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CONTENTS

AUTHORS	TITLE	PAGE
BARKER, Prof. Ernest . . .	The Movement of National Life : 1910-1935 . . .	513
BELL, Robert . . .	Music in the Flat . . .	728
BERNAYS, Robert . . .	Looking Back . . .	631
BLOMFIELD, Sir Reginald . . .	Modernism and Modernismus . . .	408
BLUNDEN, Edmund . . .	Fanny Kelly and Elia . . .	241
BOLITHO, Hector . . .	Beside the Canal . . .	97
BROGAN, D. W. . .	The King's Tutor . . .	527
BUCK, Pearl . . .	The President and the Radicals . . .	168
BULLETT, Gerald . . .	The Wise Chinese . . .	24
	Memoirs of D. H. Lawrence . . .	369
CARR, E. H. . .	Royalty of the Nineteenth Century . . .	367
CARR, Philip . . .	The French Police and Their Methods . . .	36
	Is French Policy Changing ? . . .	465
CARROLL, Diana . . .	Bavarian Night . . .	95
CARTER, Horsfall W. . .	Reunion in Vienna . . .	685
CASSON, Stanley . . .	Imagination in Archaeology . . .	554
CHASE, Stuart . . .	The Trend Towards Collectivism . . .	417
COHEN, Israel . . .	Palestine Strides Forward . . .	85
COPPARD, A. E. . .	Good Samaritans . . .	566
DALTON, Hugh . . .	The Evolution of a Communist . . .	499
DAVIES, Watkin W. . .	Japan and Western Example . . .	718
EASTERBROOK, L. F. . .	Mr. Elliot's Beef Problem . . .	544
ELTON, Lord . . .	England's Age of Collectivism . . .	574
FISCHER, Louis . . .	Dynamo . . .	334
FITZ-GERALD, W. G. . .	Can Abyssinia Survive as an Empire ? . . .	201
FURNAS, J. C. . .	Moral War in Hollywood . . .	73
GEROTHWOHL, Maurice . . .	Britain and a Franco-Russian Alliance . . .	584
GODWIN, George . . .	In a Grith Fyrd Camp . . .	471
GREEN, O. M. . .	Turning Point in the Far East . . .	274
GREGORY, Prof. T. E. . .	World Monetary Chaos . . .	534
GRIFFITH, Hubert . . .	Komisarjevsky and the Modern Theatre . . .	371
GWYNN, Stephen . . .	Ebb and Flow : A Monthly Commentary . . .	105, 229, 356, 485, 617, 743
HOARE, Rawdon . . .	Death on the Line . . .	478
HOPKINSON, Austin . . .	Mr. Baldwin's Responsibility . . .	399
HUXLEY, Julian . . .	The Voyage of the Rattlesnake . . .	673
JAROSY, Albert . . .	With One's Own Horses . . .	319
LEJEUNE, C. A. . .	The British Film and Others . . .	285
LETTIS, W. M. . .	The King Congratulates . . .	51
LONG, B. K. . .	South Africa's Silver Jubilee . . .	652
LUKE, Sir Harry . . .	"And the Tongues of the Arabs" . . .	210
MACHRAY, Robert . . .	The Illusion of Peace Pacts . . .	298
MAINE, Basil . . .	Kreisler and the Critics . . .	611
MAITLAND, Patrick . . .	The Outlook in Yugoslavia . . .	602
MASSINGHAM, H. J. . .	The Prehistoric Landscape . . .	243
MATTHEWS, Dean W. R. . .	The Philosophy of Bergson . . .	495

AUTHORS	TITLE	PAGE
MAUROIS, André	<i>Tout S'Arrange</i>	293
MOWAT, Prof. R. B.	A War Averted	592
MUGGERIDGE, Malcolm	The Changing Mood of India	44
O'FLAHERTY, Liam	The Accident	155
RADFORD, Bishop	Little India in Fiji	218
RATCLIFFE, S. K.	England in 1935	13
RATTRAY, R. S.	The New American Demagogues	674
RICE, Stanley	The Maker of Nigeria	443
ROBERTSON, Wilfrid	The Indian Princes' Doubts	455
SCHRANK, Joseph	Crown or Union?	225
SCHWARTZ, G. L.	Concierges Keep Canaries	734
SIEGFRIED, André	The Fallacy of Piecemeal Planning	144
SIMONDS, Frank H.	Europe and the World Crisis.—I	129
SOLOVEYCHIK, George	" " " " II	257
STEED, Wickham	The "Haves" and "Have-Nots" III	385
STEVENSON, J. A.	Smiling Denmark	641
SUNDSTRÖM, Eskil	Russia in Exile	190
THOROGOOD, Horace	Is it Peace?	708
TORQUEMADA	Barnes of <i>The Times</i>	1
WAUGH, Arthur	An Urgent Canadian Problem	239
WHITESIDE, Mary Brent	Branting, Father of Swedish Prosperity	308
WILSON, N. Scarlyn	Accession Year: A Survey	695
X. Baroness von	"Pray You, Sir, A Word"	432
	The FORTNIGHTLY's Seventieth Birthday	478
	The Changeless Pines	627
	The French Academy: 1635-1935	96
	A Red-Cross Outpost	61
		341

THE FORTNIGHTLY

JANUARY, 1935

IS IT PEACE?

BY WICKHAM STEED

EARLY last May a group of Englishmen, including a British diplomatist of wide experience and high rank, were discussing the chances of peace in Europe. The diplomatist thought that things would not be really dangerous for five years at least? To this opinion others demurred. One of them said: "Your Excellency is understating the position exactly twelve times. By the beginning of November, at latest, things will have entered the danger zone, and we shall be lucky if we get through the winter and spring without having to make up our minds very definitely upon British policy". I agreed with him. By the middle of May it had become clear that a serious crisis was brewing in Germany, though nobody could then tell how it would work itself out. It came to a head in the "clean-up" or "purge" on June 30 and the following days—a Nazi operation which, according to a list kept in Dr. Goebbels's Propaganda Ministry, cost the lives of 1,183 persons. Even this list may not be complete.

On July 25 the Austrian Chancellor, Dr. Dollfuss, was murdered in the course of a Nazi attempt to gain control of Austria, by men armed with weapons of the same German origin as those which had been used to kill the Rumanian Foreign Minister, M. Duca, and were presently to be used in the Marseilles assassinations of October 9. During the last week in July, and throughout August, Central Europe stood on the verge of war, the acutest danger lying in the prospect that any Italian military move in support of Austrian independence would collide with a Yugoslav move designed to safeguard certain

strategic points on the north-west Yugoslav border. Fortunately no move was made. Herr Hitler sang small—and stepped into President von Hindenburg's place on August 2. Then, on August 19, he sought the approval of the German electorate for his assumption of supreme power as Leader and Chancellor. Ten per cent. of the voters found courage either to abstain or actually to vote against him, a result looked upon in the higher circles of Nazidom as a painful setback.

Since then Herr Hitler has been casting about for a chance of retrieving his prestige as unchallenged warden of Germany's destiny. At a special conference with various Ministers and superior officers at the end of November he is understood to have stated that, in the event of success in the Saar plebiscite on January 13, a success which, if nothing unforeseen should happen in the meantime, he thought certain, he would dissolve the Reichstag at once so that the reverse suffered on August 19, 1934, might be wiped out and the Government of the Reich might get a larger and a stronger majority than before. "We shall then utilize this newly-won inner consolidation", Herr Hitler added, "for a wide offensive in foreign policy".

At the end of November, Herr Hitler may not have foreseen that, within a week, he would be obliged to dismiss his old associate and faithful friend, Herr Hellmuth Brückner, the Regional Party Leader in Silesia, for "conduct injurious to the party", or to discard his earliest mentor, Herr Gottfried Feder. Herr Brückner, like the Feme murderer, Herr Heines, the former Commander of the Silesian Storm Troops and Chief of Police at Breslau, who was shot on June 30, long seemed to be a man after Herr Hitler's own heart; and though his dismissal may mark a further stage in the process of "purging" the National Socialist party of its less squeamish elements, it may also estrange those sections of the Storm Troopers who feel that their leader has not fulfilled the hopes they placed in him.

Indeed, the question arises how Hitler really stands in the esteem of his fellow countrymen, and what degree of support he and his system would receive were a free vote conceivable under the Nazi regime. While estimates differ, I have reason to think that there is truth in a survey drawn up in the late autumn by a German whose business requires him to travel

throughout the country. In summary this estimate runs:

Behind the grumblers and carpers, of whom Dr. Goebbels complained last summer, there exists an "illegal Germany", and the 10 per cent. opposition to the regime on August 19 reflects the systematic work of at least five groups of opponents. Whoever is able to study the position in the various parts of the country must come to the conclusion that a good half of the people (including most of the women) stand today behind Hitler personally, though barely 40 per cent. approve of National Socialism and not even 20 per cent. are on the side of Hitler's lieutenants like Göring, Goebbels, Rosenberg, and Frick.

This conclusion is warranted by the extent of the illegal propaganda that has been going on in Germany for many months, and is steadily increasing despite all the efforts of the secret State police to check it and notwithstanding persecution and terrorism. Remarkable interest is shown by the people in every form of this illegal propaganda, especially when it spreads news which the newspapers are forbidden to publish; and it is carried on by five distinct groups which are:

(1) Communists of various shades of opinion. If one discusses this matter with the leaders of the Nazi regime one is always assured that the only serious opposition comes from the Communists. It is a fact that supporters of Communist ideas do carry on very active, if not always particularly skilful propaganda; but it is also a fact that these ideas have never had less hold upon the people than they have today. The catchword "Dictatorship of the proletariat" no longer finds an echo. The working classes have learned, on the one hand, how strong is the political influence of the middle classes in Germany while, on the other hand, industrial workmen and artisans openly declare that they will have nothing to do with any dictatorship, no matter what it may be called, because they have suffered too severely under the Nazi dictatorship. German workmen are certainly not revolutionaries in the sense of being willing to sacrifice, for the sake of any abstract idea, their lives, their families, and the improved social and material positions which they have won through the Trade Unions and in decades of political struggle. These workmen want, above all, steady employment and food. This does not mean that they do not approve of certain Socialist demands, such as the breaking up of the big landed estates and the restriction of capitalist monopolies. But it is a long way from these demands to the dictatorship of the proletariat; and this way I am convinced German workmen will not go. If, before the advent of Hitler, the Communist danger in Germany was small, it cannot be said to exist today and seems unlikely to exist in future.

(2) The Socialists. All over Germany one finds a lively agitation carried on by the so-called "Socialist Action", that is to say, by members of the former Social Democratic Party whose headquarters are now outside Germany. Hitlerism has left the framework of this party almost untouched. It still has millions of supporters, even among the young, who are working very quietly and tenaciously against National Socialism and at the same time against the Communists whom the Socialists look upon as having been the worst enemies of the Republic of Weimar and pace-makers for Hitler. After the clean-up of June 30 this "Socialist Action" made headway

among the Storm Troopers who, in many districts, zealously carry on its propaganda. Careless of personal danger, these propagandists do their work mainly by word of mouth, though they also distribute printed news-sheets. If the secret State police manages to get hold of one of these propagandists, the capture of a "Communist agitator" is always announced. This is in accordance with the deliberate Nazi practice of treating all opposition on the Left as "Communist". But in reality the Nazi leaders are well aware that the Socialists are their most effective and most elusive enemies, as sundry outbursts of anger in the official Nazi newspaper, *Völkische Beobachter*, clearly prove.

(3) The third opposition group is led by Dr. Otto Strasser, the brother of Hitler's former associate, Gregor Strasser, who was murdered on June 30. Otto Strasser cut adrift from Hitler years ago and, while professing a form of National Socialism, repudiates anti-Semitism and carries on his propaganda in a news-sheet which is printed abroad and smuggled in considerable quantities into Germany. His aim is to group round him those National Socialists who disavowed Hitler after June 30, and there is reason to believe that he is making headway among the peasants and smaller landowners.

(4) The former Centre Party and the Roman Catholics generally maintain silent but persistent hostility towards the Hitler system though, as far as I can observe, they refrain from illegal propaganda. Something like a tacit agreement seems to exist between the various sections of the Catholic population to oppose Nazidom on religious and conscientious grounds. The way in which the "Hitler Youth" is being weaned from Christianity and, in particular, the agitation by the "German Faith Movement", have prepared the soil on which this silent Catholic propaganda is growing strong.

(5) The fifth group consists of the Conservative middle-class opposition which includes all the non-party elements that reject the present system on political, economic, or religious grounds. In this connection the split in the Evangelical Church is especially significant; and there is no exaggeration in the statement that the victory of the "Confessional Church" over the "German Christians", which found expression in the dismissal of Dr. Jäger, the "legal adviser" of Hitler's Reichsbishop Müller, was an event of great political importance. Should the Evangelical opposition likewise succeed in getting rid of Reichsbishop Müller it would gain a, possibly decisive, victory over Hitler himself.

Within the middle-class opposition the real leadership belongs to the "Popular Monarchists", that is to say, supporters of the tendencies associated with the late General von Schleicher, who was murdered on June 30. This murder, and those of other noted officers, made a devastating impression in the circles where the diplomatic and economic consequences of German isolation are fully understood.

All these groups and tendencies have a single aim—the overthrow of the Nazi system—and it may be taken as certain that relations exist and are being strengthened between several of them. Neither by "tactics of conciliation" nor by means of Göring's "iron fist" will Hitler be able to overcome them. The gulf between them and Nazidom is too deep, and especially between them and the concept of the "Totalitarian State". All in all, there seems no reason to think the prospects of the Hitler era rosy.

This account of "illegal Germany" says nothing of German rearmament, which has been so swift and comprehensive as to warrant all, and more than all, that was said and suggested by Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. Stanley Baldwin in the House of Commons on November 28. Yet, in non-Nazi Germany as in other parts of Europe, some clear statement of British policy, the firmer the better, is keenly desired. A shrewd and experienced German correspondent writes to me: "Recent events have helped to open the eyes of your countrymen. But one of the strongest English instincts always seems to get the upper hand—the desire to enjoy the comfortable ease of having minds not made up."

At the twelfth hour, as my correspondent knows, Englishmen are apt to make up their minds with a speed disconcerting to those who thought them hopelessly undecided. But there is much force in the reproach which the non-British world addresses to us now, as retrospectively in regard to our share of responsibility for the outbreak of the Great War: "Why do you not say beforehand what you will do?"

The lack of a plain and comprehensible British policy enters as an unknown and almost incalculable quantity into the world situation today. This is the more serious because we, too, are exposed to the working of other incalculable quantities, among which the mental abnormality of the present rulers of Germany is one of the most formidable. These men are struggling against economic adversity and secret opposition which, taken together, may bring disaster upon them. Confronted with a choice between downfall at home and adventure abroad they may choose the latter. Fear lest they do this has, to my certain knowledge, obsessed not a few minds in Germany where means of forestalling the danger have been earnestly canvassed. Hence, perhaps, the recent action of the Reichswehr in depriving General Göring of the control of military aviation. On the other hand, plans are alleged to have been drawn up in the inner circles of Nazidom, and particularly by the "Cheka", or secret murder section of the blackshirted Hitlerite S. S., or Special Guards, for another drastic "purge" of obnoxious Reichswehr officers, ecclesiastical dignitaries, both Catholic and Protestant, and sundry undesirable Ministers. Another page in the

chequered and bloodstained record of Nazism may soon be written if all goes well, from the Nazi standpoint, on January 13, in the Saar; and it is at least conceivable that Herr Hitler may then seek to raise some "patriotic" issue as a diversion, much as the attack upon Austria and the murder of Dr. Dollfuss in July were designed to cover up the massacre of June 30.

Taking things all round it looks as though a firm and clearly-defined peace policy on the part of Great Britain and—in a sense to which I shall presently refer—on the part of the United States, might supply the element that is needed to give the anti-war forces in the world a fair chance of keeping the upper hand. The warm approval with which the British decision to send troops to the Saar has been received at home and abroad suggests the effect which might be produced by a frank British policy on a wider scale. In the Saar itself these troops will be heartily welcomed. Their presence should help to dispel, in some degree, the terror which Nazi agents and organizations have spread among the inhabitants, and to increase the chances of a fair vote. But in order that the inhabitants may be encouraged to vote as they feel, it is urgently necessary that the meaning of a vote for a continuance of League administration should be made plain to them. It is not enough for timid assurances to be given that if they vote for the *status quo*, that is to say, against union with Nazi Germany, they may be allowed to revise their decision later on. Ways and means should be found to issue a binding declaration that a vote for the *status quo* will not mean final separation from Germany. If this is not made plain before the vote takes place, a large number of the inhabitants may reckon that, in view of Nazi behaviour in Germany, no pledges to abstain from victimization will be observed when Hitler gets control of the Saar, and that it is therefore wiser to run no risks.

Upon the details of the Saar problem volumes have been written. All that need now be said is that, if Germany were not under Nazi rule, the vote would go overwhelmingly in favour of reunion. Upon present prospects opinions differ. There may be a strong minority against reunion or even a slight majority. In any event it is important that the decision should be as free as possible and that voters should be safeguarded against

terrorism. The sending of British troops to help in policing the region is a step in this direction.

Why was the Saar ever placed under the League? The circumstances were curious, and I have a vivid recollection of them. On March 31, 1919, during the Paris Peace Conference, Mr. Clemenceau, the French Prime Minister, let me know that he wished to see me. When I saw him next day I found him utterly disheartened and on the point of throwing up the sponge. France had wished to annex the Saar outright. Mr. Lloyd George was disposed to give her the Saar coal mines in perpetuity, with just enough political and administrative control to enable the French to work them. The Americans urged, on the other hand, that this would lead to endless complications and that the French would constantly need to extend their control in order to affirm their authority.

Colonel House, President Wilson's chief adviser, had therefore suggested that the French should occupy the Saar with complete control of the mines for 15 years as reparation for German damage to the coal mines in the North-East of France; and that, at the end of 15 years, a plebiscite should be taken under the League of Nations to decide whether or not the inhabitants of the Saar wished to revert to Germany. But President Wilson was less accommodating, and a deadlock ensued. Indeed, Wilson and Clemenceau were not on speaking terms, and it looked as though the Peace Conference might break up.

Before going to see Clemenceau on April 1, I asked Colonel House whether there was anything I could usefully say. On reflection, Colonel House suggested that if I could persuade Clemenceau to come closer to the President, he, House, would try to get the President closer to Clemenceau. Therefore, in reply to Clemenceau's bitter complaints, I advised him to talk to Wilson so as to find out exactly what he had in mind. "Talk to Wilson!" he exclaimed. "How can I talk to a fellow who thinks himself the first man for 2,000 years to know anything about peace on earth?" Nevertheless, I hinted that if he would offer to place the Saar under the jurisdiction of the League of Nations for a term of years, France working the coal mines until it could be seen whether German damage to the French

mines in the north were irreparable, Wilson might be ready to talk. I added that a demilitarized zone in the Rhineland might also be feasible.

Clemenceau smote the table and said that if, on the morrow, I would bring him ten lines of that sort on paper, with the assurance that Wilson or House would back them, he would take them and work with Wilson. But I had reckoned without my host. Though Colonel House jumped at the offer, and asked me to put it in writing, President Wilson flatly declined it and threatened to go home if his "principles" were not respected. Neither I nor anybody else knew that one of his "principles" was that the League should have no direct jurisdiction in Europe. In fact, I had put the League, which then existed only on paper, into the offer so as to make it more attractive to him.

Still, the ice was broken. Presently a Franco-American-British Committee worked out a settlement not unlike my suggestions to Clemenceau, and President Wilson accepted it. Under it the League has controlled the Saar, and the French have worked the mines, for the past 15 years. Recently, France and Germany agreed upon the price to be paid for them when they return to Germany. Thus, the main present interest centres upon the actual voting and upon its political consequences.

Meanwhile, the conflict between Yugoslavia and Hungary—with their respective backers—over the Marseilles assassinations has thrust the Saar into the background. Upon the merits of this conflict, which is *sub judice*, comment would be misplaced. For reasons, sound or unsound, the Yugoslav indictment of the alleged mandatories or accomplices of the assassins was narrowed down so as to be directed against Hungary alone—a procedure that recalls Renan's criticism of French thought which, he said, is apt "to attain clearness by defective vision". Yugoslavia certainly did right to bring the matter before the League Council, and the procrastinators who would have had her refrain were palpably wrong. The surest way to turn "Marseilles" into a second "Sarajevo" would have been to let things drift; and I, for one, am grateful to the Hungarian Delegation at Geneva for having insisted that the League Council should handle the Yugoslav indictment forthwith. To have allowed it

to stand over until the end of January would have been to invite complications.

How complications might have arisen the expulsion of Hungarian citizens from Yugoslav territory suggests. And had the League Council not been sitting, it is unlikely that the Yugoslav authorities would so speedily have understood the effects of their intemperate action upon public feeling abroad. The value of the Council as a safety valve for pent-up feelings has once more been demonstrated. It is far better that the delegates of contending States should "go for" each other at the Council table than that their respective armies should go in for blood-letting. The League Resolution, unanimously adopted, has dispelled the immediate danger. Some ulterior danger may persist unless Hungary acts up to, or is held to, her obligations. After all, King Alexander and M. Barthou *were* assassinated on October 9 by conspirators whose headquarters had been on Hungarian soil. The League will still need to grasp its nettle firmly. Otherwise it may put a premium upon an explosion in Central and South-Eastern Europe.

Paradoxical though it may seem, the League has drawn new strength from the admission of Soviet Russia to its membership. The British decision to send troops into the Saar, and thus to support collective action for the preservation of peace, has further enhanced the League's standing. From Washington come rumours that President Roosevelt has in mind some new departure in American foreign policy that will, at least, remove apprehensions lest countries like Great Britain, which should fulfil their obligations under the League Covenant, would fall foul of American neutral rights. There are, indeed, grounds for believing that the Government and the people of the United States are today more fully alive to their interest in the safeguarding of peace, by some form of collective provision against war, than they have been since the Locarno Treaties were concluded some nine years ago. Then American feeling surged towards the League in what might have been irresistible strength. That hopeful wave receded after the miserable wrangle over the allotment of seats on the League Council which made a mockery of the Special Assembly summoned for the admission of Germany in March 1926. But now the United States has

joined the International Labour section of the League, and the best American opinion is uncertain whether President Roosevelt could safely go a step farther and lead his country into the League, with or without the reservations at which President Wilson obstinately boggled. On this point no non-American view is worth much. But, as a foreigner who has given some thought to it, I am inclined to believe present circumstances more favourable to a far-reaching American initiative than they have been for years.

For one thing, Japan talks of denouncing the Washington Treaties of 1921-22. Her two years' notice of withdrawal from the League expires next spring. The industrial and semi-official British tendencies to seek tacit or overt agreement with Japan at the price of recognizing "Manchukuo" have been thwarted by the weighty speech in which, on November 12, General Smuts said :

Through the Dominions, British policy is ultimately tied up with the U.S.A. in a very profound sense that goes much deeper than the occasional jars which, perhaps, are more acutely felt at any particular moment. That fundamental affinity, coming from the past, stretching to the future, is, or must be, the real foundation of all British foreign policy. Any policy which ignores it, or runs counter to it, is calculated to have a disruptive effect on the Commonwealth as a whole. We are here on bedrock, which we ignore at our peril.

Should Japan destroy what General Smuts called "the Pacific concert" and, with it, the collective system in the Far East, it seems reasonable to suppose that the United States would choose one of two alternatives. Either it would outbuild any Japanese navy—and thus raise in a new form the question of "parity" with Great Britain—or it would seek to reinforce, locally at least, the larger collective system that centres in the League. By choosing the second alternative the American Government might gain the advantage of ranging British public feeling solidly alongside of the United States, while lessening the need for immediate naval competition with Japan. Knowledge that the United States was definitely associated with the League might even cause Japan to wonder whether, after all, complete withdrawal from the League would be prudent. Similarly, Germany might think twice before cutting entirely adrift from Geneva. In short, American association with the

League, now that Soviet Russia has joined it, might create an effective system of collective security against war.

On the whole, the opportunity strikes me as too good for a man like President Roosevelt wholly to miss, though how he will avail himself of it no outsider can guess. It may be that an American initiative will stop short of actual membership of the League, and will consist of some re-statement of the "Stimson doctrine" of August 8, 1932, which laid down the principle that the renunciation of war under the Briand-Kellogg Pact has changed the nature of neutrality and has, in effect, abrogated it. Confirmation of this view is to be found in a recent despatch from New York to the *Observer*, which said that "For months the State Department has been studying proposals for re-defining neutrality". Nor is the adoption of "Rules of Interpretation" for the Briand-Kellogg Pact by the International Law Association at Budapest last September altogether without significance. So experienced an authority as Lord Howard of Penrith, who was British Ambassador to Washington when the Pact for the renunciation of war was being negotiated, has shown the importance of these "Rules of Interpretation" in a valuable pamphlet just issued by the Friends of Europe. In it he says frankly : "Abolish neutrality and you abolish war".

But time presses. As an Italian proverb puts it, "Of wisdom belated the ditches are full". If statesmen and nations are not wise in time, the ditches and streets of Europe may presently be full of blood and poisoned corpses. I do not think that war is, necessarily, either impending or inevitable. Acutely critical though the international position has become, it does not yet fill me with the same heavy sense of certain and imminent catastrophe as that which weighed upon my mind in 1913 and 1914. But war will come, and will work unprecedented havoc unless the responsible leaders of nations which are still free make up their minds to pay the price of preventing it.

This price, I have long maintained, is to declare that the renunciation of war has reduced the lawful function of national armaments to a police function ; that the discharge of this police function entails the renunciation of neutrality towards any nation that may be guilty of recourse to war as an instrument of national policy ; and that every member of the League and

every signatory of the Briand-Kellogg Pact is, therefore, debarred from neutrality towards any nation that may seek by violence to gain its ends.

The assurance given in the Washington despatch to *The Times* of December 13—"There is reason to believe that later the President will have something to say to the country and to the world as to the position of the United States as a neutral"—may be something more than an intelligent forecast of developments to come. There is no gainsaying the argument of Mr. Charles Warren, who was Solicitor-General of the United States during the war, that the cost and the drawbacks of "implementing neutrality" are likely to be incomparably heavier than the risks of sharing in a collective system for the prevention of war. This argument needs to be weighed in this country no less carefully than in the United States. Quite apart from the naval burdens which the "implementing of neutrality" would entail, the commercial losses of neutrality have to be considered at a time when ninety per cent. of sea-borne goods may be classed as contraband of war. For us, too, the choice lies between what *The Times* correspondent calls "the harsh discipline of neutrality" and fuller participation in a valid collective system.

This is the minimum price of the non-war which most people call "peace". Were it paid, international disarmament could and would follow; and the organization of international helpfulness, which is peace, might begin. Surely we have a right to ask our Government: "Is It Peace?"

ENGLAND IN 1935

BY S. K. RATCLIFFE

FOR Britain, for Europe, for the United States and the world, 1935 will be a year of fateful events and decisions.

The sky is full of the omens of destiny. At no time during the sixteen years since the Peace Conference met in Paris has the outlook for civilization been fraught with potentialities so momentous as those which confront us today. Let us note, to begin with, a few of the more obvious of these.

Before the close of the year upon which we are now entering it will be possible for us, in England, to form a judgment as to the measure of success attained by the National Government, and we should be in a position to say positively whether the experiment of 1931 is to be repeated in 1936. Before the close of 1935, undoubtedly, the great problem of India in relation to the British Empire must be greatly advanced or transformed. Within this same twelve months the condition of Germany will be so far altered that the purposes and prospects of the Hitler Government will be known: we shall have learned what to expect of the Third Reich, and whether its policies and doctrines are compatible with a Europe at peace. Before the dawn of 1936, again, the United States will be in a position to gauge the major results of the Roosevelt effort and to estimate the chances of economic recovery through the New Deal. Above all, this year will reveal whether, under Mr. Roosevelt's leadership, the great power of the United States can be made available in support of the organization for world peace. And finally, it would seem to be highly probable that within this present year the fate of Russia will be settled with respect to at least one most important question, namely, whether or not the vast enterprise of the Soviets is to go forward without being compelled to meet the ordeal of armed conflict in the Far East.

All these issues lie immediately before us. Most of them are

not inferior in gravity to the most serious of those that we have seen since 1919, and not one of them is of less than first rate importance to the British system.

For Britain in 1935 the dominant issue is that of the National Government and the prospect of its continuance. There are curious contradictions in the general question. In the eyes of the world, undoubtedly, the National Government stands for British stability. It is commonly taken for granted that in 1931, by the most skilful statesmanship, Mr. MacDonald was able to evade the consequences of his two years as Labour Prime Minister and to mobilize all the resources of Britain for escape and recovery. It is also, apparently, believed throughout the world that the Government's economic expedients are backed by the nation as a whole, embody a change of policy that must be taken as permanent, and in themselves are a declaration of British strength. Go where one will in Europe today, or in North America, one finds people looking upon England as pre-eminently a land of security and conservatism, happily removed alike from the tyrannies and disturbances of the Continent and from the terrifying possibilities of the United States. This condition of beatitude, it would seem, is commonly associated with the fact of National Government and, oddly enough, those Europeans and Americans who believe in it seem able in many instances to hold their view in defiance of the record of the British Foreign Office since 1931. As Foreign Secretary in the Labour Cabinet, Mr. Arthur Henderson was not able to accomplish a great deal; but it was generally acknowledged that during his two years the Foreign Office stood for firmness and dignity, and for a strict adherence to the spirit and purposes of the League of Nations. His continuance in the chair of the Disarmament Conference, as one need hardly point out, was an important recognition of Mr. Henderson's value. It is difficult to speak of his successor, save in terms of criticism and regret. No Foreign Minister since Balfour has assumed office with personal and other advantages equal to those of Sir John Simon. He was not embarrassed by a legend such as that which made Lord Curzon a figure of international jest. His professional eminence and his splendid gift of expression gave him a distinction which neither of his two immediate predecessors could

approach. As the representative of a National Government he had the right to speak for Britain at all international councils with an authority no other statesman since 1919 has been in a position to claim. But where, and on what occasion, has Sir John Simon spoken and acted as the representative of a great Power with a magnificent part to play? It was, no doubt, a grave misfortune for him that Herr Hitler came to power within eighteen months of his own appointment, and that he had to stand against the criticism and disappointment provoked by Germany's withdrawal from the League. Sir John Simon, however, is not in England saddled with blame in connection with these events. The Foreign Office, naturally, gains in the public esteem by successes achieved by Mr. Anthony Eden, who has been proving once again the value in international affairs of a generous temper linked with an engaging manner; Sir John suffers through his treatment of the Disarmament problem and his attitude to that outstanding anxiety of the pre-sent time—the private, and shamelessly international, traffic in arms.

The mention of this deplorable business brings us to a matter of great moment which has an immediate bearing upon the National Government and its standing in the country. I have spoken of the contradiction between the high repute of the Government abroad as the assumed architect of national recovery, and the serious failure of the Foreign Office to reflect that character in its policy and influence. The contradiction is exhibited to an equivalent extent in the difference between the external repute of the National Government and its singular unpopularity at home. The evidences of this unpopularity cannot be disputed. The Government is very ably and consistently upheld by *The Times*, and is intelligently defended by several daily journals which are important as organs mainly of the business community. But the great circulations are in energetic, if unstable, opposition, and they show, I think, little disposition to change their tone as the general election draws near. This is a matter of no little interest, and not for politicians and journalists alone. During the crisis of 1931 and for some months afterwards the popular papers were virtually a unit on the side of National Government and—strange as this seems in retrospect—they maintained an extraordinary eulogy of Mr. MacDonald.

But this tone was soon abandoned. During the past two years the popular Press has been, in general, against the Government. It has lost interest in the Prime Minister. It has found space for every kind of complaint against the Ministry of Agriculture, notwithstanding Mr. Walter Elliot's brilliant public gifts. And, as regards the organs of the two most powerful newspaper lords, it has kept up a continual bombardment of the National Government in respect to European policy, Imperial defence, and Indian constitutional reform.

But what in the end do such attacks amount to? They do not make any visible difference to the Government's policy in affairs of large importance. Lord Beaverbrook pounds away at isolation without making the smallest difference in Downing Street. Lord Rothermere's croakings about India help Mr. Churchill no more than they frighten Mr. Baldwin and Sir Samuel Hoare. It is not this kind of opposition that Mr. MacDonald and his colleagues have to fear. The warnings they should heed are those that arise, in ever increasing volume, from the great body of people who seem able to keep a sane outlook upon public questions while remaining content with the news as served up in the cheap Press (now, fortunately for us all, corrected by the enlarged wireless service). With that great body of ordinary folk the National Government has lost ground. The reasons are numerous enough. I will mention three. The methods pursued with regard to unemployment relief and the Means Test; the record in housing and slum clearance; the policy in respect of Disarmament and the League of Nations, and the impression made by Sir John Simon's confessedly "unfortunate" speech on the private manufacture of and traffic in arms. A word or two may be said upon each of these points.

The widespread resentment over the Means Test has been a fact of great importance. It should be materially reduced under the rules of the new Unemployment authority—that remains to be seen—while there is a possibility that the work of the Commissioners for the Distressed Areas may have important results. There is an interesting British experiment in the wide powers granted to the Commissioners, but their initial resources are pitifully small. Had Mr. Chamberlain made it ten millions instead of two, the country would have been not a little thrilled.

As to housing, it is important to note that only after Sir Austen Chamberlain's protest in the House did the Ministry of Health enter upon its great scheme of slum clearance, which has been stimulated by the Labour victories in the municipal elections. Two things will be necessary if the Government is to earn credit in this department, at a time when enthusiasm for rehousing has reached an unexampled level—the Ministry of Health must continue to resist the demands of the slum landlord, and must cease its antagonism to further municipal building. Nothing in England is more certain than that private enterprise cannot build on or below the mark of the 10s. weekly rental, and that a Government which does not recognize this hard fact will feel the consequences.

The League and Disarmament issue is unquestionably one that is deeply influencing public sentiment. Upon this point the evidence of the by-elections is conclusive. It is, of course, entirely true that the British people are not and cannot be favourable to any plans for unilateral reduction of armament. They become more, not less, convinced of the necessity for collective security through the League of Nations. They are disturbed on account of British policy during the Disarmament Conference, and they have been outraged by the revelations before the Senate Committee in Washington of the almost incredible practices of the international Armaments Ring. How, it is asked, can a statesman with Mr. MacDonald's record remain inactive before exposures such as these? And if they make no impression upon Sir John Simon, what may the public suppose the private response of Mr. Baldwin to be?

The position of parties is unprecedented. Never since political parties took shape have we seen any such curious disarrangement of forces as that made by the catastrophe of 1931, with the harnessing of the Conservative-Liberals (and not all of them, by the by, correctly so labelled) to the Tory car. It is almost universally assumed that no revival of the Liberals as a party is possible. Although the managers of the organization announce that they are preparing to contest two-thirds of the constituencies, there is the fact that no considerable body of citizens will continue to vote for the candidates of a party which can never again occupy a governing position. There is one

point in this connection which seems to have attracted little attention: the disappearance of political Nonconformity cannot be left out of account when the Liberal future is being considered. In the recent history of the English middle classes nothing is more significant than the abandonment of the old Nonconformist demand for the equality of religious organizations and the consequent disappearance of Church disestablishment as a political question. The Labour movement was fed to an important degree from the Free Churches, and especially from their lay pulpits; but the political Labour Party was not interested in taking over this part of the Liberal heritage. It is plain that as their old party melts away, a large percentage of Nonconformists must be counted with the permanent strength of the Conservative Party (and this section can find little fault with Mr. Baldwin as leader), while the recent union of the Methodist bodies is an event to be interpreted as favourable to the Conservative side. In the industrial districts, of course, the Labour Party continues to find a great part of its strength in the chapels.

