an assassin in the act, but it is another matter to destroy the organization he belongs to. It would need a tremendous effort to wipe out so formidable an organization as IMRO. Its members have always succeeded in slaying traitors and unrelies. But not only do they revenge treachery to their own organization. No ordinary crimes go unpunished, and disciplinary action by IMRO is far more regular, swift and certain than the intervention of the state police. Almost the whole population stands behind it. A friend of IMRO can, or could, always find shelter, an enemy never. In July 1932 a village schoolmaster was waylaid by thieves, murdered and robbed. Almost by accident, the police were successful in capturing the criminals, and took them in custody to Gorna Djumaja. They turned out to be three peasants from the schoolmaster's village and were taken to Sveti Vratsch for trial.

As the train crept slowly along the rocky gorge of the Kresna, it was suddenly held up by a band of about sixty heavily-armed men. The engine driver was forced to halt and the guards disarmed. The bandits tore the three prisoners out of the train, put them up against the next rock and fired a volley into them. The guards received their weapons back and the train was allowed to continue. All attempts to find the executioners were, as might be expected, unsuccessful. In their own territory the Macedonians hold their own courts, where trial is often more thorough and always more drastic than in the state courts. Judgments are passed according to Macedonian law and are instantly acted upon. A few seconds pass between the passing of the sentence and its execution. There is a regular system of penalties, ranging from death to admonition. Expulsion from the organization and banishment are also used. The income and expenditure of the organization are carefully supervised. Propaganda costs money, arms are dear and the leaders must live. The subscriptions of members are more like taxes. In addition to that, until a short while ago, at any rate, the Macedonians received money from abroad.

Is IMRO done for? Its suppression is a *sine qua non* of the Serbo-Bulgarian rapprochement which has been noticed in recent months. The fact that Alexander was able to visit Sofia in safety is alone an achievement of which the new Bulgarian government may feel proud. But although Michailov has been forced to flee the country, and in spite of the large-scale rounding up that has been effected in Bulgarian Macedonia, it would be premature to say that the organization is finished. For an organization with such experience and such wide ramifications as IMRO, the present struggle against the Bulgarian government must seem hardly more than a passing episode. Michailov has himself said from exile: "The struggle continues!"



THE GREAT 200-INCH TELESCOPE

BY H. SPENCER JONES, F.R.S.

Astronomer Royal

WITH the largest telescope yet constructed, the 100-inch telescope of the Mount Wilson Observatory in California, distant stellar universes have been photographed which are so far away that the light from them has taken more than 160 million years to reach us, travelling through space for all this time at a speed of 186,000 miles every second. Yet there is no evidence that even at such great distances the limits of the cosmos are being approached. Astronomers are therefore anxious to probe still further into space and so the great project of the construction of a 200-inch telescope has been embarked upon.

Two types of telescope are used in astronomical observation. In the one type the light is collected by a transparent lens; in the other type, by a curved reflecting mirror. Certain disadvantages involved in the use of a lens limit the possible size of the first type of telescope. The light must pass through the lens and any slight imperfections in the glass, such as veins or striations, will distort the paths of the light rays and the result will be images of poor quality. It is practically impossible to obtain a large block of optical glass entirely free from such imperfections. But even if such blocks could be obtained without difficulty, a limit would be imposed on the possible size of the lens by troubles which would begin to arise from the bending of the glass under its own weight. The lens can necessarily be supported only at its edge and the effects due to this bending or flexure naturally increase very rapidly with the size of the lens. Moreover, the flexure varies in amount as the telescope is moved from one position to another; it causes distortion of the surfaces of the lens and the quality of the images is entirely spoiled. The largest lens which has been made has a

diameter of only 40 inches. In order to secure greater light-gathering power, we must therefore turn to the second type of telescope in which the light is collected by a curved reflecting mirror. It is customary now to make these mirrors of glass and to deposit a metallic reflecting coating on the curved surface. To make a mirror measuring 200 inches across, a number of difficult problems, engineering and optical, require to be solved.

The requirements can perhaps best be appreciated by considering first the optical side of the question. It is, of course, necessary that the light from a star reflected from every portion of the surface of the mirror should be brought to the same focus. This is not the case if the surface of the mirror is spherical. The correct form of surface is that known as a paraboloid, in which the curvature gradually decreases from the centre outwards. It is not possible to put the mirror on to a machine and to grind and polish it straight away into a paraboloidal shape. It is necessary first to grind and polish the mirror to a spherical shape. To change from the spherical to the paraboloidal form the amount of material which must be polished away is very small. The amount of material to be removed from the centre of the 200-inch mirror will amount only to $1/5000$ th of an inch; the amount to be removed from any other part of the surface decreases gradually from this maximum amount at the centre to nil at the edge. Yet this stage is the most difficult and delicate stage in the construction of the mirror and may easily extend over two or three years. The process is one of trial and error, in which frequent optical tests are needed to check the progress of the work. If a little too much material were removed from one portion of the mirror only, the work of possibly one or two years would be ruined and the whole task of parabolising would have to be commenced afresh. The material is rubbed away very slowly with a polisher whose action necessarily heats the mirror locally and thereby causes some distortion of the surface. In the final stages, the work must be carried out in a room maintained at a constant temperature and, after a spell of polishing, sufficient time must be allowed for the inequalities in temperature of the mirror to disappear before the optical tests can be made. Careful precautions have to be taken to prevent particles of dust or grit from falling on to the surface of the mirror during the

polishing. The 100-inch mirror was figured in a room provided with double windows, sealed to prevent the admission of dust; the air entering the room was filtered; the walls and ceiling were coated with shellac; canvas was suspended above the grinding machine and the floor was kept wet during polishing. In the finished mirror, the actual curve of the glass must differ from the correct theoretical curve by less than $1/500,000$ th of an inch at every point. To shape a mirror, whose surface measures somewhere about 24 square yards, so that at every point the error is not greater than about one-millionth of an inch, is a task whose difficulty will at once be realised.

Having obtained some idea of the accuracy of figure which is needed to give satisfactory optical images, the question of what material to use for the mirror may be considered. The first requirement is that the shape of the optically worked surface should not alter with age. This requirement has practically ruled out the use of metallic alloys for large mirrors, although about one hundred years ago it was customary to make astronomical mirrors of a special alloy, termed speculum metal, containing about two parts of copper to one of tin. With metallic alloys, there is a danger of the minute crystal structure changing gradually with age and giving rise to local distortions or even to a general warping of the surface. To avoid such risks, astronomers have preferred to use glass, which experience has shown to be free from these troubles, though in view of the modern developments in metallurgy there is hope that an alloy may be found which will comply with the rigid requirements of the astronomer. If such an alloy were known, the long process of annealing to which a glass disc must be subjected would be eliminated and the total cost of making a large mirror would be materially reduced.

At the present time, therefore, no suitable alternative to glass for the material of the mirror is known. Glass is unfortunately a very bad conductor of heat and this gives rise to further complications. Experience indicates that the thickness of a glass mirror should be about one-eighth of its diameter, in order that it may have sufficient rigidity to prevent surface distortions when it is mounted. A disc of glass, 200 inches in diameter and 25 inches thick, weighs somewhere about 36 tons. In the

case of the 200-inch mirror, it is planned to reduce the weight to some extent without decreasing the rigidity by casting a disc with a system of stiffening ribs on its back surface, instead of the plain disc which has hitherto been used. But even so, the mirror will weigh at least 20 tons. Suppose now that the molten glass has been poured into the mould and that it is allowed to cool. Owing to the bad conductivity of glass for heat, the outer layers will cool and solidify whilst the interior is still molten. As the interior portion cools it contracts and tremendous internal strains are set up, causing the disc to split into fragments. The glass must therefore be cooled extremely slowly in an annealing oven, so that at any stage in this process the temperature throughout the mass is practically uniform. A block of ordinary glass weighing 20 tons would require this process of gradual cooling or annealing to extend over a period of not less than one year, if internal strains are to be avoided. Even then, there is always some risk that when at length the annealing oven is opened the glass will be found to be in fragments. When the 100-inch telescope was under construction, a disc of the required size was cast after many trials, but owing to numerous flaws it was considered doubtful whether it would prove satisfactory. Further attempts to cast a more perfect disc ended on each occasion in the disc fracturing during annealing, and the disc finally used was the one which had been provisionally laid aside.

Reference has already been made to the optical tests by means of which the shape of the surface of the mirror is repeatedly tested during the long process of figuring. The purpose of the tests is to find out which portion or portions of the surface are too high and require further polishing. Various tests are used and it is not necessary here to describe them. But it must be mentioned that a lot of special equipment has to be made for these tests, including a perfectly flat mirror of 120 inches diameter, which in itself is considerably larger than the largest mirror yet made.

The perfection of figure which a good mirror will show when under test in a room in which the temperature has been maintained uniform and constant will not be obtained when the mirror is mounted in a telescope, under conditions of changing

temperature. As the temperature falls at night, the metal cell which holds the mirror will cool more rapidly than the mirror itself; the outer layers of the mirror will cool more rapidly than the interior. Draughts of air are also liable to produce local changes of temperature in portions of the mirror. These temperature variations produce slight changes of curvature of the surface and the quality of the images deteriorates. It is therefore advantageous to have the mirror made of a material which is changed as little as possible by changes of temperature. A great improvement would be obtained by using fused quartz instead of glass, for the change in dimensions of quartz is only one-twentieth that of ordinary plate glass. To make a very large disc of clear fused quartz would be extremely costly. Experiments were made with a view to constructing the 200-inch mirror by fusing together small grains of quartz, and then coating it with a layer of clear fused quartz of sufficient thickness for the optical working. Mirrors of moderate size were successfully made by this process, but it was concluded that the cost of a 200-inch mirror would be prohibitive. It was therefore decided to make the mirror of a type of pyrex glass. Pyrex glass, which is used largely for transparent baking dishes, is a glass containing a high percentage of silica. Its expansion with increase of temperature, though greater than that of quartz, is very much less than that of plate glass. It is the low expansion of pyrex glass, reducing the risk of fracture with sudden change of temperature, which makes it valuable for domestic purposes. A special type of pyrex, with a still higher percentage of silica and a lower expansion than ordinary commercial pyrex, was finally decided upon for the 200-inch mirror.

The contract for the pyrex disc was given to the Corning Glass Works of Pittsburgh. This firm specialises in pyrex glass and has facilities for melting 30 tons in one melting. A large mould was constructed for casting the disc and the rib system referred to above. The white-hot molten pyrex glass was ladled into the mould until it was full. By an unfortunate mischance the head of an iron bolt holding down one of the formers for the rib system melted off and the former came adrift into the molten glass. It was therefore decided to reject this casting for the construction of the mirror, but to utilize it

for an experiment in rapid annealing. The comparatively small expansion of pyrex glass has the advantage that the annealing stage can be appreciably shortened. But as no mirror of comparable size had previously been made, it was somewhat uncertain to what extent the time of annealing could be reduced with safety. The experiment with the imperfect disc has given information on this point which will be of value for the annealing of a second disc.

It has been customary to coat astronomical mirrors with a thin film of silver, deposited chemically on the curved optical surface of the mirror. The silver film has a high reflecting power but gradually tarnishes. At Greenwich, where there is a considerable amount of sulphur dioxide in the atmosphere, the deterioration in the reflecting power of a silver mirror can almost be detected night by night. Even in the purest atmosphere, the loss in reflecting power in a period of several months is considerable. It then becomes necessary to remove the mirror from the telescope and to renew the coating of silver. Astronomers have therefore long been anxious to find some form of coating which would not suffer from these disadvantages. It has recently been found that a thin film of aluminium can be deposited on glass and that this film possesses a reflecting power very nearly equal to that of a fresh silver film, whilst it does not tarnish. The aluminium coating has the further advantage that it adheres to the glass surface with a much greater tenacity than silver and can be washed with soap and water to remove dust and dirt—treatment which would ruin a silver film. The film of aluminium must be deposited in a very high vacuum by distilling the aluminium, a much more difficult process than is involved in coating with silver by simple chemical deposition. To maintain a chamber capable of containing a 200-inch mirror at the extremely low pressure necessary for the successful deposition of the aluminium raises problems of its own. At the present time, the largest mirror which has been coated by this process has a diameter of only 36 inches. There is little doubt that by the time the large mirror is ready for coating these difficulties will have been overcome.

The construction of the telescope in which the 200-inch mirror is to be mounted presents no insuperable difficulties for

modern engineering experience. In the photography of very faint objects, long exposures are necessary and, as the object being photographed moves across the sky, the telescope must be slowly turned by clockwork or electrical mechanism so that it continues to point exactly towards the object. Although the weight of the moving parts of the giant telescope will be something like 500 tons, with the aid of modern ball and roller bearings there will be no great difficulty in securing a smooth and perfectly uniform motion.

The most delicate of the engineering problems is that of the manner in which the mirror is to be held in its cell in the telescope. It must be mounted in such a way that it is free from any risk of bending under its own weight and must not be liable to strain or to distortion of any sort in whatever direction the telescope may be pointed. The method to be used will probably be a development of that already adopted with success in existing large telescopes. The support is in two parts, a back support and an edge support. The best form of back support consists of a large number of separate discs, about 3 inches in diameter. Each disc is mounted by a universal joint at the end of a counterpoised lever arm. By supporting the mirror in this way, deformations of the surface by the bending of the mirror can be reduced to a negligible amount, and with proper design of the system each disc will carry exactly the correct proportion of the weight, so that there is no fear of distortion. The discs are self-aligning in all positions of the instrument, and, when the system of counterpoises has been properly adjusted for any one position of the telescope, it must automatically remain correct for every other position. The edge support is formed by a flexible strap or band, engaging into a groove cut for the purpose around the outer edge of the mirror; this strap is itself carried by a system of counterpoised levers. To illustrate the importance of correct support, it may be mentioned that even with a system of supports constructed on these principles, the 100-inch mirror at Mount Wilson was found not to be giving images of the anticipated quality. The trouble was traced to slight strains due to a tendency on the part of the back support discs to drag on the back of the mirror when the mirror was in an inclined position; this drag, small

though it was, caused perceptible deformations of the optical surface. It was cured by strapping similar discs to the back of the mirror and inserting ball bearings between each pair of corresponding discs, thus allowing slight motions of the mirror in a sideways direction to take place without any constraint.

It is not possible to use a telescope of such large size to full advantage except under the most perfect atmospheric conditions. The telescope must be erected on a site where a large number of clear nights, distributed as evenly as possible throughout the year, can be obtained. But it is also necessary that the atmosphere should be steady. The effect of waviness and distortion produced by looking through hot air rising from a chimney is well known. Similar effects are always present, but to a lesser extent, in the atmosphere through which the astronomer has to make his observations. Turbulence in the atmosphere, or the existence of localized regions of different temperature and density, familiar to the airman as "air pockets", results in what the astronomer calls "bad seeing". The image of a star, instead of appearing as a sharp bright point, is spread out into a sort of fluffy disc, which continually jumps about. The greater the power of the telescope, the more all such effects are magnified. Extensive tests of a number of sites in California have therefore been made in order that the telescope may be erected in the situation in which it can be used to the best advantage. There are very few regions of the Earth where the climatic conditions are suitable for placing a giant telescope. Certain portions of California and of the high veldt in South Africa appear to have the most favourable conditions. Nowhere in England are conditions suitable for placing a very large telescope.

It is probable that the new telescope will take from five to ten years to construct and that the cost will be about £2,000,000. For what purposes is the expenditure of so much thought, skill, labour and capital considered desirable? In the first place, the new telescope should lead to a great extension in our knowledge of those distant stellar universes which are generally called spiral nebulae. Though each one of these systems contains enough matter to make thousands of millions of stars like the Sun and is so large that a ray of light would take many thousands of years to travel from one end of the system to the other, they are for the

most part at such great distances that they can only be detected on long exposure photographs with powerful telescopes. It was mentioned at the beginning of this article that no evidence has yet been obtained of the bounds of space being within sight. Out to the greatest distances to which it has hitherto been possible to probe, the island universes seem to be scattered more or less uniformly through space, the average distance of any one from its nearest neighbour being about two million light-years. The new telescope will reach to a still greater distance and we shall learn something about other universes which are so distant that 300 million years are required for their light to reach us.

We have much still to learn, moreover, about even the nearest of these universes. The Andromeda spiral nebula, which can be seen with the naked eye as a small faint hazy patch in the sky, is at a distance of nearly one million light-years. The brightest stars in the system are comparable to the brightest stars in our own universe. The brightest star, however, when moved away to a distance of about five million billion miles, appears as an extremely faint object. With the 100-inch telescope, individual stars can be detected only in the few nearest systems; in the remainder, the light from millions of stars is blended into a faint haze. In the past, it has been found that every increase in light-gathering power of a telescope has given further information about, and a truer picture of the spiral nebulae. There still remains much to be learnt about these systems; until quite recently it appeared that our own Milky Way system considerably exceeded in size any of the other stellar universes, but the most recent observations suggest that there is little, if any, discrepancy and that the separate universes differ comparatively little in size. On all these questions the new telescope should give more definite information.

Modern astronomy is concerned to an ever increasing extent with the analysis of the light from the stars. It is from observations of this type that most of our present-day knowledge of the composition and structure of the stars has been derived. In such observations, the light from the stars is spread out into a band—the spectrum—and a much longer time is required to photograph the spectrum than to photograph the direct image of the star, where all the light is concentrated into a point. With

the largest instruments at the present time, it is only the stars in the regions relatively near to the Sun which can be studied in this way. The 200-inch telescope will give a fourfold increase in light-gathering power and will double the distance to which such observations can be extended.

There is one type of star of particular interest about which the new telescope should give information of value. This is the class of stars called temporary stars or "novæ", stars which suddenly flare up and increase in brightness by tens or hundreds of thousands of times in the course of a few days or even of a few hours. They afford us the only glimpse we can get of stellar evolution actually taking place. There are reasons for believing that every star goes through this particular type of outburst at some time or other in the course of its life. It seems probable that the flare-up is due to the star becoming unstable, and in the course of settling down to a new state of stability a large store of energy is released. After the outburst the nova rapidly fades away and becomes as faint as it was originally. There is little direct information available as to the physical nature of such a star some years after the outburst. It is believed that it finally becomes a small faint star of extremely high density. Further observations are urgently needed, however, to establish this supposition on a firm foundation. The great light-gathering power of the 200-inch telescope will offer a reasonable prospect of definite information being obtained on this matter, which would prove of vital importance for theories of stellar evolution.

BEDLAM

BY ANNE STEWART

"THE place is a veritable mad-house", Professor Stimson said one hot midsummer day, as he quietly left the uproarious abode of his daughter-in-law which was now his home. He spoke without anger, for his disposition was to be sweet-tempered, tolerant, kind; and to have expressed, even to himself, an opinion so truculent, proved that he had been goaded beyond the endurance of a naturally patient, amiable man.

That he was goaded beyond the limit of such an endurance will not be considered surprising if it be known that for forty-seven years he had been trying to find the time and the quietude necessary for the writing of a book on higher mathematics, and for forty-seven years he had been, in this endeavour, thwarted. When a young man economic considerations had forced him to dash off works of sufficiently simple calibre, to be issued under titles such as *The Intelligent Man's Guide to the Mathematical Calculus*; forced him to compose essays upon his subject for encyclopædias and special magazines; forced him to teach, to tutor, to lecture, and to produce neat text-books on arithmetic and algebra for use in schools and colleges.

Throughout those years he had looked forward with sober hope to the time when, financial stability having been attained, he might concentrate upon his real aim, an epoch-making work of sheer mathematical genius. He did not suspect his genius. He merely knew that he carried in his head the burden of a book conceived, gestated, but unborn. This pregnancy, prolonged, had now become intolerable, for, having reached a state when it was no longer necessary for him to do hack-work in order to live, he found that, in order to bring forth his masterpiece, it was necessary for him to have, if not complete, then a certain amount of quiet.

But no quiet was obtainable in the house of his son and daughter-in-law, who were, he realized, a happy, healthy, normal couple, doing nothing of which their neighbours disapproved. In fact they led, so far as the casual observer could ascertain, the same sort of life as was led by everyone else in their road. For they had their two children, a boy and a girl in their teens, possessed between them a wireless set, a gramophone, a sports car, another car and a motor cycle, and the family was never happier or more united than when these several noise-producing instruments were all roaring or braying full blast, with themselves shouting to each other, shouting to friends, shouting to neighbours, all of whom shouted back with an equal willingness to raise the human voice above the din and clatter of mechanized cacophony, and who switched on with an equal delight in the deafening results, similar engines and machines, all of which added most magnificently to the marvellously unmethodical bombilations.

Patiently, hopefully, during many months, the Professor had been waiting for his son to put a stop to the worst, the more extreme element in this racket, but observation showed him that his son, as well as the others, was growing keener and more industrious both in the invention of ways and means for the increase of the volume of sound maintained by the instruments already in his possession, and in his plans and ideas for adding to the number and variety of those machines. The Professor's voice had not been heard since he went there to live, as it was physically impossible for him to raise it to the necessary pitch, excellent though it was for lecturing purposes and anxious though he was to be heard. Silently, therefore, he concluded that if he meant to write his book he must go, he must find somewhere quiet and undisturbing, even if in this desire he were considered abnormal and eccentric.

Consequently, on this hot midsummer day, he left a note which said :

"I have gone for a little holiday. Expect me when you see me."

He made his message brief, for he knew they would not read a communication of greater length, and he went.

Let it not be imagined that Professor Stimson, because he

reached a decision and acted upon it, was a man of action, practicable, capable, strong, for he was nothing of the kind. Indeed, so unpractical was he, so thoughtless, so vague, that he took with him no suit-case containing clothes and linen, no pens, ink, paper, or other writing materials; no money, except half-a-crown which he did not know was in his pocket. He stood on the kerb, waiting to cross the road, when a bus drew up and the conductor cried :

"Come along, sir, hurry up!"

And because he had always done what he had been told, he hurried and jumped on to that bus. The half-crown he found, and with it he took a ticket saying :

"Tell me where I must get down, will you, please?"

Then he entered the cloisters of higher mathematics, and remained there, meditating undisturbed, until he was bidden to descend.

By this time he was in the country, but that he hardly noticed. After alighting from the bus he reached on foot a little wood in which there was a pool, and because as a boy he had always bathed on hot days whenever he came to a pool, he proceeded to undress and bathe in this one. The cool water was most refreshing, and after he had dressed again he felt delightfully free.

Someone with a nice, gentle voice said to him, "Come along, or you'll be left behind".

A pleasant person took him by the arm and led him to the road, to a motor coach. He heard subdued talk and laughter, but it was not in the least disturbing. He sat on a springy seat and made obscure mathematical calculations. When the coach drew up at the door of a splendid mansion, he made no effort, he followed the crowd, and found himself in a spacious hall. There he stood, lost in intricate numericals, until the soft voice urged, "Come with me".

He followed unresisting, and he was shown into a room, light, airy, clean, quiet.

"Is this my room?" he asked, not daring to think that it might be.

"Yes, of course. This is your bed."

"May I remain here while I write my book on higher mathematics?"

"Certainly", they told him.

"Might I, then, ask if you would be so kind as to let me have a pen, some ink, and foolscap?"

"I'll fetch it for you, and then you can write as much as ever you like!"

The Professor blinked. Afraid that the situation might prove too good to be true, he asked no more questions, and began at once to write his book.

His work grew apace. At last he was at peace, well looked after, undisturbed, for, by a lucky chance he had entered, as an inmate—a lunatic asylum. While he was bathing, a certified lunatic, not unlike him in appearance, had stolen his clothes, leaving his own in exchange, and had escaped. This lunatic's place the Professor had drifted into by allowing himself to be accommodated in the motor coach hired by the authorities for the annual summer outing given to the residents of a modern institution for the mentally deficient and insane.

Here for the Professor was asylum indeed. He was given whatsoever he desired, which was comparatively easy, his requests being confined to foolscap, blotting paper, pen-nibs, and ink. He was clothed in clean and comfortable, if peculiar, garments. He took his food without complaint, which was more than could be said for his companions. He was invariably polite and considerate towards the attendants, whom he mistook for well-trained servants, and the doctors he never failed to thank for their well-meant, kind attention.

As a result of this behaviour the entire staff agreed that he was definitely slipping downhill, and he was shifted to an even lighter, airier, pleasanter ward, where his companions were even quieter, more contemplative, and less noticeable than before.

All went very well for him until, towards the end of the first volume of his great work, he came to a problem, the solving of which he did not feel adequate to perform without the advice of his life-long friend, Dr. Edward Limpus, Professor of Experimental Philosophy at the University of Cambridge. Therefore he wrote to his friend explaining his uncertainty on a particular point.

Unfortunately, it is the custom in an institution for the insane for all letters, except those addressed to a Privileged Person, to

be censored, and those which, in the opinion of the censor, are supreme rubbish, may be destroyed. That is to say, had Professor Stimson been asking the Home Secretary or H.M. Commission in Lunacy for advice on this difficult mathematical problem, the letter would have been forwarded without delay, but, since it was addressed to a Cambridge don, it was opened and read by Dr. Harold Marchant, a worthy man, who remarked, "Poor old Finn!"

Finn was the name of the harmless lunatic who had exchanged his clothes for those of the Professor down by the pool.

"Poor old Finn", Dr. Marchant continued; "he's getting worse and worse. Ever since we took him for that outing he's been definitely deteriorating".

Thus Professor Stimson's letter, which contained a brilliant exposition, was destroyed.

A week passed and the Professor became uneasy. Never before had his life-long friend, Edward Limpus, failed to reply to a letter of his by return of post. He wrote again.

Again his letter was read and destroyed by Dr. Marchant, an admirable man, excellent at his job and most capable, but not particularly mathematical.

Still receiving no reply, Professor Stimson became agitated, and he decided that he had better take that wretched journey to Cambridge and ascertain both the whereabouts of his friend, and the latest shade of opinion concerning a certain equation. He asked if he might consult a railway time-table. He was supplied with a time-table immediately.

"I am going to Cambridge to-day", he said, "and it is possible that I may stay there for the night, but I will be back to-morrow".

Everyone was agreeable, no one seemed in the least perturbed, or wanted him to state the exact hour of his return.

"How good these people are to me", he murmured, as he strolled down the drive, "and their garden is charming, really charming!"

He enjoyed his walk down that drive, it was a long drive with an avenue of beech trees which were bursting into leaf. No one saw him go. He had asked and had been told the way.

The railway station was not far from the gate, and the

Professor was just about to ask at the booking office for a return ticket, when a youthful porter came up and insisted, with a friendly smile, upon linking arms with him.

"My good man", the Professor exclaimed, "what do you think you are doing?"

"That's all right!" the porter replied. "You remember me, don't you—your old pal?"

Before he could say that he did not, another amicable porter had linked arms with him on his other side.

"Excuse me", protested the Professor, "but I am on my way to Cambridge".

"We know all about that, mate!" both the porters assured him. "We'll see that you get there! We know a short cut. Come on, Charlie!"

It would not be easy for the layman to distinguish the lunatic from the ordinary citizen, were it not for the difference in their dress. An ordinary lunatic will wear anything, anyhow, anywhere, but the normal person will not. In dress, the normal person is neat, calculating, dull. No lunatic is that. For instance, when Professor Stimson wore his own clothes, no one so much as hinted that he was even mentally deficient, but since he had been wearing the discarded garments of an escaped lunatic, no one had doubted for a moment his insanity. Even the two porters, after one look at his clothes, bore him without further consideration back to the asylum.

There, the excellent Dr. Marchant, soon upon the scene, took the situation in, as he thought, at a glance, and he, too, humoured the Professor verbally, telling him he, too, was assisting him to Cambridge, when actually he was edging him back into the ward. With an understanding smile he listened to all that Professor Stimson had to say, nodding affably when he mentioned his friend Dr. Limpus and experimental philosophy, saying, "Yes, yes, of course", when the Professor spoke of his book on high mathematics. The Professor even showed him a few of the earlier chapters of his remarkable work, which merely served to convince Dr. Marchant, ignorant of all but the most elementary calculæ, that his patient's brain had quite certainly entered upon the last stages of decay.

Exasperated by what he took to be Marchant's utter lack of

intelligence, the Professor said firmly that he really must go, with which statement Marchant agreed, but did his best to prevent his going, even to administering an injection of hyacine.

When Marchant next came to see him, the Professor had emerged from the effects of the drug, had grasped his predicament, and calmly, but afraid they would think he was raving, he begged to be allowed to have a letter addressed to Dr. Limpus posted. Marchant, impressed by the consistency in a case regarded hitherto as inconsistent, promised that the letter should be sent. Imagine the surprised horror of Dr. Limpus on hearing from his old and admired friend Frederick Stimson, that he was being detained in an asylum for the insane.

Dr. Limpus was small, rotund, but dynamic. Shocked, he flew by aeroplane from Cambridge and landed in the asylum grounds. He insisted on being taken at once to see the Professor, who greeted, but distantly, his friend. Not until Limpus was alone with him did the Professor leap into sanity and discuss an intricate and subtle shade of thought with masterly precision. Towards the end of this discussion, Limpus said:

"Why are you here?"

Stimson showed his manuscript. After glancing through half-a-dozen pages, Limpus, with delight, congratulated his friend, as well he might, for much of what he had read was to alter the views of all serious mathematicians in the world.

"Don't let them know", hissed Professor Frederick Stimson, "that my name's not Finn".

This remark did cause the estimable Limpus to regard his friend suspiciously.

"Ssh!" Stimson warned him, "I want to stay on here, and they think I'm Finn. If I don't remain in this quiet, this pleasant and peaceful atmosphere, I shall never be able to produce the five succeeding volumes".

Limpus chuckled.

"I won't let on!" he whispered back. "An asylum in need is asylum indeed!"

The Professor smiled, and said without apology,

"One might almost add—And so to Bedlam!"

DAYS IN CASTILE

BY V. S. PRITCHETT

IT was August, towards the end of the month. There was the usual dejected queue at the ticket office, sunk hopelessly in its own smell. One never knows until the very last moment whether one will be allowed to travel on a Spanish train. Whether one camps on the railway station for hours beforehand like a Spanish peasant or makes a last-minute rush for it, the doubt is the same. Here a French tourist nearly breaks down with exasperation, patting his pocket book, glancing feverishly at the clock, cursing the Spanish nation and craning his head to see if he can hurry the almost motionless queue which oozes like a torpid worm to its hole in the wall. Here an Englishman goes glassy-red with suppressed temper. In the course of time one learns that patience and resignation which Richard Ford urged upon all travellers in Spain. Indeed, one wonders if the Spaniards have not found that the art of achieving the good life lies in doing one thing at a time. Thought and action in Spaniards are always two different, carefully-separated and not simultaneous processes.