It is important, I suggest, that such changes as these among the classes that once formed the solid Liberal block should be considered in relation to the Centrist tendency which has become steadily more manifest since the unity of the National Government host was broken by the Churchill-Lloyd revolt. This development can best be considered with particular reference to the personal standing of the Conservative leader. The admirers of Mr. Stanley Baldwin can, without difficulty, maintain that the stages of his development have been remarkable, and that his present position is unparalleled. Ten years ago he made an impression as party leader of quite singular ineptitude. Upon his succession to Bonar Law he threw away the Conservative majority amid circumstances that seemed inexplicable, and when the distressing occurrences of 1924 had destroyed the Liberals and given him an enormous majority, Mr. Baldwin, in forming his Government, acted as though he was unaware of what was happening in England. His casual unawareness was even more noticeable in 1926, when the collapse of the General Strike placed in his hands an authority such as no British statesman in time of peace had ever commanded. During the latter

half of 1926 Mr. Baldwin might have taken the position of National Prime Minister, and have insisted upon his colleagues devoting themselves to the shaping of a social programme. But he did not understand this. Having surrendered over the coal subsidy in 1925, he allowed the miners' lockout to continue for six months after the General Strike, and thereafter, with the able assistance of Mr. Churchill at the Exchequer, drifted into the multiple unpopularity which resulted in the second Labour Government.

It is difficult not to believe that the Stanley Baldwin we have been observing since 1931 is a statesman who has made a notable advance in political judgment and in party strategy. At a first glance nothing might seem to be more ludicrous than that the leader of the largest party ever seen in the Commons should be holding the second place and be serving under a Prime Minister without a party, and any outsider can sympathize with the puzzled resentment of rank-and-file Conservatives. But the truth is that Mr. Baldwin has seen the logic of National Government, together with the significance for his party of the liquidation of the old Liberalism. Far more clearly, it would seem, than any of his colleagues he has realized what it means for the Conservative Party to be reinforced by some millions of citizens, men and women, who before 1931 could not have imagined themselves casting a Conservative vote; and in giving effect to his resolve to make the Conservatives into a Centre Party he has been able to count upon the continuing blindness of Mr. Churchill and Sir Henry Page Croft. Their choice of the India Bill as the ground of diehard antagonism to the party leadership is, on the whole, the most amazing adventure in modern British politics—if only for the fact that Mr. Churchill, as an ardent young Liberal, was a maker of the South African Constitution a quarter of a century ago, and as the author of *The World Crisis*, with its candid facing of the results of the War and Versailles, joined hands with Lord Birkenhead and Sir Austen Chamberlain in creating the Irish Free State. To this faction, chiefly, was due the completeness of Mr. Baldwin's triumph at the Queen's Hall in December; and it will be against all the positive evidences as they are displayed at the time of writing if the developments of 1935 do not confirm in all important matters

the reading of the situation to which Mr. Baldwin is committed.

Let us turn now to the outlook on the opposition side. The Labour Party at the end of 1931 was left reeling from a triple blow—the MacDonald defection in August, the world's approval of the National Government, and the overwhelming defeat at the polls in October. Not many people outside the Labour movement, I am inclined to think, could estimate fully the effect of the MacDonald-Snowden transfer. It meant the loss, without warning, of the only Labour leaders who, with the single exception of Mr. Lansbury, were known to the entire body of the British working class, and the effect upon the movement was not less desolating than it would have been three years earlier, although it had been abundantly proved that no Government in which they were prominent could be a Government of the Left. Had the fateful decision of those leaders not been made in 1931, it must have come soon afterwards, no matter what the occasion of the Labour Cabinet's fall. Mr. MacDonald could not, in any imaginable circumstances, have formed a third Labour Government, and Lord Snowden's statements, spoken and written, could leave no doubt as to his own knowledge of a complete severance from the party to which his life's devotion had been given.

The resolutions and general tone of the Labour conferences in 1934 seem to have led outsiders to the conclusion that the party is repeating the experience of 1929, and coming into the frame of mind that is produced by an assurance of coming victory. Many people assume that nothing else could account for the reassertion of trade union conservatism and the overwhelming vote against the programme of the Socialist League. But the conferences at Weymouth and Southport do not need, and do not carry, this interpretation. How, it may be asked, is the Labour Party to gain a parliamentary majority at the next general election? The high level of 1929 provides, so far, the standard of measurement. But the by-elections do not indicate a return to that level in the industrial constituencies; it cannot be supposed that the thickly populated new suburbs of the great cities and smaller towns will vote Labour; and there remains the decisive fact that Labour has not yet entered upon the task of converting rural England. A general

election cannot be won without the county divisions. Labour leaders do not impress the rural population, and Labour speakers, as a rule, are without the knowledge and experience necessary for gaining a hearing in the villages. Nor is there much evidence that the Labour Party headquarters is concerned to alter this situation. The party shows no conviction with regard to its agricultural programme, and the leaders seem content to disregard the rural voter, perhaps in dependence upon the incalculable chances of the single-member constituency.

We do not go, in these days, to the Prime Minister for objective comments upon Labour, but Mr. MacDonald was certainly not wrong in saying that his old associates have not yet made Labour a national party. That must and will be done, the task will take longer than the old-line leaders are able to realize. Towards its completion three things at least, I submit, are necessary. The first is a new relation between the trade unions and the Parliamentary Party, and a solution of the problem of leadership. The fact has become increasingly significant that the men of greatest influence in the unions, such as Walter Citrine and Ernest Bevin, are not in the House of Commons and have no wish to be. The second is a new status for the local Labour parties. It is a point of some little interest that these are called parties and not branches. There are some 600 of them, not yet organized upon either a regional or a national basis. They have no organic relation with the National Executive, which is, from their point of view, a remote authority out of touch with the rank and file. The organization of the local parties would obviously work a great change in the constituencies, and it would make possible the fulfilment of the neglected 1918 ideal—eloquently developed in Mr. Sidney Webb's pamphlet, *Labour and the New Social Order*—through a large fresh enlistment of workers by hand and brain. And the third necessity—need one say?—is a full recognition of the governing fact that the old politics are dead—including, emphatically, the Socialism of the eighteen-eighties. That form of Socialism provided the basis for a most effective evangelism and a wonderful burst of working-class self-sacrifice—see, for example, Lord Snowden's chapters in his Autobiography describing the apostolic epoch of Keir Hardie's I.L.P. The old Labour Party politics were rooted in

agitation; but what has agitation to do with a party which has twice been compelled to shoulder the responsibility of this nation and Empire? To that question one may add another. Of what value to the Labour Party, not yet recovered from a smashing defeat, can it be for the National Executive to formulate and publish a series of elaborate programmes dealing with the nationalization of public services and essential industries, with the banks and international finance, with the land, the Empire and what not, before the influential groups in the movement have been brought to agreement upon the half-dozen major issues of policy and procedure, and before the rank and file have been educated and organized to support the leaders when next the national opportunity and obligation shall recur?

That, it seems to be agreed, cannot be as a result of the next general election. But suppose, amazingly, it should: what would be the procedure of the Labour leaders, and to which of them would be committed the responsibility of forming the Government? The answer to the first part of the question is not, I believe, in doubt. The party in the country would insist that a third Labour Cabinet must start by using its majority to put through the House of Commons an important measure of Socialist policy, and must be prepared to confront the full consequences. Or, alternatively, in the event of its being compelled, against its declared intention, to assume office without a majority, the Labour Cabinet would have to follow a similar line—that is, to challenge the House upon a first-rate Socialist proposal preparatory to a referendum election.

This would appear to be in the logic of the situation. But then, what of the Parliamentary leader? Where is the next Labour Prime Minister? He is not at present in the House. Mr. Henderson is retiring as a Nobel prizewinner. Mr. Lansbury is a veteran. Southport indicated the immediate, though plainly only the intermediate, destiny of Sir Stafford Cripps. Mr. Herbert Morrison's talents and practical competence were abundantly displayed in his control of the conference. But the national leadership is another matter, and it is not impossible that should the urgent call be heard soon Mr. Morrison might still be immersed in the affairs of the London County Council to which, for the sake of the Labour movement,

he must devote himself without stint for some time to come.

The question being asked on all hands is: "What of the General Election? Will it come in 1935?" There is not a political prophet in England who would care to express a positive opinion as the new year begins, but on the other hand, there is not one who would deny the possibility of an appeal to the country in the autumn. From the Government point of view it could be urged that the strong case for an election not before the spring of 1936 has been somewhat modified within the past month or two. It was feared that the India Bill might be in rough waters by the time the second reading was reached. There is now a practically unanimous opinion that its course is clear. In neither House can its enemies hope to embarrass the Government. A smooth passage for this Bill—the first Imperial measure of the age to occupy the leading place in a session—would increase the prestige of the National Government and especially of Mr. Baldwin. The Cabinet may see in it an argument for advancing the date of the election, and a similar argument could be found in the state of the revenue. The surplus of 1934 greatly encouraged Mr. Chamberlain. He had hopes of two good years. But of such hopes he does not now speak, so we must infer that he is not expecting to make an effective electioneering Budget in 1936. Two successive Budgets without relief for the taxpayer would be a poor record for the National Government. Nor should we overlook the twofold fear that is present to all Governments with a large majority—first, of overstaying their welcome, and secondly, of giving their opponents a longer time for preparation. In either case, coming this year or next, the election will be no less important than interesting; and as to its significance there can be no difference of opinion. It will settle the fate of the Liberal Party. It will almost certainly solve the at present baffling question of Mr. MacDonald's future. It will mark a decisive stage in the strange career of Mr. Baldwin, and reveal the lines of a new Conservative Party. It may well be a decisive event in the history of British constitutionalism. And finally—the news comes as this article is being finished—Mr. Lloyd George proclaims that his hat, once more, is in the ring!

THE WISE CHINESE

BY PEARL BUCK

SOONER or later the visitor to China will hear long complacent explanations of the prevalence of graft. He hears that though the crusader and the missionaries may fight their hearts out trying to change the system, the wise man learns to accept it and to look upon graft as a part of Chinese life—as the habit of centuries. Yet, although it is true that a wily servant, or a tricky merchant in China will set the white man growling with home sickness for his own honest countrymen, nevertheless a day in New York or Chicago sends his heart flying across the Pacific again, hurt and seeking refuge in the Chinese, who at least do not pretend to Puritan heights of perfection.

Whether graft permeates all Chinese life I do not know. It is true that in private as well as in public life certain forms of graft are accepted. The servants in a household have a regular part of their income from "squeeze". This is clearly understood and the proceeds are fairly divided. The cook gets five per cent of all grocery bills, and he charges from five to ten per cent extra on all purchases he makes in the market. The house boys get five per cent on laundry bills, on shoes made for the family, on tailor bills, on all purchases made at shops or from dealers at the door. The carpenter, the tinner, the general repair man, must expect to pay the servants with a generous tip at New Year time or by a piece of work, a milk box made into a trunk, or a tin box for rice. Every expenditure made for the household is taxed by the servants not less than five per cent., not more than ten per cent. This form of graft is perfectly open and known, and the wise mistress ignores it.

In official life graft takes three forms chiefly: Illegal taxes privately imposed by officials above and beyond official taxes,

as well as actual falsification of amounts of official taxes collected so that a certain proportion is retained by the official; nepotism and "friend pidgin"; and third, the graft which results from the attitude common to many officials anywhere, that laws are made for the common people only and rulers are above them.

The evils of unjust and illegal taxation are perhaps the most serious which the Chinese people have to endure. The rapid change in officials during the last few years, the constant pressure of civil war which has given war lords permanent excuse for extortion on the grounds of defending the peace, the lack of a strong central authority, have made it possible for taxes to be collected in many regions as much as ten years in advance, and in a few regions even fifty years in advance. Officials have superimposed all sorts of special famine relief taxes, or "patriotic" taxes, or opium suppression taxes and many others, and since there is no accounting required for such accumulation, it is beyond doubt that much of it goes into the pockets of collectors and officials.

Where the family is still the ruling unit, as it is in China, nepotism must necessarily exist on a large scale. So long as a family is responsible for the support of any and all indigent and disabled members, so long must it be expected that a man will fill any posts at his disposal with jobless nephews and brothers in order to ease his own burden. There is a certain reasonableness in this, for in China the family performs the duties which in many western countries are performed by the State. There are no State institutions for the poor, the aged, the helpless, or the defective. Each family is expected to care for its own. The result is much the same as in other countries, but the funds are collected differently. The public pays in either case, in the West by open taxation, in the East by more devious means.

And, indeed, one cannot fail in sympathy sometimes for the harassed man in an official or even a private position who is perhaps the only one in a large family who has a salary, and who must feed and house and clothe any relative of his who comes to his door or is within his house, and who must see that the dead are buried and the young married, and not only simply buried and married, but buried and married in a style becoming to the family, so that the family honour will not be sacrificed.

And public opinion in China approves this. As yet it would be considered a serious lapse on the part of an individual if he let his family suffer in order to serve the State more honestly. After all, the State is nothing but other people's families, and each must consider first his own, if he is a filial son and a true brother to those who depend upon him.

"Friend pidgin" is only an enlarged nepotism. A man helps his friends in the time of his prosperity, not only out of genuine friendliness but as an investment against a possible or probable day of adversity. When such a day comes, he may go boldly and without shame to this friend and ask for aid, and that because once he aided them. The need is the more real since there is general belief in the wheel of fate, whereby today's rich man is tomorrow's beggar. There is little or no protection of an individual's position in Chinese society beyond the strength inherent in money, or arms, or special privilege; and should these fail, as they may fail at any whim of a ruler or change of circumstance, all that is left is friends who are bound by previous obligations.

Said the American mother of a Chinese son who is trying to make him ready for life in his own society: "It seems to me the education I give my boy, and all the training I try to instil into him, and all the ability he may possess will not serve him without friends. The only way he can rise is by having the right friends. Yes, I am frankly cultivating certain people for my son's sake". It is true that friends are a guarantee of security in a society full of insecurity, where, because there are not public laws of government to stand upon, each man, whether commoner or governor, must forge as strongly as he can the personal laws of family and friendship.

How peculiar it is that the Chinese official, or great man, should feel himself above the laws of the land I do not know. But in China, at any rate, one of the real obstacles to progress in modern times has been the tendency of officials, high and low, as well as of rich men and men of influence and place, to think that laws are made only for the poor and common folk, who do not know how to behave. Here the graft may not be in actual cash, but in some form of special privilege, such as exemption from taxation and customs, duties and rights of entry into for-

bidden areas, and innumerable local privileges of a like nature.

This self-arrogated immunity has its beginnings perhaps in the Confucian teachings of the superior man who is to be so disciplined in virtue that he need be governed by no law, having, indeed, fulfilled the Christian conception of those who no longer live by law because they live by grace. If officials were truly the men Confucius says they ought to be, all would be well enough; but unfortunately they are still a little lower than the angels, although they are not willing to acknowledge it. The result often is that laws are practically nullified, because when higher officials consider themselves above the law, lesser officials ape them, and their servants follow suit, and penalties are avoided to a degree which makes the laws too frequently useless except in the case of a man unfortunate enough to be poor and helpless. The fact is also that the State in many regions of China does not prosecute, and quarrels and judgments for crimes committed are settled out of court, or brought before local courts notoriously open to favour the man who gives the largest bribes. Unequal as justice is in any land, there is as yet in China very little machinery set up for the administering of justice, and bribery is universal.

There is no way of making comparisons about graft in different countries. The confirmed expatriate, at least in China, tends to idealize his own people the longer he stays away from his country. He usually belongs to a small and ruling group of white men, and his society becomes ingrowing and self-congratulatory. He compares himself and his fellows not with equals or superiors in Chinese circles, but with the servant or the coolie or the compradore, who is all too frequently and unfortunately the only one with whom he comes into intimate contact. Because his servant takes a squeeze of five dollars a month, he believes the gossip that General Wang takes a squeeze of a million dollars a month. Because a wretched rickshaw puller trades off a false coin for change, he believes the president of a Chinese bank capable of speculation on a large scale, as indeed he doubtless sometimes is, in common with his fellow bankers in other lands.

But the expatriate forgets this. He asserts loudly that in a

white man's country such things couldn't happen. Officials in his country are more honest—"they have to be", he says, "or the people wouldn't stand for them". He views with the utmost disgust the placid Chinese who accepts without disturbance graft in high places and low, although he is sure he is not ignorant of it.

To a certain degree, in a certain way, the expatriate is right. There is a difference, for instance, between my own countrymen and Chinese. Americans do not apparently view this matter of graft so nonchalantly as the Chinese. There seems to be knowledge everywhere of graft in our political and economic systems, but the American when he discovers proof of it is highly irritated, and demands punishment if possible of a fairly severe sort.

The reason for this hatred of graft on the part of the average American is as yet fairly obscure to me. It cannot be simply moral, for too often he succumbs to similar temptation when opportunity comes. The number of people in America who are willing, and even eager, to get something for nothing seems not noticeably fewer than in China. I have been told by civil servants that persons who receive their salaries out of public funds tend, unless they struggle against it, to become lazy and lax, and to look upon such funds not as a trust to be wisely expended, but as an inexhaustible supply—an attitude common to public servants in any country. And graft on a princely scale is, of course, to be discovered on the front pages of many American newspapers.

But here I halt. Here is the difference in the American and Chinese attitude toward graft. In Chinese papers graft is not a matter for headlines. It is not of sufficient interest. It is not news. In America, surely, it cannot be news either; yet, the discovery of it is always a public excitement. Of course it is quite true that in China modern government is comparatively new, and as yet has no adequate machinery for prosecuting public officials, or private individuals, guilty of graft on a large scale. And it is equally true that a certain delicate situation prevails which would make it dangerous and unpleasant for many persons to begin a campaign of the sort. There are glass houses in China also. Even though there were not, it would

not be wise to throw stones. For some day the over-zealous thrower of stones might need friends to whom to fly, and there is no one so friendless in the world as a thrower of stones among glass houses in China, no one so friendless and no one so defenceless in his turn. And his turn will inevitably come. Men learn, therefore, to turn a blind eye and a deaf ear, and to value their friends for their virtues. After all, the successful grafter is usually the soul of generosity to his friends, and it pays to prolong his success.

I do not believe that this difference in attitude towards a fairly well-known fact of life anywhere springs from a real inequality in morals. Moreover, the American has more to support him than does the Chinese. He has a public opinion which, however secretly it may countenance and take part in graft, is still ashamed to acknowledge it openly. He has a machinery of justice whose function is to punish the thief and the robber, at least when enough attention is called to him, so that the people will become unfortunately incensed if the machinery is not set into motion. He has, most important of all, a policing system which protects a plaintiff, so that he need not fear, usually, a personal revenge.

But the Chinese would say calmly—as indeed he must, for what else can he do?—"Why should I expend my precious life force in anger against an evil I cannot hope ever in my lifetime to overcome by any amount of anger? The evil is universal, it must remain universal, *so long as things are as they are*. It only behoves me to be more watchful, more distrustful, to avoid, in so far as I am able, being at the mercy of anyone. If I am helpless, as I must be before a public official, let me bide my time until his hour is come, and then I will join in his downfall. For Heaven does not allow the evil to live for ever. When Heaven strikes, I will strike". And he buttons his pocket more securely for the future.

Nor does his philosophy prevent his making use of any of his own opportunities, if he is so minded, although I do not believe that there are more sticky palms in China than elsewhere in the world—certainly not if they are friendly palms. Nowhere can there be a higher standard of friendship, where literally a friend is closer than a brother. A friend who makes profit from a

friend is held to be despicable. But it is only human to profit by the stranger and by those whom one dislikes. It is not wrong for a shopkeeper to double the price of an article on his counter when a foreigner asks for it. He has no relation to the foreigner, and there is no reason why he should not profit by his passing. But let some circumstance make a friendliness between the two and the price will fall to its proper scale. There is something above profit even to a shopkeeper. There is *li*, there is right conduct.

There is then this guiding principle in Chinese life, this ruling reasonable principle of *li*. *Li* is, in short, the principle of reason, the principle which understands and weighs before condemning, which takes into consideration the necessities of humanity before it imposes the ideals of austerity. It is humanism in its purest essence. It governs even graft in China. It has made the Chinese accept with equanimity the squeeze of his cook, for so cooks have always done, and the wage is fixed with squeeze in the minds of both. With equal equanimity he accepts also the larger squeeze of the magistrate who rules over him, for the magistrate must live as well as the cook, and he has his rights, too.

There is only one time when the philosophy halts, and that is when cook or magistrate takes more than he should—when, in other words, he violates *li* or reason, and behaves outrageously. Then, be he cook or magistrate, his end is come. A mob of angry farmers, who were patient and without complaint under years of illegal taxation, may suddenly rise with grim ferocity and sack a magistrate's court and drive him out or even kill him, not because he grafted, but because he grafted too much and beyond what was expected of him. At that hour men could rise up in protest, for the right was with them and it was Heaven's will.

The whole scheme of life in China is based in accordance with *li*, on acceptance of a certain amount of inevitable graft. Official salaries, as well as servants' wages, take graft into consideration. Where no moneys pass and there is no possibility of graft, the wage rises accordingly. College professors are paid relatively well, as are all teachers and clerks who handle no funds. In a way, therefore, graft does less injury to the

public in China than it does in America, where the scheme ignores or denies the possibility of graft, where the wage scale is immeasurably higher, and where graft is so much extra, both to him who gains and to him who loses by it.

If morals have little or nothing to do with the different attitude toward graft between the two countries, there is another basic cause for the difference. It is that the Chinese are more rational than Americans. They are rational above all people on earth. They do not blindly accept things as they are. They are truly fatalistic in the passive and unintelligent sense of the word. But they do accept things as they are until they can be changed in one way or another. However they may plan to deceive the stranger, among themselves they acknowledge completely and without pretence their every situation. No fair words put forth by a governor or a general ever deceived any Chinese. Behind the noble flowery phrases he casts up quickly the cost of what is wanted. If it is within reason, or if the circumstances are beyond his control, he pays what he cannot escape. If the cost is too great, there are ways.

For the Chinese is wise in life. He does not demand of his officials an impossible purity. He knows his own frail human heart, how easily he is tempted and how naturally he falls, and shrewdly he surmises that if his own heart is thus, every other is at least as likely to be so. Nor does this mean that the Chinese is bitter or even cynical—quite the reverse, since there is no one so really bitter, or so entirely cynical, as the disappointed idealist who discovers human nature. The workaday Chinese is without romantic idealism and he is not disappointed. He remains good-humoured, and if he makes allowances for himself, so does he for everyone else. In a country where every office is unstable, where today's government office may tomorrow be given to another, where a general of the morning may by night be decapitated or taking refuge in a foreign tour, he knows graft is to be expected. A man faced continually with the possibility of change and downfall, and with many dependent upon him, must be superhuman to resist taking all he can when he can. And the Chinese recognize the fact that circumstances determine morals. It may even be moral for a man to squeeze,

since his first duty is to his family and he must provide for them at any cost. It is his highest responsibility, for according to Chinese code a man must care for his parents first, and then his own children, and wife, and brothers and sisters. If these are destitute it is a primary crime.

This does not mean that the Chinese are not making fairly consistent efforts, particularly toward steadying their governmental offices sufficiently to provide the security necessary for less graft. They are trying to do so, and the trend is toward building up a public opinion which demands more honest officials. But they do not make impossible demands even upon their highest officials until it is fair to do it. The foundation of security must be built before a sound superstructure of official honesty can be raised.

For the Chinese mind is too essentially rational to set up a standard for character which the conditions of the time make impossible of fulfilment. And the Chinese can wait. They know what is right and advisable. Like all other peoples, they prefer honest officials, and the honest man, whether worker or ruler, is worthy of honour when he is found. The noble exception is always to be praised. But the ideal is not tarnished because it is not now possible to fulfil it, nor is a man dishonourable because it is not convenient, or expedient, or possible for him in his present circumstances to achieve the ideal which he very well knows and would like to achieve if he could.

I once went into a temple of great beauty, but where the priests were notoriously corrupt and evil livers. While I stood in the main hall an old man came in to worship. He performed his devotions humbly and sincerely, and when he was ready to go I followed him, and out of curiosity, I asked: "Does it not disturb you that the priests of this god are so known for their evil?"

To this he answered simply: "It is true they are evil, but what has that to do with the god? Because they are evil, shall I allow it to disturb me? It does not disturb the god. He sits serene and pure above their evil". I had no answer. Indeed, the Chinese do not lack very real ideals. They know as well as any on earth what each man should be in his position, and the ideal is not shaken because a faulty man falls short.

Nor is he harsh in his judgment upon the faulty man. He knows the pressure of life upon us all. I am reminded of an incident in my own household where my gardener took a higher squeeze on our coal bill than he should. Embarrassed by the fact that his morality was obviously to my benefit, I diffidently approached him from another plane. I suggested that he might be happier in himself if he were a really honest man. He was cleaning out ashes at the time, and he turned an earnest, smutted face towards me and answered humbly: "My mistress, of course, I would like to be an honest man. Of course I should be better satisfied with myself. But how can I? If I were to turn truly honest, in a year I and my family would be dead of starvation. Why, if the world could be exactly divided into one-half honest people and one-half dishonest, I would gladly take a chance and join the honest ones. But when all the world is dishonest, how can I so utterly throw aside my duty to my family?"

Against such logic I was silent, for indeed I had no answer.

The Chinese knows that honesty must be made possible before it can be made essential. This is, of course, what the American cannot realize. The whole philosophies of the two peoples starts from opposite poles. The Chinese starts with knowledge of life as it is and makes his deductions of what it ought to be and expects no sudden miracles, knowing well how easily compelled is the human heart. The American, born of his Puritan forefathers and nourished by an idealistic religion which does not involve itself with the actual life of the nation, begins his philosophy in dreams and builds his laws on what ought to be rather than what can be.

Essentially there is as much insecurity in American life as in Chinese, even in so-called normal times, for we can set off the effects of our depression against the usual flood-famine-war combinations in China; the insecurity in American political life, at least, is enormous. Every major official, for instance, knows that he holds his place secure only for the presidential term of four years. He must make it worth while in one way or another to leave his usual business and go into government. It is inevitable that many such persons must feel temptation very heavy upon them.

Nor have we, as had the Chinese, particularly in the past, any safeguard of natural selection. That is, democracy of the American variety provides no means of choosing the more intelligent and benevolent minds to govern others. The examination system of old China, the high educational standard of new China, provide a fairly sure selection of at least the best of the nation, and, therefore, those who may have more conscience on the taking of graft than would the average man. We in America have not even so selective a system as in the English government, where there is a certain *noblesse oblige* among able minds to take an active part in government. It is inevitable, therefore, that where conditions are so ideally prepared for graft as they are in America, graft must exist on a large scale, whether the idealist will face it or not. The Chinese realist—naturalist, if you like—would acknowledge it and set about removing root causes, if he could, rather than be content to punish notorious individual cases and ignore the whole basic condition. Or, if he could do nothing basic, he would, as he has done in the past and is doing now, set certain recognized limits to the evil, choosing to do this rather than to live in a world of fantasy and of seeming rather than actuality. The American is perhaps an incurable romantic, who turns away from anything "depressing", whether it be in life or in literature. He says: "I see enough evil—I want to think about something pleasant". So he escapes into a false heaven. The Chinese says: "Is this life? Let me know it, since it is all I can know, evil and good". And he finds content and peace in knowing, and in adjusting his inner life to his knowledge. He can no longer be hurt, since he knows everything.

For he recognizes, this wise Chinese, wise when he is born, whose elders teach him an old wisdom of how to live happily in a hard world, that the moral nature of man is not a fixed thing, nor can religion or philosophy fix it. Honesty, like all the other virtues, is entirely relative and relative fundamentally to but one condition, and that is economic. When a people is rich and prosperous doors need not be locked and goods may be left unheeded. But in times of distress and need, whether individual or not, standards change. When the distress becomes national, there is a widespread change of habits of honesty.

There are perfectly obvious examples of this in our own times. Seven years ago I chanced to spend a few months in an American university town. No one thought of locking up anything. I went away for days at a time leaving my house unlocked. It was an amazement to me, accustomed as I had been to a very different state of affairs in China. A Chinese friend of mine, who happened to be in the same American town, said: "I have been here three years, and although no one locks his house, I have not heard man or woman complain of anything being stolen". I went back to China overwhelmed with respect for my own countrymen.

Last year I returned to the same town and immediately felt more at home. I was told I must keep my door locked, even though I left the house for half an hour. There were so many thieves about. What had happened? Simply that economic conditions in America were approaching those which China has had to struggle under for centuries, and human nature had responded in America as it has in China. A man is not above his fellows, and never has it been more clearly proven than in the changing moral standards in many American communities with the continued depression. America is much more like China today than she was seven years ago. If the depression should continue indefinitely, in fifty years, perhaps less, there might be little or no difference in our living conditions and, therefore, in our standards of honesty.

The Chinese, then, in his attitude towards graft does not demand what is above human ability to perform. In hard times, in insecure tenure, in economic depression, he knows what must result. A national life of forty centuries, with innumerable wars and vast depressions, has taught him wisdom, and we of America are just beginning that long, long road which the Chinese have travelled. I suppose somewhere along the way we, too, will learn to view without romanticism life as it really is, and find it humorous and worth living, grafters and all.

THE FRENCH POLICE AND THEIR METHODS

BY PHILIP CARR

SNUB nose, large black moustache, low forehead, plethoric neck, unshaven and heavy jaw, a bowler hat pressed low down over the eyebrows, a bulging umbrella, large hands and, above all, enormous feet in heavy hobnailed boots which betray his occupation, whatever may be the disguise which he is assuming at the moment—this repulsive figure, standardized by the caricaturists, would at once be recognized by any Frenchman. It is the *policier*.

Now the first mistake which an Englishman is likely to make is to think that a *policier* is a policeman. In England the police force performs three functions—the detection and arrest of criminals, the protection of the State and of the individual, and the maintenance of public order. In France these functions are allotted separately to independent forces, and although the activities of these forces sometimes overlap, the word *policier* would never be used to describe the uniformed official whose chief duty is the keeping of the peace. That duty used to be performed entirely by the gendarmerie, mounted and foot, and it is still performed by the gendarmerie in country districts. In the towns it is performed by a body which is called the *police municipale*, though no member of it would be described as a *policier*. In most towns this municipal police is under the control of the municipality, as its name implies. In Paris, it is under the direct authority of the government, which authority is exercised by a high official called the Prefect of Police. The Paris uniformed policeman, who is often colloquially spoken of as an *agent*, should really be called a *gardien de la paix*, for that has been his official title since 1870. Before that it had been *sergent de ville* ever since the original creation of the force in 1829. There are more than ten thousand of him, and, in his dark blue uniform and military cap he is inseparable from the Paris landscape,

whether he is on point duty or engaged in controlling the traffic with his white baton.

Thus it will be seen that if "*policier*" cannot be translated by "policeman," neither can "policeman" be translated by "*gendarme*"—at least as far as Paris is concerned. The *gendarme* is officially a soldier. He has, in fact, nearly always passed out of the army as a non-commissioned officer, and he is commanded by officers who enter this service as one of the branches of the military career. Although the gendarmerie can be called upon by the civil authority to perform certain tasks connected with the maintenance of order and they even seek out and arrest criminals in country villages, they are commanded and administered, not by the Ministry of the Interior, but the Ministry of War. They wear military uniform and they are never allowed to wear civilian clothes. Their methods and tradition of work are military. They always operate in pairs, and their reports are in military form. In Paris, where a certain number of them are stationed as a reserve force in case of disorder and as a personal guard for the President of the Republic, they are called, not Gendarmerie, but Garde Républicaine.

In addition to the Gendarmerie and to the regular troops—which latter can be called upon in the last resort to co-operate in the maintenance of order—the civil authority has also had at its disposal, since 1927, another military force, called the Garde Républicaine Mobile, which was specially created in order that it should not be necessary to use the army in connection with civil disturbances. This Garde Mobile is recruited in the same manner as the Gendarmerie, and its units are stationed in small towns where they are not likely to come under revolutionary political influences, but from which they can rapidly be moved to any centre of trouble. It was this Garde Mobile which was brought into action in Paris on the occasion of the riots of February 6th.

So much for the *gendarme* and the *gardien de la paix*. But it is neither the *gendarme* nor the *gardien de la paix* with which public opinion is at present dissatisfied. They are both virtually above suspicion. The real villain is the *policier*.

Now what really is the *policier*? From the portrait which I have sketched of him in my opening paragraph, you will have

38 THE FRENCH POLICE AND THEIR

gathered that the popular view of him is not complimentary, his worst he is regarded as being open to corruption, if not likely deliberately to attempt to extract blackmail, as being at work for the benefit of political and financial cabals at least as often as for the public welfare; as being the familiar associate of criminals, for whom he obtains immunity in return for their services as informers; of being certainly the spy of the Home Government and perhaps of some foreign government as well, and in any case of pursuing a dirty trade by dirty and underhand methods. Sacha Guitry once wrote a play about a jewel thief who was almost reformed by the charming creature whom he had robbed, but who refrained from having him arrested. When she meets him again in the last act, she is delighted to learn that he has given up thieving. "But I have fallen lower still", he confesses. "What?" "I belong to the police"—and everyone in the audience understood.

You cannot translate "*policier*" by "detective"—for it means that and much more. It means even more than can be covered by "plain clothes police officer". For the *policier* may not only belong to the extensive political security service, but to the sections concerned with the regulation of prostitution or the control of gambling clubs, with neither of which the British police has anything to do. Politically, his job has been described by a humorist as being to make things as uncomfortable as possible for the opponents of the Government, chiefly by means of an unwholesome curiosity into the private affairs of individuals; and the number of quite ordinary and quite innocent people in Paris about whom a police dossier exists would hardly be believed if it were known.

The method of assuring the security of the government by discovering embarrassing facts in the lives of people who are or may become its opponents is older than the Republic. Louis XV is known not only to have had an official police constantly engaged in searching for conspiracies against the government and damaging facts about suspected individuals, but a second secret police of his own, to watch the official police in case they came under the influence of his enemies. Both Napoleon I and Napoleon III had enormous political police organizations; and Fouché, the great Napoleon's Minister of Police, has become

a well-known historical figure. Everyone was a police spy, if not an *agent provocateur*.

Things are not as bad as that to-day. Opposition to the government or even to the Republic no longer needs to burrow underground, and the *Action Française* can daily advocate the overthrow of the Republic and a return to the Monarchy, just as the *Humanité* can daily advocate its destruction in favour of Communism. The police spies have much less to discover.

Nevertheless, something of the bad habits and the bad tradition remains, and there are certain circumstances in parliamentary government as it exists in France which have favoured the development of the political police in another form.

The private member in the French Chamber of Deputies possesses an individual power far greater than that of the private member of the House of Commons. This is due, partly to his possessing the right to initiate expenditure, and partly to the government being unable to curtail the time allotted to private members' Bills. It is, however, still more due to the interdependence of the two facts: first, that the loose group system and the virtual necessity of forming a new government without a dissolution if the existing government is defeated makes the ministerial majority very fluid, and the possibility of the support, now or in the future, of each Deputy an independently valuable thing, for which it is worth while for a Minister to negotiate; and, second, that the professional career and promotion of every soldier, sailor, and civil servant and every magistrate, judge and police official in the country depend directly upon the Minister for the time being in office.