The Spaniards in the queue had all my fears about the train. They appealed to the police. The police were polite and sad and very tired. They were quite indifferent and always misinformed. Several times the police came up to tell the queue to move to the next window. When we had done that, we were at once told it was the wrong window and that we must move back again. We became infinitely stoical and resigned. We had arrived at that stage when one says, "What does it matter if I lose this train? I can travel tomorrow, or next week, or next year; or perhaps not at all; perhaps the whole idea of this journey is a mistake". This is a good state of mind to have anywhere in Spain. We could see the hands of the official working very slowly behind the wire of the ticket window.

Slowly he dipped his pen into the congealed ink, slowly he inscribed on the forms, the papers, the tickets; suspiciously he scrutinized family photographs. Sometimes he would have the happiness of telling someone who had been told to wait in that queue for an hour that they had waited in the wrong one. At an emotional crisis like this he would get off his stool, re-light the cigarette-end which had stuck to his lower lip and gaze at the muddle of his office. Then slowly he came back again, somnambulant, as if some wicked enchanter called the Spanish railway system had put a spell upon him. Poor man. One did not curse him. One did not say, "Here is a filthy official indulging the usual official love of power". One did not even think, "He is slow". One thought of *lo humano*, of human things. One wondered with Calderon if life were not a dream. Five minutes before the train arrives all ticket windows shut. Aided by the rabble that always hangs about Spanish stations, one then jumps the railings, breaks through the "Left Luggage" on to the platform and buys the tickets at the ticket offices' back entrance. This is the formal, the correct procedure.

Of course, in Spain as everywhere else, you can have everything you want, including seats in the best and fastest trains, if you will pay for them. That is to say you must pay luxury prices for what elsewhere are normal western European amenities. The distance between rich and poor is thus increased; and one of the results of the improved standard of life which has been established in many Spanish towns during the last ten or twenty years is that that distance has been increased a great deal. Only the rich can benefit. It is impossible for a poor man, for example, to travel by a fast train, because that means travelling first class. Heaven knows the fast trains are not very fast, but the typical three-hour journey by fast train takes six hours by the trains which carry third-class passengers. Attempt any cross-country journey in Spain, except on those sporting little narrow-gauge railways of the Basque provinces and the Asturias, and it is difficult to get very far in under eighteen hours. First-class accommodation has been improved, third class is still as bad—and as friendly—as it ever was. The fact is that a middle-class revolution has taken place. But the Spanish bourgeois, whose inferiority complex is roused by all foreign things, is

ruining himself to get every modern convenience. He lives a life of the greatest financial precariousness. Corruption is inevitable. He has to bribe and to be bribed, he has got to get his "rake-off" somewhere or he cannot afford his amenities. And he has to keep the workers out of their share of the advantages of industrialism. It is a matter of common observation.

The Spanish middle-class—its educated minority apart—are vulgar, rapacious, ignorant and corrupt. One sees them in the new *trains de luxe*, which have been made for tourists, returning from the little down-at-heel beaches where they pass their two or three months' summer holiday. The peasants and workers travel all through the night third class and slow. Stopping at every station for hundreds of miles, the "tram" or mixed-goods-and-passenger train, slams on and on. It is the most interesting way to travel for the foreigner, and the most agonizing. But at least in the conversation of the journey one will not be bored by some wealthy, ill-educated, vulgar pseudo-European middle-class gang.

In San Sebastian trouble was beginning. Two men had been murdered for political reasons. One was an amiable hotel proprietor, a well-known figure who had distributed Fascist pamphlets; the other was the Socialist ex-chief of police. He had boasted he had come into power "revolver in hand"—he was late on the draw on this occasion. It is useless to counsel or expect moderation in Spanish political life. It is irrelevant to remind Spaniards that they are forgetting the decencies of true democracy, that they are disobeying the first rules of parliamentary government and so on. They have never had these delights. No pretence was ever made by either party that such rules or decencies meant anything to them. Moderation is not an element of Spanish life. Their life swings between two extremes: that of violence and that of monotony, torpor, apathy. Political apathy and religious violence are encouraged and believed in by the Catholic parties. The Spaniard thinks in terms of absolutes and ultimates; compromise in the sense of the middle course cannot exist. The alternative to the dynamic ultimate is the negative and inert. Death is very often on their lips. Every man and woman from the immense families, mourns the death of many brothers and sisters. In the churches

they worship above all the *death* of Christ. They are familiar with the wounds and bruises—carefully painted on by pious artists—of the dying Christ. At an early age women enter into a state of permanent mourning. "Death to the priests! Death to the Socialists." And the old jingle:

Free thought I loudly proclaim to all
And death to him who does not think as I do.

It is both an ultimate and a convention. The consequence is that no one is very surprised when a shot goes off and death occurs.

The train passed out of the grey, humid air of the green hills of the Basque provinces into the mountains of Alava. This is the southernmost of the Basque provinces, its mountains are higher and dramatic, its plains more majestic than the little maize-stocked valleys of the coast. One feels already the influence of Castile. These mountains were the scene of some of the cruelest scenes of the Carlist Wars in the last century. Now there were reports of separatist skirmishes. Here a Civil Guard killed, here a worker. One wondered why in this beautiful country people were preparing to fight. Ten years ago, wandering through Spain in the remote villages, I met always the same thing, the hatred of the priests, and—it was the same thing really and not a religious thing—the feeling against the boss. Such feeling cannot arise unless the conditions of society are changing. Now, after ten years, the outcry was against those who had driven out the priests and the king. This was, of course, in the very Catholic Basque province and in the most conservative part of Castile, so we must make that allowance; but cynicism and apathy had returned. How could anything be said for a Republic which had disappointed all hopes by putting into power the type of men who, because of their history, must betray the things the Republic had stood for? Smash it up, do anything you like with it, throw it away, was the mood of everyone. Another ideal Constitution had become the charter of rogues. I think the Left were very conscious when they took up arms that they would perhaps smash themselves and the Republic irretrievably. I think they subconsciously felt that their honour as well as their intransigence demanded martyrdom.

I am always glad to get out of the Basque provinces into Spain.

One crosses into Castile near Miranda; an engine is attached to the end of the train to push it up the Pancorbo Pass on to the tableland. There it is, Azorin's "Castile that cannot see the sea", buttressed by mountains, and lying at an average altitude of anything from 2,000 to 4,000 feet. Hundreds of miles of steppe and those maritime provinces snapping at it, straining to break the leash, to be rid of the authority of this bleak and monotonous country whose language and culture have been imposed for centuries.

The plateau of Castile must be the most awe-inspiring steppe in the world—measureless, without intimacy, and austere. It is nearly treeless. As the train jogs along one can almost count the trees. In the northern province of Burgos they are relatively plentiful, but even here they are chiefly poplars following the roads or the course of some wide and scarcely more than ankle-deep river bed. In a shadeless plain which looks at that time of the year as if it had been taken out of a kiln, one walks from tree to tree, dipping oneself with joy in each blot of shadow. At Valladolid is a weird, monotonous and haunted region of umbrella pines. They extend like some grotesque and resinous fungus for mile after mile in a country of burned grasses; but people in Valladolid, which is a prosperous grain-warehousing city, have built themselves little villas in these pines. They go out into the country—for shade.

Pancorbo is like that gate of rock into the Sahara which one comes to, travelling south, on the road to Biskra. From the Spanish pass as from the African, one is entering a sun-cracked and wind-split country, frozen and often snowbound in winter and white-hot in summer. The flat-topped hills that stretch for tens of miles are like white-hot slag heaps with the tops planed off. Here a church tower, slightly yellower than the soil, will stand up tall, with the prison-like rectangle of the nave behind it; and near it, only just discernible against the earth, the adobe walls of a village. These Castilian villages seem hardly more than heaps of clay raked together on the plain. And on the side of the slag heap of hill above these villages will be the cave dwellings of the very poor. Smoke coming from holes in the ground indicates their chimneys.

They were threshing the corn in the outlying parishes. They

were threshing all day and late into the evening when the shepherds brought down their tinkling herds of goats. The women had their black handkerchiefs tied under their chins and the murky-faced men were in little berets. In one field they were beating the corn with flails, in another it was being trampled by donkeys, in another a donkey was turning a portable threshing machine. The grain was piled up in conical heaps in the fields and the chaff near by. There was no straw, but only a fine chaff which looked as if it had been chewed. The women sweep it up from the floor of the field with brooms; and then it is loaded on those long, narrow two-wheeled carts whose sides have been made high with poles and safe from leakage with sacking. Before and after the harvest these pink and blue carts are hooded; and so over the roads the straggling mule teams or the yoked and gentle bullocks draw them. But now the hoods were off.

There is an open space near the cathedral in Burgos called the Llan de Afuera, and it has a passage-way leading into an ancient courtyard where there are several taverns and posadas. The cathedral wall is at one end of it and bears the inscriptions which will be found on every church and convent now in Spain, "Viva el Comunismo", and the rival one "Viva Dios. Long live God". It must be remembered that in Spain God belongs to one political party. This proprietary interest is no doubt a relic from that passionate enmity with the Moors, when the opponents were inevitably heathens; it accounts for the famous question to foreigners, "Are you a Christian or a Protestant?" And they have a saying in Burgos, too, that in winter the wind is so cold that one does not see a *Christian* in the street. But to return to the Square. I had a room in the flat of a taxi-driver. It had seven large rooms, each containing a bed and nothing more. In the mornings I used to watch the grain carts come in to deliver the grain at the storehouses built underneath the houses. The cries of men used to wake me up. Going to the window and putting my hand on the sill, I would feel the sun already like a hot brass weight on the hand. (One can feel the *weight* of the sun in Spain.)

Very early the square was filled with carts and the air was thick with grain and chaff dust. Yoked cows and bullocks—those fawn and brindled ones with long curved horns and large

liquid eyes, which look as if they have been made up by an actor's eyebrow pencil—came into the square, their drivers walking backwards before them and guiding them with a touch of the hazel wand on the yoke. The gentleness and art of this act give a dignity and lightness to the appearance of a drover which a man digging his spurs into mule or pony, or whacking at a donkey's hind legs can never have. It is said that Spaniards treat animals badly, but I have never seen a bullock, an ox or a cow badly treated. They are touched with gentleness as if the very lightness of the touch gave the beasts and themselves indescribable pleasure. The peasants are brutal to mules and they overload donkeys, but the bull seems almost to be a sacred animal. Even in the ring he is submitted, not to brute cruelty, but to a ritual. These fawn bullocks are in use all over the north; 150 miles further south there are no bullocks, but black oxen treading like kings. In Andalusia, the silver donkey.

Mules and donkeys came also into the square and sprightly men on ponies. The men in their black corduroy clothes and cheap violet shirts from the factories of Catalonia, burned by the sun to the colour of the soil, men of adobe rather than men of flesh, pieces of earth walking, staggered under the sacks of their grain and buyers came out to open up and take samples. The women stood on top of the piled sacks screeching like magpies. One morning there was a scream. The yoked bullocks of a cart took fright, moved abruptly and threw a man from the cart and dragged the wheel on him. The bullock kicked out. A young man ran in and pulled the beast off, and the peasant got up from the dust, bruised and covered with blood. He staggered about pale and startled. His wife gave the bullock a kick in vengeance. The bullock kicked back. There was no more scene than that. Many hours later I saw the man at a tavern with blood congealed in branches all over his face. That night, I suppose, he went to the tavern next door to the taxi-driver's flat and where all the harvesters went to sit on the benches before the immense tuns of wine, to shoot the harsh red wine down his throat from a wineskin and to get roaring drunk. The peasants of Burgos are given to drunkenness.

Then I remembered that in September when the harvest is taken in and in all the villages there are fiestas and bull-fights,

and there is nothing to do—I remembered that this is the time for political disturbances. Every year it happens. Every year in September. Sometimes it is serious, as this year it proved to be—sometimes it is very little. And usually it all comes to an end when work has to be begun again. The energies of Spain are sporadic and not continuous.

Were these peasants of the province of Burgos oppressed? Hardly. They were emaciated, starved-looking, rigid and challenging with pride, fibrous, tough and reserved. They were people seeking to live on the least that could sustain life. They had neither the money nor use for any new thing. They own their own land. It is divided among families; every yard of the plain is accounted for and grows little else but corn, and keeps a few pigs and chickens. There is nothing more. Their holdings are "uneconomic" and poor in one of the richest wheat lands of the world. But the land is theirs.

So there is no unrest and there is bitter opposition to anything which means change. Change, after all, comes from the towns, and between the townsman and the peasant there is the traditional primitive enmity. The peasants of Burgos work in the fields from morning to night until they die; they are frugal, religious, harsh, proud, and given to drunkenness. They are not like the peasants of Leon or Toledo, or Salamanca, whose life is richer and more graceful; but they have the primitive tree-trunk dignity of their kind. They do not cringe like the pert and broken population of an industrial slum. The Catholic Right draws its support from these people, who hate what little they know of the modern world.

One meets strange examples of ignorance. I fell in with a young man who was out of work and had tramped some two hundred miles, he said, in search of it. He was a builder by trade. You may have a job on the roads, but supposing you were apprenticed to a builder, you would describe yourself not as an employed road worker but as an unemployed builder. He said he supposed I was a traveller like himself, and asked me what village I came from. "Ah, England", he nodded thoughtfully. He was a lithe young man with curly dark hair and the liquid seignorial eyes of a goat. "Now let me see", he said. "That village must be in Gibraltar?"

I did not let him down. It might have done him harm to know where England was.

"Yes", I said. "But there is another part of it the other side of France."

Now I could see he was completely baffled, and we sat awkwardly in silence. Then he asked:

"And do you eat well in your country?"

It is the cry of all peasant Spain. Do you eat well? Here one eats well! Here the food is good! Here there is good water! And they mean by eating well, eating a good bellyfull, lining oneself against the winter cold, making up in quantity for what may be lacking in frills. Can one stuff till one can eat nothing more? Everyone with whom I scraped casual acquaintance in Burgos and Avila and later, in the remote villages of the Gredos, was careful to tell me about the *quantity* of food one could get.

In the mornings I used to walk down the cool tree-roofed avenues which follow the river into the steppe. The autumn crocuses were growing under the trees; there was a fine faint hair of grass on the earth in the shade. There is no pleasure in the world equal to that of walking down easy corridors of shade in a hot country. One feels one is walking on the floor of a cool, weightless pool of water, and above is the surface where the leaves are breaking against the sky. People who pass glide silently like beings in an aquarium. In the sun one fights; only in the shade does one live.

From the barracks at mid-day came a troop of beggars, each with a pilchard tin full of steaming stew, which had been begged from the regimental kitchen. On the road one meets twos and threes of these beggars going up to the Carthusian monastery for the daily free meal. They are mostly ragged, hawk-eyed scarecrows, red with the dust of the road; but now and then there is a puzzling one. There was, for example, a strong young man with a boxer's chest waiting at the monastery with the rest. Already he was marked with the dignity and reserve of the profession. But why had he chosen the most arduous of lives? From what ascetic motive? It was fitting, I thought, that he should be fed by the twittering, kindly, sly little Carthusian monk, so vain of his finger nails and his bad French, who

shows one round the monastery. Again, there came a man and a woman, an aged couple, bent double, but covered with genial fat. They came along banging their thick sticks, gabbling, and the man laughing into a Tolstoyan beard. He and the old woman came over the rough stones of the hill at a startling pace, exclaiming with the heartiness of their appetite and obviously looking forward to the good meal to which every step brought them nearer. With them was a pale girl, a child hardly more than fifteen years old, barefooted and dressed in black. She stared blankly and said nothing, while the crones puffed and gabbled. Where had they come from? Where were they going? Who was the child? Was the child sent round the cafés at night to whine, "For the love of God give me alms" or to steal sugar from the tables? And to jump away as quick as a flea when the waiter snapped his napkin at her?

In the summer, life in Castile does not begin to be endurable until sundown. As darkness came I would go down from the Cid's castle noting how little illumination the city gave; there was no glow hovering above it in the sky. The night comes down naked into the streets. On the street walls electric bulbs dribbled a weak light; by the gardens where the road is closed to traffic the lights were bigger. Between the lights swinging on their wires in the evening breeze was the slaty blueness of the Spanish night, a blueness that is blank, vacant and inhospitable. A bleak, exposed, uncomfortable town in a bleak comfortless night. But the whole town was in the streets, and hundreds of people scraped round and round in the *paseo*, the women and girls arm-in-arm, the soldiers and citizens following them and talk shouted back and forth over the shoulder. The garrison band played. In the crowded cafés people were drinking iced beer. Here a soldier wrote a letter, here an elderly bourgeois smoked his cigar. The bootblacks pestered, the urchins watched the sugar on the tables, a child beggar wagged its amputated arm in one's face, the town dandies laughed, and like an enormous, cumbersome stage-animal the crowd wallowed. There were no mantillas as in Avila, there were few peasants; there were not, as in the Gredos village, the smells of half-a-dozen different kinds of excrement.

One might have been sitting in Chichester—but a Chichester

escaped from its dismal Anglican gentility and become at once more harsh and more humane. It was good to be about in Burgos at that hour ; it is unspeakably desolate and melancholy in Chichester in the evenings when the shops have closed. One enjoys in England a thing called privacy. It is a social privacy, a curious distance put between people, not, I believe, by what is called our native English reserve, but by restraints of middle-class gentility. Heaven knows the Spanish middle-classes are stiffened with the same snobbishness, but in Spain all men are equal in the streets, and there distance vanishes. The people are in communion, they are blended by the crowd, they are merged. Walking in the streets of Burgos a man will feel he is a native of Burgos and that there is no better place in the eyes of God. He will boast of it. Whatever his town, he will boast of it. He will know what its essence is ; the sensation of it will pass out of the earth into the soles of his feet and possess him. He will be more passionately stirred by the thought of his native town than he will be by the thought of his country. This town, indeed, is his only country. The torpid man mooning along in that congenital mindlessness and psychic vacuum which is the Spaniard's dominant mood, will sparkle as if a current has been switched on in his eyes when his town is mentioned. Just as in argument he will extend his chest, put his hand on his heart and declaim like an actor, " I, for my part . ." meaning " I, a world, a separate planet, responsible only to the ultimate, anarchic, unorganizable, irreducible, ME ".

And as the hundreds of separate Spanish planets went by, each on the invisible course of his own musings, breathing the warm evening air with its odours of tobacco and oil, sour charcoal and sweet aniseed, I wondered whether we were going to see, in the next weeks revolution or reaction. " Bad people in power " —they were saying this sooner or later as I always remember them saying. " The same dogs, but with different collars." " The same coat, but turned inside out." And against that, on the walls of the church in the Gredos, " Wives ! If you want your husbands to get no more than a penny an hour, Vote for the Right ! " And in a lavatory, " Viva Dios. Long live God." It looks, as I write in mid-October, as though God had won, for many wives are burying their husbands this week.

AIR DEFENCES AND ROAD TRANSPORT

BY MERVYN O'GORMAN, C.B., D.Sc.

THE French air manœuvres which ended on July 27th this year were reported on by General Duchène, who directed the operations. The town of Lyons was attacked by air, and his account of its defence contains a passage significant to all townsmen. Having praised the intelligent tactics of the defending aircraft and anti-aircraft artillery, he commends particularly the system, obvious perhaps, yet strangely new, of evacuating the " redundant " civilian population ! All such persons were notified, prior to the warning of enemy aircraft approach, of a point outside the town *to which they must go* when the alarm came to be sounded.

Enough importance was attached to this " passive defence " scheme by Marshal Pétain, the Inspector-General of Air Defences, and by his Committee, to induce them to draft a Bill within a few days of receiving the report, making provision for the plan to be used in the defence of Paris, albeit the task would be incomparably greater. Pending acceptance of this Bill, £260,000 has already been granted to the Police for works of permanent utility to the " passive defence " organization. Studies of the preparations needed for sending the redundant civilian population out of Paris, and the planning of underground shelters in public gardens, private gardens and open spaces are in hand—so also is the provision and regulation of the use of gas masks for the citizens.

In England, the gas mask aspect of " passive defence " will assuredly not be entirely overlooked, for the British Red Cross have lately issued instructions for their use, and suggested the employment of specially ventilated cellars wherein gas masks can be removed to allow of taking nourishment and the like.

Whenever " passive defence " procedures are possible they are logical enough, since we know that whatever may be the

military targets truly (or ostensibly) aimed at by the enemy, his pre-eminent objective in most air bombardments of towns is to shake the morale of the civilian population. Popular morale after gas and explosive bombardment is likely to be appreciably sustained if the people, instead of cowering in their cellars or gazing helplessly at their ceilings, are busy carrying out orders, among the most understandable of which would be a pre-organized exodus of certain sections. This activity will occupy the mind and steady it, and tend to bring home to all the sense that the contingencies have been sympathetically foreseen. People would be encouraged also when they discovered that their regulated movements had been carefully related to the home military activities; they would note, for example, that the falling showers from the defenders' own "Archie" shells were so directed as not to imperil those citizens who might be taking part in an organized move.

We have also foreseen how greatly the main intention of air attackers to demoralize non-combatants is likely to be thwarted by the publication of truthful and inspiringly worded reports of successful or valiant fights in the air, and by accounts of enemy bombers turned back or brought down in flames. To be able to do this an impressive force of defending aircraft and guns is needed. They have been applied for, and to the tune of an additional £20,000,000 agreed to, this year. These weapons will not only hamper the enemy's movements but fortify the conviction among civilians that we are prepared.

The putting into use of gas masks in accordance with some known plan found to have been carefully pre-arranged (say eight millions of them for a town like London) would assuredly help in delaying panic. What is not so sure is whether their encouraging psychological effect would peter out if the attack were sufficiently protracted to force home on all their intense inconvenience.

The view has been sanely advocated that we must look for and can (from analogy with the past growth of defensive mechanisms) expect the invention of some new scientific defensive procedure, which may enable us to count on deflecting a good proportion of enemy air raiders from reaching the military marks in town—official buildings, railway stations,

munition factories and the like. This may come to be true if we promptly restore the heavy cuts so unwisely made in Air Research. But pending this and for the protection of townsfolk, the Lyons experiment indicates another line of hope. If by means of intelligent and ample preparations we can make the attackers feel that their fundamental designs against the "will-to-fight" of the citizens are known and have been so well foreseen that they are pretty sure to be thwarted, the enemy may ask himself if the game is worth the candle. It may well be possible, in addition, to protect the military marks and targets so as to reduce the inducement for an attack to vanishing point. In other words, a thorough foresight and an adequate bolstering of non-combatant psychology may be tantamount to a substantial, or even a complete, annulment of this part of the enemy's warfare. If the walls of Jericho are stable as pyramids why blow trumpets round them?

Considerations such as these may lead someone to envisage the application to London of the Lyons scheme of evacuating civilians. London is, however, distinguished by such a tangle of ill laid-out streets that whoso contemplates even the most partial evacuation will be faced with a very grave problem. It is not the presence within the town area of the Air Office, the Admiralty, or the War Office, in exposed positions, well overground, that need cause him the greatest anxiety, but the fact that a quarter of England's population lives within the vulnerable London target. What he has to apprehend is the growth among that crowd of a mental atmosphere as unreasoning as claustrophobia—an anxiety tinged with terror—arising among people who, though unhurt, have become acutely conscious that they and their children cannot quit the bombed area. They cannot quit for the same reason that prevented their getting home after the Jubilee and other processions. The London of today cannot evacuate redundant citizens because of the congestion of the streets, which will promptly block all vehicular and even pedestrian movement unless we proceed systematically to create a plan of genuine town arteries in peace time.

No one doubts that many of the attacking aeroplanes will have been deflected by the gallant fighters of our augmented Air Force from reaching Whitehall, or the docks, or the War

Office, etc. That, however, is not enough. When in the urgency of their flight some enemy bombers, departing with the gas or incendiary missiles intended for Whitehall, shall have jettisoned them over, say, Clerkenwell, or Willesden, or Streatham, they will still score a point against civilian morale. These missiles, although discarded, will yet instil the sense of "frightfulness" in varying degrees over the whole town from Woolwich to Balham, or Mayfair. Nor can the spread of such news be stopped by censors. I recall an occasion in the Great War when the maroons which gave us our air raid warnings were sent up, and I was huddled off with many other citizens into what shelters were to be found in the shops of Jermyn Street. One detail of that occurrence that made a lasting impression was the peculiar ring of the forced laughs of those among us who were seeking to disguise anxiety. They abundantly revealed the fear they derided: yet on that day the cause of it all was only the approach from the coast of one of our aeroplanes carrying General Trenchard—who by some misunderstanding had not been pre-announced. How many of the citizens thus alarmed ever heard of the extreme innocuousness of this particular "bombshell"?

From the time when the first taste of bombardment, a touch of gas, a few dead, a house or two in flames and a hole in the road have made their impression on any great town the psychological problem has to be considered. The public mind becomes a fertile soil, easily harrowed to a receptive condition for accepting the bad seed. The plant that germinates is toxic, and one of the illusions of the intoxication is that the danger seems interminable, illimitable, intolerable, and omnipresent. We exaggerate our chance of being hit much as we exaggerate our chance of a win in the fatuous Irish Sweepstake that costs us millions a year. This exaggeration is all the more instinctive among people who not only feel their homes to be unsheltered but know that their persons, their children and their womenfolk are confined to the danger area. Protective measures to be heartening must be closely brought home to the persons protected, and for this there are few better ways than giving them an active part. If they can be induced to take action under direction—be it but the energetic movement of their persons

and dependents to a different if not a very safe place—their movements and thoughts are less likely to develop into the furious rushes and desperate decisions of panic.

London (the world's largest and most findable air target, a mark that cannot be missed whatever the cloud, fog, or other atmospheric conditions, or from whatever height aim may be taken) requires no less than Paris, for the sustaining of its "will to resist", that the population shall on no account feel like the ox helpless before the pole-axe—inescapably held under an unaimed downpour of poisonous, fire-spreading, wounding, and death-dealing hail.

Release from this sense of confinement is not out of the question, but it involves something more than defensive gunnery and well-prepared defending aircraft. It involves the making of a general street plan directed to obtain traffic fluidity. It is not impossible. It is probably economical. It can surely be æsthetic. If we recognize that our normal destruction and reconstruction of town buildings is immense and is continuous, we could gradually re-erect our houses to a town plan of roads feeding into ring arteries arranged to permit of adequate and continuous traffic flow instead of the present crossings and clashing, light controls, and hold-ups. We cannot have the Champs Elysées, the Etoile with its radial roads, or the Paris Boulevards—but we can have something better. The non-stop roundabout is a miniature and a forerunner of this better plan. The function and service of a roundabout may be obtained from any ring road, viz., to accept inflow from all sides, into a circulating vortex, and to carry round each item to its desired place of exit from the vortex. The tonnage of traffic that a non-stop road, straight or circular, can convey in twenty-four hours is not only greater than that which can be accounted for by a double line of express railway in the same interval, but it can accept, without pause, inflowing traffic at road junctions along its whole length—not only at stations. The traveller by road, unlike the passenger in a railway carriage, is not immobilized by finding a shell hole in his path, for he has ready access to side tracks which circumnavigate such a shell hole.

Various schemes of arteries have been suggested for London's

traffic relief—whether star roads radiating from St. Paul's or the bold diversion of the Thames from its bed to make a central artery. Any plan is better than the humiliating No Plan—which is accepted now as a way of disgruntling nobody. For myself I would prefer to give London the three concentric arterial ring-roads that would be most useful in peace, and would offer the best prospect of evacuating the essentially redundant civilian population. The destructions for this might be deemed by some to be too big a task to be entertained solely as a preparation against sudden war. This would be the view of all those who consider war too unlikely to be worth spending money upon. But the proposal would look different if it were found that the expenditure involved would be productive expenditure, war or no war.

There is a reasonable hope that a survey and estimates of gains and costs may prove such a plan to be economic, and it can be urged in favour of such a survey, valuable for defence, that it is an entirely non-aggressive form of war preparation. It seems possible that much of the clearance required for the arterial ring highways could be made to coincide with certain of the slum clearances (for which some £35,000,000 sterling has already been agreed as under the head of social service). If, as I believe, considerably improved conditions of traffic flow can be induced by providing proper arteries, these would contribute appreciably to reducing our peace-time road deaths and maimings, thus giving us not only a humanitarian but a valuable financial reward for our investment. London's 40,000 yearly casualties and 1,000 yearly deaths on the road are not only pitiful—they are enormously expensive in medical efforts and in lost work hours.

There is also a money value to be saved by the unfreezing of London's insufferable time-wasting hold-ups and traffic delays. No one can say how much of the £25,000,000 per year that is the estimated value of workers' time loss annually in London from traffic delays will be thus retrieved, but the saving may well run into millions. Ring arteries, the innermost of which would pass near the eleven terminal railway stations, would deflect from the hub all "through", or long-distance, road traffic and all traffic between these railway stations, and to that extent relieve

us of the perpetual, and regrettable, expense of widening the streets within the historic centre of London. If there is before the authorities some other promising town plan designed to override local opposition and to secure the urgently needed relief of traffic congestion, it has been kept surprisingly secret. I am assured there is not. If there is not, then the aeronautical opportunities offered by the ring artery scheme warrant that parliamentary powers be taken to study, survey, and estimate for it. Once this survey is done and interpreted with vision, the arteries will assuredly come into existence.

No suggestion is here made that a substantial fraction of the ten millions of London can be distributed inland in a few hours after warning of air attack, or even that they could be housed by their relatives, or in lodgings in the counties if they were moved. Passive resistance measures are directed to delaying the military decision and so allowing active defence and retaliation to develop and be felt, for aircraft and munitions take time to make. To the town in war there would result such a manifold gain of traffic fluidity that the shelters, the dressing stations, the fire services, the food services, would be made available for all the town. The pandemonium of a crowd of vehicles jammed together inextricably in the hub of London with their passengers screaming in a lake of poison, tear, and mustard gas, need not then confront us.

I have alluded to the aeronautical advantage of a proper town plan, notably the ring artery plan. One of its merits from the point of view of both peace and war is the fillip it must give to our aerial development, by enhancing the utility and speed of our internal air communications—with the consequent growth of our civilian air fleet, the attendant prosperity, efficiency, and increased producing power of our aircraft factories. The making of three concentric arterial roads round the hub of central London, connected by the radial avenues which pass near the aerodromes, would bring to all London's business men possibilities of using the air which are at present denied them.