This gives the private Deputy an enormous pull. He can make his political support or promise of support turn upon a Minister giving promotion to a protégé. He therefore becomes an influential person around whom intrigues and competitions and all sorts of more or less honourable bargains and exchanges are liable to be fomented. Add to this an unhappy inheritance from the days of political spying and denunciation, and it is easy to see how influence easily becomes corruption and how personal pressure easily becomes something which approaches blackmail. It is not always easy to say how far French political combinations are really governed by the fear of one politician that unless he

comes to terms with another, the latter may reveal something about him which he would prefer not to have publicly known, for many of the accusations which are made of this kind of pressure are perhaps irresponsible. But it is certain that success in other arenas which are not political is often made to turn, not only upon bringing personal influence to bear in a positive sense, but upon bringing pressure to bear in a negative sense. *Le piston et le chantage*—favouritism and blackmail—these are the unpleasant symptoms in French political and professional life to-day.

Of the grave results which this state of things is liable to produce in the administration of justice, this is not the place to deal. But as far as the police are concerned, it is clear that much of their activity must be directed along an unwholesome channel if there are many people trying to discover some incident discreditable, if possible, or, failing that, merely embarrassing through its intimacy, in the private lives of people upon whom it may be desirable at some time to exercise pressure or in the lives of their relations.

The dissatisfaction which certainly exists regarding the police in France is not so much directed against what is believed to be their incompetence, for they are not really incompetent, but is prompted by the suspicion that if they do not bring criminals to justice, they have been corruptly prevented from doing so for political reasons or for reasons which at any rate concern the personal influence of politicians. M. Léon Daudet, once more in the *Action Française*, writes and publishes with impunity that the Sûreté Nationale is the "active and murderous wing of Freemasonry", and there are many good Catholics, up and down the country, who are convinced that there is a Masonic—and therefore, in France, anti-Catholic—gang in this branch of the police which murdered Stavisky and arranged the crime as suicide which murdered M. Léon Daudet's son some years ago, and arranged that crime to look like suicide; and is now engaged in trying to prove the suicide of the judge, M. Prince, whom it murdered for its own purposes and the purposes of Radical politicians also.

Meanwhile, quite apart from direct political connections, there is the case of the police inspector Mariani, at Lille, who undoubtedly used his position to carry on a prosperous business as

blackmailer by extorting money from people whom he threatened with prosecution; and this case is believed to be far from the only one.

Before trying to examine the causes of these defects and the remedies which have been suggested for them, let us see what really is the organization in France for the prevention of crime and the detection and arrest of criminals.

First of all, we shall notice that at the very centre, in Paris, there are two organizations, and that there is considerable jealousy and indeed bitter rivalry between them. Paris is the only town in France whose chief police officer is directly appointed by the government and is responsible only to the government. This officer, the Prefect of Police, has the whole police organization of Paris under his control. The organization may be divided into three main departments. By far the largest is the Police Municipale, or uniformed *gardiens de la paix*, to which I have already referred. Then comes the Police Administrative, which issues all kinds of documents, including passports and licences for motor cars, theatres, lodging houses, foreigners' identity cards, markets and so forth. Anyone who wants one of these licences must go to the enormous building of the Préfecture de Police, opposite Notre Dame, to fetch it. Lastly, there is the Police Judiciaire, which deals with breaches of the law, as well as with such things as the supervision of prostitution (the *brigade mondaine*), public companies and the Bourse (the *brigade financière*), gambling (the *brigade des jeux*), and other brigades concerned with foreigners, political agitation and the Press. The Police Judiciaire deals with every crime which is committed in Paris and its suburbs, and the local Commissaires de Police in the sixteen districts of Paris are under its orders; but as soon as the inquiry goes beyond these limits the case must be handed over to the Sûreté Nationale, which is a department of the Ministry of the Interior and is responsible for the whole police administration of France outside of Paris.

It is the Sûreté Nationale and not the Police Judiciaire which, according to the most violent critics of the Right, is the villain of the piece. The Police Judiciaire is, they say—and especially was when M. Chiappe was Prefect of Police—an admirable body, active and relatively honest. The Sûreté Nationale, on the other

THE CHANGED MOOD OF INDIA

BY MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

CALCUTTA, *December.*

PLACES are seldom as changed as you expect them to be. The crises that, according to newspaper headlines, shake them to their foundations, are more often than not surface affairs. This is particularly true of the East. Even in China, where for years there has been no stable Government or stable currency, no stability at all, there must be millions of peasants for whom life is not much different from what it was before Sun Yat-sen was heard of; so, too, in India, civil disobedience has washed over the country, and is now, for the time being at least, spent, and nothing much remains to show that it ever existed.

Yet, places do change, even the East, and perhaps nowadays particularly. It is true that the number of individuals concerned is relatively small, that the great bulk of the population continues to go its habitual way; but the minority affected is an important minority, whose influence is all the time percolating downwards, whose mood is a key mood.

When I was first in India as a very young man, the prevailing mood amongst the students with whom I came mostly in contact was one of hysteria. In the towns, in a queer way in the villages too, the air was charged with excitement. Ideals were fabulous, and the more fabulous the better; principles mattered and nothing else mattered. It was Gandhi's heyday. Peasants would tramp for miles just for a sight of him, at most to touch him or hear him speak a few words; amongst students his very name was enough to set them tossing their arms in the air and shouting in their curious insistent way. I realize now more clearly than I did at the time that such a mood was, in one form or another, everywhere then—in Europe as much as in Asia, in me as much as in Indian students or peasants.

Now it has passed. It is not the sort of mood that persists, any more than revivalist religion persists, or than outbursts of

frenzied patriotism persist. By existing, it has elsewhere shaken many things to their foundations and brought some down; the debris it has left behind—dictatorships of all sorts and descriptions, economic chaos, the bitterness and negation of unfulfilled hopes—scarcely makes its memory a pleasurable one; yet, on a long view (last refuge of the soured idealist), who knows? In any case, the mood has passed in India as elsewhere; and a new mood with new potentialities has to be reckoned with.

The most notable indication of this changed mood was Congress's decision to contest the recent Assembly elections, and Gandhi's dwindling, not prestige so much as influence. He is still the outstanding Indian personality; but whereas before his ideas found expression in live political slogans, they are now just ideas, true perhaps, admirable perhaps, but mostly irrelevant as far as the day by day carrying on of the Swaraj movement of Congress is concerned. The Socialists, whose numbers and influence are steadily increasing, have openly repudiated him, because he will not allow that the class war and confiscation of property are compatible with non-violence; the more orthodox Hindus dislike his Harijan campaign, his championship of the Untouchables, and more than dislike, abominate, the non-committal attitude he has persuaded Congress to adopt towards Mr. MacDonald's Communal Award.

At the last Congress session, in Bombay, Gandhi resigned both his leadership and his membership of the organization. "The position at present", he said, "is that I am absolutely helpless. My mind does not work. I am not so foolish a general as to continue at the head of a force when I feel that no good can come of it". His intention was to leave Congress to its electioneering and to devote himself to attacking Untouchability, and to schemes for reviving village industries. There was no bitterness in his departure; only a sense that what he was struggling for was no longer what Congress was struggling for, that their two ways must henceforth diverge.

It is the end of a phase as far as Indian politics are concerned. For the last fourteen years they have been dominated by Gandhi's personality and ideas; every item of policy has had to be translated for his sake into moral values, and the business of demagoguery carried on with prayers and hymns and hand spinning.

It has all led to a great deal of humbug ; it has also, until quite recently, had great publicity value, particularly in the United States. The humbug has been tolerated for the sake of the publicity ; and Swarajists have done their daily bit of spinning, worn their ceremonial homespun and enthusiastically agreed that India's political freedom can be won only by truthfulness and non-violence, in order to be able to associate themselves with Gandhi and share something of the great personal respect in which he has been held.

Lately, however, there has been a reaction. Impatience with Gandhi's leadership has manifested itself sporadically ; and even his most ardent admirers have admitted the necessity of his retirement, have been (though they would never say so) relieved at his withdrawal from active participation in politics. Gandhi's retirement from Congress, and its decision to contest the Assembly elections, mean that in future the Swaraj movement, without technically changing its creed, will be more a political party joining in the rough and tumble of politics than a band of martyrs pitting their holiness against the ruthless brutality of British Imperialism.

For my own part, I like this change of mood, because the old mood, in so far as it was real, bred fanaticism and scrupulosity, engendered qualities which become a saint and blight a politician, and, in so far as it was unreal, bred hypocrisy and insincerity, made it easy for all manner of glib charlatans to climb to leadership. General ideas are always more misleading and dangerous than particular ones ; by relegating its general ideas to a creed which requires only a formal assent, and concentrating its attention on day-by-day tactics, Congress, even though its main electoral slogan was " Down with the White Paper ! " has become more realistic, and therefore more likely to make a helpful contribution to the problem of shaping India's political future—a problem which, after all, cannot be resolved into terms of right and wrong, of oppressed and oppressor, but has to be considered in the light of what it is most expedient to do to-morrow and the day after. Incidentally, Congress's changed mood is reflected in changes that have been instituted in its own organization, all of which are calculated to make it a more compact, more efficient, more workmanlike body.

Thus, though Gandhi continues to preach the spinning wheel and homespun as the only instruments whereby real freedom is attainable, and though Congress theoretically continues to agree with him, its attention is wholly concentrated on the Joint Committee's Report, even, I believe, on the strategic, perhaps careerist, possibilities of the forthcoming constitutional changes. He has accepted this changed situation in practice if not in theory ; has given his blessing to Congress's new tactics, even offered suggestions as to how they may most effectively be carried out (most of the suggestions, for instance, for making Congress's organization more efficient came from him), but has resolutely refused to play any personal part in directing the sort of campaign envisaged by the other Congress leaders.

Gandhi's general ideas served to unify the Swaraj movement ; they were all-inclusive ; their vagueness covered any amount of sectional disagreement, and all manner of men were able to group themselves in the shadow of his Mahatma-hood. Now that this shadow has removed itself, they blink, look round at one another, and begin to realize that their former unity was unsubstantial, that conflicting interests divide them. On a basis of these conflicting interests, splits have occurred in the ranks of Congress.

The first split arose out of the hostility of orthodox Hinduism to the Communal Award.* Congress, Gandhi always claimed, was not communal but national. A little circle of enlightened Moslem Congress members, chief amongst whom is Dr. Ansari, were taken as substantiating his claim ; actually, Congress is, and always was, an essentially Hindu organization. In order to keep up the pretence, however, that it was not communal, it has never committed itself to a specific condemnation of the Communal Award, which, on the whole, favours the Moslems, and is generally approved by them and cordially detested by all

* The Communal Award was made by the Prime Minister in August, 1932, because of the continued failure of the Indian communities to reach an agreement on the communal questions which the Round Table Conference had also failed to solve. The Award reserved certain seats in the Provincial Legislatures to Mohammedans, Europeans, Sikhs, and to certain minorities, and provided for separate communal electorates. The provinces most affected were Bengal, Punjab, Sind and the North-West Frontier Province, where the Moslems either predominate or are most numerous.—Ed.

caste Hindus. So equivocal an attitude offended the more orthodox elements in Congress, who before the recent elections broke away and, under the leadership of Pandit Malaviya, formed themselves into the Congress Nationalist party, with the intention of seeking election to the Assembly and Provincial Legislatures on a straightforward anti-Communal Award policy.

Then there has been a virtual split on the issue of Socialism. Congress mobilized economic as well as political discontent; even revolutionary Marxism hitched its wagon for a little while to Gandhi, and, strangely, subscribed to his gospel of non-violence. Now it, too, has come out into the open, announced that the dispossession of the landlord and capitalist class is a surer means of realizing Swaraj than spinning, and that it is better to foment class-war than civil disobedience. Most competent observers say that the growing enthusiasm for Socialism amongst Swarajists is, perhaps, the most notable recent development in India; and it is freely predicted that, when Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru is released from prison, he is quite likely to capture Congress, and turn it into a revolutionary, as distinct from a Nationalist, organization.

As far as politics are concerned, then, things have changed in the direction of greater realism of outlook.

How has this change affected the position of the ordinary European in India? There is undoubtedly less antagonism directed against him as a European. He is not made to feel, as he was some years ago, that he is an enemy surrounded by enemies. On the surface of things, his position is much more secure than it was, his prestige higher. Yet I doubt if it is really higher. I cannot shake off a queer feeling that he is more easily tolerated than he was because he is less feared. It seems to me that the myth of his innate superiority has been so exploded now that it does not even need to be refuted, but is taken for granted. As I walk about the streets of Calcutta, trying to understand, to tune myself to their ebb and flow, the movement of stealth chattering people, with mutilated beggars whining from the roadside, and the air full of dust and stale fragrance, it is constantly borne in on me that, quite apart from whether there is to be that measure of constitutional advance, even any constitutional advance at all, something is petering out—is it an Empire?

leaving behind fragments of itself, mostly paltry, but soon to be no more.

As far as the Europeans themselves are concerned, they seem very much the same. They have as little to do with India as they can; and perhaps they are right in so doing, because thereby they save themselves from being perpetually reminded of the precariousness of their situation, of the whole unreality of their relationship with the country wherein they live, and the people amongst whom they live.

A European who does not do something of the sort cannot but be vaguely unhappy, uneasy, most of his time. What is to be the end of it all? he wonders, sensing beneath the sound and fury of political agitation a deeper reality, a deeper antagonism—racial antagonism. This is the key to the situation; as long as it exists, no mere constitutional change, however far-reaching, will quieten discontent and bring peace, for racial antagonism means a perpetual state of tension, of morbid sensitiveness, of craven emulation or hysterical assertiveness, of bullying and acceptance of bullying. Probably hysterical assertiveness is better than craven emulation; but the former makes sworn enemies of Government, and the latter the only material available for Indian officials and Ministers. That is to say, generally speaking, the best men waste their energies and deteriorate in the negativeness of unending opposition, while the most inferior only are available for Government service and constitutional co-operation.

The question is, will the new Federal Constitution alter this? Will it lead to Congress's, if not accepting administrative responsibility, at least playing the part of a constructive opposition? If we were to judge from the Congress Press and the speeches of Congress leaders, the signs could not be regarded as very hopeful. But the first reaction in India to the Select Committee's report is not of great importance. Habit and immediate political considerations dictate it; of more importance will be to know how Congress members are going to behave when they again take their places in the Assembly and Provincial Councils, and, later, in the Central Federal Legislature.

Here, I think, the prospects are more hopeful. The change to a more realistic mood, to which I have already referred, will

make a great difference to Congress's political technique. I do not, of course, mean that Congressmen will suddenly show a preparedness to co-operate wholeheartedly in working the new Federal Constitution; but I do mean that their opposition to Government will be less general, and therefore more helpful; than heretofore; that, instead of being based on an emotional, if you-like mystical, conception of themselves playing St. George to a British dragon, it will be based on cynical considerations of strategy, even of personal ambition.

After all, the great thing is to get the political machine working; when once a political machine starts working it has a way of going on, if only because a large number of influential individuals are interested in keeping it going on. For a variety of reasons, the political machine in India (except in Madras) never has been got working; and it seems to me that the prospects of getting it working now, provided nothing untoward happens, and provided there is no undue delay, are better than they have ever been. There is, in fact, a sufficient reserve of cynicism, and a sufficient separating out of cut-and-dried interests, for democratic institutions to have a chance; hitherto Gandhi's saintliness has hung over everything like a mist, obscuring everything.

All this does not mean that I think an All-India Federation is going to prove any more satisfactory than any other attempt to make Democracy flourish in an unfriendly soil. In actual fact, however, the question of whether Democracy is suitable or not for India, is a purely academic one. The point is that there has to be Democracy because there already is Democracy, which, by virtue of its own very nature, has to be extended. Even the bitterest opponents of the White Paper admit as much. Given the necessity of Democracy in India, I submit that: (a) a Federal Constitution such as has been envisaged is the most practical way of providing for a process of constitutional development that has got to take place somehow or other, and soon; and (b) that the circumstances in India to-day, and the mood of politically conscious Indians (who, however small a portion of the population, matter most politically, because they alone are equipped to electioneer, and to man and direct representative institutions) are propitious for such a development.

THE KING CONGRATULATES

BY W. M. LETTS

MRS. CARDINGTON awoke. Her first impression was morning light, and her second nurse's white cap. Then she knew that it was a wonderful day and that she had achieved something, but she could not think what it was. She felt confused: not sure even what was herself and what was not. She needed someone to reassure her, to remind her quietly who she was and why she felt that today was so wonderful.

Then among the light things round her she concentrated her mind on nurse's cap, so winged and starched; under the cap was a pink, cheerful face. The face bent and kissed her. It was cool and the two hands turning her sheet back smelt nicely of soap.

"Dear Mrs. Cardington! I'm the first to congratulate you. This is the great day! You remember, don't you, that it's your birthday to-day? You're a hundred. We're all so excited about you. Isn't it wonderful to have lived for a century?"

Mrs. Cardington's face crumpled. She wanted to cry. Anything affectionate made her want to cry. She echoed "Wonderful", in a tearful voice. Nurse saw the tears and became practical at once.

"But we have to keep you quiet and let it be a nice day for you. Here is your tea, that will make you feel quite bright. Now, just this little piece of bread and butter."

There was a knock at the door. Nurse went to it and peeped out. Her starched apron, her high heels made a pleasant little stir. Mrs. Cardington felt interested; she was wide awake now and eager for the day to bring its attentions.

"This is Kitty, Mrs. Cardington; your new housemaid—you remember? She's asking if she may just congratulate you. Only a minute, Kitty."

A young girl in blue came shyly to the bedside and stood by the curtains at the head. She was pretty and blushing. The

old woman liked pretty girls, she liked them more than old people. She found the old depressing. She smiled at Kitty and held out her hand.

"Be a good girl and you'll be my age some day."

Kitty thought: "Lor! I hope not. Fancy being all so old and crumpled, with little eyes staring out from red lids!" She told it all mentally to Jim, her young man.

"My best wishes, ma'am", she murmured and grew pinker and prettier. Then she rattled the hot water can and went out.

The next to come to the door was the old lady's daughter, Eleanor Cardington. Eleanor was in the seventies. For some years she had seemed much older than her mother. It had taxed all her rather anæmic forces of mind and body to keep the old lady as "wonderful" as everyone said she was. It had needed constant thought and patience and rather hard work, and Eleanor had felt tired all the time.

"Your mother is so wonderful!"

It was the never-failing comment, and Eleanor had always given it a smile and a "Yes, isn't she?" Since she was eighty Mrs. Cardington had taken a pride in her age and resolved to live to be a hundred. When she thought how old she was she felt that Eleanor ought to be young and brisk and amusing. When Eleanor was sixty she was "quite a young woman" and had no business to be so rheumatic and tired and a little deaf withal. The weary acquiescence of her daughter annoyed the old lady. Of course, Mrs. Cardington took the lead in her own home. She had for long had people brought to her sofa, and there in black satin and lace and pearls she had sparkled. "Wonderful!"—they had all said to her. But she was annoyed that Eleanor invariably said "Yes, mama", in a lifeless voice and never kindled an echoed "Wonderful!" when the visitors had gone.

Now here was Eleanor in that ugly dark red dressing-gown, with her grey hair so straight and screwed into a little knot above her neck.

"Well, dear mama; a happy day to you."

Eleanor bent and kissed her in the usual, dutiful, undevoted way.

"How did she sleep?" Eleanor asked the nurse.

Mrs. Cardington hated to be talked about as if she were a lay-figure.

"We had a very good night, thanks, Miss Cardington, and this will be a great day if we just keep it quietly up here. I know Dr. Munsey will be here to congratulate his patient, and the Rector, I suppose, and of course, the family—the great granddaughter."

"Yes, I shall see whom I choose, Eleanor", the old lady said, peevishly. "You can keep the others downstairs. But I want to know who comes. You so often forget . . ."

"Very well, mama! Just as you like, but you must have a quiet morning."

She trailed her flannel draperies through the door, and her mother lay with a little frown on her face.

Again there was a knock, but it was followed immediately by a brisk figure, a woman with white hair and a young face. She was dressed in a pretty homespun. Her day seemed already well begun and well-enjoyed. Nurse smiled her welcome.

"Ah! here's Lady Netley."

Mrs. Cardington opened her eyes and held out shrivelled, wincey-clad arms.

"Violet, darling!"

"Dear Granny! You look splendid, all the better for being a hundred. We're all as proud as proud can be. The village was all talking about you last night when I was in the post office. 'Our great old lady,' they call you."

Again the old face crumpled up with emotion, so the speaker, clasping the claw-like hand in her own, spoke in a matter-of-fact voice at once.

"Yes, everyone is proud of you. I'll come back after I've had breakfast and read you the letters and tell you who calls. No one shall bother you. You are queen of the day, to see or not to see. I fancy there'll be one very special telegram. Now we must let nurse settle you comfortably and put your flowers about, but not too many. You don't like too many scented flowers, I know."

"No, no. And the child?"

Mrs. Cardington struggled for a name.

"My Primrose, you mean? She'll be here soon. She's

coming over in her car. She's nineteen now, granny. Such a grown-up girl she is. I fear she'll be marrying next. Now, dear, I must run downstairs. The house is quite bustled about you. I believe I hear the telephone."

The old lady submitted herself to all the ministrations which made her look more like the Mrs. Cardington who had so long held sway at the Cedars. Her cap, her Shetland shawl, her handkerchief. She was complete at last, and then she fell asleep again till beef tea time. She was drowsy through the morning, and vague about herself and that curious world of bedroom round her. Sometimes it was a confusing place and she did not think it was her room at all. At other times she thought that strange people peered and whispered about her.

It was not till the afternoon that she felt more herself.

"I want Violet . . . Lady Netley", she said.

Her day attendant went out obediently. Mrs. Cardington looked at the white ceiling. "Lady Netley", she repeated. It had given her vast pleasure when this little title had come to her grand-daughter. Hubert Netley, an excellent and reliable civil servant, had been given his K.C.B., and the joy of it still came to the grandmother. It was a sign of success, of her own success. She had a grand-daughter with a title who went to court, even as she in her young days had gone to Queen Victoria's court. Ah! there she was. Violet always seemed to bring life with her. She was like a fresh June wind

"Now, granny dear", she said cheerfully, "I'll read you a few of the telegrams. The royal one came while you were asleep. Isn't it fun to think that our dear king and queen are rejoicing, too, that Mrs. Cardington has made her century? Oh! and I had a reporter here yesterday. I gave him a very nice photograph of your portrait. I told him all the things you've told us in old days . . . yes, about the young Queen Victoria, how you saw her go to Parliament, and about Prince Albert . . . and how you sat next to Disraeli at the opera, and how you contradicted Mr. Gladstone. Yes, and about Tennyson reading his poems and grandad going to sleep. I got in all the stories. He just hung on my words. He'll make a lovely article now".

"That's right, dear," the old lady chuckled; "your aunt . . . she never could. Eleanor has no life in her, no romance, no

imagination. It's strange, you are so much more like me. I was all life and spirit—your grandfather was quiet. For a man it was all right; he was content to admire me. Where is it . . . the . . . you know?"

"The royal telegram? There! You shall hold it. Keep it under your pillow. It will be a family heirloom."

A discreet tap and a maid's head to follow it.

"Dr. Munsey downstairs, madam."

"Show him up, Susan."

A heavy footfall on the stairs and a burly white-haired man came into the room.

He had an impression of green-shaded light, of vases of daffodils and primroses. How strange to come from the singing, windy gladness of late March into this guarded shrine of extreme old age. He had helped to keep the life in this little mummy on the bed. He rejected his own work. Why did he keep alive what nature would stifle?

"Splendid! Splendid!" he said, and he had the old hands in his own. "So you've really done it? You've made your century, and here you are laughing at us foolish elderly folk. We've not *your* stamina. I'm an old man already, older than you are."

Mrs. Cardington seemed to sparkle for a moment under the kindly eyes, then she grew tired.

"Ah! I'm very old . . . too old, perhaps."

"But you live on, my dear lady. You have your olive branches. One of them flashed up to the door just now in a very smart sports car. The typical modern girl, eh, Lady Netley? She's yours, I know. Grand these girls are; no clothes to speak of and all health and energy. It's a great family day for you all. No, I won't stay. No tea, thanks; no, I don't take it. A glass of champagne? But you mustn't tempt me. I've my round of cases. There's a lot of influenza in these March days."

The old woman started. Anything that seemed to threaten that little flickering flame of her life terrified her.

"Influenza", she exclaimed. "I nearly died of it once. I'm very prone to it, you know that, doctor."

"But my dear Mrs. Cardington, you're my first visit this afternoon. No germs, really. You're perfectly safe in this

beautiful room. Nothing bad *can* reach you. Isn't that so, Lady Netley? Well, I'm seventy, but I must go and do my day's work. Good-bye, bless you! I'm proud of my patient."

The room relapsed into quiet again. Violet Netley read letters holding the old woman's hand in hers. She saw that she had induced sleep, and she sat there thoughtfully, listening to a thrush in the blossom-gay garden outside. How young and careless the world was, how little it heeded old age.

She looked up gravely when an elderly clergyman came into the room. The door was open and he came quietly. He had a bunch of forced lily of the valley in his hand. The flowers were the spirit of youth in their green and white. Lady Netley caught back a rueful sigh. Her grandmother had always hated lily of the valley. It had been banished from the house. She had said that the scent was oppressive and odious. But one could not tell the giver. He had bought them at a price for he had no greenhouse.

Mrs. Cardington opened her eyes at him.

"Rector . . . you? For me? Thank you . . . you are all so good."

He stood by her bed. He read her a psalm; he knelt and prayed for her. Then again he was just her old neighbour, asking the news. The royal telegram—might he see it?

"How we should miss our royal family!" he exclaimed. "Aren't they the country's own typical family at all stages? They belong to us, we to them. It is beautiful. We share their grief and joys. They share ours. I feel that Mrs. Cardington is a queen herself to-day."

The old woman smiled at him. She liked such talk. He realized that she was wonderful. She clasped his hand, she murmured "My dear", as he said good-bye.

And then a fair, sleek head came round the open door, and a voice whispered "Mother!"

Lady Netley looked up at her.

"Come in, Primrose. Granny, here is my Primrose, your great-grandchild, you know. She's driven over to greet you."

A thin girl, a flower of a girl came in. She was fair-haired and dressed in green. She was modern in her flat-breasted

slimness, her boyish length of limb. She kissed the old woman with a cool light kiss.

"Well, granny, aren't you wonderful? Everyone is talking of my marvellous great-grandmother."

She rested herself carelessly on the bed. Her grey, dispassionate eyes rested on the old lady whose face was lighted by love and pride.

"My pretty one! I think you're grown. But you're too thin, darling. Look at her little hands, Violet."

The two women laughed.

"I'll come back, granny, before dinner. Mother, are you coming down to tea?"

"No, dear, send up tea for granny and me. We'll have it here quietly."

The girl went to the door and signed to her mother to follow.

Outside in the passage she whispered: "Is Duncan to see her? He can stay for dinner, can't he?" Are you going to tell her that I'm engaged to him?"

"I'll tell her presently; one excitement must last some hours. Yes, Duncan can stay to dinner, but hardly see granny."

"Didn't she know some of his people? I'm sure I've heard of some Hope-Harrington connection? She'll remember if you say the name to her—Duncan thinks the families knew each other in old days. Isn't it funny our renewing an old tie? Perhaps she'll be a great-great-grandmother yet if we decide to have a child. We haven't discussed that yet."

"Really?" Her mother smiled at her quizzically.

"There, child! I must go back, she's calling. Run down and have tea with the others."

Primrose came back quickly. She caught her mother's hand.

"Oh! but it's dreadful to be so old!" she exclaimed.

"What has she *done*? Has she anything to show for her century? Did she ever live or love or feel what I feel about Duncan? It frightens me, mother. She's like an old, old tortoise in bed. I'm terrified. I'd rather be burnt alive than live to be like that."

Violet smiled at her.

"I'm nearly half her age", she said, "and one needn't be frightened. There's something that never grows old. It's there

in granny—something that will spring out one day and burst into leaf and flower. I know now that one's self never really gets old. Don't be frightened, Primrose."

* * *

The day ticked itself along between cup of tea and cup of soup, between soup and arrowroot. The room grew shadowy. Christina, her day attendant, was sitting in the chair by the fire. Mrs. Cardington resented Christina, so she pretended to be asleep. Then the blinds were drawn and the shaded lights turned on. She came back to recollection when her granddaughter stood beside her again. Violet was dressed in black and gold for dinner.

"We are having a festive dinner, gran dear, in your honour. How I wish you were with us."

"Who?" the old lady asked.

"Aunt Eleanor, of course, and the two uncles have just arrived and my Primrose, and a new possible relation, granny, young Duncan Hope-Harrington. The children have just got engaged. We think you knew the family long ago. Does the name recall them?"

"Hope-Harrington? Yes . . . no . . . I can't think. I'm tired . . . to-morrow. I don't want to remember."

The old voice grew confused and petulant. Violet Netley nodded at the attendant and went out softly. The woman stirred about the room settling this and that. She found the lilies of the valley and put them in a bowl, and the bowl on the little round table where the old lady's clock stood with her Bible and her letters and the royal telegram. Mrs. Cardington lay quite still. Sometimes she sank down, down into depths of confusion and dreams. The dim light folded her. She was sure of nothing. Who was she? What was this room? There was a scent, such a scent. It was more forceful than speech, more tangible than the touch of the people round her.

Violet Netley came in softly, looked at the still figure, lying with face turned towards the round table. She signed to Christina to go.

"Have your supper", she whispered. She wanted this dull, dutiful woman to have her share of the household's rejoicings.

Violet sat down in the easy chair and looked into the fire.

Mrs. Cardington lay with her face towards the bowl of lilies of the valley. The room had grown warm and the scent came to her bed in waves of sweetness. That was it . . . the scent. It was all that scent. Someone had been standing by a bowl of lilies of the valley. She was terribly unhappy. A young man was talking. She must not cry. She must keep her face to the flowers. He was telling her that he was going to be married; just to please his family—that was what he said—and he spoke of a dream that he had to forbid. His voice was so cool and careless, and all the time the girl had been dying, dying, though life would not end. Who was the girl who was suffering so much, who must not cry, or speak out, who must stand sniffing at a lily, that cruel, terrible scent which meant death to her?

"She mustn't . . . she mustn't," the voice sobbed from the bed.

In a moment Violet was there, holding her hand, soothing her.

"What is it, granny dear? You had a nightmare. You're awake now."

"He's a cruel, horrible man. He's killing her."

"Yes, yes, dear. It's a nightmare. No one is hurt."

"Your little Primrose. She mustn't cry like that."

"But, my dear, she is very happy. I told you she has just got engaged to young Hope-Harrington."

"Ah! he's bad", the old voice was near a scream. "I won't have it. You must tell them. He's cruel. Don't you see how she's crying there by the lilies? Odious flowers! Throw them in the fire. I never could abide them. They're death. Your grandfather liked them. But I wouldn't grow them. Wicked, cruel flowers."

"Dear grandad. He was such a darling. Let's talk about him, granny dear. It'll comfort us both."

"Do you mean John . . . my husband?"

"Yes, and my grandfather. I always think of him as everything kind and good and steady."

She was stroking the old woman's hand.

"Granny, you'll love to meet him again."

"Yes . . . John, always so kind and good. I wonder if I aired his shirt for him. I never quite trust the maids. You might put it before my bedroom fire."

Violet Netley took up the bowl of lilies and put it outside the door. She came face to face with her daughter and the young man.

"Would Granny like to see Duncan?" the girl whispered. "Did you ask her about the Hope-Harringtons? Aunt Eleanor said she believed gran had known them once, but there was some row and granny never spoke of them, but she won't mind it at her age."

"It's too late now, dear; she's tired. It's been such a wonderful day for her. Leave her to her dreams."

In the shadowy room the old lady was staring into the vague lights and darkness of the room.

"You sent him away?" she asked fiercely; "he broke her heart. She was never the same. There she is crying her heart out by the fire. John, you must comfort her. It was those lilies . . . did you burn them?"

"They're gone, granny."

Refreshed with sleep, rustling, fresh, happy, came the nurse.

"Well, dear?" She was bending over her charge.

That brisk voice again restored things to their normal course.

"Such lovely flowers outside; what a wonderful day you've had! It's well to be you, Mrs. Cardington. Such a life, such memories. Now I must see the royal telegram."

THE FRENCH ACADEMY : 1635—1935

BY N. SCARLYN WILSON

THE French Academy is without question the most famous literary society in Europe. It is, equally certain, the hardest.

During the course of its eventful history it has been buffeted, maligned, ridiculed, threatened and legally suppressed; but not even the combination of all these manifestations of popular or official displeasure has sufficed to destroy it. Whether under a monarchy, an empire or a republic, the Academicians have continued to discharge the duties with which they were originally entrusted, and they are doing so still.

They are engaged to-day in the unending task of revising the dictionary, rejecting an ephemeral catchword, welcoming a technical term that can show satisfactory credentials, and promoting to polite usage a word that has served a salutary apprenticeship in the picturesque fellowship of slang. Moreover, it was only three years ago that they completed the compilation of a Grammar of the French language, which, for all its unpromising theme, became, on publication, an immediate and surprising "best-seller".

Despite the Gallic irreverence for many established institutions, too, the prestige of the Academy is still virtually unimpaired. Many writers have jeered at it in their youth, but most of them have subsequently vied with one another for the privilege of being admitted to its ranks. Piron's mocking self-epitaph: "*Ci-gît Piron, qui ne fut rien, pas même Académicien*" is famous, but it was written not so much in depreciation of the Academy as in mortification at the news that Louis XV had refused to ratify his nomination to it. The same motive has lain behind many of the seemingly sincere attacks periodically directed at the society: the Academy, however, has ignored and survived them all, and at the general meeting, in January 1935, it cele-

brates the tercentenary of its foundation. It is doubtful whether any literary society can boast so long, so varied, or so honourable a history.

Yet, although the Academy has grown into an officially subsidized institution, sufficiently firmly established to withstand the stress of three centuries, its origin was unpretentious and almost accidental.

It was in 1629 that Antoine Godeau, later Bishop of Grasse, wrote from Dreux to his kinsman, Conrart, in Paris, suggesting that he should get together a few friends with whom he might talk or correspond on literary matters. Godeau had a pretty talent for polite trivial verse, and he craved a wider audience than the narrow limits of a literary salon, though in that less complicated age a reputation could easily be acquired without undergoing the ordeal of allowing one's effusions to appear in cold print. Voiture, the Amiens wine-merchant's son, for instance, who was the leading spirit of Mme de Rambouillet's celebrated salon, and whose name was well known beyond the borders of France, never published a line in his lifetime.

In the case of his contemporary, Chapelain, rushing into print was not only unnecessary: it was positively disastrous. His renown stood high, until the publication of the first cantos of his long-heralded poem "*La Pucelle*" revealed all too clearly the limits of his poetic talent. Then the game was up, and Molière and his friends used to amuse themselves by condemning anyone who offended against the rules of the literary tavern which they frequented to read a few lines of the wearisome epic aloud as a punishment. It is only fair to add, however, that Chapelain had the last word, for, being entrusted later by Colbert with the apportioning of literary pensions, he calmly awarded the largest amount to himself, as being *le premier poète pour l'héroïque*.