Distances must nowadays be measured by time. The business man from Clerkenwell who today would travel to Birmingham if he could get there in an hour, does not fly, because it takes him nearly an hour to get to Croydon before he can start for

Birmingham. The flight to Paris may be two and a half hours, but over a third of this time interval must be added for getting to the jumping-off place. In brief, "time proximity" to aerodromes is the *sine qua non* of a successful air development such as we gravely need if we are to keep our place in the economic world—and in the world at war. Towns must have ring arteries connecting to direct radial avenues branched off towards aerodromes in the near country. Just now all road transit is under a cloud, but for all that the road must become the handmaid of the air if the intrinsic merit of air speed is to be fully utilized. And it must be.

We needed about 1,000 aeroplanes a month to make up the wastage during the last war—we shall need not less but more in the future. We shall need none at all unless we are prepared enough to enable our population to hold out against the sudden air onslaught that all authorities seem to regard as the most probable and most dangerous opening gamut of the next war. We cannot create the factories for such an output on the spur of the moment, but we can create them in peace time if we develop our civil air power. To develop our civil air power we must have free road access to aerodromes, for thus only shall we get aeroplanes into use as freely as taxicabs and private cars.

It has been suggested that when science makes us autogyros that alight vertically on to a London house top, we shall need no aerodromes. We shall get these aircraft immediately, but the elimination of aerodromes is a dream which ignores the whole problem of approach; of air traffic control for large numbers; of fog, rain, and snow, and also of fuelling. Anyone who expects to see 1,000 perfected autogyros under individual control alight simultaneously on an aerodrome is preparing for disappointment. So the aerodrome will remain. Easy, swift access to it by small transport units by road will remain an essential for an air-utilizing population, and there is little doubt that a very swift and quite silent aeroplane is to figure in our future lives, almost as freely as the motor vehicle does at the present time. Its arrival depends on town planning and arterial roads.

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S extreme provocativeness as an historian has one great merit: it stimulates the world to renew acquaintance with much that was obscured. For instance, we get back not only to the author of the phrase, but to the moment of its origin when we read "Democratic Government" President Wilson's pronouncement about making the world safe for democracy. The fulfilment has been ironical, and we have General Smuts's counter-aphorism about the need to make democracy safe for the world. Nobody denies that we (meaning by "we" all nations of European civilization) are living dangerously; yet nobody ought, I think, to dispute that the world is more democratic than it was before the War. Governments, and the whole organization of society, are less aristocratic, less oligarchic, and less plutocratic. Mr. Lloyd George, to return to him for a moment, notes that the choice of him for Prime Minister was distasteful to many, because he was the first "ranker" to hold that high office. All his predecessors had received the hall-mark of Oxford or Cambridge, or of the British Army. Only in that sense was he a "ranker"; in France, for instance, it would have seemed quite natural that a man who had been qualified to practice as a lawyer and had very large ministerial experience should be chosen as head of the State. Perhaps that is why he, though a democrat by origin, did nothing to endanger democracy. Elsewhere, the two most powerful persons in Europe are men from the people, both of whom during the war served in the ranks and only in the ranks. To that extent Germany and Italy are "democratically" governed, though British democracy regards these democrats as

men who have put democracy in chains. The preference of its official spokesmen seems to be, at least in theory, for the Russian type of democracy, where such a stamp as Oxford and Cambridge set, or are supposed to set, on individuals, would exclude the man so branded from a political career. However, nothing in the world seems to me less likely than that Great Britain should go Russian. The question of interest is whether it will conform to the impulse now so widespread in the world and seek to realize the popular will by putting itself blindly and unreservedly into the control of one man who has captured the popular imagination.

Consider its extension. In my country the only likelihood of deposing Mr. de Valera appeared to lie in getting a rival who made the same sort of appeal, and Mr. de Valera tried, but failed, to nip General O'Duffy's pretensions in the bud. Yet the job has been done for him by General O'Duffy's own allies, and Ireland remains democratically at Mr. de Valera's disposal. That is a matter of interest merely to three or four million Irish, and I only refer to it by way of illustration; but look at democracy in America. If the United States understands clearly what is meant by Mr. Roosevelt's "New Deal", they have a monopoly of that knowledge. But after the system (if it can be called a system) has had two years' trial, the masses of their electorate renew and even increase their vote of confidence in a man who has inspired trust. They know at least that he has not feared to denounce "predatory wealth"; they believe that he is determined to shake the power of that plutocratic oligarchy which, without control of the official administration, powerfully influenced all American life; and so they determine, democratically, as far as in them lies, to give him a free hand.

Then there is France. So far back as last August, French electors were complaining that M. Doumergue had been given *carte blanche*, and was making no use of it. They did not stop to reflect how different the position was there from that which had existed four months earlier; they knew that he had asked them to wait, and

**Powerful
Leaders**

**France and
Doumergue**

they did not like waiting. Now they have all been taken most fully into M. Doumergue's confidence—broadcasting offers a wonderful machine for the man who has a plain story to tell. No human being could have put the issues at stake more plainly before his people than did this old veteran. His colleagues accepted four-fifths of the proposals which he put forward, but rejected the essential one—precisely the right of appeal to the democracy which with us is vested in a Prime Minister. So M. Doumergue goes out. The professional politicians have won this round. In their opinion, the public safety demands that a member of parliament when elected shall be able to count on four clear years' tenure, and may vote as he pleases, on general policy, without fear of losing his seat. He is bound only by the local interests of his constituency. Frankly, there is something to be said for the professional politicians. Critics of English political life are very severe on the subservience to party discipline which is expected of members of the House of Commons. French Deputies are not by any means so amenable to the government whips, since the government may go, but they stay. In defending the dignity and independence of popular representatives the French politicians may possibly be doing service to the true interests of democracy. Unfortunately, however, France is by no means convinced that the votes of deputies, when they turn against a government that they have previously supported, are votes dictated by pure patriotism. Briefly, there is suspicion of corruption. On the other hand, in England, although every one knows how whips control the lobbies, there is general belief in the integrity of members. This is a side-issue, but an important one, because of its bearing on the main question. According to French professional politicians, it is dangerous to trust any Minister with the right to demand a dissolution, because a powerful man with the gift of oratory, assisted by skilful organization, may raise the cry of "The State in danger", and so become a Mussolini or a Hitler. Against this danger, the Socialist Radical party has determined to defend French democracy. They may, it seems to me, find themselves in some peril: for democracy may not wish to be defended as if it were a child forbidden to have dangerous toys.

It is admitted that nobody regarded M. Doumergue with suspicion ; yet the same cannot be said of M. Tardieu, whose proposals, set out in a remarkable book, M. Doumergue had adopted, as being necessary to provide a government strong enough against external dangers, since nobody in France disputes the existence of such danger. I do not believe that the country in its present temper is so concerned for the possible menace of Fascism from within as to desire an executive permanently weak and a corps of representatives unassailably entrenched. M. Doumergue's name stands high ; to be brutally plain, the name "deputy" does not. If disinterested patriotism is to be looked for, France will be more ready to see it in M. Doumergue than in those who have refused his guidance. Marshal Pétain goes out, saying that he feels too old to remain Minister of War ; meaning that if M. Doumergue is too old to carry authority, so is he. It is a bad day's work for France and for Europe ; and the gentlemen who could not see their way to accept M. Doumergue's compromise may soon be reminded of the answer given by an Irish priest to an importunate controversialist who pressed for a reason why he should accept the doctrine of purgatory. "Because", said Father Healy, "you may go further and fare worse".

Certainly it is not reassuring to reflect that less than two months divide us from what must be a critical time for Europe, and that in these two months France may quite probably have two more changes of ministry. Herr Hitler gives fair words, but it will be some time before assurances from that quarter can be trusted. Meanwhile, it is accepted by Great Britain that if the international police force in the Saar needs to be reinforced, the duty of reinforcing it will be left to France. *The Times* has pointed out with great justice that if such help is given when asked for by the League's Commissioner, France will be acting on behalf of the League. Let us hope that in such a case the British Government will be quick to make this plain ; but assurance would be a deal more satisfactory than even the most confident anticipation. Even assuming that the plebiscite goes through smoothly, danger will not be ended : for if the Saar should elect to remain as it is, there will be fury in Germany,

whose consequences would be incalculable ; and if it votes for return to Germany, then France has a claim for large payments, which Germany may not be willing to honour. In short, if the beginning of February finds matters no worse than they are now, there will be cause for thanksgiving.

In Germany Herr Hitler has acknowledged defeat. Protestant churchmen facing oppression for conscience' sake have won a great victory. He deserves some credit for the surrender ; it requires courage in an autocrat to shrink from a fight with conscience. Moreover, he displayed insight ; the position of a Catholic at the head of a state mainly Protestant must always be delicate ; and when the State proceeds to depose Protestant bishops because they will not accept a new version of their religion, this delicacy grows critical. For a last complication, Protestant resisters were getting all the moral support of the Catholics ; and Protestants must have begun to remark that no similar attempt was made to interfere with the discipline of that church to which Herr Hitler belonged. Yet it is possible that this surrender would never have been made but for the desire to avoid rousing antagonism, both Protestant and Catholic, in the Saar. This need could be impressed on enthusiastic Nazis who felt that the *Führer* was withdrawing a support they counted on. It would probably be impossible to over-estimate the importance which the rulers of Germany attach to the Saar question. For if the vote there went against them, it would mean either a war of aggression, which they do not want—as yet—or else most formidable discontent internally.

It is worth considering why the British National Government have thought it necessary to introduce a very unpopular measure against propaganda among troops. England stands in a different position from any other European country, since almost everywhere else every man is a soldier liable to be called on by the State. Here we have a particular body of men who are citizens, indeed, yet who are also a paid professional force voluntarily engaged for certain duties. It is the will of the English democracy that there

A Bad Day for France

Hitler Bows to Opinion

Unpopular Bills

parsimoniously in the letter, but generously in the spirit.

From the strictly English point of view certain things have to be faced. What happened in Ireland between 1919 and 1921 could happen again in India on a scale incomparably more disastrous. However it ended, an attempt to put down revolt in India by force would split England from end to end. That, happily, is not a danger near at hand. What is at hand is a split in the National Government, because the Tory party holds men so opposed in view as Lord Halifax and Lord Lloyd. Sentimental support will be given to all the influences of reaction by people who say that we are forcing on India European institutions that India does not want and cannot use. Yet Asia, not only in India, but in Persia, for instance, and even in Afghanistan, is possessed with a desire to imitate the West. Mr. Robert Byron in a brilliant article headed "Middle Eastern Journey", which *The Times* published, wrote that this "derives not so much from envy of the material power of the West, as from a desire to throw off the spiritual sense of impotence and diminution which that power has induced"—in short, to get rid of the inferiority complex. The adoption of European dress is, he says, "symptom of a mortal tragedy: the loss of belief in its inherited wisdom to the oldest and wisest of continents". One may deplore; one may think India the happier the less it is Europeanized. But since European culture and more specially British institutions have been held up by all means to the admiration of Indians, the consequences of this teaching must be accepted.

How the experiment is to be planned, only those who know India can decide: I have been speaking of the general human considerations, which must govern such a transfer of power to a people from which it has been withheld. But those who seek enlightenment will find much in *India, Minto and Morley*, by Mary, Lady Minto. There is no merit in reading it, for very few books of reminiscence are so variously readable. It has stuff to suit all palates; quantities of tiger shooting; a Viceroy who, having in his earlier days ridden several times in the Grand National and won the Grand Prix at Auteuil on a horse of his own training, revived his prowess in India; took a desperate toss over a stone

**Sportsman
and Viceroy**

wall just in front of the grand-stand, and then for the sake of his *izzat*, went back and completed the whole course faultlessly. India itself is there, India seen from the very front of the stalls; all that is most incredibly spectacular and jewelled in the life of India: quaintnesses, too, rather pathetic, such as the native clerk who writes to the Viceroy that if a certain favour is granted, "I shall pray to God, whom your Excellency greatly resembles, for your welfare". But, of course, the common people were far off, and cut off by language; the Indians whom Lady Minto—and Lord Minto—really saw and knew were men like Sir Pertab Singh, the Maharajahs of Bikanir or Scindia; and these men become live figures. Even more graphically sketched, with humour yet with sympathetic perception, is the Amir Habibullah of Afghanistan, whose prolonged visit was unforgettable.

All this is entertaining; but the pith of the book lies in its presentment of the two strangely-coupled politicians who launched the Minto-Morley reforms. Minto, the Tory, of old Whig governing family, appointed Viceroy by Balfour to succeed Curzon, finds in a few months the whole scene changed: Liberals in power and John Morley Secretary of State. The two had barely met when Minto was governing Canada; one was an elderly man of letters, in politics the ultra-Radical; the other in the prime of life, in many ways the perfect type of the English country gentleman, yet also a descendant of leaders among Border clansmen, a soldier by training and by instinct. How they worked together is all set out plain to see in the correspondence. Morley was too natural-born a writer not to convey himself on paper; Minto had not the same gift, but he was well able to express the workings of his very clear mind, and his reaction to the problems and facts which India presents to him.

He was not new to India; he had soldiered there under Roberts and just missed going up to Kabul and meeting death with Cavagnari. But what he really brought to India was a knowledge of men. Indians, when he met them, were men to him, and as men he treated them and insisted that they should be treated. He had

**The Human
Touch**

what is common among Englishmen, pride in his race ; but he had also what is not common, feeling for the pride of race in other men. He had the imagination of the heart, and no ruler of a foreign race can have a greater gift ; there is none that will be more needed by those who tackle this Indian problem here in Parliament. Take a single instance : on Lord Minto's first official tour he found that " at State Dinners given by Native chiefs, it had not been the custom for the Chief or his ministers to be present". They only " came in with the dessert to hear the King's health proposed". Minto writes to Morley :

I tried to knock this on the head during my tour, and told the chiefs that I hoped they would not only dine themselves, but bring with them any of the ministers who chose to come, though I would perfectly understand if they were prohibited from eating with me, owing to religious observances. The result was that they and their ministers dined with me as they had never done before with anybody else, and the Princes will in future propose the King's health at their own tables in the States over which they rule.

The man who could see this naturally saw also that Indian pride demanded much more than subaltern posts in the Indian army and the Indian Government.

It is to be hoped that the Tory party will read this book and realize what Minto thought and felt ; for Minto was very much the ideal sahib of Mr. Kipling's votaries. But they must remember that this is what Minto thought and felt five and twenty years ago, before the War had brought in its train services from India to England and pledges from England to India, then undreamed of. It is characteristic of Minto that in pressing his reforms he kept insisting on the pledge given by Queen Victoria after the Mutiny. Fifty years had passed, but the pledge remained to be redeemed.

Lady Minto's intention was no doubt to remind the world what Lord Minto was and what he did. Since her book recalls vividly not only the anxieties she shared with him, but also the enjoyments, adventures and the sightseeing, she is likely to catch the world's ear ; and if so she will not only have achieved her purpose : she will have helped to carry on Lord Minto's best work.



LORD SNOWDEN'S LATER YEARS

By H. A. L. FISHER

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY, by Philip
Viscount Snowden, Vol. II. *Ivor*
Nicholson & Watson. 21s.

LORD SNOWDEN'S autobiography has many conspicuous merits. It is clear, able, honest, and unaffected. It divulges all that the author thinks it important that the general public should know about him, and it is very unlikely that the general public will wish to know more. There are some men who, like the late Lord Rosebery, will always be a little mysterious to themselves and a great deal more mysterious to others. Philip Snowden, to call him by the title by which he is most familiar, is not of this company. He has no secrets to hide, no unruly body of inner doubts and misgivings to compose behind the scenes, no apologies to make, no obscurities to clarify, no delicate half-shades of meaning and intention to present to the appetite of the psychological virtuoso. His intellect stands out clear-cut, robust, and confident against the background of his times. His great strength is that he has always known where he wanted to go, and that his every action has been grounded on a good reason.

Another qualification for a biographer Lord Snowden possesses in a high degree. His subject inspires him with keen entertainment and satisfaction. The career of a delicate son of a working weaver, born in a poor Yorkshire cottage,

and rising by force of energy, character, and ability to be Chancellor of the Exchequer and a Viscount is a theme calculated to stir even the dullest imagination. Lord Snowden may be forgiven if he retraces the story with pride and enthusiasm. He is proud of his admirable father and mother, of the little village in which he was born, of his native county of Yorkshire, the characteristics of which he so fully embodies, and, as he showed to the delight and somewhat to the surprise of the House of Commons in the peroration of his last Budget speech, he is proud also to be an Englishman. Those who have been accustomed to think of him mainly as a demagogue and Parliamentary gladiator with a very bitter tongue, will be surprised to find how rich is his capacity for enjoyment and appreciation. The newspapers have already made copious excerpts from these two volumes which expose their author in his familiar rôle as an acrimonious and devastating critic. But Lord Snowden is not all East Wind, as his friends know. His autobiography abounds in generous tributes, not only to his wife, the valiant and intelligent partner of his labours, but to his old comrades of the Labour Movement, to many political opponents, and noticeably to Mr. Montagu Norman, the Governor of the Bank of England, whose constant solicitude for the

economic convalescence of Europe our author learnt to value when he came to administer the finances of the Kingdom from Treasury Chambers. From such passages the reader will gather a fairer impression of Lord Snowden's true character than that which is ordinarily entertained by those who have never come into personal contact with him.

With all this, Lord Snowden is a born Parliamentarian. It is not difficult for him to treat his Parliamentary opponents as the greatest scoundrels in the world, however much he may like them in private life. Controversy has always been the breath of his nostrils. He enjoys giving, and does not mind receiving hard knocks. His bouts with Mr. Winston Churchill, an opponent worthy of his steel, afforded him huge pleasure at the time, and still, as is evident from these pages, give him pleasure in the recollection. It is obvious that it has been a delight to him to live over once more his Parliamentary triumphs. He bears no malice, for he knows that in every encounter he has given as much as he has received. It was said by one who listened to Robespierre's maiden speech in the National Assembly, "this man will go far, for he has a foundation of bitterness and eloquence". Lord Snowden, like Robespierre, has this foundation. His rise to power in the Labour Party was due not only to his gift for clear and cutting speech, but to the religious force of his socialist ideals. He felt the rich to be enemies, and as such assailed them. In a remarkable passage he describes how little he was affected by the teaching of Karl Marx, but how deeply he felt the injustice of an order of things which was compatible with those violent contrasts of luxury and want which are characteristic of English society.

The second volume of the Autobiography, which takes up the story

after the close of the War, lacks the great human interest attaching to the early struggles of the young Labour leader and to the infancy of the Labour Movement. The author is now an elderly statesman, fully conscious of his responsibilities, and intolerant of the wild extremes to which the Left Wing of his Party was prepared to go. On the burning subject of Russian Communism he took up at once a strong stand. When, in April, 1920, he was compelled as President of the I.L.P. to preside over a discussion at Glasgow as to whether or not the I.L.P. should join the Moscow International, he made up his mind that if the Conference decided in favour of affiliation with Moscow, he would leave the Chair. Fortunately the Conference turned down the proposal. Lord Snowden then remained President, using his intellectual weight against the Russo-philic Communists. "My quarrel with the Communists", he writes, "is not so much with Communism as a thing, as with the methods by which they seek to establish a Communistic State. . . . No social system will ever endure which is based on class antagonism and upon hatred and selfishness".

These excellent doctrines were far from being the common property of the Labour Party during the troubled years which succeeded the War. In the excitement generated by the proletarian victory in Russia, many minds felt the attraction of the General Strike as a weapon wherewith a Parliamentary Government might be brought to heel. Even Lord Snowden went so far as to join with Mr. Thomas and Mr. Clynes in threatening the Government with a General Strike in August, 1920, when it was feared that Mr. Lloyd George might be tempted to help in the defence of Poland against the Bolsheviks.

That was a very dangerous line to take. Lord Snowden, however, defends it, though, as a matter of fact, there was

never the faintest possibility of the Cabinet sanctioning a new war for the defence of the Poles.

When the General Strike did come in the end the moderate Labour leaders found themselves placed in a position of great difficulty. They never believed in the strike, but on the other hand they felt that they would lose their influence over the rank and file of their party if they capitulated to the Government. Lord Snowden was, of course, far too sensible a man to expect that any good would result from this madcap proceeding. When the crash came he remained silent for nine days, secretly glad that the experiment had failed since "the Trade Unions needed a lesson of the futility and foolishness of such a trial of strength."

It will be seen that Lord Snowden, though steadily professing the philosophy of the Socialist, was in fact an old-fashioned Free Trade radical. When Labour first took office, he was in favour of friendly relations with the Liberals. "Looking back on the nine months' life of the Labour Government, I am forced to the conclusion that both Parties pursued a policy which was more resembling a lot of irresponsible children than of responsible statesmen." No doubt there were faults of temper on both sides; but the real difficulty is passed over by Lord Snowden. All the time that the Liberal members were supporting the Labour Government by their votes, Labour candidates were attacking Liberal seats in the constituencies.

The story of the three Cabinets in which Lord Snowden served, of his budget speeches, and of his relations to his colleagues is told in this volume with great clarity and with little reserve. In general outline the tale is already familiar, for this is an age of Cabinet indiscretions; but Lord Snowden adds, from his personal experience, some

piquant and not always very charitable reflections upon Mr. MacDonald and others with whom he was associated at this time. He is right, however, in pointing out that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald quite gratuitously threw away the life of the first Labour Government by refusing to entertain the Liberal proposal for a Select Committee to enquire into the Campbell Case. Nor in the special circumstances of the case can he be blamed for disclosing to the House of Commons and to the country the full extent of the economies to which Mr. Henderson and his followers in the second MacDonald Cabinet were prepared to submit, when the sharp challenge to instant retrenchment came from the banks in 1931. Indeed, there can be little question but that Lord Snowden's vigorous speeches in Parliament and over the wireless exercised a great influence in securing for the National Government its mammoth majority. An old-fashioned reader of these entertaining volumes may ask himself whether he is really entitled to be taken so much behind the scenes. The old rule used to be that what passed in the Cabinet did not go outside, and that it was contrary to public policy to repeat the private conversations of Cabinet colleagues on public affairs. In the interests of ministerial cohesion and the effective conduct of cabinet business, there is everything to be said for this convention. Of late the rule has been relaxed. No doubt a special case can be made for full disclosures relative to the conduct of the War in view of the poignant interest which the War must necessarily excite in the minds of the generation which lived through it. The circumstances, also, which led to the formation of the first National Government clearly belong to a special category. But I am old-fashioned enough to hope that in future the old convention of Cabinet secrecy will be restored.

PEACE WITH HONOUR: An Enquiry into the War Convention, by A. A. Milne. *Methuen*. 5s.

DOGS OF WAR, by F. Yeats-Brown. *Peter Davies*. 6s.

MR. MILNE'S essay eventually proves his title redundant, declaring, as he does, Peace to be the only Honour, and War, under whatever provocation, the essence of Dishonour. His foundations are fourfold: War is silly; War is wrong; War is unnecessary; War can be prevented. War is silly because under no modern conditions can it bring spiritual or material gain comparable to the certain loss. War is wrong because in the last analysis—the "veil of sentimental mysticism" cleared away—it is plainly murder for one's own (or one's country's) profit. War is neither a biological nor an individual necessity, and the demand of national "honour" or "prestige" is a chimera, only sustained in being by man's "subservience to the war convention", the idea that international deadlock *must* automatically be followed by war or else, for one side at least, national humiliation. So far, or nearly so far, good. Mr. Milne's preventives—principally a system of national pledges to abide by the results of arbitration, together with a more fantastic proposal that the individuals declaring war should become auto-

matically its first victims—are less convincing as purely practicable measures. Even omitting this general hara-kiri of statesmen, by what means are those who accept Mr. Milne's general viewpoint to bring these pledges into being? Ascending to the airy realms of imaginary Peace Conferences addressed by himself, the author forgets to tell us. The fact is that the book is at its best in its elementary statement of a point of view, preserving both wit and readability in bringing the outlaw War for trial at the bar of humanity, Christianity, and common sense, dismissing too easily, however, the economic factor, and especially in its relation to national prestige.

It is the basis of Mr. Milne's pacifism that spiritually a material victory may be infinitely more degrading than any material defeat. One would have thought it a not unfamiliar—indeed the only true—pacifist position. But Mr. Yeats-Brown has seemingly never heard of such a notion. Declaring pacifism to be in effect no more than "a scream about physical safety", it does not occur to him that in asserting against it that "we must pledge ourselves to an ideal, and know that there is at least a possibility that we may have to die for it", he is giving to the pacifist a statement of the latter's own essential attitude in terms of unimpeachable exactitude—the acceptance of an ideal and (in the refusal to fight, however directly military the form of attack) of the possibility of dying for it. He shows no conception at all of the difference between dying for an ideal and the willingness to kill others for it, and by that central omission deprives of any value for the discerning reader—save perhaps as an example of the working of the militarist (or is it only Mr. Yeats-Brown's?) mind—what is in any case a scrappy, inconsistent, and often distressingly sentimental record of his private emotions.

GEOFFREY WEST.

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STATIONERY

FREEDOM AND ORGANIZATION: 1814-1914, by Bertrand Russell. *Allen & Unwin*. 15s.

LORD RUSSELL has written a history of Europe from 1814 to 1914 which is in the highest degree personal, individualistic, even idiosyncratic. Unfair critics would charge it with telling us more about Lord Russell than about Europe from 1814 to 1914. But they would be wrong. The point of view throughout is that of a liberal (though not, emphatically, of a Liberal) in the old-fashioned sense of the word, who places freedom and the development of individuality in the forefront of human needs. The war, Lord Russell holds, was in one sense the end of an epoch; in another it was only an incidental "expression of forces which had been in operation for fifty years and are still growing continually stronger. . . . The same causes that produced war in 1914 are still operative and, unless checked, . . . they will inevitably produce the same effect, but on a larger scale". Hence, Lord Russell concludes his survey, "It is not by pacifist sentiment, but by world-wide economic organization, that civilized mankind is to be saved from collective suicide."

This economic reorganization must be planned instead of haphazard—that is to say, it must be largely Socialist in character and international in scope. The hundred years of Lord Russell's survey were, he points out, characterized by an enormous increase in economic interdependence. The invention of railways and steamships, of the telegraph and the telephone, were rapidly transforming the world into a single economic system. By the end of Lord Russell's period the culmination of the process in the wireless and the aeroplane was already in sight. Science applied to military technique has also made the nations increasingly dangerous to each other: "More rapid mobility and transmission of orders made it possible to

invade an enemy country far more quickly than at any previous time. Hence nations feared each other more than formerly."

Greater mobility and increased destructiveness, coupled with economic interdependence, are factors which should in a reasonable world have made for internationalism. They have not had this effect for two reasons. First, men are not, in spite of the Radical and Utilitarian thinkers of the nineteenth century, "rational". They are, as Aristotle said, "animals who are intermittently rational". Consistently to pursue one's self-interest one must at least think with a view to discovering what one's self-interest demands. But thinking is unpleasant to man. "It is not", says Lord Russell, at the beginning of his section on the Philosophic Radicals, "one of the natural activities of man. It is a product of disease like a high temperature in illness"; and, more particularly, of disease in the body politic. It is because of man's insufficient rationality that fear, instead of breeding international co-operation, produces nationalist rivalry. Thus the nations prior to 1914 followed each other round the circumference of a vicious circle in which "fear bred more intense nationalism, which, in turn, created still more fear, and therefore still more nationalism on the other side of the frontier". It would be pleasant to record that the war had broken the circle. In such a world each nation blames its neighbour for the catastrophe for which the common policies of all are equally responsible. As Lord Russell puts it, "to ask who was to blame" (for the war) "is like asking who is to blame for a motoring accident in a country which has no rule of the road".

In the second place, in spite of the immense changes which the nineteenth century introduced in industry, science, and economics, there have been no

corresponding changes in ethics and politics. We live in a changed world, but we are unchanged men. Consequently the highly industrialized communities of the modern world retain the political structures appropriate to parochial, agricultural eighteenth-century States. The anomaly is particularly flagrant in the sphere of foreign politics, where, whatever the form of government which happens to prevail, "the external relations of the Great Powers were still" (i.e., in 1914), "as at the time of the Congress of Vienna, in the hands of single individuals whose power might be subject to theoretical limitations but was in practice almost despotic". In England these individuals are, according to Lord Russell, "the permanent officials of the Foreign Office". Until our political structure becomes adapted to our scientific power and our economic needs, our civilization cannot go forward. Hence the moral of Lord Russell's book is the need for an international political system which will fit the new economic pattern of the world, and an economic system which will enable men at last to distribute the goods with which science has endowed them.

This sounds like Socialism, and is; but it is very far from being Communism. Lord Russell criticizes Marx, as he criticizes the Philosophic Radicals, for over-rating man's rationality. His whole interpretation of history is, indeed, remote from the Dialectical Materialism of Marx. In addition to changes in economic technique, he believes that changes in political theory and the occurrence of important individuals affect the course of history. In other words, thought can change events and personality makes history. Lord Russell holds that the part played by individuals in history, over-emphasized by Carlyle, is unduly minimized today. "I do not believe that, if Bismarck had died in infancy, the history of Europe during the past

seventy years would have been at all closely similar to what it has been". There can, I think, be little doubt that Lord Russell is right. Great men may be the mouthpieces of movements; but they are movements which only they have made inevitable.

Lord Russell's book is designed "to trace the opposition and interaction of two important causes of change in the nineteenth century: the belief in Freedom which was common to Liberals and Radicals, and the necessity for Organization which arose through industrial and scientific technique". Scientific advance has brought a growth of organization, but political theory has failed to keep pace with the growth. As a result the doctrine of Liberalism was transformed into the doctrine of Imperialism. In the interests of Freedom "Liberals held that each country should be completely free, and should not be expected to tolerate any interference from without". Hence the doctrine of nationality with its watchword "*every* country must be free to achieve its legitimate ambitions". But as demands for markets consequent upon increased organization grew more insistent, nationality insensibly gave way to nationalism with its slogan, "My country must be free to achieve its ambitions, whether legitimate or not".

It is impossible that a book so personal, expressing a personality so unique, should not provoke violent disagreement. There is no political opinion which in the course of its pages is not roughly affronted. Marxian Socialism and Liberalism fare little better than Conservatism and Imperialism. History in Lord Russell's hands is little more than a "fantasia" on the themes of human greed and folly. Ruthlessly and continually are discreditable motives laid bare; bubbles burst as reputations are pricked, and the eminent are laid low with an epigram.