Godeau, Conrart, and Chapelain all had ready access to the literary salons, but since, however faulty their taste, they were intensely sincere in their love of literature, it is possible that they found the atmosphere of the *Chambre bleue* a little too rarefied and artificial for their liking. At all events, Conrart had no difficulty in persuading Chapelain and others, mostly men in minor orders or subordinate secretarial posts, to fall in

with Godeau's suggestion, and meet once a week in order to discuss literature and to hear and criticise such works as they themselves might from time to time produce. In this weekly reunion lay the germ of the French Academy.

At first the members of the little group held their meetings, by turns, in each other's houses, but after a while they found it more convenient to gather regularly in the home of Conrart, whose house at the junction of the rue Saint Martin and the rue des Vieilles Étuves was the most centrally situated. Apart from shabby, close-fisted Chapelain, whose literary reputation is hardly enviable, no one among their number was of any great talent or lasting renown. The names of Gombault, Sérisay, Desmarets, Givry, Malleville, Habert and the Abbé de Cérisey, his brother, who completed the circle, convey little even to the close student of French literature, and to-day only an occasional passage in an anthology serves to perpetuate their work. But they had at least a genuine love of literature, and their criticisms of current works were candid and conscientious. In short, their meetings gave them unbounded pleasure, and, so anxious were they to safeguard their agreeable intimacy, that they pledged themselves to tell no one of their meetings.

For five years this promise was faithfully kept, and then Malleville incautiously mentioned the subject to Faret, who prevailed upon him to let him attend one of the gatherings. The fact that his name rhymed with "cabaret" has given Faret, through the instrumentality of scurrilous contemporary poets, a wholly undeserved reputation for debauchery. He was, in reality, a sober man, and when he read to Conrart's friends his "*Honnête homme*" or "*L'Art de plaire à la Cour*", he was greatly pleased with its reception, and with the stimulating criticism which it evoked.

In his delight he spoke of the matter to the egregious Boisrobert, the sycophant of Richelieu, and the abbé, whose business it was, in that pre-newspaper era, to retail to the Cardinal all the news of the town, speedily apprised him of the existence of this circle of friends. The minister, doubtless, had already formed the idea of disciplining literature, just as he had already brought order into politics; and here, it seemed, was an instrument ready to his hand.

He listened with keen interest, therefore, to what Boisrobert told him, and eventually sent word to Conrart and his friends asking if they would consent to become an organized body, and to meet regularly by public authority. The question was received with dismay. Here was an end to the intimacy which had proved so delightful, and their first impulse was to refuse the autocrat's request. But Chapelain pointed out that, since unofficial assemblies were in any case liable to suppression, they had no choice. The invitation was virtually a command. The argument was unanswerable, and so, disguising their reluctance, the friends accepted the Cardinal's proposal with profuse expressions of gratitude at the honour, and secret hopes that his hand would not lie too heavily upon them.

Actually, however, they need not have been greatly alarmed. Richelieu had an immense faith in the French language, and he was determined to perfect its form and enhance its reputation. The first essential, in his view, was to correct the laxness of the language itself. The colourful, often careless writing of the Renaissance poets had already been attacked by sober, punctilious Malherbe, but the Cardinal was convinced that if literary reforms were put forward as the considered opinions of an authoritative body, and not merely as the personal views of a private individual, they would carry far greater weight. Events showed that he was right. The importance of the Dictionary of the Academy is due as much to its official character as to its intrinsic worth, and even to-day its rulings are accepted far more readily than, for instance, the decrees of the B.B.C. as to the pronunciation of English.

Pending the issue, in January 1635, of the Letters Patent which were to give their gathering an official status, the future Academicians devised a code of rules which they submitted to the Cardinal, and which have remained substantially unchanged ever since.

The first question was to settle the number of members, and the figure, forty, originally agreed upon, still holds good today. Actually, the full quota was only reached in 1639, and in these initial stages personal recommendation and not voting was the medium of selection. The poets Maynard, Colletet, and Saint-Amand were early choices, but Voiture and J. G. de

Balzac, the outstanding writers of a somewhat mediocre decade, were among the last to be chosen.

Very wisely, Conrart and his friends averted the undoubted danger of the budding society degenerating into a literary clique, by introducing a considerable leaven of men of a different stamp, with the result that the body comprised dramatists, poets, journalists, scholars, magistrates, ambassadors, and ministers, when, at its second meeting, it adopted the illustrious title of the "Académie Française".

It was not long before nobles, too, were added to the varied range of members. The first to appear, the young Marquis de Coislin, was only seventeen at his election, and lived to be the senior member fifty years later. Nor was his an isolated case. At different times the greatest families in France—d'Estrées, Rohan, Saint-Aignan, La Trémoille and Montmorency—were all represented in the Academy, thus further dispelling the widespread, erroneous idea that the body was nothing more than a narrow circle of middle-class literary men.

A large proportion of the members were not serious writers at all, but "the ideal of the Academy was to be the embodiment of the Gallic spirit. Literature, in the largest sense, is served not only by those who use a pen, but also by those who are capable of criticism and appraisal, and by those again whose discoveries refresh and renew knowledge and ideas, and foster thereby the great intellectual conceptions on which literature feeds, and which it is its function to reflect. Such, rightly or wrongly, has been the view of the Academy, and it is this which gives it a distinctive quality among all other literary societies".

The inclusion of men of such varied types as Jules Cambon, Henri Bergson, Marshal Pétain, Paul Valéry, Henry Bordeaux, the Duc de la Force, and the late M. Raymond Poincaré in the modern French Academy, shows how closely the excellent principle of universality has been preserved.

With a view to stabilizing and improving the language, Richelieu ordered the Academicians to produce a dictionary, a grammar, a rhetoric, and an *art poétique*. But, before they could make any headway with these tasks—of which the last two were never accomplished, and the third only recently completed—they were called upon to pronounce judgment on Corneille's

famous tragi-comedy of *Le Cid*, the first masterpiece in the history of the French drama. Much has been made of the fact that the Cardinal had a grudge against the dramatist, both because Corneille had refused to remain one of the hack writers employed by Richelieu to work out his dramatic ideas, and also because he had made duelling, which the minister was doing his utmost to suppress, one of the mainsprings of his plot. It is too often forgotten that Corneille's play, which was a glorification of the Spanish code of honour, appeared at the time when Richelieu was engaged, for the salvation of France, in a life-and-death struggle with the Spaniards, who had succeeded in approaching uncomfortably close to Paris.

Faced with the necessity of contenting their powerful protector without condemning a play, of much of which they heartily approved, the Academicians resorted to compromise. They emphasized certain secondary defects of the piece and glossed vaguely over its merits. Richelieu, apparently, was not very pleased, for he never charged them again with work of the same sort. Despite its obvious faults, however, the Academy's judgment of *Le Cid* constitutes one of the earliest attempts at systematic literary criticism.

After the death of the chancellor, Séguier, who followed the Cardinal as "protector" of the Academy, the body came under the direct patronage of the king. This was a great advantage, for a minister is subject to disgrace or loss of favour, and his downfall may easily bring trouble on all those dependent on him. The personal protection of the king made the Academy comparatively secure from the result of political vicissitudes, and though it certainly meant that the monarch had the right to withhold his consent to the election of a candidate approved by the Academy, this right was only exercised twice by Louis XIV during his long reign: once in 1704 in the case of a M. de Tréville, whose sympathies were too markedly Jansenistic for his liking; and, previously, in 1683, when he refused to accept the nomination of the feckless genius, La Fontaine, until a place had first been found for Boileau, whose fearless literary criticisms had deprived him of many an irritated member's vote. It was Louis XIV, too, who gave the Academicians a permanent meeting-place in the Louvre, which they continued to occupy until the Revolution.

The task of compiling the dictionary was begun in 1639, and entrusted, primarily, to Vaugelas, the Savoyard grammarian, who received a pension of 2,000 livres for his services. In the absence of any previous authority, Vaugelas was hard put to it to find a standard of reference by which to distinguish between what was correct and what was merely colloquial. He ended by ignoring the Law, the University, and the Church, and taking the cultivated section of the court, the *honnête homme*, as the arbiter of literary usage. In so doing he avoided pedantry, and thirty years later Molière endorsed his view that there was more taste and appreciation to be found at the court than anywhere else.

In ten years Vaugelas carried the work as far as the letter "I". His death at that stage was a great loss, the more so as his creditors promptly seized his effects, including the dictionary, and the Academicians were obliged to go to Law to get it back!

After that the progress became increasingly slow. The minister, Colbert, complained that the meetings were irregular and unpunctual, and the attendances spasmodic. To remedy this he began by solemnly presenting the Academy with a clock, and then instituted a system of tokens. One of these was given to each member at every sitting, and he could subsequently change it for the sum of 32 sous—an amount raised under the ministry of Calonne to 3 francs. As the sums due to absent members were divided among those present, the inducement to attend was considerable, and La Fontaine, who never had any money, was aroused through the innovation to an assiduity he would never otherwise have shown.

With this added stimulus the work on the dictionary progressed more quickly, and it was approaching completion when an act of treachery came to disturb the serenity of its compilers' labours. The novelist, Furetière, himself an Academician since 1662, conceived the idea of writing a dictionary on his own account as a means of paying his debts. With this laudable object, he worked thirteen hours a day for a number of years, without saying a word about his project to his fellow-members. He subsequently protested that he had no intention of trying to surpass the official dictionary, but the trick to which he resorted in order to get his book printed gives the lie to his assertion.

The necessary *privilege* had first to be obtained, and Furetière, having invited his colleague, Charpentier, to an ample and by no means teetotal supper, persuaded him to sign a document saying that he had duly read, by order of the Chancellor, a work of reference, which was fully deserving of publication. As soon as his friend had taken his unsteady way home, Furetière added a line or two to the title, which would otherwise have betrayed the true nature of the volume, even to Charpentier's fuddled wits, and sent his manuscript to the printer.

Unfortunately, unknown to him, the Academicians had, some time before, registered an edict forbidding the production of any other dictionary prior to, and for twenty years after, the appearance of their own official work. Furetière's machinations therefore came to nothing. He was solemnly expelled from the Academy, as the original rules permitted, and revenged himself by jeering wittily at his former colleagues—deriding the Academy was already a recognized pastime—and by declaring that the dictionary would never see the light. He was wrong. In 1694, Turreil headed a deputation to make a formal presentation of the long-awaited work to Louis XIV. The king received it graciously, and promised to read it in his hours of leisure. There is no record of his having done so.

With the coming of the 18th century the ruthless spirit of scepticism, enquiry, and dissatisfaction with the existing order, characteristic of the age, caused the Academy, among other established institutions, to be the target of increasing mockery and suspicion. The position changed, however, in 1746, when the election of Voltaire reconciled the society with the *philosophes*, and, for a while, the Academy seemed to be at the head of the movement of reform. It became, in a word, the organ of public opinion, and, with the admission of Condorcet, in 1782, rose to the very peak of its popularity.

Yet, within a very few years, the tide had completely turned.

The Academicians had not hesitated to protest and write fearlessly against existing abuses, but they were likewise liable to be similarly assailed themselves. And, as the Revolution, which many people knew was inevitable, drew ever nearer, so the rain of pamphlets and the murmur of discontent increased.

It was true that the ecclesiastical members of the Academy, Loménie de Brienne and Cardinal de Rohan—of diamond necklace fame—were by no means fanatical churchmen or die-hard adherents of the old order. The bourgeois members, too: Marmontel, La Harpe, Sedaine, Chamfort, Florian, and Condorcet, were no foemen to the new ideas. But as the political situation grew rapidly worse, Rousseau, and not Voltaire, came to be more and more the man of the Revolution. So deep had been the rivalry between the two in their lifetime, that the glorification of Rousseau necessarily involved the hatred of Voltaire, and hence of the Academy, most of whose members had been his associates.

Moreover, irresponsible opinion chose to regard the Academy as a source of needless expense, though its total budget was actually only about 25,000 livres. Again, in some quarters the Academy was looked on as that most hated of institutions in the revolutionary period—a privileged body, despite the fact that the only privilege the members enjoyed was that granted by Richelieu of being allowed to plead in the Paris, and not the provincial, law courts.

Unfortunately, also, for the Academy, some of the members, caught up in the swirling political vortex, sought to hide their own half-hearted support of the new ideas by shouting approval of them, in the hope of saving their skins. Chamfort, actuated, not in his case, by fear, but mainly by malice against his fellow-members, who had had much to suffer from his caustic wit, was especially loud in his diatribes against them.

The Academicians soon realized that their suppression was inevitable. They made numerous concessions to public opinion and staved off the crisis for a while. But, even before they were compelled to do so, they ceased to fill up vacancies caused by death, and their meetings became more and more sparsely attended. At the last there were only four present. Then the Convention, with France in a desperate plight, with revolt in La Vendée, invasion in the East, and starvation in the capital, angrily decreed the suppression of the Académie Française—and with it of its kindred foundations, the Académie des Sciences and the Académie des Inscriptions—all of which, despite their conciliatory attitude, could not deny their hated monarchical origin.

Marmontel, the permanent secretary, had prudently fled to Normandy, but Morellet, the director, stayed at his post. While workmen were defacing royal coats of arms and inscriptions in the neighbouring rooms of the Louvre, he hastily hid the hundred or so portraits of former members in a cupboard, and kept the key, subsequently taking away, at his own risk, the original Letters Patent, signed by Richelieu and Louis XIII, and the registers of attendances which, with Johannes L'Heste's copper globe of the heavens—made in 1616—and the chair in which Henry IV was placed after being mortally wounded by Ravallac in 1610, are now among the society's most treasured possessions.

The last meeting had taken place on August 5th, 1793. Three days later the Academy was suppressed, one hundred and fifty-eight years after its foundation.

The oblivion of the society lasted only ten years. In 1803 it was reconstituted as one of the classes of the Institut—now numbering five Academies—and Napoleon gave it lodging in the Collège Mazarin. It was Louis XVIII who restored the title of the "Académie Française" to what had been known under the Directoire and Consulate as the "*Classe de la Langue et de la Littérature française*".

Since then its career has been comparatively uneventful. Chateaubriand, in 1812, created a sensation by refusing to occupy his chair, as it would have involved a visit to Napoleon, whom he had never forgiven for the execution of the Duc d'Enghien, the alleged accomplice of Cadoudal in his Bourbon conspiracy against the Emperor. This formal visit, paid by every newly elected member to the head of the state, is the last vestige of the old protection, and an obscure member, Berryer, followed Chateaubriand's example by refusing to pay this courtesy visit to Napoleon III.

The organization of the Academy is very simple. The society is subsidized by the state. The paid permanent secretary is appointed by his fellow members for life, and among the more prominent men who have held this post since Conrart, are d'Alembert, Marmontel, René Doumic, and his predecessor, Gaston Boissier, from whose excellent history of the Academy much of the information contained in this article has been derived.

The Chancellor and Director are elected every three months by the members themselves, as has been the custom since the foundation; but the method of electing members to the Academy itself has varied from time to time. Nowadays anyone who thinks himself entitled to election can put himself forward as a candidate. It is then his duty to visit each of the members, in turn, in the hope of enlisting support. Jules Janin wrote an amusing story describing how Musset's chances of election were nearly marred by a mangy, stray cur, which the poet imagined to be the property of the member whom he was visiting, and which the latter took to belong to the poet.

Inevitably this method of election is not without its embarrassments. It results in lobbying and intrigue. Often three votes have to be taken before a decisive result is reached, and disillusioned aspirants murmur darkly that only field marshals are sure of being admitted with unanimity.

Once elected, the new member has to pronounce a *discours de réception*. At the suggestion of Charles Perrault these meetings were made open to the public, and the knowledge that a fashionable audience would eagerly hear and bitterly criticize his remarks has caused more than one writer to shrink from the ordeal of taking his place. Traditionally, the *discours* is in the form of a eulogy of the newcomer's predecessor, but this precedent has been broken on several occasions—by Bossuet, Voltaire, Buffon, and, notably, by La Bruyère, whose speech was not so much a tactful panegyric of the man he was succeeding, as a slashing criticism of many of the senior members!

In addition to meeting regularly in order to keep the dictionary up to date, the Academy has the task of awarding prizes, not only for literary or scientific works, but for meritorious acts of various kinds, these prizes being continually increased by bequests and benefactions.

The Academy has been freely reproached with being a reactionary body, slow to appreciate talent which breaks away from the prevailing or traditional type. It is frequently urged that some of the greatest writers have failed to find admittance to its ranks, and the reproach is undoubtedly just. But the Academy does not claim to be an assembly of men of genius, though it does generally include the majority of the distinguished

men of any period. Its judgments, therefore, are by no means infallible. But, since time is the acid test of literary worth, they could not well be so.

The great merit of the Academy has lain in its ability to dignify and discipline the profession of letters. It is doubtful whether a society of the same sort would flourish in England, whose literature is primarily personal and imaginative. But in France the Academy has been a valuable controlling force, and it has worked tirelessly to preserve the qualities of care, clarity, selection, and restraint, which are characteristically present in the best of French literature. "The principal function of the Academy", said Richelieu, "is to work with all care and all possible diligence to give fixed and certain rules to our language".

The Academy has worthily performed its task, and, thanks to its activities, the French writer has at his disposal a language capable of expressing every shade of meaning, every subtle inflection of thought. Voltaire was horrified at Congreve's careless attitude towards his work. He could not conceive of writing as an occupation for the dilettante or the casual amateur. It is, for the Frenchman, a task requiring the whole resources of a trained and patient intellect. It has been the aim of the Academy to foster that attitude towards literature; to train, to discipline, and, perhaps tardily, to reward. No one can deny that it has nobly fulfilled its purpose.

MORAL WAR IN HOLLYWOOD

By J. C. FURNAS

PERHAPS future histories of the American cinema will find it appropriate to call 1934 the year of reformation, as 1928 is known as the year of the sound-revolution. That, at least, is the present hope of the great body of archaic opinion in America. The repercussions of the recent moral war in Hollywood will not, however, be confined to the United States. Since Hollywood is still the film-capital of the world, a radical purification of the American screen implies a radical purification of screen entertainment in Brisbane, Valparaiso, Belgrade, Manchester and Winnipeg, as well as in New Orleans and Minneapolis. If American pictures have permanently renounced bringing the blush of shame to the cheek of modesty, the world at large is intimately concerned.

The protasis of that last sentence is, of course, highly debatable. The past history of the interminable warfare between Hollywood and its domestic moral enemies may lead the unsympathetic observer to doubt the permanence of this enlistment of the American screen on the side of the angels. There are good reasons for believing that it is as ephemeral a change of heart as the present American horror of financial speculation. For, although victory seems to rest with the unco' guid, the provisions of the peace bear a suspicious resemblance to the *status quo*.

Military metaphors come easily in describing these events, since they constituted a bloodless war to the knife. Ever since the movies became an important kind of public entertainment, there has always been more or less trouble over moral issues in the movie Balkans. In the spring of 1934 the situation blew up as Europe blew up in 1914, after relative quiescence for twelve years. The reformers chose their time well and, aided by Hollywood's congenital reluctance to fight pitched battles, swept their enemy from the field. In the consequent negotiation

of a peace, however, the conquered managed, as he so often does, to retain the most strategic posts and a larger measure of potential independence than this smashing defeat would justify.

So that the hero of the struggle is no leader among the victors, but rather the astute diplomat, more apt for words than deeds, who salvaged the fortunes of the vanquished. The story of his long service under Hollywood's banner is the history of the complex of antagonisms which came to a head in the recent conflict—and his continuance as Hollywood's diplomat-in-chief is the best of reasons for doubting the permanence of any settlement. Hollywood did far better for itself than it deserved when it called Will H. Hays to lead it out of the wilderness twelve years ago.

The emergency which made his help necessary was the storm of public indignation against Hollywood, its people and pictures alike, raised by the peculiarly noisome "Fatty" Arbuckle scandal in 1922. The film industry found itself being battered to the ground by intemperately savage attacks from the ministers of the more militant Protestant sects, the heads of women's clubs—which are among the most fecund hotbeds of archaic opinion in America—and the less enlightened professional reformers, all of whom had been struggling for years to shame or bully Hollywood into conforming to their notions of what should be seen by impressionable other people. These are, it should be noted, the same people who imposed prohibition on the nation, the rank-and-file of the Anti-Saloon League and the Women's Christian Temperance Union. Their diatribes seldom or never mentioned the sickly vulgarities of the average film. They confined themselves to a more or less impressive clamour against the morally subversive content of American pictures. In the past they had accomplished only the establishment of State censorship boards in a few States, the findings of which were followed by other States, and the founding of the National Board of Review, an unofficial endorsing body maintained by women's clubs. But the Arbuckle affair moved them to shout for fire from heaven to consume Hollywood after the manner of Sodom, and a strict federal censorship was rapidly becoming inevitable.

That was an intolerable prospect. A determination to prevent any efficient outside censorship has always been Hollywood's Monroe Doctrine. It is not so much a matter of maintaining fundamental liberties as of making money. Love and crime are the staples of the popular cinema as they were the staples of the popular melodrama of the last century. The twentieth century, however, seems to want its diet of these staples as highly spiced as possible—or, at least, Hollywood has prospered exceedingly on that principle. An outside censorship covering the whole nation and fostered by the pulpit and the women's club would prevent profitable exploitation of these rich veins to exactly the degree that it was efficient; whereas, so long as efficient interference can be staved off, each picture can edge a little nearer to forbidden fruit. There may be successive skirmishes as the encroachment continues, but nothing entailing the financial risks of a showdown in battle.

So, at the time of the Arbuckle war, Hollywood announced that it would set up an internal censorship to keep pictures pure. All the important American producing companies enlisted in an organization with the resounding name of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors' Association of America, and the high command was given to Will H. Hays, the Talleyrand of the recent unpleasantness. Mr. Hays had been Postmaster-General under President Harding, and was known as a stout churchman of the Presbyterian persuasion, which made him acceptable to the predominantly Protestant enemy. Now he became, at a vast salary, the spokesman for the whole picture industry. But he was also its stern Cato, who would take care of all diplomatic emergencies in future by smothering public indignation with appropriate blandishments before it gathered way.

America has spawned many brilliant press agents, but few who can risk comparison with Will H. Hays. In a few months his verbose and detailed promises of reform had calmed the reformers. The Hays office, as the new organization is known in trade circles, would inspect all future scenarios and keep well-intentioned but blundering producers from offending. Its capacity would be only advisory, but no producer would dream of flouting its sensibilities. Hereafter heroines would

remain clothed and chaste, or else suffer the grimmest consequences of sin. Heroes would remain honest and chaste or else ditto. Three years later, when the reformers were grumbling menacingly because nothing of the sort was happening—the heroine was, in fact, definitely going from bad to worse—the Hays office again soothed them by publishing the famous code of morals, drawn up for the explicit guidance of all producers who could read; the code which provided that “the sanctity of the institution of marriage and the home shall be upheld”; “adultery shall not be specifically treated or justified”; “obscenity in word, gesture, reference, song, joke or by suggestion is forbidden”; that gentleman of the cloth should not be ridiculed; that drinking should be confined to “the requirements of the plot”; and so forth. From then on it was a standing practice among film-critics in need of copy to compare the Hays code with the innumerable violations of its provisions in every year’s crop of pictures. More savage grumbling at these violations only produced a revision of the code in another three years, making it sound even better than before and renouncing the glorification of crime. Behind this screen of righteous pronouncement the producers could and did do approximately what they liked. Mr. Hays never succeeded in concluding that, if he had ever meant what he said, the only thing to do was to abdicate his crown.

What the producers liked, particularly after screen-dialogue appeared, was to imitate, sometimes with encouraging success, more often with great mawkishness, the new moral freedoms of stage and novel. The screen heroine grew happily or tragically scarlet, going to the dogs so notably that she seemed bent on justifying all the hard things the reformers had said of her in the days of her comparative innocence. The erotic ethics of Elinor Glyn and Michael Arlen, flavoured with Maugham and O’Neill, flooded the rural picture-houses of Iowa and the ten-cent “shooting-galleries” of great city slums: a spectacle which was ridiculous, outrageous or hopeful, according to the point of view. At the same time, although the Hays office did eventually persuade producers to preach that crime does not pay, the gangster pictures were nobly aiding the press in persuading the youth of the land to regard Al Capone as a modern

Robin Hood. Safe in the lee of the Hays code, the picture industry was enjoying itself. So long as the Hays office would continue to exude enough bland reassurance, advocating special pictures for children, deploring unsympathetic attacks, muffling querulous complaints in verbose rebuttal, it looked as if only an occasional amplification of the code would keep the reformers at arm’s length for all eternity.

But the times were changing everywhere, and several new developments, arriving at roughly the same time, combined to flaw that idyllic future. Least definite, but pretty certainly implicated, was the repeal of prohibition. With repeal the predominantly Protestant and female dries, whose chief antagonist had always been the Demon Rum, with the movies playing second fiddle, could turn whole-heartedly to film-reform to take the taste of defeat out of their mouths. Then there was the sudden call to arms of the Motion Picture Research Council, an organization of sociologists, psychologists and eminent conservatives who had been at work since 1929 making a semi-scientific survey of the actual effect of crime and sex pictures on American youth. Simultaneously with the return of beer, the Council published a preliminary digest of its findings: a sober, well-documented and cleverly-titled book, *Our Movie-Made Children*, which affected the smouldering cause of reform like petrol poured on hot coals. Here was a mountain of evidence showing that the movies were the cause of half the head-shaking in America. Wayward girl after wayward girl and delinquent boy after delinquent boy had volubly confessed just how it was that Greta Garbo and James Cagney moved them to lurid misbehaviour. Most of the subjects of the reports were apparently feeble-minded; but it had always been the contention of the reformers, nay, of Mr. Hays himself in his more solicitous moments, that the movies must at all costs respect the suggestibility of the addle-headed. People who had seen a new heaven and a new earth in the prohibition of strong drink could hardly concur in a cold-blooded disagreement with the principle of being the keeper of one’s brother’s children. The crusade for cleaning up films, like the liquor crusade, had always been carried on in the name of the child. Now this book furnished far more lethal ammunition than the ranting generalizations of

outraged parsons and clucking housewives. The Hays office countered perfunctorily by stating that it would not deign to answer until the complete findings were published. But there were immediate signs of alarm in Hollywood, producers muttering weakly about "making the screen as clean as the radio"—a threat, the grimness of which can be appreciated only by someone acquainted with the vapidness of the American radio programme.

Then, to harrow Mr. Hays' Republican soul, the newly installed Democratic administration opened up a new avenue of trouble in the name of the New Deal. All industries were being hustled into conformance with the National Industrial Recovery Act, which called for the drawing up and enforcing of codes of fair practice in each industry, and the picture industry could be no exception. If the federal government was going to take a hand in Hollywood's affairs, the forces of reform might use this opportunity to arrive at some federal and therefore nation-wide control of movie morals. Child labour in the textile industry had been abolished by code: it seemed reasonable that child corruption in the picture industry could go the same road.

By bad luck, besides, there was an intimate connection between the business practice of the industry and the moral issues. When theatre operators were reproached by local branches of the Daughters of the American Revolution for showing immoral films, they could always pass the blame on to the distant producer by asserting that they had not willingly shown such naughty films—but they had been forced to contract for the whole output of a given studio in order to secure certain innocent pictures, and the immoral ones came along with the lot and had to be paid for. "Block-booking", the trade term for this practice, was one of the sorest points in the hearings on the movie-code. The reformers wanted it summarily abolished, so that responsibility could be fixed on the exhibitor, who would be susceptible to local pressure. Drawing up a code to regulate the peculiarly cut-throat business of picture-making was enough of a problem without this necessity for washing that particular bit of dirty linen in public. But washed it was. All the while the hearings were in progress clergymen

and reformers, who did not know the difference between a short subject and a feature, ranted about block-booking—which kept the iniquities of the Hollywood money-changers thoroughly on the public mind during the whole winter of 1933.

The Hays office, however, still had every chance of succeeding in its perennial function of keeping things in a state of flux until the outcry should die down and business could proceed as before. But then a new force entered the battle and destroyed the unstable equilibrium of equal combat. Up to that point it had been anybody's battle—which meant in the end that it would be Hollywood's battle. Hollywood's chief religious enemies had always been the relatively disorganized Protestant churches, particularly those stronger in rural communities. But now the Catholics joined the reformers' attack, a solid phalanx of well-disciplined authoritarians, wielding the weapons of close organization and urban strength with an address worthy of Innocent II. When the Catholics blew boot and saddle, the Hays office must have felt as Napoleon did when Blücher appeared on the field of Waterloo. It was cruel and unusual, and Hollywood behaved like Davey Crockett's coon.

(If that bit of American folklore is unfamiliar, let me explain. Colonel Davey Crockett, the famous frontiersman and crack shot, had "treed" a racoon and summoned him to come down and surrender peaceably. "Why should I?" said the coon. "Who are you, anyway?" "I'm Davey Crockett", said the hunter. "Oh, Lord", said the coon. "Don't shoot, colonel. I'll come down.")

The Roman Catholic influence in American affairs is hardly conspicuous enough to take kindly to generalization. Many Americans incline to regard the Church as a liberalizing force, partly because it stayed out of the prohibition battle, partly because it is so thoroughly hated by the rustic Fundamentalists who made the Scopes evolution trial possible. Its priests are likely to be more urbane and better educated than a Methodist or Baptist preacher; its communicants, mostly first and second generation immigrants from Ireland and continental Europe, are seldom puritanical in their daily lives. But in such matters as the movement to legalize birth-control and to liberalize divorce laws, the Catholics exercise a dismaying

influence in favour of attitudes as primitive as trial by combat.

Now and again an isolated priest or loquacious bishop had publicly reprehended the moral standards of the movies, but, up to 1934, like the famous duchess, the Catholics had taken little part in the conversation. When they did pour their weight into the reformers' scale, however, it was no mere passive endorsement of the good cause. They proceeded ruthlessly to do what their Protestant allies had always merely talked of—to boycott theatres showing offensive films. "Legions of Decency" were formed under Catholic auspices, pledging subscribers to stay away from reprehended pictures. The children in Catholic schools, the Knights of Columbus, the League of Catholic Youth, all organizations under Catholic influence, were enlisted. Abandoning generalizations, the Church got quickly down to cases. One zealous priest had the peculiar bad taste to reproach an eminent Hollywood film executive by name with the shame of allowing his wife to appear in flagrantly immoral films. Lists were drawn up classifying current films as (a) allowable, (b) immoral in spots, and (c) wholly offensive. These lists are eloquent of the standards involved. *As the Earth Turns*, an innocent bucolic idyll, and the British-made *The Constant Nymph* are branded as partly immoral along with the godless cynicism of *The Thin Man* and the ludicrous pawings of *Tarzan and His Mate*. Elisabeth Bergner's *Ariane* and the sensitively produced film version of *Little Man, What Now?* are classed with Mae West's pictures as wholly subversive. No such extraneous considerations as distinguishing between mawkish and tasteful, sordid and sensitive, turned the Church aside from its sniffing after offence.

The American Catholics are in a sad minority, but for these purposes they possess the tremendous strategical advantage of being concentrated in large cities, where Hollywood felt their boycott soonest and most keenly. The great masses of Italians, Irish, and Poles in New York, Chicago, and Boston were the rank-and-file of this enlistment. A Protestant boycott, concentrated in small towns and villages where Protestant influence is greatest, would have been bad enough, if the Protestants had ever had the courage to try it, because it is the back country that supplies film profits. But it was even

worse to have the large theatres of large cities boycotted, because it is these theatres with their relatively high admission scales that pay the indispensable costs of production. The Church Militant's attack necessarily centred on this inevitably weakest spot. In no time a great picture exhibiting organization was threatening to close all its Philadelphia theatres, and Hollywood had long since gone into a panic which the *New York Times* correspondent described as like "a herd of elephants having a simultaneous chill".

American Protestants are wont to look with something stronger than suspicion on Catholics and all their works, but these new allies were so badly needed that there was no question of hanging back. Both Church and heretics were seeing eye to eye for once; the Catholic "black lists" were just the kind of list the Protestants would have drawn up for a similar purpose. At about the same time that the Vatican was approving the Legions of Decency, the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, which is the co-operative organization of American Protestantism, followed suit. All the old publicity-seeking clergymen in America were falling over themselves to join the procession and organize auxiliary boycotts. By the first week in July a Protestant minister was claiming that eight million Catholics and four million Protestants were pledged for the duration of the war. In addition the National Educational Association, the National Council of Jews and Christians and the Central Conference of American Rabbis—representing another force concentrated in large cities—fell into line. But the essence of the comedy, of course, lay in the spectacle of the small-town preacher who had blessed the anti-Catholic propaganda of the Ku Klux Klan only ten years back, now cheering the forces of the Pope on to victory.

A strict nation-wide censorship was the only conceivable remedy acceptable to the attackers, in view of their expressed opinions of the movies and those who made them. Under other circumstances this epidemic of telling other people what was and was not good for them would have roused quite a storm among the liberal elements. The priest who led the boycott movement in a suburban community near New York expressed the attitude of the honest party with alarming clarity when he

said: "Liberal views and intelligence are one thing, but they have nothing to do with one's viewpoint on the movie question." The chief trouble was that those elements of the American press, which would ordinarily have taken up that kind of challenge, had long been too disgusted with Hollywood's double-dealing to dream of lending the place a hand. A newspaper man usually hates a high-powered press agent even worse than he hates a reformer; and, as between the self-righteous boycotters and the increasingly abject apologists of the Hays office, the press tended toward the boycotters, who were at least acting honestly according to their lights. Before long the saner boycott leaders themselves began to temper their war cries with protestations that they did not want censorship. These signs of hesitation were not lost on the Hays office. Before the press had got round to saying much, Hollywood had already begun the manoeuvre that saved the day.

The producers were already conspicuously cleaning up, abandoning dubious films that were three-quarters finished, throwing out or completely revising prospective vehicles for Greta Garbo and Jean Harlow and Mae West, scrambling frantically for screen-rights to the most saccharine novels and plays of the recent past—*Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* is a fair sample—swearing off immorality with the zeal of a drunkard who has met a blue boa-constrictor in his bedroom. Now they announced that they would exorcise the demon of block-booking by allowing exhibitors to cancel contracts at will on any pictures they considered unsuitable for their patrons—which meant a loss of millions of dollars if the privilege were widely exercised. Then the Hays office played its ace. It would scrap the machinery by which it had paid lip-service to the code while allowing producers to do as they liked. From now on the decisions of its Hollywood story-smeller would be strictly enforced, with appeal only to a jury of New York executives: a process so dilatory and expensive that few will care to resort to it.

That was all the better since the story-smeller in question, an assistant of Mr. Hays named Breen, was known to have spent the last three years in Hollywood earnestly protesting against the producers' iniquities, only to have them over-

ride his veto whenever it was inconvenient. Now he was in the enviable position of being the hope of the morals of a great nation, with the producers begging him to clean them up before the public did it too roughly.

Along with the announcement of these reforms, Mr. Hays wrote a letter to an archbishop, who had been a leader in the boycott, asking approval. From now on no picture would be shown without the impressive announcement flashed on the screen that "This picture has been approved by the production code administration of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors' Association of America"—meaning that Mr. Breen had certified its purity. The archbishop answered in effect that he was delighted to hear that the movies were turning to the right, but the proof of the pudding would be in the eating. It was an ominous rejoinder, but not very troubling. The abolition of block-booking and the appointment of a censor with dictatorial powers had punctured the boycott. In the jargon of the gangsters "the heat was off".