C. E. M. JOAD.

AN ENGLISH PROPHET

By HENRY W. NEVINSON

EXPERIMENT IN AUTOBIOGRAPHY, by H. G. Wells. Vol. II. *Gollancz*. 10s. 6d.

To myself and to all who have lived through the years and known most of the people and events described in it, this book must be of intense interest. And yet it is more than a description of people and events. It explains the main object of a remarkable man's life, it gives us his mature judgment upon most of the great controversies of the last forty years, and hints at the probable course of what may happen next. Almost every subject that has occupied our minds is discussed, except indeed the politics of rival parties. We are told nothing about elections or changes of Governments. The author's interest rises above such casual and temporary distinctions. Though he calls himself a Socialist and a Republican, he has not been able to agree with any main body of Socialists, either Fabian or Labour Party, and though he naturally scorns Courts, he does not raise a clamour for Presidents in place of Kings.

It is characteristic that the one political subject which he discusses at length is the one in which he shows himself ignorant and mistaken. His pages upon women's demand for equal citizenship are amazingly far from the truth of the movement and its objects. They are written without inside knowledge, and the statements he has put down appear to have been scraped together from the frenzied newspapers of the "antis," or from the jealous gossip of such women as scornfully stood aside from the women's contest for freedom, not having the intelligence or the courage

to join in it. He goes on to say that the "nagging, ignoble campaign" ended abruptly with the Declaration of War, that "the Vote was flung to women simply to keep them quiet," and that the only traceable consequence has been the further enfeeblement of the waning powers of Democracy. As a matter of fact, though "militancy" was dropped owing to the national crisis, the demand was steadily continued throughout the war; the cause was won by a sense of justice slowly dawning in the minds of politicians.

Such evidence of ignorance and prejudice is the one remarkable exception to the knowledge and stimulating reflection in an absorbingly interesting book. And it is the more strange because Mr. Wells begins this volume with a free discussion of the relationships between men and women, in which on the social side he admits an equality to women rarely granted even at the present day. To judge from the hundreds of novels written in England every year one might suppose that love and sex were the only subjects of interest in life. To myself there is far greater interest in what men and women work at, how they make their living, and what they accomplish. That may be because I suffer such excruciating difficulty in reading a novel. But Mr. Wells reckons the question of love and sex very high, and thinks it must be included in an autobiography. Accordingly he devotes about eighty pages of this volume to the subject, adding a dissertation upon novels in general, his own, Henry James's, and many others.

About the subject in his own life he

is frankly outspoken. In his first volume he told us that as a young man he was afraid he might never enjoy the fulness of love but would die virgin of that experience. As often happens, the apprehension was premature. He did not very long remain inexperienced, but at first he was disappointed, as Rousseau was disappointed. Both had expected too much from the joy of passion. Mr. Wells tells us of his first wife that their real discord was not mental but temperamental. "My idea was of flame meeting flame, and it was a profound mortification to me, a vast disappointment, that she did not immediately respond to my ardours." Even of his letters to his second wife, that devoted and most attractive woman whom he married to avoid irritating scandal, he writes: "It is quite evident they are those of two loving friends and allies, who are not and never have been passionate lovers."

With the emotion remembered in partial tranquillity, Mr. Wells discusses this engrossing problem of sex before he passes on to the discussion of his highest aim—his purpose of establishing a Socialistic World State—and the large number of significant and well-known people who stood beside him or against him in his difficult endeavour. So we come upon penetrating observations on the personality and mind in such widely familiar figures as Henry James ("he was the most consciously and elaborately artistic and refined human being I ever encountered"), Bernard Shaw ("to me his judgments, arrived at by feeling and expression, have always had a flimsiness"), Grant Allen, Joseph Conrad, and Graham Wallas. To George Gissing in his almost habitual unhappiness Mr. Wells shows an enviable generosity, nursing him and watching by his deathbed—a generosity all the more admirable because Gissing was a victim of the classical education that

Wells most abhors; although I may remind him that Graham Wallas, whom he admires, was with me at a school where we were taught nothing but Greek and Latin, and was also a classical scholar at Oxford, as was Olivier. Yet both showed themselves capable of Fabian wisdom.

Some pages are given to Barrie, some to the Blands (rather harsh, I think: "He was under an inner compulsion to be a Seducer"; "a pose of ripe old gentility"), and many to Arnold Bennett, of whom he says, "He radiated and evoked affection to an unusual degree, but in some way that I found obscure and perplexing his sexual life did not flood into his general life. His personality never, so to speak, fused with a woman's. He never gave the effect of being welded, even temporarily, with the woman he was with."

But one might fill the whole of this month's issue with such shrewd judgments and observations, and yet not touch upon the most vital points in Mr. Wells's life's work—the labour for that World State—nor yet upon his work and reflections during the war, his brief and temporary vision of an "Invisible God," his scorn of the "governess-educated" statesmen and generals, his repentance towards the conscientious objectors, and his visits to Russia, one of them quite recent, as is known from his published conversation with Stalin. As to the style of the book he boldly says, and every writer will respect him for saying it:

I am a journalist. I refuse to play the "artist." If sometimes I am an artist it is a freak of the gods. I am a journalist all the time and what I write goes now—and will presently die.

Throughout the book there is hardly a word or hint about beauty. Mr. Wells is a prophet, and I suppose the ancient Jewish prophets did not pay much attention to the decorations and other charms of Nineveh and Babylon.

THE RUSSIAN JOURNALS OF MARTHA AND CATHERINE WILMOT, edited by the Marchioness of Londonderry and H. M. Hyde. Macmillan. 21s.

THE sharpening of wits produced by the juxtaposition of the incongruous is the essence of comedy; and this book, though made up of unpremeditated letters and diaries, is fine comedy. Take two young Irishwomen, the Misses Martha and Catherine Wilmot, contemporaries of Jane Austen, who might have stepped straight out of the pages of *Emma*—so lively and acute is their observation, and so perfectly do they conform to the style and language of the period. (Miss Martha is even called Miss Matty; but this, for posterity, unfortunately suggests *Cranford* instead of *Emma*, and the nuance is just wrong.) Convey them across Europe in the middle of the Napoleonic Wars. Plant them in Russia on prolonged visits (Miss Catherine for eighteen months, Miss Martha for more than five years), to a Russian *grande dame*, one of the survivors of the female autocracy presided over by Catherine the Great. Here are all the elements of a first-rate story; and nobody whose imagination has been fired by the potentialities of the theme will be disappointed by this volume.

It is indeed the juxtaposition of two contrasted countries. For the struggling poverty of their native land made the reckless, luxurious munificence of Russian society all the more astounding to the two sisters, and often made them wish "the wasted food of their fatiguing feasts transported to little Erin, which too often wants what is here despised". Or perhaps one should say the juxtaposition of two historical epochs. For the Russian civilization of 1840, with its brilliance and its brutality, its magnificence and its squalor, recalls nothing so much as our own Elizabethan age. Thus the Misses Wilmot were

shocked to discover in the suburbs of Moscow a bear-pit where, as in England two centuries before, a "prodigious Bear" was torn to pieces for the amusement of the populace by "enormous bull Dogs". And the cruelties of serfdom which, though they "could not bear to be thought of", were taken so much for granted by everyone that the sisters seem scarcely conscious of them; take us back to an England of an even more primitive date.

There were other things, less dreadful and less surprising, which also shocked the rather prim and innocent Miss Martha, such as a "widow, whose first spouse, a Pole, is still alive by-the-by". The etiquette incumbent on a real widow was no less amazing. Immediately on the death of her husband, she was dutifully obliged to announce the event to her friends and acquaintances by a mourning card on which "a death's head, Cross Bones and other hideous Emblems of Mortality ornamented the outside border". This was the signal for "half Moscow" to assemble at her house; and the unhappy widow was forced "to endure from twelve in the morning till ten in the evening the looks and conversation of everyone who chose to go to her house and stare at her".

Every good comedy has its soubrette; and the rôle is played here by Miss Catherine's Irish maid, Eleanor Cavanagh, who accompanied her to Russia. Miss Cavanagh's comments bear more exclusively on the material side of life than those of her mistress, but are not less naïve and refreshing. She was gratified to discover that the ship which bore them to Russia carried "plenty of Hens to lay fresh Eggs". But she had the shock of her life when, on arrival at her destination, she was offered melons instead of fresh eggs for breakfast. Petersburg duly impressed her. "Cork is a *Flay* to it, and the River as large as the Lee five times

zer". But it remained a puzzle to her by the Russians neglected the virtue of cleanliness and preferred to have so many *Flaighs* hopping about them".

The publishers express their surprise that "material of such historical importance should have remained in oblivion for so long". The claim may sound a trifle exaggerated. The historian proper will not learn much from his volume, but as a picture of manners, and of the large, heedless way in which life flowed on in Russia during some of the most eventful years in European history, this handsomely illustrated and carefully edited book possesses permanent value, as well as an enthralling interest for the most casual reader.

E. H. CARR.

THE PATTERN OF COURTESY.

An anthology made and edited by Gerald Bullett. Dent. 5s.

THE MINOR PLEASURES OF LIFE.

Selected and arranged by Rose Macaulay. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

THE MAJOR PLEASURES OF LIFE.

Selected and arranged by Martin Armstrong. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

ANTHOLOGIES, we may suppose, are intended chiefly for those who wish to acquire a maximum of literary culture with a minimum of effort, expense and time. But, standards of taste being what they are (careless, diffuse, even chaotic, rather than merely bad), the educative function of anthologies is far from despicable; they make excellent week-end books, moreover, and convenient presents (we can expect a welter of them as Christmas draws nearer).

In all these respects, not one of this present batch is without its distinctive virtues. *The Pattern of Courtesy*, which continues the same compiler's *Testament of Light*, brings together passages ranging from Lao-Tze and Mencius to Mr. Herbert Read and the young New Country poets, Mr. Day Lewis and Mr. Spender: passages all, which give

expression at a well-sustained high level, to Mr. Bullett's own essentially humanistic faith, that, as says the Lady Julian of Norwich, "Kinde is all good and fair in itself"—which, Mr. Bullett adds, "seems to me to be the first article of any religious faith worth having". *The Pattern of Courtesy* is, then, in the nature of a personal statement of faith, a tribute to the essential dignity of man: a book, that is, to which, though eminently well balanced, one would turn for spiritual nourishment, not for practical or literary standards.

The other two volumes are different, and hardly so serious, in conception. The most delightful is certainly Miss Macaulay's. Ranging through the minor pleasures of life, from agreeable encounters to xenophobia, she has found scope for the exercise of her own satirical wit, that light-fingered but deadly weapon so skilfully employed in such novels as *Told by an Idiot*. As might be expected, the early eighteenth century, that age, par excellence, of minor pleasures, is well represented; and, besides many previously un-anthologised pieces, there is a seventeenth-century poem, "A Country Lass," which, Miss Macaulay claims (and my scholarship will not permit me to contradict), has not even been printed before.

Mr. Armstrong's companion volume, striding, with the great of all ages, through the major pleasures, though not inspired by a direct moral purpose like Mr. Bullett's, is naturally a more solemn piece of work, yet not unlightened by irony in the sections devoted to Food and Drink. *The Major Pleasures of Life* is a grand compendious gallery of the Arts, the Virtues and the Ecstasies. It should be remembered, however, that "anthology" originally means a collection of flowers: Mr. Armstrong's exhibits, like Mr. Bullett's, are mostly good, solid, muscular vegetables.

RAYNER HEPPENSTALL.

CHOPIN: HIS LIFE, by William Murdoch. Murray. 16s.

BERLIOZ: THE MAN AND HIS WORK, by W. J. Turner. Dent. 10s. 6d.

It is a matter for no surprise that the present-day glut of biographical writing should lead to suspicion and misgiving. What was once a field for specialists has been invaded by an army of would-be interpreters who put trust in their numerical strength rather than in carefully chosen weapons. Music's corner of the field is so overcrowded that it is becoming increasingly difficult to keep anything like decent order. Leon Vallas's biography of Debussy has recently been attacked by the editor of the *Revue Musicale* and Robert Godet, one of the composer's friends. Ernest Newman has been warning his readers against biographical studies of musicians, and goes so far as to write: "What passes for musical biography, especially that of the great figures of the last generation or two, deserves nothing but profound distrust." These two instances can be taken as signs of a growing feeling that order must be restored, else truth will be for ever lost. But critics cannot hope to police the rabble if public and publishers, especially the latter, do not come to their assistance.

That same eminent critic has recently asserted that no biographer can show us Chopin's personality as it really was. To say of John Sebastian Bach that we know next to nothing of him "as he lived" is almost a platitude, so comparatively rare are the first-hand documents. But with the context of his circle and period to help us, with his letters—even the commonplace ones are sidelights—with his confessions, with the records of dialogues between him and Delacroix, and with the impressions and judgments of other musicians and artists, we can form an idea of Chopin sufficiently clear for ordinary purposes. To attempt to discover "what a com-

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poser was really like" seems to me to set an impossible standard. For by such a standard what man, especially if he holds that all men are untruthful, can say that he knows what his best friend is really like? What man, indeed, can say that he knows himself?

In his biography of Chopin Mr. William Murdoch is content to apply the everyday tests of human character and behaviour. I am not sure that the book could not have been compressed with advantage. Mr. Murdoch, for example, rarely misses the opportunity of reprinting whole passages from the letters Chopin sent and received. He cannot be blamed, of course, for taking full advantage of Mrs. Voynich's translation of the Opienski edition of the composer's letters, and of the *Collection Polonaise*, published in Paris last year. But, in several instances, his quotations could have been made more pointed by abbreviation, and in other ways his book could have been made more shapely. Not every paragraph is essential to the development of his theme. Moreover, in forming some of his judgments he appears not to have discarded altogether the ideas and standards of our own time. In a 1934 setting Chopin's behaviour and sentiments would undoubtedly seem to indicate that he was a snob; but a century ago a professional musician, whatever his private opinions were, was compelled to ascribe all virtues to his betters, or else starve. That the author's mind is coloured by contemporary standards is also seen in the occasional laxity of his writing; for example, in his admission of such phrases as "pretty high" and "fairly prolific", and in instances of confusion of tense.

Against these blemishes can be set qualities which commend the book to all who can never be anything but fascinated by the tragic story; not least, Mr. Murdoch's thoroughness in preparing the ground for his study. The

bibliography at the end gives some idea of his diligence. Not the least interesting source is the research of M. Edouard Ganche, who has traced Chopin's French ancestry through his father back to his great-grandfather, research which is in part borne out by a letter I received from one of the composer's descendants in America. The music itself is not fully discussed here—a second volume on this subject is promised—but it is interesting to have the opinion of a pianist and interpreter of Chopin that the notorious "Raindrop" Prelude is No. 15, and not, as many writers have suggested, No. 6, or, as Liszt thought, No. 8. Mr. Murdoch rules out the sixth of these works as being too delicate to carry a programme. Finally, I am glad that the well-chosen illustrations include Deveria's portrait of Jane Stirling, perhaps the only woman who was selflessly devoted to Chopin.