The pith of the story lies not in Hollywood's cowardice under pressure—which is nothing new—nor in the melodramatic irruption of the Catholics into the conflict, although that was a demonstration of opportunism worthy of Richelieu himself, but in the incredible fact that the Hays office has come out of its troubles rather stronger than ever. Whereas it was formerly a mere cross between a whipping-boy and a fond parent for the industry, it is now wielding dictatorial power. When religious leaders began shouting in chorus what scoffers had always maintained: that the Hays office was not so much a device for cleaning up the screen as a means of preventing others from doing so, it looked as if its usefulness would be seriously impaired. But the same shrewd instincts which kept the reformers baffled for so long again found the right moment to make the most impressive promise of all—that the movies really would clean up this time, honour bright—and saw that it was accepted. Once again the Hays office has enabled Hollywood to stave off outside interference. It still possesses the inestimable and indispensable privilege of burying its dead on its own premises.

Mr. Breen is now making what appears to be a genuine effort

to use his sweeping powers for ends the reformers desire. He seems to be the right man for the place: shortly after assuming his dictatorial mantle he flung the burden of proof on the negative, against all the rules of debate, by saying: "They charge that films do not enjoy as great a freedom as books, plays, and newspapers. Why should they?" How long he will last, how long the producers will allow this dictatorship to continue in any hands, such issues are not as significant as the fact that the dictator is part of the Hays office, which still, in one hypostasis or another, stands between the screen and its enemies.

It may be over-cynical to believe that, as soon as the devil is well, the old process of gradually adding pepper to screen entertainment will begin again. But if it does—and it always has begun again—the Hays office will still be there to disguise the increased admixture of condiments with long draughts of verbal milk and honey. It is certainly safe to predict that, if the producers do backslide, the internal censor does slacken the reins and the reformers do start the hue-and-cry again, the only fundamental issue—that of the human right to decide for oneself and one's children as well what is and is not to be seen—will be ignored as it was before.

The English public, however, hardly needs to be told that screen-censorship, whether external or internal, does not raise much indignation among people who should be apt to take it to heart. No one seems distressed about the arbitrary and irresponsible proceedings of the English screen-censors and the peculiar criteria, even more picturesque than the Hays code, on which they admittedly base their operations. Still it is not impossible that some time in the future the rapidly developing English film-industry will find itself embroiled with an indignant public and in need of a Hays office of its own. It is not likely, however, that it will be easy to find another Will H. Hays. He is probably the only person on earth who could so successfully carry out the White Knight's project:

But I was thinking of a plan to dye one's whiskers green,
And always use so large a fan that they could not be seen.

PALESTINE STRIDES FORWARD

BY ISRAEL COHEN

Secretary, World Zionist Organisation

THE last fifteen years in Palestine have witnessed a change from the sloth of Oriental mediævalism to the energetic and purposeful creativeness characteristic of the most enterprising American community—before the slump. The country has made much greater advances in that time than during the preceding fifteen centuries. Its economic development is proceeding literally by leaps and bounds; it knows neither the cares of unemployment nor the worries of income-tax; and its Government is in the happy position of enjoying an accumulated surplus, which is increasing monthly.

The two main factors that have contributed to this remarkable transformation are British Administration and Jewish industry. The progress of the country is the product of two forces co-operating in the working-out of the historic Declaration made by the British Government in 1917 concerning the establishment of the Jewish National Home.

We are embarked on a great adventure [said the late Lord Balfour, the author of that Declaration, at a public meeting in London in 1920], and I say "we" advisedly, and by "we" I mean on the one side the Jewish people, and I mean, on the other, the Mandatory Power of Palestine. We are partners in this great enterprise. If we fail you, you cannot succeed. If you fail us, you cannot succeed.

Sufficient time has now elapsed to make it possible not only to examine the results of this partnership, but also to enquire into the question whether either partner has failed or shows a tendency to fail the other. It is necessary, however, first to survey the manifold economic changes that have taken place, and then to consider the serious political reform that is projected, before attempting to suggest an answer to that question.

The progress that has unfolded itself has occurred in all the main spheres of social and economic life, and has proved beneficial alike to the Arabs, the Jews, and the Palestine Government itself. Since the country came under the control of the Mandatory Power the total population has increased from 862,000 to about 1,250,000—a rate of growth in so short a period that is probably without parallel in any part of the world. The reason for this phenomenal advance is to be found partly in the influx of Jewish settlers and partly in the growth of the Arab population. The number of Jews who have settled in the country is 185,000, while the present Jewish population, 300,000, is five times as great as it was in 1919. On the other hand, the Arab population has shown an equally remarkable growth, for between the two census years of 1922 and 1931 it advanced from 673,388 to 860,148, a rate of increase of over 27 per cent, which it is estimated is being maintained. It is not a little significant that the growth in the Arab population has been most marked in those districts where the greatest progress has been made in Jewish settlement, and lowest where there are few or no Jews. Thus, Jerusalem, Jaffa and Haifa all show increases of 50 per cent or more, while Bethlehem has been stationary and Gaza has suffered a decline.

The Zionist ideal has always been advocated as a "Back to the land" movement in a double sense—a return to the ancestral country and also to the soil. The strongest emphasis has always been laid upon the settlement and cultivation of the land by Jews, and strenuous efforts have always been made to raise funds for the purchase of land. For the obligation of the Mandatory Power, as prescribed in the terms of the Mandate, to encourage "close settlement by Jews on the land, including State and waste lands not required for public purposes", has remained practically a dead letter, the Government having more than once declared that there are no State lands available for such settlement. On the other hand, the legal regulations and the local customs pertaining to the purchase of land have never made the process of acquisition simple; while it has recently been rendered far more difficult than before, partly by legislation enacted ostensibly in the interests of Arab cultivators, and partly by an abnormal increase of prices. The total area in Jewish

ownership is therefore still comparatively small, being less than one-tenth of the territory west of the Jordan, and the Jewish agricultural settlements do not comprise more than about one-fourth of the whole Jewish community. These rural settlements are distributed throughout all parts of the country, the majority being situated in the Vale of Jezreel and in the Maritime Plain. They are devoted to various kinds of farming—cereal cultivation, fruit and vegetable growing, and dairy-farming—all of which are conducted in accordance with the most advanced scientific principles.

By far the most important branch of agriculture in which the Jews are now engaged is the growing of citrus fruit. The extent to which this has developed can be shown by two figures. In the early years after the war, only 30,000 dunams were under orange cultivation; now there is a total area of 200,000 dunams (a dunam is about one-fourth of an acre), of which 115,000 dunams are in the hands of Jewish planters. Every year, particularly during the last four or five years, has witnessed an appreciable increase in the extent of land devoted to orange plantation, with consequent increase in output, and thanks to the improved methods of cultivation, and careful selection and packing, no difficulty has been experienced in marketing the fruit. From one and a half million cases in the season of 1928-9, the amount exported steadily advanced to five and a half million cases last year, whilst it is confidently anticipated that in a few years' time the export of citrus fruit (including grape-fruit, which has been introduced by Jewish settlers) will gradually rise to about twenty million cases. The orange-growing industry has already attained dimensions of national importance, for the value of its products now forms nearly 80 per cent of the country's exports. About three-fourths of the annual crop is received by Great Britain.

It is in the field of manufacturing industry, however, that the Jews have wrought such a remarkable transformation in the economic structure of the country. There has been a notable increase in recent years, not only in the number of factories and workshops, but also in the diversity of the commodities manufactured, which has not always been dependent either upon local demand or upon the raw material being locally available. Thus,

whilst certain industries have been created by immediate requirements, such as cement, bricks, and electricity, and others have been based on raw materials found locally, such as flour-milling and fruit-canning, articles are also manufactured for which there is no local demand, such as artificial teeth, the raw materials for which have to be imported. Among the industries introduced in recent years some of the most significant and novel for the Holy Land have been automobile bodies, electric batteries, cinema films, iron safes, lithographic stones, printers' type, paints, perambulators, potash, refrigerators, razor blades, silk stockings, umbrellas and zincography. The busiest branch of industry during the past two years has undoubtedly been that of building, both in the cities and the villages, owing to the steady influx of new settlers. The development of industry has received a powerful impetus from the hydroelectric system introduced by Mr. Rutenberg, which has a total capacity of 33,000 horsepower, with 574 miles of high and low tension mains.

This healthy economic expansion has been due in large measure to the great number of Jewish immigrants belonging to Category A1 (who must have a minimum capital of £1,000 each) who have come into the country during the last two or three years. In 1932 there were 727 immigrants of this category with a total capital of £3,250,000; in 1933 the number was 3,250, with a total capital of £7,000,000; while the year 1934 will show a still higher record, as in the first eight months there was already an importation of £10,000,000. The large influx of Jews from Germany has helped to swell the amount of money brought into Palestine in the last two years, and to stimulate economic developments in all parts of the country. In August last the deposits in the banks amounted to £14,000,000. The owners of this money are naturally anxious to find an outlet for it in various undertakings—agricultural, industrial or commercial—but the conservative policy adopted by the Government is acting as a check upon their endeavours. The country is suffering from a serious shortage of labour, which the Jewish Agency has been doing its utmost to counteract, but its efforts are cramped by the rigorous control over immigration exercised by the Government.

Every six months the Jewish Agency submits an immigration

labour schedule based upon a detailed investigation of labour requirements both in private and public undertakings, but its schedule is invariably cut down quite drastically. In the period from April 1933 to October 1934, the Jewish Agency submitted four schedules for a total of 75,940 workers, but was granted only 25,200: that is, just less than one-third. The Government declares that it regulates the immigration in accordance with the economic capacity of the country to absorb new arrivals, the principle laid down in the Palestine White Paper of 1922, but it is difficult to reconcile such a statement with the actual situation. For the past eighteen months at least the shortage of labour has been so serious that various undertakings, both in town and country, have been held up, such as the laying out of plantations and the building or extension of factories. The result is that there has been a steady drift of Jewish workers from the agricultural colonies into the towns, whither they are attracted by the higher wages offered, especially in the building trade. Their places on the land are filled by Arabs. Nor are the Arabs employed in the Jewish settlements confined to natives of Palestine, for several thousand Arabs have found their way into the country from Trans-Jordan and Syria, and particularly the Hauran, all eager to take advantage of the economic opportunities provided by the needs of the Jewish National Home. The consequence is that the Jewish character of those settlements is seriously affected, and one of the main purposes of the Jewish national movement—the creation of a substantial Jewish peasantry—is thwarted.

The Government, being fully cognisant of these facts, has latterly admitted the shortage, but in order to explain or vindicate its policy, it has added a gloss to the established principle of the economic absorptive capacity, which consists in the phrase "on the long view". This means that the Government no longer considers itself bound to determine the rate of immigration according to the labour requirements of the next six or twelve months, but according to its estimate of what the economic situation may be at some indefinite or remote period in the future. It is difficult to reconcile such an attitude either with the terms of the Mandate or with the spirit that prompted it.

This excessive caution exercised by the Government would be

understandable if the country were suffering from economic distress, or were faced by some imminent and inevitable disaster, or if the Government itself were in financial straits. But none of these conditions exists today. Exports of Palestine produce in 1933 for the first time reached the figure of over £2,590,000. Imports amounted to over £11,000,000, showing an unfavourable balance of trade, which would be serious but for the large invisible import of capital. If Palestine's imports, however, are to be reduced and her balance of trade adjusted, it is necessary that many of those commodities that are still brought into the country should be produced locally, and for this development the assistance of the Government is needed and is sought. The Government itself, however, has profited very handsomely, for it is not only able to balance its budget, but is steadily accumulating a large surplus. By August last it amounted to £3,354,000. A Government that has in reserve a sum that is the equivalent of a whole year's budget has no reason to regard the future with apprehension. There is, besides, private money available in plenty for economic undertakings that could occupy at least a few years.

There are several other substantial factors that indicate that, so far from Palestine facing a future that is at all uncertain or obscure, the prospects are full of promise. The harbour at Haifa, which was opened a year ago, and which was constructed to facilitate both passenger and goods traffic, has already proved quite inadequate to the growing demands made upon it and will have to be enlarged. The congestion at the port of Jaffa is also a serious problem that clamours for a solution. The importance of Haifa has been enhanced through the completion of the Mosul pipe line, which has one of its terminals at the port, and also by the additional facts that it has been selected as the site of a Government aerodrome and is to be connected with Baghdad by a railway that is expected to be completed within five years' time. A further and considerable source of employment consists of the new Palestine Loan of £2,000,000. Moreover, there is no reason to suppose there will not be a continued influx of Jewish money in the same volume as hitherto, thus providing work for tens of thousands of willing hands.

The phenomenal progress that is enriching Palestine has not

failed to produce a deep impression upon the inhabitants of the neighbouring countries. The Arab farmers in Syria, who are loud in their complaints of the taxes they are unable to pay, may well envy their brethren in Palestine, whose tithes are repeatedly reduced or remitted. The natives of Trans-Jordan and Syria, and especially of the Hauran, depressed by the lack of employment in their own territories, have made their way over the frontiers to take advantage of the superior economic conditions in Palestine, where they are in their thousands, working in Jewish agricultural settlements, in the harbours, and also in urban industries (particularly building). They may also envy the inhabitants of Palestine the superior social services that they enjoy, for whereas the Palestine Government spends over 31 per cent of its total Budget on education, public health, agriculture, and public works, Syria and Iraq spend only 25 per cent, and Trans-Jordan as little as 15 per cent. The fact that Palestine owes her economic prosperity mainly to Jewish industry and capital is fully recognized by the Arabs in these adjoining countries. For some time past the desire has been expressed by certain tribe leaders in Trans-Jordan that Jews should be allowed to take part in improving that undeveloped country, whilst only a few weeks ago the Beirut newspaper *Al-Maard* stated that the Arabs in Syria and Lebanon should do everything they could to enable the Jews to migrate into their land, as only the Jews would be able to extricate them from their economic decay.

It is not only in the economic sphere, however, that such important changes have taken place. New elections for municipal corporations, carried out on the basis of a new ordinance promulgated last January, have just been concluded, which also signify a notable evolution in the life of the country. But much more far-reaching than the municipal reform is the constitutional reform that the Government is contemplating. In the Palestine White Paper of 1930, which was based on the report of the Shaw Commission that inquired into the causes of the outrages of 1929 as well as on the subsequent report of Sir John Hope Simpson, it was stated that His Majesty's Government "intend to set up a Legislative Council generally on the lines indicated in the statement of British policy in Palestine issued by Mr. Churchill in 1922." That previous attempt to set up a

Legislative Council proved abortive, as the Arabs boycotted the elections. The question was reconsidered in 1929, but the proposals formulated were postponed owing to the outrages. The White Paper explained that the Government had again "carefully considered this question in the light of the present stage of progress and development and with special regard to their obligation to place the country under such political, administrative, and economic conditions as will secure the development of self-governing institutions", and had decided that the time had arrived "for a further step in the direction of the grant to the people of Palestine of a measure of self-government compatible with the terms of the Mandate."

It was proposed that the Legislative Council should be on the lines projected in 1922, namely, that it should consist of the High Commissioner and twenty-two members, of whom ten would be official and twelve unofficial members, and it was added that "in the event of one or more members failing to be elected on account of the non-co-operation of any section of the population", steps would be devised to ensure the appointment of the requisite number of official members. At the meeting of the Mandates Commission, in November 1932, the High Commissioner, Sir Arthur Wauchope, announced that it was intended to proceed with the setting up of the Legislative Council after experience had been gained in connection with the working of the new Municipal Corporations Ordinance; and although it can hardly be said that any such experience has already been gained, since the new Municipal Councils have only just been elected, the Government, according to all reports, is going ahead with the scheme.

The position now, however, is quite different from what it was twelve years ago. The Arabs were then opposed to the scheme, whilst the Jews—under pressure—were willing to co-operate. Now the Arabs are in favour of it, whilst the Jews are strongly opposed. In order to make the project acceptable to the Jews, they have been told that the questions of immigration and land purchase will be excluded from the purview of the Council, and that the High Commissioner, who has to watch over the faithful observance of the articles of the Mandate, will exercise a veto. It is believed that they have also been given

to understand that they will be accorded a somewhat larger representation than that to which they are entitled on the strength of their proportion of the population.

Despite these proposed safeguards and assurances, the Jews are firmly opposed to the constitutional change being made at present. Their fundamental objection is based upon the ground that they would form a minority in the Council, of which the Arab majority would seek to frustrate the whole purpose of the Balfour Declaration and the articles of the Mandate relating to the Jewish National Home. The Jews are not opposed to "self-governing institutions", but they point out that the relatively small number of Jews now in Palestine does not constitute the Jewish National Home, that there is a constant flow of Jewish immigration into the country, and that there should be a considerably larger representation of the Jewish people settled there before so serious a constitutional change is introduced. To establish a Legislative Council now would be to relegate the Jews in Palestine to that minority status which has been the source of all the political oppression and the economic discrimination under which they have had to suffer for centuries in so many countries. The one country in which they believe they have a right to resist being doomed to such a status is the land of the Jewish National Home.

Reference to Article II of the Mandate, upon which the proposed reform is based, will show that it does not furnish any convincing justification for the immediate setting up of a Legislative Council. It reads as follows:—

The Mandatory shall be responsible for placing the country under such political, administrative and economic conditions as will secure the establishment of the Jewish national home, as laid down in the preamble, and the development of self-governing institutions, and also for safeguarding the civil and religious rights of all the inhabitants of Palestine, irrespective of race and religion.

It will thus be seen that even if the term "self-governing institutions" is to be interpreted as meaning only a Legislative Council, for which there does not appear to be any adequate reason, the "development of self-governing institutions" is, to say the least, secondary to "the establishment of the Jewish National Home". Nobody can seriously maintain that the Jewish National Home, even if it now has 300,000 Jews, is

already established, and until that consummation is reached, there is no reason for precipitating the creation of a Legislative Council.

A truer conception of the Government's duty in regard to Palestine is set forth in the Interim Report on the Civil Administration of Palestine presented to Parliament in August 1921, in the following terms :

The policy of His Majesty's Government contemplates the satisfaction of the legitimate aspirations of the Jewish race throughout the world in relation to Palestine, combined with a full protection of the rights of the existing population.

It is because a Jewish minority would be impotent in its efforts to secure "the satisfaction of the legitimate aspirations of the Jewish race throughout the world in relation to Palestine", that the Jews are opposed to a Legislative Council.

Whatever limited rights may at first be assigned to the Council, the Arabs would inevitably succeed by exercising pressure in increasing its powers. That a Legislative Council is not an instrument essential to the economic prosperity of a country is sufficiently proved by Syria and Trans-Jordan, thousands of whose inhabitants prefer to exchange that dubious political advantage for the more substantial boon of well-paid employment in Palestine. If established now, and before the Arab leaders declare their acceptance of the Balfour Declaration and all the articles of the Mandate, a Legislative Council would only constitute a forum for the delivery of hostile speeches that would still further embitter the relations between the two races and confer not the least benefit upon the country. It is therefore to be hoped that the Government will realize the wisdom of postponing a premature project that is fraught with grave perils for the progressive development of the country.

BAVARIAN NIGHT

BY DIANA CARROLL

The stars reel backward over Austria ;
We slip and sway along the upland road
That threads the frontier into Germany,
Across bare meadows where the snow has thinned
In patches, and the hay huts darkly stand
Like the last outposts of defeated summer.

Idly I think of May when first we walked
Over this pass, and knew the rapturous first
Finding of gentians, for the roadside banks
Were splashed and spotted with their inky horns.
Then all the fields were campion flushed, and ran
With vivid recklessness against the sky,
Cow parsley drifted like late snow, the hollows
Harboured tall globe flowers, and the further mountains
Rose like blue icebergs from a summer sea.

But now that colour like a sun has set,
Draining its brilliance from the wintry earth,
And left us—children in a darkened room,
Where outlines are the same, yet all is changed.
The road winds snake-like downward, curve on curve ;
The slither of the runners weaves a rhythm
Into my brain, a winter lullaby
Against the frozen pattern of the night.
And it is cold ! the wind is edged with frost,
The stars, the jagged outline of the trees
Are points and spears of cold, the biting sound
Of running wood on ice is seared with cold.
Sometimes it seems that we in all the world
Alone are still, while earth moves round about us ;
Now right, now left, those strong familiar shapes,
Rotspitz, Imbergehorn, and Breitenberg

Cast up their crests, and lights wheel far below
 As though the earth and sky had merged: above,
 Lamps of a heavenly village, and below,
 The valley floored with stars.

O blessed place !
 Here Time is terrorless ; the days enchanted
 Hang like the frozen waterfalls at peace,
 The leaping moments carved to shining beauty ;
 And nights are blue as shadows on the snow.
 Unfearfully, unhurrying, the bells
 Tell out their gentle tune from dusk to dusk,
 And darkness sleeps above the clustered roofs
 Till the sun rises on tomorrow's mountains.

THE CHANGELESS PINES

They do not fling white laughter to the breeze
 On April mornings, like the apple trees.
 They stand and wait, forever reticent,
 When in their bloom, magnolias bring
 An incense for an offering,
 And heavy candles for a sacrament.

The changeless pines have seen October pass
 In broken shoes of gold across the grass.
 With nothing rich to proffer, or to don,
 They view a thousand scarlet cloaks
 Flung from the shoulders of the oaks,
 For winter like a queen, to tread upon.

Year long the earliest ray of morning shines
 In slow and whispering silver through these pines,
 That kindle to no passion and no pain.
 Silence is theirs. Though they have known
 An inner rhythm of their own,
 Untouched by ecstasy, the pines remain.

MARY BRENT WHITESIDE

BESIDE THE CANAL

BY HECTOR BOLITHO

ABDUL was waiting for me at Kantara. We walked across the dun-coloured sand to the edge of the Canal. For seven days I had been in Trans-Jordan, walking in the fields of wild flowers. The stocks and irises, anemones and white daises, made pools of colour in the hollows between the hills. But when I left the Holy Land and came to Egypt, I found neither colour nor sweetness beside the Canal. The bareness of the desert seemed to come down to the water's edge and the only pleasant sight was the figure of faithful Abdul, waiting, as he has waited every year, to carry my suit-case over into Egypt. Last summer, there was an hour to squander before the train arrived, so he took me out into the desert, behind the ramshackle railway station. We soon became lost among the shadows between the sand dunes. One of the shadows moved. "That", said Abdul, "is a spy policeman, waiting for the traffickers who bring the drugs from Istanbul and Bulgaria. They bring it over, hidden under the skins of their camels or in iron bedsteads, and once, in a coffin, with a dead man". The shadow moved towards us and a face, dark as the desert, peered into mine. I was honest enough, it seemed. The face became a shadow again and passed on.

This year, Abdul was too full of family troubles—mother dying, brother broken his leg, wicked uncle absconded with all their savings—the sobs in his voice lasted so long that there was no time to do anything but hurry down to the ferry and stand, packed shoulder to shoulder with dragomen, airmen, porters, and gully-gully men. Late at night, I came to Ismailia and slept in a rickety hotel. It was near enough to the Canal for me to see the searchlights of the great ships as they passed through from one half of the world to the other.

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The people of Ismailia seem to be only half aware of the Canal. They doze in their little shops, beneath strings of chilis and bunches of slippers—they move thin, crinkled arms to expel the flies from their baskets of coagulated dates. They gossip, they cheat and they smoke their hubble-bubbles. But they do not seem to heed the procession of ships, thousands upon thousands of tons, passing through a canal so narrow that an Egyptian brat could throw a stone across to the sand dunes which fringe the Sinai Desert.

Sixty years have passed since Lord Palmerston called the Suez Canal a "foul and stagnant ditch". Standing here, upon a flank of sand, with the huge black hull of the *Maloja* passing before me, the statement seems to be even more absurd than when I read it in the comfort of an English chair. But the diplomatic wrangles of Palmerston's day are lost now: they are merely truffles for scholars to nose out from the archives of the British Museum.

Only the picturesque chapters of the story of the Canal matter here, where the tamarisk and hibiscus and bougainvillea help one to forget Whitehall. The history of Suez ceases to be a network of diplomatic argument; it is a succession of colourful scenes, none more pleasing than the final celebration of conquest, when the Empress Eugenie and Ferdinand de Lesseps stood on the deck of the royal yacht, grouped, one imagines, like the figures in a Winterhalter print. A fleet of sixty-seven vessels waited at the stern of their gilded craft to pass into the waterway at Port Said, and with the opening of the Canal the history of doubts and intrigues was over. Palmerston was dead and de Lesseps was victorious. The play was apparently ended, and the most insular Briton must admit that virtue was triumphant in the end. But the men in the shipping world were alarmed and shaken; the benefits which were to come to them were not apparent for some time. The old reports and accounts of the P. & O. Company yield one alarming chapter in the story of the Suez Canal. The directors had sunk millions of pounds in the overland route. The coal for the Eastern stations went out in sailing brigs, by way of the Cape, but the coal for Suez went to Alexandria and then by canal to Cairo, whence it travelled by camel train to Suez. Caravans numbering more than three

thousand camels were needed to transport the coal to Suez. Back again, over the desert, there came the cargoes of indigo, tea, silk, and precious metals, from the warehouses of India. This one shipping company sometimes carried forty million pounds' worth of merchandize, from sea to sea, in one year. With the opening of the Canal the vast organization for land transport became obsolete. One comes upon an interesting sidelight in the records, which are preserved at Ismailia—a sidelight which helps us to realize how every invention stimulated transport fifty years ago. When the Canal was opened the secret of the searchlight had not been discovered, and mariners were obliged to tie their ships to the canal banks at night. For the first few years vessels took three days, or more, to pass from Port Said to Suez. Nowadays, with the help of searchlights, a ship may steam through the Canal between nightfall and dawn.

Palmerston's death did not mean also the death of the Palmerston prejudices. The British Government allowed two years to pass before they would permit the mails from England to India to travel through the Canal. But the march of events was too powerful for our stubbornness and, with our genius for capitalizing our mistakes, we took de Lesseps and his canal to our hearts in the end. In 1858, when the shares of the Canal were offered for subscription, there had not been a single application from England or from the United States. In 1870 we were sending more ships through the Canal than all the rest of the world. Ferdinand de Lesseps came to London, and the freedom of the City was conferred on him. Through the eagerness of the Prince of Wales (in whom prejudice was almost non-existent), the coveted Albert Medal was given to the celebrated engineer. Where we had risked nothing, we gained all. Five years after the Canal was opened Disraeli drew the eyes of the world upon him by buying the Khedive's shares with as little fuss as if he had bought a pair of gloves. His sovereign was "in ecstasies".

There is one little room in Ismailia where these facts become sharp and dramatic. The directors of the Suez Canal have built their comfortable Residency over and about the room in which de Lesseps planned the "foul and stagnant ditch". His mean bedstead, his table, and his lamp, stand where they stood in his day. The wallpaper, frayed and drab with age, is untouched.

Inanimate objects seem to assume the character of the people who possess and touch them. Ferdinand de Lesseps' bedroom tells us of a mighty man before whom the nettles of intrigue were beaten down as under a juggernaut. One says to oneself, standing in the gloom of his little room, that the story of the Canal must be retold. But it must be the story of de Lesseps' own life; a story in which the politics and diplomacy, the engineering and the patience, are all a background for this fierce, brilliant figure, who was brave enough to cut countries asunder and make the waters which washed against the sullen rocks of Aden flow through a narrow waterway and lap, perhaps, against the coast of Palestine.

As one dreams on, pleasantly lost in the avenues of another century, a gentle droning noise comes from the distance. It grows louder and louder, and one walks out of Ferdinand de Lesseps' room to look up towards the sky and see eight British aircraft flying down towards Heliopolis. They have come from Amman, in Trans-Jordan, passing by the way that Jesus walked into Jerusalem, crossing the desert over which Hagar and Ishmael wandered at the heels of Abraham. Eight monstrous, shining locusts, more frightening in their portent than the whole plague which devastated Egypt. At *their* advent the drowsy shopkeeper of Ismailia stirs from his half sleep. He even rises from his haunches and hurries out into the roadway to watch the silver squadron passing towards Heliopolis. The Canal belongs to yesterday as far as defence is concerned. He knows that in time of war the conquests will be in the air, and that the Canal will be as vulnerable as his own crazy wooden shop. He may not know that even without aircraft the Canal is no longer "the vital artery of the British Empire", and that its utility fades when war begins.* But he does know that if we captured the Holy Land in the name of religion, we hold it in the name of diplomacy, and that the Royal Air Force stations in Trans-

* "... in the event of war against a Mediterranean naval power, the submarine for the employment of which the indented coasts of that sea are admirably adapted, would almost certainly make traffic between Port Said and Gibraltar so precarious that it would have to be abandoned. For this reason we had during the latter part of the War to rely more and more upon the Cape route. Sir Frederick Maurice, in 1926. Quoted in *The Suez Canal*, Hallberg.

Jordan and Palestine can co-operate with the stations in Egypt and Aden, and devastate the Near East in time of war—and that at such a time the Canal would be a memorial to the last century, as useless as his own pyramids.

On most days, the aircraft fly singly over Ismailia. Then the shopkeeper does not budge from his medley of chilis and lippers and dates. But an entire squadron leaving Jerusalem at dawn, and flying down to Heliopolis in perfect formation, seems to be full of foreboding. There is to be a pageant at Heliopolis, and he goes so far as to close his shop and spend fifty piastres so that he may travel in the packed, humid, third-class carriage to Cairo to see the miracle of fifty-five aircraft, making the air mad with their noise and beautiful with their silver wings. If he has any imagination at all he might ponder over the horror of the air, which sends the great metal birds to kill him if he does not behave himself, and afterwards the lesser, sharp-winged vultures, to remove the last vestige of his miserable body from the face of the earth. In the face of these terrors from the sky he might wonder, still further, why the missionaries have tried to tell him that the Heavens are a beautiful place, to which he may graduate when he dies.

At Heliopolis, a feast of wonders is spread for him. The lower sky is lively with flags; the upper sky is a pandemonium of aircraft, flying with the orderliness of marching men. On the earth, there are thousands upon thousands of Egyptians and a hundred British officials. In the centre, upon a high, theatrical gilt chair, the Crown Prince of Egypt is sitting, and next to him, on a chair which is more solid but less ornate, the British High Commissioner watches the scene.

The little shopkeeper returns to Ismailia full of the wonder of the British Government. Our methods of intimidation are not very different from those of his own early rulers, who knew the power of magic over the minds of the fellahin. But there is one aspect of the magic which eludes him. He does not realize the British view of the new, young service which is being tried and formed in the stations of the Near East; he does not know that the Royal Air Force is a school of character as well as an organization for defence, and that, just as sailors think and live and speak differently from soldiers, so the airmen of the youngest

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service are evolving a character entirely their own. Its high lights are not apparent during the pageant at Heliopolis.

For some months, in the spring and summer of 1933, I lived near to an R.A.F. station, dominating the valley of what was once Philadelphia. It is no more than a town of higgledy-piggledy houses now, and it has lost the once noble name for the more drab one of Amman. Here I saw the busy life of the Air Force and the lazy life of the Arab side by side. But, before I write of the airmen and their service, I should like to recapture one day when the Amir Abdullah, who is the ruler of Trans-Jordan, told me of the first time he passed through the Suez Canal. In those days, the Turkish thumb was heavy upon the Princes of Mecca. Hussein, the father of Feisal and Ali and Abdullah, all destined to be rulers of Arab countries, was heir to the throne of the Hejaz. He was a thorn in the Turkish side, because of his plotting and schemes, and Abdul Hamid summoned him to Constantinople and kept him a prisoner there. One may wonder if Hussein thought, as he walked in through the cool courtyards of the Yildiz Kiosk, past the screeching parakeets and the splashing fountains, that one day he would stand upon his balcony in Mecca and fire the first shot in the revolt against the Turks.

The Amir Abdullah told me the tale. "Hussein bowed before Abdul Hamid, and the Sultan, stirring within the folds of his plum-coloured robe, said that Hussein's sons should be brought up through the Canal to stay with their father in Constantinople.

"We sailed from the Hejaz in a grand paddle steamer, named the Asadin, which the Sultan had sent for us, and we came to the Canal. Our steamer carried the Turkish flag, but the soldiers on the banks of the Canal were British, for they had landed in Egypt in 1882. In the Captain's cabin I saw many piles of Turkish gold. 'What is that for?' I asked him. 'It is to pay the British so that we may go through their canal', he told me. When we came to Constantinople we were taken to our uncle, who was also the prisoner of Abdul Hamid. Our uncle was old, and he cried for our lovely palace in Mecca. My brothers, Feisal and Ali, and myself, went into his room where he was sitting beside a stove. He called Feisal to him and he said, 'Do you know what that is?'

" 'No, uncle', answered my brother.

" 'That is a stove to make my room warm. You do not need a stove in Mecca, for it is always warm there.'

"Then I spoke to my uncle. 'I suppose you have a stove in this cold land so that the room will be warm and remind you of the sunshine of Mecca.' When I said this, my uncle cried so bitterly that his servants supported him and we were led from his room."

The scene may not contribute to the stories of either the Canal or the Air Force, but it served a purpose for me—leaning back against a camel saddle in the Amir's tent, and looking out towards the utilitarian buildings which house the Bombing Squadron on the near-by hill. It seemed strange that this picturesque ruler, with his direct inheritance from the Prophet's daughter and his memories of Mecca and Constantinople, should depend upon aircraft for his own safety and the peace of his country. Stranger still, in the evening when the sun is setting. Then his prayer rugs are brought out upon the grass. He kneels, with his face turned towards Mecca, and while he repeats the law of Mahommed, a purring aircraft flies down from the mountains of Judea, over the ruins of Jericho, incongruous, with the saffron light of the setting sun upon its wings. The Amir might look up to see the moon split in the sky, and wonder whether the Prophet himself could have accounted for the wonders that come tumbling out of the sophisticated West. Mahommed was a shrewd politician; he would not have been nonplussed by the miracle of machines.

His story, too, must be written by one of the clever biographers who should cast away the divine paraphernalia with which Mohammed surrounded himself. The Prophet in Mecca and Mussolini in Rome are actors of two different schools. But they play the same part. To reveal the Prophet as merely a great dictator would offend the devout Moslem of today, who still believes in the Divine Right of the Sharifian Princes. The line of inheritance—God's appointment of Abraham—Abraham's blood in Ishmael—Mohammed's descent from Ishmael, and the blood of the Prophet coming down to Hussein and his sons, Feisal, Ali, and Abdullah—the glorious line is real to the old, devout Moslems.

How, then, can the Amir, trained in this tradition, reconcile the bustling, practical Air Force station, upon the near-by hill, with the prayer rug upon which he kneels, facing Mecca, which has been filched from him by the Puritan, 'Ibn Saud? His sensations must be a little like those of Charles the First, when he passed through Whitehall for the last time, and realized that his palace was to be Cromwell's home. The Amir's dreams are his own. The power which can police evangelized Mecca if 'Ibn Saud kicks over the traces is in the air. It is the same power which protects the exiled Amir if he is in danger. The Royal Air Force can perform miracles without the aid of a prophet's conjuring tricks. If another prophet did arise airmen could fly over the remote cave in which he awaited his revelations; and if another Abraham set out to make the journey to Mecca, with another Hagar at his heels, an aircraft could follow their progress across the desert. The idea may be hideous to those who live under the spell of history—but the virile, laughing airman, whose most popular mess-room song is "Ain't it grand to be bloody well dead?", will tell you that *his* is the romantic quest, since history is all dust worship, while tomorrow—tomorrow, he may fly into the sky above Jerusalem and touch the fringe of the unknown.

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

AFTER orgies of international defeatism, a surprising step has been taken towards the organization of peace in Europe. Valiant clubmen who have rubbed their hands and chuckled over the approaching collapse of "all that absurd foolery at Geneva" may digest this fact: that the greatest military power and the greatest naval power in Europe have put down their pledges to ensure that the League's authority shall be maintained at the point where it was threatened. More than that: France, who had undertaken to give this support single-handed, if need came, willingly, stands out altogether in order that the work may be carried through without suspicion of partisanship. For although the French have disapproved England's tendency to regard and represent the Saar question as one between France and Germany, and have pointed out that it is an issue between the League and any Power that may seek to overthrow the League's mandate, they recognize that after the plebiscite there will be an issue directly affecting France. This, however, has happily been settled in advance, under the chairmanship of an Italian. A month ago, one would have rubbed one's eyes if such developments had been suggested as likely. It is indeed not more surprising than was Herr Hitler's ten-year pact with Poland; but nevertheless one can but wonder at this sudden outbreak of common sense, under the influence of which England for her part has given practical effect to Mr. Baldwin's condemnation of isolationism. England, contributing a contingent to the international force, will relieve France of her most dis-

own trade. Possibly when this comes to be realized in America, as it is realized in Europe, steps may be taken to put the country which was most responsible for advocating the League in a more creditable position.

But for the moment Europe, even with its own very imperfect machinery, has manifestly advanced; the getting one source of danger reasonably dealt with contributed powerfully towards appeasement of the other inflammation. We must recognize at the outset that Yugoslavia in bringing her complaint before the League as a tribunal has done service to Europe. She has done precisely what Austria refused to do after Sarajevo. It is true that Prinzip, the consumptive youth who launched the missile at Sarajevo, has his statue in Yugoslavia as a national hero. But if Austria had chosen to accept the almost abject amends which Serbia was willing to make, would Prinzip have been a hero?

On the other hand, expulsion of Hungarians from Yugoslavia, whose harshness was even exaggerated in the press, created a most menacing situation, and the danger of a serious frontier incident was apparent. It was essential to the peace of Europe that both sides should know that aggression would not be allowed to succeed; and that a tribunal would decide whether aggression had been committed. Admittedly, machinery for the decision would have had to be improvised if it were needed; and so would the power to enforce it. But if the will to utilize the League as a preserver of peace exists, the means always can be found. What had been done for the Saar suggested that the will was efficient. Here also the tension was relieved. There was free discussion in which the British view was expressed, as it often had been at Geneva, with candour; and there was some resentment; but in the result it was accepted by both Hungary and Yugoslavia as impartial, and the leading role in settlement was given to the great power least concerned in these broils—not because of its aloofness, but because it had shown readiness to accept the common duty of defending rights which were not its own.

Approach to the vast Indian problem has been as good as could be hoped. Mr. Baldwin asserted his leadership with a decisiveness in which there was no touch of arrogance. He has established a conviction that when he speaks he means even more than he says. There is no rebate for rhetoric. Most powerful support came from Sir Austen Chamberlain, a man who has the ability and the candour necessary for learning from experience. There has been much talk of the Irish example, very little of another not less desirable to be borne in mind. In 1907, Sir Austen Chamberlain was of those who thought that the Campbell-Bannerman proposals establishing Dominion status in South Africa went too far, and he voted against them. Years later he said, in the House of Commons, that of all the votes he had given, there was none he would so earnestly desire to recall as that one. He has not forgotten that wisdom may lie in taking obvious risks to avoid greater dangers, by winning forces which generosity can conciliate and distrust may throw against you. No one can count on uniting India in allegiance to the British conviction; certain prides, certain antipathies will remain perhaps for ever unreconciled. But certain prides also, as well as many interests, may outweigh this opposition. There must be Dutch Africans who see that General Smuts holds today a position of authority in the world's counsels which neither he nor any other of his race could have achieved as the spokesman of a small separated community. Yet, if in 1907 the pride of Dutch Africa had been rebuffed, General Smuts, as military leader or as political leader, could scarcely have been ranged with the Allies from 1914 onward; and he could not conceivably have become, as we saw him the other day, the accepted exponent of a world policy for the British Commonwealth of nations.

Facts shift and regroup themselves: visions change. Who is to say but that in the minds of those who are unifying South Africa there is the vision of a Dominion that will include under one rule in permanence not only the South-West, but so much of the East as is territory where the white race can perpetuate itself? This,

**No Going
Back in India**

at all events, might seriously be conceived and planned: and there would be no threat in such a conception to that larger structure whose balance will be the more easily maintained the less the disparity in its component parts. But such an African commonwealth would be, like all the Dominions, and like North America, European in its origins and its outlook. It is a very different matter to envisage India, that Asiatic sub-continent, functioning freely as a member of the European organization. How far this is possible, only those who know the East can pretend to divine. But, whatever the outlook, there is no way back. Mr. Baldwin has said that to reject the present proposals for greater freedom in India would mean the loss of India within two generations. He seems greatly to overstate the period; but be that as it may, to lose India after a struggle to hold it by force would be to embitter for ever the relations between that vast tract of Asia and the British Commonwealth. Moreover, it would be a struggle into which Great Britain would never go whole-heartedly. The methods by which the Indian Mutiny was suppressed could not be used again. They would be defeated, as the Black and Tan campaign was defeated, in England itself.

For, to come back to Albert Sorel, the great convulsions leave a change. After the French Revolution nothing was the same. France under Napoleon betrayed the Revolution's principles, but they spread beyond France and lasted in spite of Napoleon. It may well be argued that the Allies who in 1914 fought for freedom in Europe have not been consistent to their principles in victory; but the principles for which men went willingly to slaughter in 1914 are alive. You would not get any civilized country, least of all would you get England, to trample out aspirations to freedom in a mash of blood. Those who deny this advance are not only denying a truth; they are also denying to civilized humanity its consolation and its reward for those four years of destruction. One hears the wearisome reiteration that all is exactly as it was, that Europe follows the old track in the old spirit, that there was in the War no fundamental issue asserted and fought out. It is false. We move through a changing world, outlines dissolve; what may come to pass in India, what in the Far East, there is no foretelling. Plainly the

civilized world cannot disarm. But no less plainly it is restricted in the use of its armament by restraining moral forces which even in 1914 were not felt. It is fortunate for the Conservative party that its leader is, more than most statesmen, alive to these facts. Sir Henry Page Croft knows the Service clubs; Mr. Baldwin, it is his great merit, knows England.

Lady Cynthia Asquith will have sent many of us back to poetry. Choosing a subject that came kindly, she has gathered from what has been written in praise of women's beauty by men and by women—and written in prose as well as verse. Yet the main part of *She Walks in Beauty* is verse, and the prose extracts do not give, at least to me, the same pleasure. They do not set up echoes; they do not awaken memory. Prose, whatever its felicity, is seldom remembered word for word, or, as the significant phrase goes, "by heart". At most, as from Pater's famous descant on the Monna Lisa, one recalls the solemn rhythm, or as from some of Sir James Barrie's stories, a phrase that fixed an image (for instance: "What I would least part with is the way her face sparkles, not just her eyes, but her whole face. This comes and goes"). But prose is not properly to be enjoyed in snatches; verse can be; indeed every real reader's head should be furnished with a repertory of verse, not precisely at command but ready to leap into distinctness at some touch on some string. Probably half of Lady Cynthia's extracts will be familiar to half her readers; yet which of us could have produced at will from memory Nash's lines:

Brightness falls from the air;
Queens have died young and fair,
Dust hath closed Helen's eye.

Talk about Villon; the English scapegrace leaves his contemporary ne'er-do-weel far behind; here is the quintessential thing, the imperishable which can be made, as Yeats' lyric says: "out of a mouthful of air."

It is, of course, only a fragment; the earlier lines have not this magic, and the succeeding one to my thinking lets them down: "I am sick, I must die". No doubt the ego is important, but after Helen, "I" comes as anti-climax. Yet still, in those

three lines of Nash's, the lips are touched with living fire. Every poet, who is at all a poet, now and then writes above himself, but very seldom to this degree.

English poetry as represented in this anthology shows itself continuous. D. H. Lawrence is here on several pages, and

The Poetic Tradition

Mr. Monk Gibbon; but neither of these writers presents much difficulty anywhere to the reader familiar with general poetic tradition. It is true that one of the extracts from Mr. Monk Gibbon has a prose form—resigning thereby its chance to find a place in memory. But all is intelligible; nothing here needs the defence which I find offered for that poetry which breaks with tradition, in a little volume called *Common-sense about Poetry*, by that excellent writer Mr. L. A. G. Strong. This guide to a range of pleasures with which its public is presumed to be unacquainted opens by an exposition of what verse is and how lines are to be scanned; it begins in short at the very beginning. But after one hundred and sixty pages Mr. Strong is asking the scholar to accept as an interesting poem this:

See the lost isle, whose state regresses
A fin below the tethered mile;
But for the lake her streams of guesswork
Hard with birds, and a half-hid smile
Lighting the lost porch where the fiddle answers
Dry soliciting by the fire.

For purposes of demonstration, he goes on to offer an interpretation—inconsistently, since at an earlier page he has laid down that “no real poem can be paraphrased”. A poem, in his view, must be self-evident. If it is a good poem and appears nonsense, that is the reader's fault.

But how are we to arrive at the truth? Ought not the reader who understands its goodness to be able to say what it means?

A Test of Good Poetry

Or, to put it more simply, ought not good poetry to be translatable? Mr. Strong says: “The poet has to make his incantation from actual objective ingredients—words”. That is only partly true. The

painter has to make his magic with colours, but the colours convey an articulate image. Words convey an articulate thought. Photograph your Titian picture and much is lost; but much remains. Mr. Strong quotes in another context as a proof that poetry can be poetry, no matter how it is set out on the printed page, the passage which begins:

“Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.”

Who wrote that poem? In what language is it a poem? In how many languages is it a poem? Was there no more in the poem than the “actual objective” (whatever that means) “material” of words? In fact, any poet is not only a Hebrew, an Englishman, a Spaniard, and so on; he is also *homo sapiens*; he is expressing through the colours of his own language a design in the thought or emotion of articulate man. There is a kind of human compact demanding that a man should speak as a man to men. A poet who, like Blake, uses private symbols, to which no one has or can have the key, speaks like a madman. Mr. Strong is, I think, something of a traitor to his craft when he says that “unintelligible bad verse is perhaps better than verse which is only too fatally easy to understand”. The break in tradition which certainly has occurred is due to a relaxation of ordinary human discipline. It is the business of a writer to be intelligible, and the business of critics to insist on this. Shakespeare managed it, although there are plenty of lines in him, and many of them glorious, which can never be pinned precisely down—never exactly translated. A writer like Meredith, who is amongst the most obscure of poets, would, nevertheless, have insisted that the coherent thought was there; that we did not recognize his “kennings”, his figurative words, but ought to, or were only not quick enough to follow his leap from point to point. But he would never have said, as a modern poet will say quite simply about his own work. “I cannot tell you what this poem means; I cannot put the guiding thought in other words.”

Happily one need only turn over a few pages of *She Walks in Beauty* to come “where among these voices there is peace”. I quote two, new to me, and so possibly to others; this from Bridges:

Her beauty would surprise
Gazers on Autumn eves,
Who watched the broad moon rise
Upon the scattered sheaves.

And this from Jan Struther :

She was too lovely for remembrance—
Let us forget her like a dream,
Lest all our days and all our nights hereafter
Empty should seem.

Let not the blind remember beauty,
Nor deaf men think upon a tune :
There are things that are too lovely for remembrance—
Let us forget her soon.

Or one more from Hilaire Belloc, who often writes as if he had
gone to school with Montrose :

You wear the morning like your dress
And are with mastery crown'd ;
When, as you walk, your loveliness
Goes shining all around.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

CHAMBERLAIN AND A GERMAN ALLIANCE

By SIR JOHN MARRIOTT

THE LIFE OF JOSEPH CHAMBER-
LAIN, Vol. III, 1895-1900, by J. L.
Garvin. Macmillan. 21s.

WITH each successive instalment of Mr. Garvin's great book there is an unmistakable heightening of the interest. About the origins of every great man and the earlier stages of his political evolution there is a natural curiosity. That curiosity was completely satisfied by Volume I of the Biography: it was devoted to Mr. Chamberlain's "radical days", to his great work for the city of Birmingham, and to his apprenticeship in ministerial office under Mr. Gladstone. The second volume dealt with the Homeric combat on the Home Rule question, and with the splendid fight put up by Chamberlain on behalf of the integrity of the United Kingdom.

In the present volume we come to grips with issues even wider if not more vital. The period here covered is from the formation of Lord Salisbury's third administration in July 1895 down to the "khaki" election of 1900. Those years marked the zenith of Chamberlain's career. In a drama of surpassing interest he played indisputably the leading part.

With rare acumen the office he chose in Lord Salisbury's Ministry was the Colonial Secretaryship, preferring it even to the Treasury, which was at his disposal. But memorable as was his work

at the Colonial Office, Chamberlain was much more than Colonial Secretary. Consequently the present volume is much more than first-rate biography. It makes a definite, an original, and most illuminating contribution to our knowledge of the history of the momentous years which closed the century.

Perhaps I may be permitted to illustrate the importance of this portion of Mr. Garvin's work by a personal experience. In writing the history of this period, first from the angle of European History, then from that of English History, I found myself baffled by an exasperating lacuna in the Official Papers at the Foreign Office. The official editors of the *British Documents on the Origins of the War* were similarly baffled.

Mr. Garvin is fortunate in being enabled, for the first time, to fill that lacuna. And the explanation is simple. Lord Salisbury lost his devoted wife in 1899; his own health was failing; consequently the negotiations in regard to an Anglo-German *rapprochement* were left in Mr. Chamberlain's hands, and no copies of the exceedingly important memoranda on the subject are to be found at the Foreign Office. For their tardy publication historical students have, therefore, cause to be deeply grateful to Mr. Chamberlain's biographer and to those who have given him this unique opportunity. No longer have we to rely exclusively on German sources, on Baron von Eckhardstein's

lively, if not always accurate, *Reminiscences*, on Bülow, and on that monumental collection of documents, the *Grosse Politik*. Of all these authorities Mr. Garvin has himself made use. It was essential that he should. But he has been able, in a measure denied to all previous students of the period, to give us the first-hand account of the Anglo-German negotiations as embodied in contemporary memoranda by the English negotiator.

For one reader at least this constitutes the supreme interest of the present volume. Needless to say it is not the only one. Here we mark the third stage in Mr. Chamberlain's political evolution. The ardent social reformer of Volume I, the holder of a minor Cabinet office became the Liberal Unionist leader of Volume II. Now we see him playing a leading part not merely in British but in world politics. The sphere of European diplomacy was immensely extended in the last two decades of the nineteenth century. All the world was the politician's stage. Africa, South, East and West, to say nothing of Egypt and the Sudan, of Tunis and Morocco; the Pacific Islands, China and Japan; these were the problems with which the Chancelleries of Europe were in this period primarily concerned; these were the causes of friction between London and Paris, between St. Petersburg and London. Of all the great European Powers the one with which Great Britain had, at this time, the least acrimonious relations was Germany.

Did that fact point to an Anglo-German alliance? Not in Lord Salisbury's opinion. He was as strongly opposed as George Washington to any "entangling alliances": he rejoiced in England's "splendid isolation". With the great globe ever at his elbow at the Colonial Office Mr. Chamberlain took perhaps a wider view of international

relations than his leader. To him the isolation was more apparent than the splendour. With the French at Fashoda, with the Russians in possession of Port Arthur and threatening the dismemberment of China; with Japan deeply resentful of the European intervention which had cynically robbed her of the spoils won by her victory over China, with events evidently hurrying to a crisis in South Africa, Mr. Chamberlain could hardly fail to be conscious of the dangers which threatened the Empire for whose integrity he was primarily responsible. The few Germans who had an intimate knowledge of England and a true appreciation of English psychology were as keen as Mr. Chamberlain for an "understanding", if not an alliance, between the two countries. But Bülow and Holstein—and Holstein more than any Chancellor or Foreign Minister was the real power behind German diplomacy—could not be persuaded that a Parliamentary Democracy was in a position to form a solid or stable alliance.

The Kaiser's own attitude towards the "negotiations" still remains obscure. Probably it shifted from day to day. Eckhardstein declared to Chamberlain (April 26, 1898) that the Kaiser had expressed himself as cordially in favour of an "alliance with England".

Mr. Garvin evidently regards Eckhardstein's evidence as quite untrustworthy. Of his own wish for an alliance there can be no doubt; but he carried little weight with his superiors. Chamberlain carried much, but the sequel meant profound disillusionment for him. The South African War had been in progress for some months when the Kaiser and Count Bülow paid their famous visit to Windsor and there had their conversations with Mr. Chamberlain.

Everyone interested in the history of the last half century must read this book. For myself, I lay it down with infinite regret.

ARABIA IN THE GREAT WAR

By KENNETH WILLIAMS

SHIFTING SANDS, by Major N. N. E. Bray. *The Unicorn Press*. 12s. 6d.

THE sub-title of this extremely interesting and outspoken book is "The True Story of the Arab Revolt". That, possibly, was prompted by the publisher's reaction to a reading of the MS.: in the actual text Major Bray is more modest. His object is, he says, "to tell of the aspirations of a people long enslaved".

There are few hodiernal subjects more fascinating or more difficult on which to get reliable information than the Arab revival. For many years now the public has regarded this matter under the romantic stimulus provided by T. E. Lawrence, and although experts have long known that this Colonel-Aircraftsman presented only a phase and a facet of the Arab problem, Major Bray is quite justified in setting down, in popular form, his criticisms of Lawrence and of the Sherifian movement in general.

For this purpose the author has unusual qualifications. Before the war, while on an expedition in the Himalayas, he was impressed by a chance remark made by one of his men to the effect that Asia was eventually to dominate Europe. Returning to India, he was fired by a comment of the head of the Criminal Investigation Department that there was in existence a worldwide movement to undermine the British position in India. He promptly resolved to discover ramifications of such a movement.

It was in Syria that he determined first to study this problem. But there

he found, instead of an anti-British conspiracy, an Arab conspiracy to undermine the Ottoman power. With this plan he fully sympathised, and he tried, vainly, to impress upon the War Office and the Foreign Office the enormous potentialities of the Arab movement to buttress the British position in the East. He states—but he gives no authority, and his statement is not likely to be accepted—that by 1913 almost all the Arabs were prepared for, and hoping for Ibn Saud to lead a grand anti-Turk revolt.

In the event, as everyone knows, Ibn Saud's anti-Turkish actions during the war effected very little indeed, and the pendulum swung away from Nejd to the Hejaz, where the Sherifians, sounded well before the war by Kitchener's agents—a point which Major Bray rather overlooks—were considering rebellion. For the first part of the war, Major Bray was with his regiment in France, but when King Hussein actually struck, he was dispatched to the Hejaz by Sir Marks Sykes (an impetuous opportunist, greatly admired by the author, but a man whose slapdash methods and imperfect knowledge of the East involved us in many of our post-war difficulties) for the purpose of raising an Arab legion which should be representative, not merely of the Sherifian cause, but of the whole of Arabia.

Herein he failed: the Lawrence movement had obtained too much momentum. That movement, Major Bray maintains,

developed into a half-hearted affair, being "disjointedly led by men incapable of giving it cohesion". In this dictum, the informed reader is likely to agree with him, but is also likely to make, what Major Bray does not make, a mental reservation on the point whether indeed it was inherently possible for any pan-Arab movement to possess real and lasting cohesion.

After his abortive effort to re-orientate the Arab revolt in the Hejaz, Major Bray went to Mesopotamia, where he came under the spell of two dominating personalities, the memory of whom will endure so long as the British are remembered in Arabia—Sir Arnold Wilson and Colonel Leachman. To each of these very different men he pays a well-deserved tribute, but one does wonder why, particularly in view of his enthusiasm for the Arab cause as a whole, he does not emphasise the fact that Leachman's habit of publicly beating Arabs as if they were coolies, rather than the proud individualists whom he rightly admires, was wrongly conceived and involved inevitable and fatal retribution. Leachman was, unquestionably, a grand and rare soul in Arabia: but there have been other Englishmen who knew how to handle the Bedouin without recourse to violence. To Major Bray's unstinted praise of the British Civil Administration in Mesopotamia, however, no exception can be taken: it is fully merited.

No observer of Middle Eastern affairs should miss this book. Despite its careless writing and its deplorably slack spelling of oriental names, and despite certain rash generalisations upon the religious and political nature of the Arabs, it must help towards a better understanding of the Arab problem. The Foreword, which Sir Austen Chamberlain has written, is quite masterly in its discretion: he obviously remembers that many people have been stung by the Arabian nettle.

TOUCHING THE ORIENT. Six Sketches by Sacheverell Sitwell. Duckworth. 5s.

THIS book is a first-rate example of the publishing fever which demands the regular production of books by well-known writers, however meagre in content.

Having said which, let it be admitted that no reader would wish to implicate Mr. Sitwell in accusation or condemnation. Authors must, unfortunately, dance to the tune of their publisher's pipe, and though the dance in question is slight enough, not even the most captious could deny its brilliance.

The six sketches gathered into this slight volume carry us from Morocco to India, taking in Cairo and the Sudan on the way, and in every case Mr. Sitwell has wisely restricted himself to a single aspect of each port of call, choosing some feature which to each is unique, such, for example, as the Mosques of Cairo, or the rock-hewn wonder of the Kailasa of Ellora. Not the least memorable of these sketches is the first, of the Dinka, those noble savages of the Sudan who, lacking (as Mr. Sitwell remarks) a sculptor or painter from the Occident to immortalise their native grandeur, have found in him an artist in words whose vivid portrayal all but brings them to life before our eyes.

What one most values in this book is the author's power of recreating, in studied and meticulous prose, the impressive, strong-lit and deeply shadowed visual memories of his journey, while in every case the sensibility pointing the contrast of Eastern and Western life, habit and thought makes memorable even the least of these sketches. Yet even so they are hardly enough and, to revert to our opening complaint, one cannot help feeling them premature, perhaps even unwillingly brought together, so suddenly do they peter out just as the reader slips into his stride. Still, we shall await with interest that hitherto unpublished poem to which "The Dinka" stands as preface. JOHN LINNELL.

THE INIMITABLE BOZ

By ARTHUR WAUGH

DICKENS, by André Maurois. Bodley Head. 5s.

THE SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY, by Hugh Kingsmill. Wishart. 10s. 6d.

EVEN under the prevailing fashion of whitewashing popular bugbears and blackening popular idols, it has already become a little "rococo" to challenge the greatness of Charles Dickens; since to the dispassionate judgment it seems clear that, if there were not something innately great in Dickens's composition, he would not offer so tempting a target to the darts of the disgruntled. Here are two books, widely different in taste and temper, but both founded upon an extensive and exact knowledge of Dickens's life and work; and the general impression they convey is the conviction that, when everything possible has been said by way of criticism and disparagement of "the Inimitable Boz", he still stands firm as the most vital, typical, and interpretative of all the novelists of the Victorian era.

M. André Maurois indeed sets out with that belief; implicitly he champions Dickens, as artist and man alike, against all accusations of cruelty, dishonesty, and hypocrisy. He sees him as "a man who liked his fellow men"; "a man who had known suffering, kindly, soft-hearted, and scarred by life"; and he insists upon the eager sympathy and affection which the novelist entertained for the characters of his creation. Mr. Kingsmill, on the other hand, accepts with apparent relish the brief of the devil's advocate. The "Boz" of his imagination is a man thwarted by an unhappy childhood, whose "deepest and most constant

emotion" was the feeling that he had been "cheated by life", and who continued to pour out upon the characters of his fiction the vials of his own self-pity. Of all the overworked catch-phrases of the modern biographer, "self-pity" has long since become the weariest; but no writer has ever driven it so hard, or up such blind "culs-de-sac", as Mr. Kingsmill does in this "sentimental journey".

Adopting the dangerously fantastic method of George Brandes's study of Shakespeare, Mr. Kingsmill tries to trace the changing reactions of Dickens to life through the sufferings of his imaginary characters. Of course, there is *something* in the idea; the artist can only bring to life what he takes out of it. But Mr. Kingsmill lets a reasonable idea take hold upon him with a vice-like grip, till it becomes at last an unreasonable obsession, souring his sympathy and paralyzing his judgment. "Dickens's self-love", he says, "interposed a barrier between himself and the outer world. He could not mingle in the general life of men like Shakespeare, for whom the world of experience and the world of his own emotions explained and enriched one another". "His egotism was too extreme to be satisfied even by the stage. He was not prepared to be another man's mouthpiece, and as he knew of no theatre where he could both write the plays and take every part, he abandoned his designs on the theatre."

Mr. Kingsmill's banquet of exaggeration culminates in an eccentric passage, in which he claims to discover that the very names of Dickens's characters were twisted into patterns of his own—the

first syllable of Dickens being traceable in Nicholas Nickleby, and Micawber, the vowel-sound of Charles reappearing in Martin Chuzzlewit, Sydney Carton and Jarndyce, and Dombey and Dorrit both beginning with D! There is surely no need to elaborate comment upon such fanciful excesses as these.

It is a relief to turn to the quiet, sympathetic, but sanely critical estimate of M. André Maurois, who here again, as so often before, proves himself an interpreter of intense sensibility and of evenly-balanced judgment. He does not make light of Dickens's weaknesses, but he sets them in their proper perspective in the panorama of his time. "In order to know the real Dickens, we should have to live his life, to know the most secret movements of his sensibility, and the finest shades of his irritation." It is absurd to sum up a complicated nature like that of Dickens in a single catchword. "Admittedly", says M. Maurois, "Dickens was highly strung, but in the best of his work his temperament was kept well in hand. He had strong passions, as was natural in a man who had suffered greatly, but when writing he outsoared them with ease". He was something of a philosopher, something of a poet, and a great deal of a humanitarian. Against such qualities in the balance, the slur of "self-pity" will scarcely turn the scale.

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20 GROSVENOR PLACE, LONDON, S.W.1

FRANCIS THE FIRST, by Francis Hackett. Heinemann. 12s. 6d.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF CATHERINE DE' MEDICI, by Francis Watson. Hutchinson. 18s.

THERE is little that can usefully be said in a brief review of the two historical figures here biographized. But both Mr. Hackett, with his successful portrait of Henry the Eighth, and Mr. Watson, with an informal but spirited study of Rabelais, have earned reputations as "popular" producers of sixteenth-century costume pieces, and these two new books from their workshops may be regarded as fair specimens of their class.

Clio, in days gone by, seldom made her appearance without a body of sober chaperones, generally male, known as Authorities, who whispered in asides from footnotes or, if they had much to say, were allowed a fair field and no favour in spacious tracts of appendices. *Mais nous*, as is well known, *avons changé tout cela*; and when an example of the fairly fashionable historical biography appears, in a bright three-colour mantle, we are coming to take it for granted that no information will be given us as to (a) where the author got his information and why he prefers one source to another, or (b) where we should seek further enlightenment if his book, by some strange chance, fails to satisfy all our curiosity or settle all our doubts.

Take Mr. Hackett, for instance. He does not vouchsafe one hint of what primary, secondary or tertiary sources he draws upon for this long and complicated account of Francis the First and the national and international history of half a crowded century. He does not even grant the briefest preface to indicate in advance his method of approach. Mr. Watson is comparatively generous. He remarks that the original sources for a life of Catherine de' Medici are "sufficiently familiar to students of the period and of no interest to others", mentions half a dozen English writers by

name, and refers to the "companionable reading" provided by "Plattard, Bouchot, Bourilly, Clouzot and other modern French investigators"—without indicating who these are or where their unnamed "companionable" works are to be found. Now, this seems to me scurvy treatment. Why need Mr. Watson assume so lightly that original sources are of "no interest"? Suppose his treatment of Catherine interests us and we want to know more? In that case, apparently, he would regard us as belonging to that curiously vague body known as "students of the period", and everything is assumed to be familiar to us. So we are left high and dry. After all, Mr. Hackett has written 465 pages about Francis and provided sixteen full-page illustrations from mainly contemporary sources (giving gallery references for these, by the way), and Mr. Watson has written 280 pages about Catherine with sixteen full-page illustrations. Surely they could have spared us, from their wealth of learning so lightly worn, at least one per cent. of their page-space to indicate its origins or to show how, if so minded, their more responsive readers could turn the stimulation of their work to good account.

One's uneasiness on opening the totally undocumented volume by Mr. Hackett is not allayed by his overture. We are left wondering about the historical standards of a writer who remarks that "few things make French history so confusing" as the fact that his subject's family tree exhibits six men named Charles and three named Louis, and for how ephemeral a body of readers he is writing when he talks brightly about Francis the First as "a Big Bad Wolf on the Boulevards". Why not a "Champagne Charlie," one wonders? However, there is no mistaking Mr. Hackett's industry. He plunges boldly into a general picture of France and Europe in the early fifteenth century which, if the reader is not too much

bewildered by the number of trees in the wood, will give a reasonable background against which to assess the character and achievements of Francis. But unfortunately at the slightest opportunity Mr. Hackett will let himself go off into this kind of thing:

They [Francis and Anne de Heilly] stood together at dawn, looking out a window [sic] of the château. And, as the sun swam up, with the girl's gaze lost in it, Francis's gaze lost itself in the girl. "Go back to your sky, heavenly god", he said softly, "for her beauty darkens you". And just as he was speaking a cloud hid the sky. His heart, to his own astonishment, melted within him. . . .

One can only murmur "*sursum Korda*" and let those who like this sort of thing lap it up.

There is hardly space now to say it, but it should be said, if comparisons are necessary, that Mr. Watson's study of Catherine is a more compact and restrained piece of work—not, however, a major one.

HAMISH MILES.

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NATURE, MAN AND GOD: The Gifford Lectures for 1933-1934, by William Temple, Archbishop of York. Macmillan. 18s.

WHEN Dr. Temple published *Men's Creatrix*, in 1916, he lamented that it was "likely to be my only extensive essay in the sphere (philosophy) which I once hoped would be mine". In 1934 he still regards himself as one "for whom philosophy is not a business but a recreation". Such, of course, it is. The claims of a diocese like York, and the many obligations of an Archbishop, preclude the enthronement of philosophy as the primary occupation of a life. But it is safe to say that no one—and least of all a professional philosopher—could read this book, purely philosophical both in method and aim, and then suggest that it was amateurish. The average intelligent reader will find it awe-inspiring, and those who have undertaken to review it will tremble at their hardihood. So much knowledge is packed into these pages, and they give birth to so great a weight of pure thought, that only the ignorant will suppose that though they have attentively read every word they truly understand it all. Not that it is difficult to read—on the contrary, it would be impossible for Dr. Temple to write or speak without grace, and grace makes all things readable. But easy reading is not necessarily easy understanding. The main impression the thoughtful reader will take away is that though he does not quite understand it all, it is very necessary that he should make every effort to do so, for what is being offered him is a new way of escape from the ominous intellectual dilemma of our day—the dilemma between the popular Dialectical Materialism and the now discredited Idealism—which causes a great deal of the intellectual hopelessness and consequent unhappiness among all classes and types in the modern world. Dr. Temple has made the task easier by providing a short com-

mentary at the beginning to state his aim, and by recapitulating in the last lecture the argument of its predecessors.

He calls his way of escape Dialectical Realism, and a large part of his argument is devoted to establishing the fact and the distinguishing features of Mind. In essence, the Archbishop suggests that Dialectical Materialism fails to account for these features since it can find no logical ground for accepting what is undoubtedly the chief of these features, the mind's "capacity for free ideas, and for directing its attention to those ideas apart from any material occasion for doing so." Dialectical Materialism founders on the rock of disinterestedness just as Idealism is wrecked on the shoals of suffering. Dialectical Realism takes ample account of both these classes of fact, and facing the second fearlessly, none the less finds logical ground for Divine Revelation as being in itself the necessary synthesis of all experience. What Dr. Temple does, in other words, is to meet the philosophical Bolsheviks on their own ground, and to fight them with their own weapons. It is not for a reviewer to declare his victory, even though the present writer cannot see how a satisfactory answer is going to be given to so comprehensive an argument. At least it is true that no thinker on the materialist side who knows his job will be able to ignore this advocacy of Dialectical Realism.

The book has another theme. In the end, it becomes a part of the first. By the will of Lord Gifford the lecturers under his foundation are to "deal with Natural Theology, and are not to rely in any way on a divine Revelation". Every lecturer is therefore caught at once in a dilemma. For Natural Theology as opposed to Religious Theology is a strictly dispassionate enquiry into the positive content of the religion studied. But, on the other hand, it is true that as the essence of religion is worship, no one

can really know a religion by means of a purely dispassionate and non-worshipping enquiry. To know Christianity is to worship God. Worship necessarily casts out the dispassionate and critical view of its Object. There is, Dr. Temple suggests, a way of escape from even this dilemma, and it is offered to those Natural Theologians who at least believe in God as Creator, or even as "an Immanent Principle", so that "they can surrender to the subject of their study without abrogating the function of critical enquiry". This dilemma is stated early in the book, and the argument throughout is really an attempt to justify the suggested way of escape. Space naturally forbids any attempt to suggest here the steps of the argument, but it leads to this conclusion:

Natural Theology ends in a hunger for a divine Revelation which it began by excluding from its purview. Rightly sifting with relentless criticism every argument, it knows what manner of Voice that must be which shall promise relief to mankind; but the Voice is not its own, nor can it judge the message that is spoken.

The Voice is, of course, the redeeming offer made by God through Christ. Those who reject that offer on intellectual grounds at least owe it to themselves to read one of the most remarkable defences of it of our generation.

ROGER B. LLOYD.

THE LINHAY ON THE DOWNS, by Henry Williamson. *Cape*. 7s. 6d

A LITTLE over half this book consists of Williamson sketches written in and about Devonshire; the other half of "essays on books and authors" and some impressions of travel in the U.S.A. The author speaks of himself as an "autobiographical muser". His atti-

tude to himself is a mixture of modesty and self-assertion; to the world one of playful disillusionment. "They have been in the sunlight. Since the days of ancient Greece the doves have remained in the sunlight; we who have laboured have found nothing". So books are only an excuse for and an aid to meditation, and to a projection into the past—a past of past Williamson books and the war. Mr. Williamson means that he has found nothing (or little) in the world of men. Even in the New World, in the southern sun where the negroes pleased him, being always "deeply humorous and content" he was pining for the old. He has an advantage here over many writers of novels about the countryside, for he is left with no illusions about the goodness and superior wisdom of country people (in this age of industrialism), and is therefore not tempted to romanticize about them. His present is a world peopled by animals. He observes with phenomenal precision, and writes down straightforwardly what he has observed, but his animals, birds and fishes do not become the dead objects of his observation, but the actual beings of a world which he sees and presents dramatically. For instance, the frogs, rat and heron in "Some marvels of pond life" (a satirical title). Their actions interact on each other. Then why not their thoughts? He goes on to ask the question which naturally arises. But this is only part of the playful attitude. Ultimately he never doubts the answer, for the doubt would be fatal to the world of his creation. Nor is his hint of an apology for being sentimental—"humanizing the emotions of the fish"—more than half-hearted; for his merit lies in being able to create his world with so little sentimentality.