"*Il se mourait toute sa vie.*" Berlioz's well-known remark about his dear Chopinette has been so often interpreted as a sneer that many will welcome Mr. W. J. Turner's opinion, in his new study of Berlioz, that it was merely an observation of fact. Mr. Turner also quotes the French composer's penetrating criticism of Chopin's music and playing, a passage which is as fine a tribute to Berlioz as to Chopin.

Mr. Turner's own penetrating power is comparable to that of his subject. He shows the unfolding of that extraordinary mind with a most admirable command of the tumult of evidence. The emotional stress of the composer's career is felt at every point of the narrative. Sometimes, as in Chapter 2, it unbalances the author and sends him hunting, via Lascelles Abercrombie, after a dubious abstraction. But the study as a whole is especially welcome in this country where so great a misconception of Berlioz' creative powers has been so long encouraged.

BASIL MAINE.

CAREER OF A DIPLOMAT

RETREAT FROM GLORY, by R. H. Burce Lockhart. Putnam. 10s. 6d.

"RETREAT FROM GLORY" is really a continuation of the *Memoirs of a British Agent*, which is perhaps the best account that has yet been given by an eye-witness of the new Russia in its birth pangs. Mr. Lockhart is a splendid performer in the new style of autobiography—the picture of great events on the background of the life of an acute observer. The "Glory" in the title of the book is the position the author achieved by his activities in the Moscow of the Revolution. For a brief period he was the confidant of the British war cabinet and the hero of special missions. With peace comes obscurity again. He goes to Prague as one of the secretaries of the Legation, then under the control of Sir George Clerk. The appointment gives little scope for his talents, but it was a fine stage-box from which to see the post-war Europe.

There lies the interest of the book. It takes us back to the world of the early twenties, when the vanquished were trying to forget their humiliations and the victors anxious only to live to the full every moment of their hour of triumph. It was then that all the terrible problems with which the nations are confronted today were created. Mr. Lockhart depicts the madness and the tragedy of those times so vividly, that one is tempted to shout out to the statesmen that speak from his pages, like the man in the gallery at the performance of Othello, "Oh, you fools, can't you see?"

He shows us the opportunity lost in Germany. He visits Munich in 1920. "There was at that time no hate in German hearts. They accepted their fate with stoical calm, as a consequence of the Peace Treaty, which had to be borne until sanity returned to the world".

He goes on to the occupied area and finds the French, already having outraged German feeling almost beyond endurance by the importation of black troops, sedulously fostering and financing the Rhineland Separatist Movement under Dr. Dorten. He attends a meeting of the organization. "The square on which it was held was lined with French troops and without their presence Dr. Dorten would not have dared to show himself." "The whole affair," he records, "made a painful impression on me. I tried to picture to myself a French occupation in England and what we should have thought of a Devonian Dr. Dorten getting up and suggesting the separation of Devon and Cornwall." So the fires of Nazi hatred were stoked up. "When I was in Essen in the Ruhr itself," he recalls, "the town was

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plastered one night with leaflets giving the names of four or five German girls, who had been seen walking out with Frenchmen. Below the names was this text: 'Fellow-citizens, who have so much to suffer from the tyranny of the invader, keep these shameful names in your memory lest they be forgotten when the day of reckoning comes.'

But the most significant passage is that in which Mr. Lockhart recalls his last conversation with Stresemann. All Stresemann's gallant efforts to secure relaxation of the harshest clauses of the Treaty have failed and with them his struggle to win Germany permanently over to peace and democracy. The clouds of ruin are gathering round the Weimar Constitution. Stresemann knows that the game is up and, a dying man, he expresses to Lockhart the bitterness of his failure. "As he spoke beads of sweat stood out under his eyes. His voice grew hoarser. 'Locarno!' he said, with increasing bitterness. 'It is five years since we signed Locarno. If you had given me one concession, I could have carried my people. I could still do it today. But you have given nothing, and the trifling concessions that you have made have always come too late'".

There is much that is entertaining in the book—an excellent vignette of the Webbs, weighing Lockhart's various bundles of knowledge as if "it was the excess luggage office of a railway station"; the eccentric Prince George of Serbia, the brother of the ill-fated King Alexander, sending a message at a restaurant through the mouth of a waiter, requesting Lockhart's party not to stare; an interview with the ex-Kaiser in which he shows himself a devoted admirer of Shaw's *Apple Cart*. In fact, *Retreat from Glory* will be read with equal pleasure by those who desire instruction and those who want to be amused.

ROBERT BERNAYS.

AH, WILDERNESS! and DAYS WITHOUT END. Two plays by Eugene O'Neill. *Cape*. 7s. 6d.

IN the second of these plays Mr. O'Neill uses an odd device for displaying his central character. Finding, apparently, his well-known resuscitation of the soliloquy to be inadequate he has had recourse to the introduction of a duplicate hero. John Loving is divided by his author into two parts, John and Loving. But this is no plagiarism of a famous Gothic novel; no metamorphoses by alchemy are here—the duplication is a secret between Eugene O'Neill and his audience. The only alchemy lies in the device itself, for now the soliloquy has been magically transformed into a duologue.

John and Loving are discovered at the beginning of the play seated in John Loving's office. "Loving . . . is the same age, of the same height and figure, is dressed in every detail exactly the same. . . . Loving's face is a mask whose features reproduce exactly the features of John's face . . . the death-mask of a John who has died with a sneer of scornful mockery on his lips." O'Neill is ringing the changes on his *Great God Brown* experiment. But is not this paraphernalia of masks, soliloquies, and duplicated characters an admission of weakness? Cannot Mr. O'Neill say what he wants to without their aid?

It seems to me that a good deal of Mr. O'Neill's work has been spoilt by a certain pretentiousness and clumsiness; to which may be added that incapacity possessed by an excited small boy of "never knowing when to stop." *Ah, Wilderness!* contains these faults in a minimum degree; *Days without End* in a maximum. One might almost say that the first play is written by Eugene, the second by O'Neill. But on reconsideration this is hardly correct, for if, centuries ahead (supposing O'Neill to have become a classic) *Ah, Wilderness!* lost

to the world in one of many cataclysms, were to be unearthed it would certainly take its place among the "doubtful" plays and a school of "Van Drutenites" would probably arise, complete with code and cyphers, for the establishment of its claims.

Whatever the result of this hypothetical controversy one thing is certain, *Ah, Wilderness!* and *Days Without End* must rank among "minor" plays of O'Neill. *Days without End* has a big theme, clumsily, even cheaply executed. *Ah, Wilderness!* has no particular theme; but is a warm, tender, delicate, humorous piece of photography, beautifully executed. The result of so much

pretentiousness and pomposity in the one is a piece of hysterical, unhelpful, Catholic revivalism. The absence of these qualities in the other help to make it—this picture of an ordinary American middle-class family—a lovely and memorable work. Nevertheless it remains a photograph. Ah, wilderness! The wilderness of the twentieth century Royal Academy theatre. O'Neill, with all his faults, might have succeeded in helping Eugene to make it so much more. *Desire Under the Elms* remains the one play written, not by Eugene nor by O'Neill, but by Eugene O'Neill.

RODNEY ACKLAND.

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LONDON: GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN LTD.

WHO ONCE EATS OUT OF THE TIN BOWL, by Hans Fallada. Translated by Eric Sutton. *Putnam*. 7s. 6d.

CLAUDIUS THE GOD, by Robert Graves. *Barker*. 10s. 6d.

THE PROUD SERVANT, by Margaret Irwin. *Chatto & Windus*. 8s. 6d.

IN a recent collection of Swedish tales, there was a story of a woman who was released from a lunatic asylum; she found the pressure of life outside too horrible and too strong; within twenty-four hours she was back at the asylum gate, clamouring for admittance. The released convict from a prison is in much the same case—this is the theme of Herr Fallada's novel. Willi Kulaft does a five years' stretch for embezzlement and forgery. We are given a vivid picture of prison life: the cells, the yard, the latrines; moments in which a cigarette or a conversation can be enjoyed. At the end of his time he leaves the prison and goes to a "Home of Peace" for ex-prisoners, in which he is made to work hard for a pittance and is still virtually a prisoner. He works his way out of that, rents a room of his own, and manages to start a typing agency with the help of other ex-convicts, but their business is stopped by the police. At last, he is on the point of "making good" as the advertisement canvasser for a provincial newspaper; the money begins to come in; he is engaged to be married. But a false accusation of theft brings him back to the police, and his character has so far deteriorated that he is planning a big smash-and-grab raid on a jeweller's shop. The police, having once got hold of him, never let go; finally he is arrested for a number of thefts and assaults of which he is guilty. He returns to prison, and for the first time since he has been out of it he falls "quietly asleep, with a peaceful smile on his face."

It is a horrible and moving story, exceedingly well told. The inevitability of Willi's return is implicit all through

the book; and Herr Fallada shows his strength as a novelist by making the outcome of the story something more than a dramatic inevitability. It is also a first-rate piece of social criticism. You cannot attribute Willi's degeneration to bad luck or to fate. His life has contained perhaps more moments of honest endeavour and of beauty than most. No; as Herr Fallada says, the man who has once eaten out of the tin bowl will be forced, physically and psychologically, to return to it.

With more than the usual reviewer's inconsequence I come next to two historical novels. As such, I had hoped, they might go together. But they do not. I think it very unlikely that the same readers will like equally *Claudius the God* and *The Proud Servant*. Mr. Graves, writing in the first person as the Emperor Claudius, employs a method which is curt, unemotional, shrewd and emphatic. Miss Irwin displays all the graces of the "historical novel"; her landscapes are like tapestries; the figures, moving languidly or briskly, are seen through a veil of years. There is no doubt that *The Proud Servant* (a life of Montrose) is good, and even very good, of its kind. But that kind is not one which personally I admire. Set beside Mr. Graves's *Claudius*, I find *The Proud Servant* thin, whimsical and fanciful; its convention is, for me at any rate, false. But what an admirable book Mr. Graves has written! Without using metaphor or any of the usual paraphernalia of illusion, he has created a picture of Roman life such as has very rarely been equalled by any novelist. The book is at once family and imperial history; Mr. Graves's personal shrewdness and the convincing portraits he gives us of Herod Agrippa, Messalina, and Claudius himself, are perfectly adjusted. It is that very rare thing, in our modern publishers' lists, a completely intelligent novel.

G. W. STONIER.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

COOT CLUB, by Arthur Ransome. *Cape*. 7s. 6d.

THE FLYING SCHOOLROOM, by Erich Kästner. *Cape*. 7s. 6d.

FORTNIGHT SOUTH OF SKYE, by L. A. G. Strong. *Basil Blackwell*. 3s. 6d.

HAPPY FAMILIES, by Harry Graham. *Cape*. 7s. 6d.

JIM AT THE CORNER, by Eleanor Farjeon. *Basil Blackwell*. 5s.

BIBI GOES TRAVELLING, by Karin Michaelis. *Allen & Unwin*. 7s. 6d.

THE DULL HOUSE, by Kit Higson. *Putnam*. 5s.

THE LION'S ROAR, by Cherry Kearton. *Longmans Green*. 6s.

BEASTS ROYAL, by Patrick Russ. *Putnam*. 5s.

HARUM SCARUM, by Sarah Bowes-Lyon. *Dent*. 7s. 6d.

THROUGH SPACE AND TIME, by Sir James Jeans. 8s. 6d.

SPEAKING as an aunt having no authority, I am firmly of the opinion that there are too many books for children published each year to the detriment of these groundlings and the confusion of all parents and guardians who conscientiously attempt to weed the wheat from the chaff of juvenile literature. All the art and sophistry of the publishing world are cunningly employed to the end that gullible people (such as myself) shall turn aside from the enduring charms of a Lewis Carroll, a Robert Louis Stevenson, or a Kenneth Grahame, and gather instead the over-bright flowers displayed to catch our eyes.

Having consulted my conscience and voiced my protest, it would seem that there is nothing left for me but to stand firm to ancient loyalties, but, alas, curiosity beckons me aside. One dip into the first book and I am lost.

I suppose the three outstanding writers of children's books to-day are A. A. Milne, Arthur Ransome, and Erich Kästner (whose Emil and his Detectives are enshrined in the hearts of boys and girls to whom Christopher Robin is merely a bore). Mr. Milne has now declared that he has nothing more to say

about Poo Corner, which leaves only two in the running. Mr. Ransome, I believe, will be able to stay the course; Herr Kästner I am not so sure about. The first named has published each year children's stories of consistently high quality about normal boys and girls with a taste for adventure, and sensible parents not unduly fussy about wet feet and sleeping out at night. His latest story, *Coot Club*, deals with a party of children who spend their holidays sailing on the Broads and frustrating the machinations of a villainous motor boat's crew bent on capturing one of their number and handing him over to the police. From Herr Kästner we have *The Flying Classroom*, which, though good, is not good enough. The scene is set in a German school and the story opens in the author's best style, with a rally of the junior form to rescue a comrade captured by a rival school and held to ransom. This develops into a tremendous snow-fight between the two schools. But then, unfortunately, the interest dwindles. A haze of rather sickly sentiment pervades the air and a head master appears whose sweet reasonableness is almost more than

human. It is to be feared that if this book falls into the hands of Dr. Goebbels he will be tempted to ban it lest it undermine his drastic training in *Wehrhaftigkeit* for the glory of the Third Reich.

L. A. G. Strong has produced a good story this year called *Fortnight South of Skye*, relating the adventures of two boys on a holiday on the West Coast of Scotland and incidentally introducing us to a night's fishing on a drifter and the capture of a poaching trawler. Another book in a different vein is *Happy Families*, by Harry Graham. Here we meet three children who set up as amateur detectives in search of a lost brooch and their aunt's stolen button boots. *Deus ex machina* takes the form of a benevolent and courtly duke who invites them to his country house and displays a proper appreciation of high tea. If there is any criticism to make, it is that Mr. Graham has written his story with one eye on the adult reader, an objection perhaps anticipated by the intimation that it is intended for "the Youth of all Ages."

There are one or two books for slightly younger children that I must not overlook. By far the best is Eleanor Farjeon's *Jim at the Corner*. Seasoned old salts are habitually inclined to puff the long bow, but the stories that Jim told to a small boy acquaintance are quite outrageous. Best of all, perhaps, is the one about the 'Orrible Storm at Sea. A believer in the well-approved practice of pouring oil on troubled waters, Jim subdued the raging sea by the simple process of throwing the contents of a bottle of salad oil in the face of each advancing wave. Another readable story is *Bibi Goes Travelling*, by Karin Michaelis. Bibi, a little Danish girl, was introduced to English readers last year, and the present volume relates her travels through Europe, told in a series of letters to her father. *The Dull House*, by Kit Higson, is also likely to please, but my own

enjoyment of it was spoilt by the over-whimsical speech affected by the small heroine. "A dear truthful aunt' she told the puppy. 'Such a lovely house to come to.'" "That dear frog when he comes to see me," and so on.

Of animal stories I think most children would like *The Lion's Roar*, by Cherry Kearton, and *Beasts Royal*, by Patrick Russ, not to mention *Harum Scarium*, by Sarah Bowes-Lyon (that young author who charmed the public last year with her very competent treatise on riding). Her present story of a pony is, perhaps, rather reminiscent of *Black Beauty*, but the author's own illustrations are delightful. I particularly liked the Arab on his steed with a face as black as his heart.

Finally, I must mention *Through Space and Time*, by Sir James Jeans. This is by far the best book for intelligent children on the marvels of the Universe that I have read.

M. MACKEAN.

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