The sketches vary in quality as in length; original ones are eked out with reprints. Mr. Williamson everywhere insists on the exigencies of his "trade

as a writer". He might be grateful, too, that his prestige in the trade enables him to sell with equal success all goods that come into his hands. A Williamson joke, perhaps. The best of these articles at any rate are good.

B. H. de C. IRELAND.

FRANCE'S CRISIS, by Paul Einzig. *Macmillan*. 7s. 6d.

OF the scribes and pharisees in which "the City" abounds, Dr. Paul Einzig is a perfect specimen. He accepts unquestioningly the dogmas of the faith, the chief of which, of course, is that the bankers and financiers of London are the sole repository of wisdom; believes that the money-lending business, transformed into what is called "world trade" by the ju-ju practices of International Finance, is and must be of permanent benefit to all nations—besides the British, and to all sections of the community—besides the traders in money; and judges the action of foreign nations and their statesmen accordingly.

As a scribe Dr. Einzig is prodigious. He produces new books at the rate of three or four a year. His latest subject, France, gives him a rare opportunity of showing his mettle in the other (pharisaical) capacity.

Sure enough, we find here the conventional condemnation of French "political finance," first in the Reparations policy—yet one seems to remember Britain's share of responsibility in swelling the sum demanded by a little item of pensions!—then in the use of her accumulated huge resources during the period 1928–31 "for political ends." We are told that this "short-sighted policy," this "aggressive attitude in the sphere of international finance,"—and indeed, before that, the deflationary monetary policy of M. Poincaré;

with the consequent persistent pressure on London, forced the pound sterling off the gold standard and was a main cause of the world economic crisis. If Dr. Einzig really believes the latter, he cannot have begun to appreciate the enduring changes induced in the monetary system, as indeed in economic processes, by power-production. But, in any case, it is really about time British writers on finance realized that "the City's" conception of what is right and proper is every whit as nationalist a policy, though clothed in "international" trappings, as any self-willed behaviour on the part of France or the U.S.A.

The object of the present study is to establish that France is wilfully prolonging the agony of her crisis by "stubbornly clinging to the present parity of the franc." A refusal to devalue, in the opinion of Dr. Einzig, must lead to recurrent difficulties in the financial, economic and political spheres which will in the end force a depreciation from the present over-valued rate. It is interesting to note that when M. Poincaré stabilized in 1928 the franc was definitely under-valued in respect of its economic parity; the metamorphosis is due entirely to the pound and the dollar going off gold.

A useful sketch is provided of French post-war economic and financial history. The psychological factors, with special reference to the grip of freemasonry and to the recognized corruption of French politics and the Press, are duly recorded. And the rare good fortune whereby the *Treasury* crisis of 1933–34 did not begin until after the *banking* crisis was over is appreciated. But, on the whole, the observations on French character or financial habits are almost unbearably trite, and the author grinds his axe so noisily all the time that one cannot recommend the book as a readable contribution to the study of French affairs.

W. HORSFALL CARTER.

JOSEPH KERKHOVEN'S THIRD EXISTENCE, by Jacob Wassermann. Trans. Eden and Cedar Paul. *Allen & Unwin*. 10s.

STORM IN SHANGHAI, by André Malraux. Trans. Alastair Macdonald. *Methuen*. 7s. 6d.

DEAD WOMAN'S SHOE, by Charles Braibant. Trans. Vyvyan Holland. *Gollancz*. 8s. 6d.

Joseph Kerkhoven's Third Existence, the third volume of a trilogy, was finished by Wassermann shortly before he died. It lacks revision and a postscript which he had meant to attach, emphasising more precisely the purpose of his story. The book as it stands is vitally interesting, like most of Wassermann's writings, but that interest is unfocused, and the reader may very well think, as he drives through its 650 pages, that he is in "A country where the lights are low, and the ways are very hard to find."

In reviewing this book I must confess to a disability. I do not know the original; I have not read the preceding volumes even in translation. When I say, therefore, that *Joseph Kerkhoven's Third Existence* confirms my general opinion of Wassermann—that he was a novelist of immense talent, who damaged his work by adopting the role of genius—some allowance must be made for preconception.

The translators in their preface quote a number of tributes to Wassermann by well-known novelists, among them Arnold Bennett, who called him "the biggest of modern German novelists." Now there seems to me no doubt at all that the *greatest* of modern German novelists is Thomas Mann; the *biggest* perhaps, is Jacob Wassermann. Not that Bennett meant this, for he always used the word "big" in an exceedingly complimentary sense. Wassermann, I think, is "big" in the sense of Bennett's grand hotels. *The World's Illusion*—this, if I remember rightly, was the novel which Bennett rated so high—is "big," epic, Tolstoyan. No one who has read

it will deny that the book has wide scope and energy; but its very size is that "gesture" of "greatness," the rather inflated academic frame, which we may find also when we listen to the symphonies of Mahler and Brückner. *The World's Illusion* very soon dissipates the reader's attention; in short, despite its very considerable merits, it bores. And *Joseph Kerkhoven's Third Existence* has affected me in much the same way.

Many parts of it are excellent. I can only indicate the theme briefly. Joseph Kerkhoven is a doctor who studies chiefly psychological cases; he is also a thinker, even a mystic; the life histories of his patients (some of whom are intimately connected with him) and his own search for truth provide the direction and conflicts of the story. There is the clash (a favourite subject with novelists) of actuality and illusion; and Kerkhoven's "third existence" is the tranquillity which he attains among the terrible and racking experiences of his life.

The figures are real enough and even at times impressive; much of the psychological material is fascinating; but the whole book, instead of being *constructed*, has merely been made *big*. One of the chief characters, for example, recovering from a breakdown, sits down to purge his soul by writing an autobiographical novel of 250 pages. This novel occupies 250 pages in the middle of *Joseph Kerkhoven's Third Existence*. It is typical of Wassermann's methods.

André Malraux' remarkable novel *La Condition Humaine*, which was awarded the Goncourt Prize last year, has been translated under the title *Storm in Shanghai*. It is a vivid, confused, penetrating and terrifying account of Chinese revolution and reaction. The story moves quickly over a period of a few days. We see an assassination, an attempt on the life of Chiang Kai-Shek, street-fighting, and the ghastly

deaths of the Communist prisoners; film-like, the narrative zigzags from the narrow streets and back rooms of shops to the cosmopolitan gathering of a big hotel. The book is horrifying but truthful. M. Malraux (a Communist, I believe) depicts the sadism of revolution with a remarkable insight; and it is not surprising that, among scenes of terrorism and bloodshed, the sexual lives of those who are onlookers, high up in the capitalist ranks, should be also predominantly sadistic. M. Malraux, in fact, gives us the cross-section of a whole society in the ferment of revolution, as it has never been given before. He cuts deeper than previous novelists because he is not concerned to glorify one class or another, but to tell the truth about both. It is a book which will infuriate both Communists and Fascists, and will probably scare the ordinary reader; but he should read it.

Dead Woman's Shoes is a study of an old woman who dominates her son and outlives him. This sort of family terrorism is not perhaps commoner in France than elsewhere, but the claws seem sharper, the cruelty meaner and more crippling; and the story of Aimé is particularly French. He is driven by his mother's ascendancy to deny marriage to his mistress or to legalise his children by her. He develops diabetes (how has this come about without her knowledge? the mother thinks; and searches the family records for an explanation), he is not determined enough to observe a strict diet, and dies. (The description, traditionally French, is excellent.) This amiable, talented, exceptional and bullied man has been presented sympathetically and well. But the book is too long. M. Braibant borrows the name of a character from *Madame Bovary*; why did he not also acquire something of Flaubert's concision?

G. W. STONIER.

HEAVEN'S MY DESTINATION, by Thornton Wilder. *Longmans*. 7s. 6d.

GREY GRANITE, by Lewis Grassic Gibbon. *Jarrols*. 7s. 6d.

MR. THORNTON WILDER has sprung a surprise on us with his latest book, *Heaven's My Destination*. Supported by the success of *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, he must have been sorely tempted to keep to a style which had brought him such instant recognition and to maintain a reputation so quickly won by studiously avoiding in his future work any divergence from what would be expected of him.

But Mr. Wilder has not been content to imitate himself, and now proves himself conclusively to be no mere "one-note man". The book which made his name and the book which he now presents to an expectant public have, frankly, nothing in common.

This is no reflection upon *Heaven's My Destination*, which is of as fine a quality as *The Bridge*, though of a different type. He has written an astonishing and infinitely entertaining novel. The title is taken from the last line of a doggerel verse that American children are wont to scribble in their school-books—the names being, of course, filled in to suit the individual case:

George Brush is my name,
America's my nation;
Ludington's my dwelling-place,
And heaven's my destination.

George Brush is an unforgettable figure, a young travelling salesman of undigested Fundamentalist views. His efforts to carry to their logical and extreme conclusions the dictates of the Scriptures result in some of the most laughable situations in modern fiction. He is a typical Harold Lloyd character, with a marked affinity to the young missionary from China faced—in that amusing film "The Cat's Paw"—with the problems of American municipal graft and corruption. In the satire, too, there is some kinship to the work of

Mr. Evelyn Waugh, but Mr. Wilder is laughing at something so raw, so adolescent, so fresh, that the reader is moved to loving pity both for the absurd hero and for the frailties of human nature.

At the other end of the emotional scale from the picaresque of Mr. Wilder's modern Quixote is the dour realism of Mr. Gibbon's magnificent Scots story. To those readers who have been wise enough to enjoy *Sunset Song* and *Cloud Howe*, *Grey Granite* will come as the triumphant conclusion of a magnificent trilogy, but those who have for one reason or another missed the earlier volumes will not find themselves handicapped in appreciating this beautiful, coarse, virile book.

At the end of *Cloud Howe* Robert Colquhoun, Chris's second husband, was dead, and now Chris and her son, Ewan, leave Segget for the sordid turmoil of Duncairn, an industrial seaport on the East Coast. Chris helps to run a boarding house, and Ewan, working as an apprentice in a big factory, is led into Socialism and finally, after experiencing some brutal treatment at the hands of the police, into Communism. The conditions of the working class in Duncairn and of police treatment of those whom they regard as agitators are mercilessly exposed.

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Mr. Gibbon has successfully shed several of the literary affectations which marred the two preceding volumes. He no longer breaks into blank verse for important passages. His style is now crystallized and pure, without having lost its strength or individuality. The main, perhaps sole, fault which I find with it is in its construction. The modern fashion of ending your book in mid-air is tolerable in a one-volume work, but in a trilogy is a sign of bad workmanship. Chris returns to the croft of her birth, which supplies some kind of conclusion, but Ewan's future is barely indicated.

HELEN GOSSE.

THE BUBBLE, by Gerald Bullett. *Dent*. 2s. 6d.

COULD anyone "debunk" a publisher? Hardly. Their crimes, imputed and actual, are perhaps too serious for that. But it is rare fun to find an author, in sprightly couplets and with Mr. Bullett's urbanity, making such excellent mock of their methods. Almost he persuades us (poor victims of a notorious system of literary ballyhoo and make-believe) that his miracle might be possible; that an "author" who has never set pen to paper might, by the arts of publisher and press and the public's desire to be thought in the swim, attain temporary fame at least like the easy-going Guy Chevenix. So let us welcome this gentlest of satirists and his good-natured ribaldry at the expense of those from whom he earns his bread, and hope that each publisher's wife or daughter will, with justifiable malice, decorate father's plate and enliven his post-prandial enjoyment with this joyful half-crown's-worth on Christmas day. For though as a satirist Mr. Bullett is far too good-tempered to slay even a fairy, he must take high rank through "The Bubble" alone among the purveyors of entertainment. J. L.

THE FORTNIGHTLY

FEBRUARY, 1935

EUROPE IN THE WORLD CRISIS

BY ANDRÉ SIEGFRIED

[In this series of three articles the distinguished French economist examines the deep underlying causes of the world crisis, and concludes by indicating the very serious problems which it raises for Europe.]

I.—The Nineteenth Century

MANIFESTLY, there is a European crisis. After a long period of predominance, which at times seemed permanent, the Old World now finds that its leadership is contested. Moreover, this means that not only the destiny of Europe is in jeopardy, but also her entire form of civilization. This really is the most serious angle of the European crisis.

Civilizations quite as highly developed as ours have existed before—China, Greece, and the *Grand Siècle* in Europe—but, as the Americans point out, the tools and equipment of these older civilizations were rudimentary. The essential phase in the present evolution is the emphasis laid on material progress, man's conquest of natural forces previously unutilized. This intensive exploitation of the world was hitherto almost entirely carried on under the direction of the white race, or, to use another and almost synonymous expression, under the ægis of the West. The principles and methods which achieved this overwhelming conquest originated in north-western Europe at the time of the industrial revolution at the end of the eighteenth century. Their intensive application, however, only became thoroughly effective during the past twenty years, and we are only now beginning to realize the incalculable consequences which may result.

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We seem to be watching the birth of a new era in the history of humanity, an era which, like the Iron Age or the Bronze Age, will some time in the future be given its appropriate label, though we ourselves cannot as yet define it. These new industrial methods can only be described as revolutionary, as their ferment far transcends the limits of mere production. The kernel of this revolution is the replacement of the tool by the machine. This has created the most disturbing problem that has beset humanity since the Neolithic civilization. (Neolithic man still lingers in the more primitive parts of the world.) The way in which different races and different continents are reacting to these new conditions is the fundamental problem of our epoch, and a complete upheaval in the geographic distribution of world leadership may result. The present "European crisis" is thus engulfed within the greater crisis of civilization.

So much for the background of the picture. Let us now examine in greater detail the events which are passing across the foreground. The disturbing elements introduced during the war and the post-war years have rendered exceptionally complex the widespread crisis through which the world has been passing since 1929; many different aspects are involved, each one constituting in itself a special crisis.

First there was the liquidation of the war, which, contrary to the general illusion, was not fully carried out. This was mainly the difficulty of absorbing over-expanded industrial equipment. While Europe was fighting, the rest of the world feverishly equipped itself in order to supply the needs of the belligerents and to cope with their withdrawal from the international markets. After the war, however, Europe in turn wished to recapture what she had lost. Also, many states, especially those created by the Peace Treaty, instinctively endeavoured to safeguard their still precarious independence by setting up autonomous industries. Such ambitions may have been justified politically, but economically they were quite illogical, especially in the exaggerated length to which they were carried and the duplication of effort which they entailed.

One of the most dangerous illusions created by the war was the belief that we could go on increasing production as if

consumption were unlimited. Since the dreaded spectre of a shortage continued long after the Armistice, the idea of having again to face the low price levels of the past was never considered. All indications relating to that time seem to confirm this view. Certain moralists hoped that the war, and the unheard of destruction of property it had caused, would drive home the lesson of frugality; on the contrary, it merely accustomed people to waste. Nor did the return of peace improve matters. By permitting the reckless expenditure of enormous sums, the inflation which followed only increased in a temporary and most unhealthy way the apparent purchasing power of mankind. The 1921 crisis, being soon over, only caused a partial corrective, for prices were kept at too high a level. Also, in order to carry out reconstruction, the wartime financial practices were maintained, and with them all their worst illusions. It is only today, over fifteen years after the return of peace, that the liquidation of the war is at last taking place in the form of a pitiless deflation.

The brief cycle of prosperity from 1924 to 1930 was, however, not unjustified. Farmers and exporters of raw materials in every country had made money during the war. Then, since reconstruction coincided with an extraordinary expansion of new industrial equipment, an atmosphere of activity was created such as the world had never seen before. The new demand for automobiles, aeroplanes, electrical household goods, and all sorts of new forms of machinery which were now within reach of everyone, produced an outlet which was not only entirely without precedent, but which seemed to be capable of indefinite expansion.

Almost everywhere political power was passing into the control of the masses, who were both irresponsible and naturally eager to enjoy life. As a result public budgets were steadily inflated, and a large part of the capital previously saved was dissipated as current expenditure. From this, superficial observers believed that the war had enriched the world, and had conferred on it, no one knew why, a greater purchasing power than that enjoyed in the past. Now that this fictitious part of purchasing power has evaporated, the redundant equipment, which had been created to meet abnormal consumption,

has fallen into disuse. The underlying causes of the depression have thus become clearly evident, and we can perceive the truly striking character of the phenomenon.

Contrary to all expectations, it was obvious after 1925 that the return of prosperity in the United States had not brought an increase in prices. I remember being struck by this fact when I was in America at that time. The tendency for gold to recover its purchasing power, which had been so seriously compromised by the war, now seemed irresistible. Herculean efforts were needed to struggle against the widespread and inexorable depression that resulted. For if the atmosphere of a rising market seems rich in economic oxygen, and is favourable to the producer and indulgent to all borrowers, no matter how imprudent; the atmosphere of a decline, on the other hand, expresses everything in a minor key, proves fatal to the debtor, implacable to the *entrepreneur*, and mortal to the producer. We are now undoubtedly passing through a cycle of depression. Its blind, almost cosmic forces overwhelm all attempts to resist or fight it. This is the second aspect of the world crisis, and it is by no means the least important.

The liquidation of the war and the fall in prices have this much in common: they affect all countries and all continents alike. Neither presents anything intrinsically new, for price cycles have been as periodic as the seasons, and history has known the liquidation of other wars.

There is, however, a third crisis, one that especially concerns Europe. It arises from the displacement of the centre of gravity of the world's economic structure. Originating as far back as the beginning of the twentieth century, but accelerated and aggravated by the war, this trend now threatens to deprive the Old World for good and all of its former industrial monopoly. Here we have neither precedent nor experience to guide us. We are facing something new, and are dismayed by circumstances so entirely unexplored. A geographic regrouping of industry is now taking place. Europe finds herself over-equipped, thanks to her long start ahead of the others. She must now, however, justify not only her right of leadership, but even her very existence, for her young rivals refuse to recognize the quasi-monopoly she enjoyed in the past.

To appraise the position of Europe, we must distinguish carefully between that which is temporary in the crisis (the war and its liquidation), that which is recurrent (the cycle of prices), and that which arises from a reorganization of the world's economic structure (the displacement of the economic centre of gravity). Since these three crises overlap and are superimposed, we risk falling into error at every step. After having long ignored even the possibility of permanent decline, we in Europe are now apt to exaggerate it.

We must now examine briefly the system of reciprocal trade between Europe and the other continents at the level established in the nineteenth century and maintained until the war. Generally speaking, Western Europe imported raw materials and exported manufactured goods. In 1913, for example, raw materials accounted for 76 per cent. of the German imports, 80 per cent. of the French, and 75 per cent. of the British; on the other hand, the proportion of manufactures in the total exports of these same countries amounted to 75, 61, and 80.5 per cent. respectively. The role of all non-European countries, including the United States, was thus complementary. In spite of an evolution which was making them resemble Europe more and more closely, they were still mainly exporters of raw materials (77 per cent. during the period 1910-1914).

This system of international trade—or more exactly of inter-continental trade—was based essentially upon this contrast between the countries, and especially upon their complementary character. The position of the different peoples in the system was dependent on whether they were youthful, full grown, or old.

The equilibrium of the world as it existed in the nineteenth century seemed to have been conceived in the exclusive interest of Europe, by a Providence at once attentive and partial. At that time it seemed to have been settled for ever.

In this commercial system, which is now disintegrating under our eyes, Europe was the factory of the world, the privileged, indeed the sole provider of all manufactured articles consumed anywhere. Out of this arose a double interdependence: the non-European countries depended on the old continent for their finished goods, their capital and their technical skill; while

Europe depended on them for a proportion of her foodstuffs and raw materials, and this proportion steadily increased as her industry developed and her population also increased and drifted into the cities. As this system was gradually perfected, the old continent was only able to complete her economic life by going abroad. In this way a complicated mechanism of exchange grew up, as well timed and delicate as clockwork. Although this equilibrium became more and more fragile, it was none the less effective and real: as we all remember, the system worked well.

The two chief industries of that period, iron and steel, and cotton, were Europe's by right of priority. She considered it her special business to supply mechanical equipment to the whole world, and to clothe the negroes whom she had converted. We are so accustomed to these privileges that when a young country today insists on setting up its own industry and closes its doors to our manufactures, our instinctive reaction is to declare that it has exceeded its rights.

The payment for these purchases and sales was not entirely carried out by an exchange of goods. The mechanism of exchange was more complex, for the invisible exports played an increasingly important part. A balance of payments was achieved which did not depend entirely on a balance of trade. Some countries invariably had a favourable and others an unfavourable balance, but these very deficits and surpluses became factors in bringing about the general state of equilibrium. The non-European countries became borrowers, obtaining loans in order to develop their natural resources and to acquire essential manufactured goods. They met their loans by exporting raw materials, which was, in fact, the only method available to them. On her side, Western Europe paid for part of her food and raw materials by services such as shipping, insurance, commissions, etc., and also by the income from her foreign investments. This simple analysis emphasizes the leadership of Europe, which, after all, was so justified at the time that no one ever dreamed of disputing it.

The real superiority of Europe lies in the perfection of her organization and her complex industrial life. When one travels abroad one is struck by the shallowness of the social order of

the New World. In contrast, the hereditary character of European civilization becomes more pronounced when we try to transplant it. It is relatively easy to set up a mining record when there is mineral wealth lying close at hand under the ground, and all that is needed is to bring it to the surface. It is also easy to copy industrial equipment, and to build factories near the source of the raw material in a position so advantageous that at first sight it appears to be impossible to compete with them.

One soon perceives, however—and especially if the work is difficult, or if skilled labour is required—that it takes several generations to build up a trained personnel. For example, it takes years to produce good sailors, or cultivators, or mechanics, or company directors, or, longest of all perhaps, international bankers. One can construct a factory in a few months, but an industrial equipment, in the complete and complex sense of the word, involves a human element and cannot be improvised. For mass production it is possible, but where it is a question of skilled technique, or of an industrial atmosphere like that of Lyons, or of a financial centre like London, even many generations may be required to create it.

In the nineteenth century Europe seemed to have the gift of creating capital charged with vitality. In the first chapter of his *Economic Consequences of the Peace*, Mr. J. M. Keynes, that brilliant English economist, pays an enlightened tribute to this faculty. At that period the accumulation of capital resulted from an instinct for work, which, in turn, had been inherited from the solid discipline of the peasant and middle-classes of the past. It seemed so natural that people were hardly aware of its existence. They worked because they had always done so, and they did not consume the entire product of their labour. A rigid social tradition maintained the farmers' and workmen's standard of living at a comparatively modest level, since they were not then organized to protest, nor ever dreamed of doing so. Higher in the social scale, the governing classes voluntarily kept their expenditure under control, automatically setting aside a large part of their profits as savings—"to what end", writes Keynes, "was not clearly contemplated".

Above all, the middle-class European endeavoured to con-

and other continents, but between the white and other races.

Certain non-European communities belonging to the white race quickly obtained their political independence: the United States as early as the end of the eighteenth century, and the Spanish and Portuguese colonies in South America at the opening of the nineteenth. A similar movement naturally began to unsettle the British colonies, but here a wise old Mother Country, having learned her lesson in the past, avoided revolt by guiding the forces of emancipation through a long process of peaceful evolution. The unity of the Empire was never broken, not formally at any rate.

The principle on which the new status of the Dominions is based was granted as far back as the Imperial Conference of 1917, but was only definitely codified in the declaration of 1926. The Statute of Westminster in 1931 simply put into writing certain logical consequences of a system already accepted. This ended a chapter.

Complete equality i.e. the independence of the former "colonies", was then solemnly recognized. Henceforth each Dominion would be responsible for its own foreign relations, and therefore the Empire need not follow a common foreign policy. This means that the centre of gravity of the British system is displaced, a fact which is bound to have, from the point of view of Europe, far reaching effects. No doubt this constellation will continue to gravitate around its European centre, though the Empire is coming more and more under overseas influences. The British policy is thus loosed from its axis, and attracted away from Europe by the pressure exerted by far-off governments, who live their own lives independently of ours.

This change in the British Commonwealth illustrates the transformation which has taken place during the past generation in Europe's position as leader of the world. In the nineteenth century the British might have taken as their motto Virgil's famous saying, *Tu regere imperio populos memento*; the English proconsuls resembled those of Rome. We still remember the decisive part they played in the formation of such fine political units as Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa. Today, however, the Dominions no longer need the *élite* of Great Britain. On the contrary, Australians and Canadians,

cordial but familiar, now propose their good offices without being asked, and offer advice to the Old Country, which, in the light of long experience, smiles benevolently upon their youthfulness.

In the economic field, emancipation has been neither so rapid nor so complete. It may even be less real than we were inclined to believe in the humiliating years after the war.

Although politically free for over a century, the Americans long retained a certain colonial quality in their economic relations with the Old Continent. It supplied the capital they needed, and also all forms of technical skill, from mechanics to consulting engineers, and foremen imbued with the European tradition, without whom the Americans could not have set up their own new industries. Towards 1890, although the U.S.A. began to figure as a young giant, it was still developing in the wake of old Europe. The very fact that we regarded the Americans as eccentric, shows that we still considered ourselves to be the real centre of the world.

Since that time the economic emancipation of the United States has passed through three periods. In 1890 it definitely initiated its industrial independence by the McKinley Tariff, and then began to oppose Europe both consciously and aggressively. This is an outstanding date. Its importance by no means escaped notice at that time.

The second period began with the war, which reversed the flow of capital, and transformed the United States from a borrower into a creditor country, so that for a time at any rate it took the place of England as the international banker. The war, during which Europe was obliged to withdraw from the scene, over-stimulated the development of industry in the New World. Once this movement got under way, it shot ahead in the exceptional prosperity of the post-war years, carrying the American manufacturers along with it in a rhythm of truly marvellous progress.

Just as Western Europe was the originator of the industrial revolution of the eighteenth century, so the Americans have been the incomparable pioneers of mass production, of the methodical organization of industry and of the new methods which have been changing the face of the globe during the past

twenty years. This is the third period, during which the United States has become so completely independent economically, and especially industrially, that it is tending to break away altogether from European inspiration. It has now become a centre of gravity in its turn, and as a result we find its people greater strangers than ever before. Lincoln, born and bred on the prairies, still spoke our language, but Henry Ford seems to have appeared from another planet.

In both the British Dominions and Latin America we find the same ambition to attain economic independence. There is the same eagerness to create new industries protected by tariffs raised ever higher and higher, the same careful regulation of immigrants, and the same aspiration towards complete economic nationalism. They seem all to be following an economic law, from which no new country may escape. Although their aims are obvious enough, the result is not yet decisive, for whenever it is a question of difficult technique, they still depend on skilled personnel imported from abroad.

In the same way they depend for their equipment and the higher grades of manufactured goods almost entirely on imports. No doubt they can exist without imports—in Latin America during the recent depression they have been doing so—but only at the price of sacrificing much of their standard of life. Whenever contact with Europe or the United States is cut off for any length of time, a setback in material civilization immediately follows. Financial independence has not yet been realized, for hardly any of these young nations can afford to do without foreign capital if they wish to continue developing their natural resources.

Finally, there is another aspect of the development of the Dominions, especially those facing the Pacific, which proves that they have not yet attained full independence, for they still require protection from the eventual demand of the coloured races for admission. It is this colour rivalry, which we inevitably encounter as soon as we leave Europe, which makes the regime of a protectorate an urgent necessity. Were they not shielded from the biological pressure of the yellow races by the prestige and power of the Empire, of which they form a part, their immigration laws would be swept away like feeble dykes.

Thus, in spite of verbal protestations and occasional outbursts, these countries are still economically and financially, and sometimes even politically, mere satellites.

The danger, so far as Europe is concerned, does not lie in the menace of complete independence, for that is far from accomplished and often not desired, but rather in a change in the centre of gravity. The non-European white countries are as faithful to their race as they are to Western civilization, as is proved by the excessively rigid policy of White Australia and the colour bar in South Africa. Actually it is the more remote sections of our race, people who live on its farthest frontiers, who are prepared to defend it most passionately.

Nevertheless, these communities which form the vanguard of Europe have ceased to be European: Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and Argentina are all developing in an atmosphere which geographically differs completely from that of the Old World, being much nearer to that of the United States. As they have been populated and built up on much the same lines, they have the same business methods, the same rhythm of expansion in prosperity, and the same stagnation in depression. Life in all of these new countries is very much the same, partly because their climate and circumstances require the same standards and equipment. The United States is simply a stage ahead of the rest in its evolution, but otherwise they are all about the same age and of the same type. They form the overseas section of our Western civilization, which has overflowed the boundaries of the Old Continent.

The peril for Europe is not that these new countries may prematurely seek their independence, but that they may eventually gravitate about another axis, and that axis can only be America. During the post-war years, when Europe was humiliated, and when the power of the United States was increasing by leaps and bounds, we had a glimpse of what gravitation about a new centre would mean. The Americans were launching out in the financial world, and Wall Street was trying to supplant the City as the international banker. The same thing happened in the export markets, for the young countries of the white race began to rely on American manufacturers to provide an entire section of their requirements.

The list of articles for which they turned instinctively and exclusively to the United States was most striking: motor-cars and their accessories, gramophones, radios, cinema films, typewriters and calculating machines, electric utensils both domestic and industrial, mass-produced office furniture, road construction machinery, oil derricks, etc. Twentieth-century products were replacing those of the nineteenth—textiles, hardware, railroad equipment, and coal—where British industry formerly reigned supreme. In any case, having similar customs and climate, it was only to be expected that these overseas clients should be attracted to a source of supply so closely resembling themselves.

So far as racial defence is concerned the situation is much the same, although it is difficult to speak openly on this subject without arousing protests. Australia, New Zealand, and Canada know full well that the strength of their defence against the yellow race does not lie in their own efforts. They must have a protector of the Imperial class. England is there, but if she were to fail them, or even weaken, it is to America that they would turn. They already have in the back of their minds the idea that they might require some protection extending beyond politics and the flag, some plan involving both their race and their civilization.

"White Australia", writes an author in the *Antipodes*, "is not a political theory; it is a gospel. It counts more than religion, more than the flag. . . . The doctrine of a White Australia is, in fact, based upon the necessity of choosing between national existence and national suicide".*

In 1921, on the eve of the Washington Naval Conference, the Australian Prime Minister, Mr. Hughes, said: "I salute with satisfaction every American warship laid down in the shipyards". What is the meaning of this remarkable declaration, if not the hope of support should Australia ever be involved in a racial struggle in the Pacific? If such fears are consolidated, our western civilization risks having two centres in the near future—indeed, this may be the case already.

In these forebodings I am no doubt alluding to something which is hardly admitted, even by those most closely concerned.

* J. F. Abbot, *Japanese Expansion and American Politics*, New York, 1916.

Politically the Dominions are suspicious of the United States, and at heart they dislike it. And yet, hidden beneath this antipathy exists a real affinity, and we cannot afford to ignore it. The eclipse of Europe on the morrow of the war has now been followed by the eclipse of the United States. Owing to the depression which is so seriously compromising its prestige, we are inclined to underestimate its importance, just as its prosperity of yesterday led us to exaggerate it. Since its policy at the moment appears to be devoid of all idea of expansion, Europe, and especially England, is tempted to feel more confident again, and I think with reason. Nevertheless, the great mass which makes up the United States remains to all intents and purposes too powerful a force not to exert, sooner or later, an irresistible attraction.

Even today this is shown clearly in the foreign policy of the British Empire, as England is finding it difficult enough to retain her unique and uncontested position as its centre. This subtle *dis-Europeanizing* of the greatest political system in the world is in itself significant, and if it continues, a whole series of countries may eventually be attracted into a new orbit outside of Europe to model their culture upon that of the United States. From now on we must recognize the fact that there exist two directing centres for the white race and Western civilization, and Europe, though traditionally accustomed to reign supreme, is now only one of them.

(To be continued)

THE FALLACY OF PIECEMEAL PLANNING

By G. L. SCHWARTZ

IT might have been thought that the post-war experience of the concentration movement in various lines of economic activity—all the developments which were, and still are, associated with the catchword rationalization—would, by now, have aroused some disillusionment and induced some misgivings towards similar proposals for industrial reconstruction. The collapse of megalomaniac finance of the Kreuger type, the breakdown and dissolution of huge holding companies, as exemplified by the cases of the public utility concerns in the United States and the Royal Mail Steam Packet Co. in this country, the numerous failures of centrally operated restriction schemes, the voluntary break-up of unwieldy combines, the latest example of which is the Hapag shipping reconstruction in Germany, should have exposed the weaknesses of centralized organization and provoked suspicion of all grandiose comprehensive schemes for the salvation of particular industries. But the contrary has occurred, and all the shibboleths of rationalization have carried over into planning.

The current doctrine now in popular favour merely aims at rendering schemes of rationalization in individual industries watertight by statutory recognition and enforcement. Sometimes the doctrine is given a longer and more respectable history by representing the process as a natural development of the public utility form of organization and, for what it may be worth, this repudiation of exotic origins may be accepted. All the more readily because the term planning is a misnomer in this connection. The Western countries, and the English-speaking countries in particular, balk at complete central control of the means of production—the only logical translation of the concept of planning such as has been attempted by the Russians—and they are compromising on a form of piecemeal reorganization which is syndicalism and not planning.

Some people believe that this piecemeal reorganization is a preliminary to a general policy of planning, others that it is a substitute for it. Both parties agree, however, that it is a necessary corrective of the alleged evils of free enterprise; For the prevailing disequilibrium in the economic system is solely attributed to the deficiencies of private enterprise; and all the schemes for reform purport to introduce order into the chaos produced by unregulated and unco-ordinated competition.

A whole vocabulary of uncritical abuse has grown up in denunciation of free competition. Most of this jargon would be laughable if it were not so pitiable. The term competition is invariably prefaced by the adjectives wasteful, suicidal or cut-throat; private enterprise and private warfare are synonyms in this thesaurus, with dog-fight in the same group. Every industry is infested by multitudes of small producers and plagued as a result with surplus capacity and redundant plant. Price cutting is rampant and is always indulged in by those on the fringe of the industry, while the independent producer has become a pirate, a franc-tireur who should be shot at sight. Most impudent of all, the system which opened up the whole world in the last century, and brought the products of the five continents and seven seas to these islands, is contemned as a parochial, hand-to-mouth economy.

Hence, the demand for plans, for codes to end such chaos and to impose order and coherence upon each industry in turn. The crude working of supply and demand is to be replaced by orderly production and marketing. Coin a new phrase and you apparently establish a new principle. This explains why the failures of rationalization, so far from provoking disillusionment, have led to the conclusion that that process has not been sufficiently drastic and comprehensive, and must be statutorily imposed upon all the units of an industry. For the new claim is that reorganization is impossible without security. Security from what? Security from the evils of the vicious, demoralizing riot of competition.

The positive side of this negative abuse is reflected in the new terminology of the cure-all programmes. One can dispense with italics because the jargon had already been incorporated into the common language. The first demand in these programmes

is for an enabling Act framed on broad lines, the broadness presumably combining the merits of decision with those of open-mindedness and impartiality. It is a common device of modern economic legislation to set out vague generalizations and aims in the belief that an authority established *ad hoc* will automatically convert these into rational principles capable of scientific application. The broad task laid down for this authority is the co-ordination of individualism to achieve unity of effort and purpose, and its powers are supposed to be wide and strong enough to compel every operating unit to conform to an agreed plan. This autocratic provision has become a commonplace of reorganization proposals as a result of the belief that what is called order in an industry must be and can only be imposed from above. A limited stock of high-sounding, question-begging *clichés* is now regularly deployed like a stage army in every new recommendation for the salvation of an industry. The steel industry must, we are instructed, be endowed with statutory powers of a sufficiently drastic nature to compel recalcitrant individuals to conform to a plan which has been framed in the interests of steel producers as a whole.

This doctrine of a common interest in an industry, respect for which must be enforced, is paralleled by the United States code legislation designed to foster such a balance between total production of an industry and maximum demand at lowest efficient price that no overproduction might develop, to the demoralization of the interest each member has in common with other code members. This latter is almost as perfect a specimen of question-begging terminology as can be imagined. Nearly every word can be challenged for its meaning. Foster, balance, maximum demand, lowest efficient price, over-production, demoralization, common interest, are void of all economic significance in the context as it stands.

It is, of course, always assumed in these discussions that an industry is an entity in itself, something definable in scope and extent, and, above all, something which possesses, or should possess, a basic structure which an over-riding authority is called upon to maintain and defend. This concept of an autonomous body is carried to such lengths as almost to confer upon an industry the attributes of an independent state. At

least this is the impression created by a phraseology replete with references to the common interest of the industry, and complacent corollaries relating to the necessity for coercing obstinate and recalcitrant minorities. One leader after another, we are told, in iron and steel, cotton, dyeing, chemicals, electrical engineering, transport, retailing, has announced his acceptance of the principle that, in future, small backward-looking minorities must not have the right they now enjoy to hold up indefinitely the progress of the industry to which they belong.

It would be instructive and amusing to digress at this point for a definition of a backward-looking minority. The implication is that inefficient, out-of-date concerns, "on the fringe of the industry" are in question, but in practice it frequently relates to efficient independent concerns prepared to stand on their own legs, and unwilling to accept restrictions on output and sales, or to contribute levies for buying out weak opponents. This obstinate refusal to fall into line infuriates the planners who, scornful of the so-called private warfare of competition, insist that an industry should manoeuvre *en masse* under direction from headquarters. Contraction must be orderly, expansion must be orderly: retreat or advance must be conducted under strict discipline, with courts-martial to deal with disobedience and mutiny.

The self-frustrating nature of the old types of intervention has been recognized, and to overcome this difficulty the amazing doctrine has been promulgated that an industry belongs to those already in it. This doctrine is implicit in all those schemes which provide that available business as estimated by the code or planning authority is to be shared equitably on the basis of productive capacity and *past* operations. It is explicit in the arguments employed by Sir Adam Nimmo in an article on the "Control of Industry", when he laid down as a fundamental principle, based upon a mixture of common interest, self-interest and equity, that the available trade is to be held to be the common possession of all the existing operators, to be shared upon an agreed basis. The operative word here is "existing". The prescriptive right of existing producers to current and future business is tacitly or deliberately assumed in all those proposals and plans which round off a scheme of reconstruction by

pointing out the danger of encroachment from newcomers or from other sections of the industry. Such encroachment, it is asserted, is a threat to stability and leads back to chaos.

The development of such doctrines has been reflected by a progressive tightening-up of reconstruction schemes. After the apparent failure of voluntary reconstruction the State stepped in, first to lend its advice, then its assistance, and finally, to exercise and confer compulsory powers. The inability or unwillingness of the existing producers in an industry to prevent the dissipation of economic benefits artificially bestowed upon them has been solved by giving the industry an autonomous status, virtual powers of self-government which permit restriction of entry and production. This device to render industries immune from internal and external pressure has been freely adopted in recent legislation. On this astounding principle an industry is sealed up on and after a certain date, and no new enterprise is permitted in that field. Inside the industry output is distributed by quotas, based on the experience of the recent past.

The inequity of this procedure, to say nothing of its economic shortcomings, can only be exposed by an examination of the fallacy inherent in such economic control. The Coal Mines Act of 1930 and the various Transport Acts illustrate the application of this arbitrary principle. A flagrant example is afforded by the Hops Marketing Scheme, which conferred a five-year monopoly on *existing producers*, and was supposed to be recommended by the fact that the industry was almost unanimous in accepting this arrangement!

Moreover, the authorities have not even waited for statutory approval of the policy. They have used indirect powers, the unofficial pressure which can be brought to bear in this country, to discourage the emergence of new enterprise which might embarrass those already in the field. The Red Star Line affair is a case in point. The chief objection to the retention and operation of the steamships by British subjects is the encroachment upon the Atlantic trade of the Cunard-White Star Line, in which, as it happens, the Government is financially interested. If abuses of this kind continue to be perpetrated, there will be a strong case for a written constitution which would enable such conduct to be challenged in the Courts.

What is the fallacy inherent in this process of piecemeal reconstruction? It is best revealed by pursuing the process through the whole system. It will be seen that we can rule out any suggestion of sinister motives, and yet show that well-meaning people, through sheer ignorance of the economic principle, embark upon measures so inconsistent and indefensible in character that the final results would do credit or rather discredit to the worst type of autocrat.

Granting the possibility of segregating industries on any logical basis, let us assume that their numbers coincide with those of the letters in the alphabet. The industrial house is in disorder, and on the approved lines of the piecemeal planner let us tidy up room by room. Let us claim it as a particular virtue that we treat each industry strictly on its merits. The first industry *A* is the crude steel industry. The records of the recent past show that we can count on a normal demand of, say, 10 million tons per annum. The best technical advice will inform us that this amount can be produced in so many units with the aid of so much labour. It is our object, of course, to confine production to the maximum of capital and labour consistent with efficiency, and to secure to that capital and labour a fair remuneration. Five per cent as a fair return on the necessary capital and £4 per week as a fair minimum wage are figures that cannot be challenged as excessive by any impartial critic. On this basis £10 per ton becomes a fair price for the product, and with the addition of some slight provision for elasticity we can draw up our plan on these calculations. But it must be made sacrosanct. The industry must be left to carry out the scheme unhampered by the incursion of new devils into the swept and garnished room. The "Full-up; no new hands wanted" sign is therefore posted, and the cleaning apparatus is carried into industry *B*. If *B* is cotton spinning, the same methods of calculation apply, with spindles substituted for furnaces. Again we arrange for orderly production to satisfy existing demand at prices which yield an agreed reasonable remuneration for the factors engaged in the industry. Note, however, that our clean-up of *B*, although presumably guided by the experience gained in case *A*, is conducted quite independently and with no responsibility or relation to cases before or after.

And so we can go on through the alphabet, our action all along appeasing those who clamour for something to be done, appealing to those of tidy mind, and satisfying critics that nothing more has been done than to put each industry on a basis of reasonable prosperity with security for the maintenance of such conditions. But what if at the end of the separate reconstruction processes two or three million workers are left over? Are they all to be dumped into industry *Z*? Why should this act as the residuary? The independent plan for *Z* is supposed to place that industry in the same conditions for reasonable prosperity as were granted to the other industries; and it cannot do that if it has to absorb a residue entirely unrelated to its capacity. It is at this stage that the fallacy is revealed—the planning has not been planned. The independent solutions do not fit to make a final solution. There is a fallacy of composition. A new authority must be set up to co-ordinate the piecemeal planning. It has to fit in two or three million loose pieces. (It can, of course, set up a new industry *Z*¹, an unemployment benefit scheme.)

What can it do? Approach all industries and ask them to shift up a little to make room for new-comers? But, if they consent, what becomes of all the fine calculations made for each industry in the first instance? What happens to output, prices, remuneration in industry *A* if it takes on 10 per cent. extra personnel? It becomes obvious that all the original calculations were meaningless as they stood: the output, prices and factor remunerations of *A* had no significance except in relation to the actual and potential output, price structure and factor remunerations of the rest of the system.

Any attempt to stereotype conditions in *A* would establish a gross privilege against the remainder and against the unemployed in particular. The co-ordinating planning authority, if it wished to see the residue absorbed and unemployment abolished, would have to refuse to regard any arrangements as sacrosanct until that object had been achieved. It would squeeze in workers here and there regardless of the changes in the economic indices of any individual industry, and heedless of the complaints of those already in it. If it obviously over-did the squeezing-up in one case it would correct its error

by a transfer to a less afflicted group, and in doing so, what else would it be doing but effecting the adjustments characteristic of the working of free enterprise? After all its labour and worry the co-ordinating authority might come to the ironic realization that the result would not have been much different, and the process more speedy, if the thing had been left to work itself out.

But who among our rulers and advisers has traced the process out to this logical end? We are still experimenting in this piecemeal fashion, apparently consolidating as we go along; but actually leaving behind established pockets of privilege at the expense of those still awaiting treatment. We are satisfied that something is being done, that it is being done cautiously, and that our method is a compromise which traditionally suits our temperament and admirably fits our case. It is futile to seek for the ultimate ends of this policy because, as the above analysis has shown, it cannot have been thought out.

Of the few people who have thought it out some believe that it need not, and should not, be extended over the whole economic system. Sir Arthur Salter is one of those who believe that positive advantages can be obtained by piecemeal planning of about half of the country's economic activity, leaving the other half to be conducted by free enterprise. He offers the plausible argument that in this way each half will provide a useful check on the other. It is to be feared that nothing of the kind will occur. In terms of the analysis employed above, all that will happen is that the industries in the first half of the alphabet will be statutorily converted into sheltered industries, and those in the second half will constitute the dumping ground for the residual working population. The problem arrived at at *Z* above will begin at *N*.

The nature of this problem can be illustrated by a rather pathetic example. Some time ago it was stated that the National Federation of Newsagents and the National Union of News-vendors were combining to secure the licensing of street newsvendors. Petitions were prepared for presentation to local authorities, and regulations such as the two organizations desire were incorporated in a general purposes bill for promotion in Parliament. The objects which the promoters had in view were precisely those of any other scheme for the regulation of

an industry, and no planner can deny to this industry the right to secure the same sort of protection as that conferred on any other industry. A petition to the London County Council stated that "growing overcrowding of the industry by casual sellers is rendering it impossible for *bona fide* newsvendors to earn sufficient to maintain a respectable position as citizens. Any person, provided he can obtain a supply of papers, is at liberty to sell them in the street". (For analogy one can quote an article on coal reconstruction which complained that entry into the coal distributive trade was ridiculously easy.) The newsvendors' petition went on to show that there were two types of casual sellers: unemployed persons who on special occasions "flood the streets", and, secondly, both unemployed and employed persons who sell football editions on Saturdays. It proceeded: "We street vendors have every sympathy with the unfortunate lot of the unemployed persons and we appreciate their desire to earn a few extra pence, but we suggest that it is not to the public advantage or benefit that any assistance or relief gained by an unemployed man selling papers on the street should be obtained at the expense of lowering the already too low standard of existence of the regular newsvendor."

Here we have the problem of Industry Z. Why should it be the dumping ground of workers shut out from other occupations? Yet can anyone contemplate with equanimity a bill to prevent unemployed persons from earning a few pence by selling football editions on a Saturday night? The mind revolts against such arbitrary intervention as would leave a man to rot in idleness rather than let him encroach on an industry for the sake of acquiring a few extra coppers of income. Yet piecemeal planning is riddled with such arbitrary conferment of privilege. What sacrosanctity attaches to the persons who happened to be in any particular industry on December 31st, 1932? What claim have they to exclude other persons? What occupation has the right to enforce a minimum standard of remuneration, and to stipulate in effect that any unemployed worker whose intrusion might cut into that standard must opt for the scanty dole instead? Who in his senses would consult the existing producers in an industry as to the fairness of the terms and conditions prevailing in that industry and accept their

views as to its capacity to absorb additional units and workers? Adam Smith gave the answer: "The proposal of any new law or regulation of commerce which comes from this order (i.e. the dealers in any particular branch of trade or manufactures) ought always to be listened to with great precaution, and ought never to be adopted till after having been long and carefully examined, not only with the most scrupulous, but with the most suspicious, attention. It comes from an order of men whose interest is never exactly the same with that of the public, who have generally an interest to deceive and even to oppress the public, and who accordingly have, upon many occasions, both deceived and oppressed it!"

What renders all these stereotyped plans more ridiculous is that new generations are continually coming on who could not have staked out a claim on December 31, 1932. Is it to be a penalty of youth that it was born too late to start new enterprises? Why should not a budding Lord Ashfield launch his fleet of buses or lorries on the English roads? Will it soon be impossible for a young Selfridge to open an emporium? Could Lord Nuffield and Sir Herbert Austin, who have themselves worked up from the bottom, conscientiously assert that the motor car industry is overcrowded, and that new enterprise in that line must be regulated and controlled? For every industry is overcrowded in the view of its present occupants. The complaint of the newsvendors is echoed by the discount houses: the market is overcrowded. In the same way every industry and occupation resents encroachment by another industry, and loudly clamours for strict demarcation. Thus, the building societies complain that insurance companies are now reaching out into the house mortgage business, and regard this as an illegitimate intrusion, apparently on the grounds that they thought of it first, and this fact entitles them to a perpetual monopoly in that field.

The consumer may judge whether all these attempts to stereotype existing arrangements are designed to redound to his advantage, and whether the advocates or opponents of such schemes are on the side of progress. A great deal could be written to show that the stereotyping of conditions unconsciously or deliberately extends to technique, and that an integral part

of planning is the regulation of change and innovation to a pace which will not discomfort existing producers in an industry. The case for such regulation was skilfully argued by Sir Josiah Stamp before the last British Association meeting. But again the question of privilege arises, and has arisen in practice. Some industries have been sheltered from the effects of innovation—notably the railways in respect of road vehicles—whilst others have suffered the full blast of change. No plan saved the old horse-cab drivers, and today no plan protects the office worker from displacement by machines. It is on the question of privilege that the whole issue ultimately turns. No economist pretends that economic remuneration goes by merit, or denies that emergencies arise in the lives of citizens which call for communal aid. But machinery already existed to relieve the citizen *qua* citizen in respect of his distress through unemployment, sickness or other vicissitudes. A very different situation arises when such assistance is afforded to individuals in their capacity as producers, on an arbitrary arrangement which discriminates between various lines of production. Some are patronized, some are neglected, and the general result is an interference with liberty and an establishment of privileges which are a complete negation of democracy.

THE ACCIDENT

BY LIAM O'FLAHERTY

LOUIS, the waiter, was leaning over a table in the smoke room of the Eagle Tavern, studying the racing edition of the *Dublin Evening Mail*. There were no customers in the room at the moment, and he was trying to pick the winner of the four-thirty race. He had lost quite a sum of money on the third race, and he was very anxious to "get out", as they say, on the last race. What should he back? It was very difficult to come to a decision.

Chimney Pot, he read, "is in the race with a chance that cannot be overlooked. With the champion jockey in the saddle, this useful son of *Sergeant Sims* looks likely to go one better than his second to *Hell for Leather* at Sandown Park last week. *Call It A Day*, however, is regarded by her supporters as certain to get among the money. Taking a line through her victory at Gatwick over a similar distance of ground, when she scored in a runaway fashion from a useful field. . . ."

Louis straightened himself, moved his lips as if he were counting, and then mopped his forehead with a big red handkerchief that he pulled from the pocket of his tail coat. Then he swore.

"There ye are", he muttered angrily. "They give ye one horse and then another. What's a man to think? Damn lot of shysters an' frauds. Hah! It's a fool's game. Jay! Sure, if they knew the winner they would not write it down on a paper for the dogs to read. All a cod. A mug's game, sure enough."

The poor man had been telling himself for twenty years that betting on horses was a mug's game, but that did not prevent him from being an inveterate punter. He was now over fifty and a bachelor without dependents, yet he did not have a penny in the bank, although he earned an excellent salary in tips owing to his efficiency and popularity. All he earned went to the

bookmakers. At times, in fact, he was in sore straits for money, and suffered agonies because he could not pay his racing debts. He was one of those honest fellows who are intensely humiliated by owing the merest trifle.

"Well! Well!" he muttered anxiously, as he bent once more over the paper. "I must get the winner of this or I'm down a tenner for the week. Will I take a chance on that *Chimney Pot* or am I crazy? It's likely to start at fives."

He was so engrossed in his effort to come to a decision that he did not notice the entry of a customer into the smoke room until the newcomer hailed him in an angry and haughty tone.

"Waiter! Are you too busy to attend to your customers? Upon my soul! Rank and unbridled anarchy!"

As if he had stepped on an electric current, Louis jerked himself into an erect position, swung around, saw the customer and cried out:

"Yes, sir. Here I am. Sorry to keep ye waitin', sir. Oh! Good afternoon, Colonel Tomlin. How are ye, colonel?"

The customer stood near the doorway, staring at Louis in a furious fashion.

"My name", he cried arrogantly, "is Colonel Jones-Tomlin. Is it too much to ask of the modern servant that he should address his superiors correctly? Answer me, fellow".

Louis smiled ingratiatingly and without losing his temper in the least, skipped over to the table by the door, flicked the surface with the napkin he took from his armpit and said in a soothing tone:

"Begob! That's right, colonel. I'm always forgettin' the Jones. Colonel Jones-Tomlin. That's right, and a fine name it is too, for a gentleman of yer own quality. Colonel, ye're a sight for sore eyes. Will ye have the usual?"

The customer drew himself to his full height, fiercely clenched the knob of his cane and drew it just as fiercely in against his right hip, made a puffing noise with his puckered lips and whispered in a menacing tone:

"What exactly do you mean by the usual?"

Louis gaped at the colonel for a moment in a pretended attitude of apologetic awe; but he was saying to himself as he gaped:

"Bad luck to the impudence of that silly ole codger. He owes me damn near five quid in drinks over the past ten years, an' then he comes in an' gives me dog's abuse. Why do I stand him, instead of takin' him be the seat o' the pants an' chuckin' him out into the street?"

However, he smiled again and said ingratiatingly:

"Ah! Sure, an uneducated man like mesel' has a poor way of expressin' himself. Sure, I meant that ye always have a whiskey an' soda. Sure, if I met ye on the day o' judgment an' ye lifted the finger at me, I'd know it was whiskey an' soda without yer sayin' a word. God forgive me for the blasphemy o' thinkin' there's a drop o' the hard stuff in Heaven, but ye've been a regular customer here for fifteen years or more. . . ."

"Are you aware", interrupted the colonel furiously, "that it's been three months since I was here last"?

"Faith! That's right sure enough", said Louis. "It's only the other day I said to mesel, so I did: Now where would Colonel Tomlin be keepin' himself these days? Beggin' yer pardon, sir, I mean Colonel Jones-Tomlin. I'm always forgettin' the Jones."

"For goodness sake", said the Colonel, sitting down to the table, "stop your inane chatter and fetch that whiskey."

"Yes, sir. With ye in a jiffy. Jameson, I suppose, or would it be a Scotch today?"

"Irish", shouted the Colonel. "Be quick."

"Yes, sir."

As he darted from the room, Louis glanced at the clock. It was ten minutes past four. Only twenty minutes to come to a decision and make a bet. As he glided down the stairs, with his shabby coat tails flapping up and down behind him, he mentally cursed the colonel for interfering with his calculations.

Until the waiter had left the room, the colonel's face remained fierce, but as soon as the feet began to patter on the stairs, going down to the bar, the expression of ferocity changed to one of dismay. Now it was obvious that he had been merely playing a part, pretending to feel fierce and arrogant, while he was really ashamed and timid. As a matter of fact, it had taken him more than an hour to muster up courage, before he could persuade himself to enter the tavern and ask for a drink. He had no

"It's been three months now since it happened."

"Good God!" said Louis. "How did it happen?"

The Colonel did not reply for a few moments. His face contorted as if he were in great agony. His eyes seemed on the point of leaving their sockets. He seized his thigh with both hands and then, sucking in his lips with a hissing sound, he gently moved the foot a few inches to the right on the satchel. Then he relaxed and sighed. Louis watched him with open mouth. Then he glanced furtively at the clock. It was eighteen minutes past four.

"Nice state of affairs", he said to himself. "The ole codger an' his gammy foot'll put me off my bet. I'll gamble it's not hurt at all, an' he only pretendin' it is in order to get a drink. It's odds on he came in here without the price same as usual. It'll be awful if *Chimney Pot* wins an' I not havin' him backed."

"If it would interest you to know", said the Colonel, "the history of my accident is quite out of the ordinary".

"It would interest me sure enough", said Louis, as he poured out the whiskey. "Will I add the soda water or will ye pour it yersel'?"

"Quite out of the ordinary", said the Colonel. "I feel I can tell it to you, because you are an amiable fellow. You have always been courteous in the extreme to me, whereas others have taken advantage of the deterioration of my circumstances."

"Thank ye, sir", said Louis. "I always do me best an' no man can do more."

"The ole devil is broke sure enough", he said to himself. "Otherwise he wouldn't be rubbin' on the flattery. Cute ole fox he is."

The Colonel sipped his whiskey and Louis glanced at the clock. His pale, rather flabby face was gathered together about his small, peering eyes, in an effort to come to a decision. Should it be *Chimney Pot* or *Call It A Day*? What agony! And there were only twelve minutes now to go. The Colonel coughed and flicked his lips with his handkerchief. Then he leaned back, grasped the knob of his stick, turned his head to one side, stared menacingly at the waiter and raised his finger.

"It was the fall of a chimney pot that did it", he said.

Louis almost leaped off the ground.

THE ACCIDENT

"A what?" he cried.

"A common or garden chimney pot", said the Colonel.

"For God's sake", said Louis. "Did you say a chimney pot?"

He was trembling with excitement, much to the Colonel's satisfaction. Ha! Ha! If the fellow was so interested in the story, there would be no unpleasantness connected with the moment when the Colonel would have to say: "Awfully sorry, but I must ask you to put that on my bill." In fact, he might, without loss of dignity, be able to negotiate a small loan. Let us say, ten shillings until the first of the month.

So he put the palms of his hands against the edge of the table, leaned back and said solemnly:

"It was during the violent squall that struck the city on the afternoon of last February . . . er . . . the third, I think it was. . . ."

Louis was perspiring freely. He gaped at the Colonel and mumbled to himself:

"*Chimney Pot*, three-year-old bay gelding, by Sergeant Sim out of *Kitty True*, owned by Sir Sam Hogwitz, trained by Frank Moran at Little Walden, carrying seven eleven, ridden by Harry Tate, one mile and about twenty-five yards. Probable starting price five to one. Ten pound to win and I'm out of the wood. Great God in Heaven!"

He leaned over the table and whispered excitedly:

"Ye were hit on the foot by the chimney pot, did ye say? Are ye sure it was a chimney pot?"

"I'm positive", said the Colonel. "I had just bowed and raised my hat to the lady, offering to escort her across the street, as the blast was terrific, and I compliment myself on the fact that, in these barbarous days, I have not yet forgotten that I received the training of a gentleman. . . ."

Louis glanced wildly at the clock and muttered:

"Pardon me, sir, a moment."

He ran sideways out of the room, looking back and apologizing several times. Then he leaped down to the telephone that was fixed on a ledge in the angle of the stairway. The Colonel drew himself up stiffly and uttered an angry exclamation. What had happened? Had Louis simulated interest in the story, and

THE ACCIDENT

had he really gone to notify the proprietor of the Colonel's presence? Was there to be a demand for payment of his account? The very thought of such humiliation horrified the Colonel. He glanced round the room helplessly and shivered. Then he worked himself into a frenzy of self-pity and righteous indignation. He began to mutter.

"The historic treatment of the returned warrior!" he blurted out, as he glared straight in front of him. "I have to depend on the whim of a servant for some stimulant to keep my exhausted frame from collapse. This body and soul, which stood the shock of the enemy in battle, for king and country, now forced to tremble before a knave in a tavern. I'll have no more of it. Better go out with dignity from this travesty of life than to struggle on, sinking lower and lower into. . . ."

Suddenly his face became rigid, and he contemplated for some moments the idea of committing suicide. That gave him immense pleasure. He rehearsed in his mind the shock caused to his relatives by his violent death. It would be by gun-shot, as most befitting a soldier. That would very properly punish his relatives for their parsimony, letting him eke out a miserable existence when they could well afford to allow him sufficient for a respectable living. Ha! He would leave a statement for publication. He would burn his notes on the military history of mankind and leave instructions that their ashes should be buried with him. Mankind would be fittingly denied the fruits of that genius which it had allowed to starve. The injustice of posterity enjoying the labours of starved genius would not again be perpetrated.

In a sort of morbid ecstasy, he did not hear Louis's conversation with his bookmaker at the telephone, nor did he notice the waiter's hurried return until the latter was almost at the table. Then he awoke from his reverie and stared at the waiter in astonishment. He could scarcely believe his eyes. Louis was looking at him in a most fawning manner and saying:

"I hope ye'll pardon me, Colonel, for runnin' away in the middle o' yer story, but I had an urgent telephone call to make. Now will ye please carry on. I'm dyin' to hear the rest of it. Ye were sayin' how the chimney pot hit ye on the foot an' ye

THE ACCIDENT

ust bowin' to the lady, just like the proper gentleman ye are. Aw! Now, sir. . . ."

The stern ecstasy of projected suicide changed to hopeless panic much sooner than usual under the influence of the waiter's fawning manner. The Colonel wanted to burst into tears and appeal to the fellow's pity. And yet—there was a doubt in his mind. Was Louis cunningly trying to hold him until the arrival of Mr. Leeson, the proprietor? The Colonel's panic spurred him to action. He rose and said in a trembling voice:

"Don't apologize. What right have I, a broken man, to expect courtesy even from a servant. I shan't trouble this house again with my. . . ."

"For God's sake, sir", cried Louis in fright, "don't go. I'd never forgive mesel' if ye left that way".

He stood in the Colonel's way and held out his hands in appeal. "If the ole devil goes like that", he said to himself, "it will spoil my luck. I must keep him".

"Won't ye sit down, sir", he implored, "an' finish yer drink. Do me the honour of havin' this one on me. It's not every day I have the honour to serve a gentleman like yersel'. A war hero an' an author as well. Is this the manuscript here in the satchel? Wonderful! Ye won't forget yer promise, sir, I hope, to give me a copy when it comes out. I'd treasure it, sir. I would, 'faith. Now, won't ye forgive me, sir, an' sit down again. Do please".

The Colonel muttered for a few moments and then sat down.

"I must have been mistaken", he said to himself. "He is genuinely apologetic. Not a bad soul according to his lights".

Louis rubbed his hands together with pleasure, as he watched the Colonel sit down. Then he glanced furtively at the clock. It was half-past four.

"They're off", he muttered. "Now for it."

The Colonel took another sip at his whiskey.

"Forgive my show of temper", he said, "but I have been very ill for the past three months".

"Aw! Sure, I can well believe it", said Louis. "Were ye in hospital all that while?"

"Not in hospital", said the Colonel. "As I could not afford

THE ACCIDENT

"Have another, sir. I'll fetch ye another drink. I won't be a second."

He dashed out of the room, closing the door behind him. He leaped down to the telephone. In a few moments he was talking to his bookmaker.

"What won the four-thirty?"

"Chimney Pot."

"What? Say that again."

"Chimney Pot won it. *Call It A Day* second. *Caractacus* third."

"Chimney Pot won it?"

"Yes. Chimney Pot."

"What price?"

"Hold on a mo'."

Louis's mouth was wide open and he shook from head to foot. He seemed to be on the verge of tears. After a few moments, the voice came over the telephone:

"Starting price was eight to one."

"What?"

"Eight to one."

"Are ye sure?"

"Yah! To hell! What d'ye think I am? I said eight to one."

"Thanks."

Louis, with a trembling hand, hung up the receiver and then burst out laughing. He seized the Colonel's glass and hurled it against the floor, smashing it to atoms. Then he bounded up the stairs, rushed into the smoke-room and cried out to the astonished Colonel:

"By the hammers of Hell! It won. Eighty pounds to ten."

"What's that?" said the Colonel.

Chimney Pot, shouted Louis, as he rushed over and seized the Colonel's hand. "It won at eight to one. By the jumping Lucifer! God bless yer accident."

The Colonel got furious.

"What do you mean?" he cried, with tears of rage in his drunken eyes. "Are you making fun of my misfortune?"

"It's not misfortune", said Louis. "I might never have backed it only for you comin' in here an' talkin' about the

THE ACCIDENT

chimney pot fallin' on yer foot. Even if I had, I'd have only put a quid or two on it. But when ye said the word, I thought it was a tip straight from the horse's mouth. That shows ye, sir, that it's an ill wind. . . ."

"You scoundrel", cried the Colonel in a broken voice.

"You use my misery to . . . to . . . to . . . Scoundrel!"

He raised his stick.

"Hang on, sir", cried Louis. "Wait a minute. Fair is fair, sir."

He began to rummage in his tailcoat and pulled out a wallet.

"Aw! Begob! I never did a mean turn to a man in me life. Aw! No!"

The Colonel's eyes dilated as he saw the waiter pull out a greasy bundle of notes from his wallet. With trembling hand, Louis separated some notes from the bundle.

"Aw! Begob, no", he said. "I'll take advantage of no man. Least of all, of a gentleman like yerself. A war hero and an author to boot. Here, sir. There's ten, and there'll be another ten when I get paid. One good turn deserves another. What are we in this world for? I always say, so I do, we're here to help one another as best we can, to pass around the kind word and the good deed an' make the smile an' the song come to every lip, as best we can. So! God bless the chimney pot that fell on ye, sir, an' begob, ye're now goin' to do me the honour of splittin' a bottle o' champagne with me. Ye will, sir, say, ye will, an' the blessing o' God on ye."

The Colonel took the notes. With a dignified gesture, he stuffed them in his breast pocket, coughed and said solemnly:

"I shan't stand on ceremony."

THE PRESIDENT AND THE RADICALS

BY D. W. BROGAN

WHEN Henry James contemplated Washington, he saw a subject as involved in obscurities and needful of patient unravelling as his own prose.

"A general impression of somewhat vague, empty, sketchy fundamentals, however expectant, however spacious, overweighted by a single dome and overaccented by a single shaft—this loose congregation of values seemed, strangely, a matter disconnected and remote, though remaining in its way portentous and bristling all incoherently at the back of the scene. The back of the scene, indeed, to one's quite primary sense, might have been an immense painted, yet unfinished cloth, hung there to a confessedly provisional end and marked with the queerness, among many queernesses, of looking always the same."

It was the physical Washington that Henry James thus described, but if that has changed since his day, if vast government buildings, fit to make a Roman Emperor green with envy, now crowd the White House end of the city, the vagueness, the impermanence, and the impression of the unfinished and ill-defined applies with full force to the political scene. Congress has met and awaits orders of the day, for the dome is badly overshadowed by the low colonnade of the White House.

From some points of view, the situation which confronts President Roosevelt is simple enough. The November elections have reinforced his authority in a manner unparalleled for a century. Dissidence between President and Congress, even when both are nominally of the same party complexion, is an old story and one that is not yet concluded. But the American people which voted with such vigour against Mr. Hoover in 1932, voted with even greater vigour for Mr. Roosevelt in 1934—and both Houses of Congress, for some time at least, are not likely to forget that. The initiative in legislation as well as in administration will come necessarily from the White House. Almost all the Democrats and a considerable proportion of the Republicans in Congress are there because they persuaded their electors that they were willing to give the President some-

thing not far from blind support. From the point of view of mere voting strength, Mr. Roosevelt can have nothing to complain of, unless it be of an embarrassment of wealth.

Yet there are drawbacks to the parliamentary position. The rigid seniority rule of the American party system involves dangerous paradoxes. Roughly speaking, power in the House of Representatives goes by seniority of service. This means that the formal leaders of the Democratic majority must come from the "Solid South", or from the few oases of local Democratic majorities in the North, chiefly in the bailiwicks of the great city machines in New York, Boston, Kansas City, and the rest. Only in these areas have Democrats been able to keep their seats long enough to come to the top of the great committees in whose hands the real power, of the lower House at any rate, lies. The staff of the overwhelmingly strong Administration army in Congress is therefore composed of just that section of the party that owes least to Mr. Roosevelt. It is composed of men who were in Congress when Mr. Roosevelt was an amiable but otherwise unimportant henchman of Governor Al Smith. But it is not the ill-will as much as the natural limitations of these congressmen that the President has to fear. They are hardly better qualified than the Old Guard Republicans to understand a New Deal in politics which will replace their painfully learned game of give and take, of local and personal bargaining, with a highly articulated system of national planning and a highly disciplined system of party leadership. They are too prudent to kick, but not all of them will be wholly "sold" on the idea of remaking American society if it involves (as it must) a good deal of alteration in American political habits.

The possible dangers of congressional indiscipline will come, of course, from unorthodox quarters, for if the most striking features of the November elections was the vote of confidence in President Roosevelt, next to it came the indications of increased radicalism in the West and South. One new party was launched and obtained encouraging success; two others held their ground in face of great difficulties, and all three were marked by what are, for America, decidedly radical programmes and attitudes.

Most conspicuous of these infant political organizations is the revived Progressive Party in Wisconsin. The relations between the Administration and the La Follettes in this State illustrate well enough the difficult political situation which faces even a master politician of unprecedented popularity like President Roosevelt. The La Follette platform and, still more, the La Follette spirit, are very like that of the New Deal. Wisconsin had its "brain trust" long before President Roosevelt brought the professors to Washington. The University of Wisconsin was almost as much a part of the political life of Madison (the State capital), as the Capitol itself. Not for nothing are the Germans the dominant strain in Wisconsin! Many of the measures of social reform and adjustment which the President has undertaken have been long adopted in Wisconsin. The notorious weaknesses of the federal civil service, for instance, have caused eyes to be directed to a state where corruption (on either side) is practically unknown, and where public affairs are administered by office holders more like German civil servants of the old school than by the practical politicians of most American communities.

But all the common interests of the President and of the La Follettes could not and did not alter the fact that the La Follette machine was formally Republican. It paid for its formal allegiance to the Grand Old Party in 1932, for Governor Philip La Follette and Senator Blaine both lost their seats to victorious Democrats. In 1934, the situation was difficult enough. It was important that the President should not do anything that might alienate the great bulk of radical voters in the West, those voters to whom he owed his nomination, if not his election, and whose allegiance to the Democratic Party sat very lightly on them. To millions of Westerners the La Follette name was symbolic, as the name of Gladstone was to British Radicals. On the other hand, Mr. Roosevelt has always been a good party man, and Mr. Farley, the Schnadhorst of the administration, is an even better one. How could the duty of the President to the wave of radical sentiment which he represented and to the party whose leader he was, be reconciled? In Wisconsin, a compromise was attempted. The President came into the State and gave what was considered an open endorsement to Senator

La Follette, and also an endorsement to the Democratic governor. It is also believed that a formal alliance of the La Follettes with the Democratic Party had been discussed and rejected. The La Follettes were resolved to sink or swim together, and both the Senator and his brother ran together as Progressives, discarding even formal adherence to either of the national parties, and, to the surprise of many good observers, both won, and carried into office with them not only state officers, but seven Congressmen!

The breakdown of the old party lines in Wisconsin is, for the moment, complete, and as long as the temper of the electorate remains radical, the re-erection of the old fences will be a hard job. The lesson of Wisconsin will not be lost on the President. It reinforces the judgment of an able Democratic politician who told me that the President *would* support "Young Bob" while it was still doubtful. "Anyway, it doesn't matter whether he does or not, the people will vote for him". But that they should vote for "Phil", generally thought to be both abler and less popular than his elder brother, and for so many minor candidates as well, is a notice of "No Thoroughfare" posted on any road to the right which may tempt the administration.

A still more dramatic underlining of this lesson has been afforded by the re-election, in Minnesota, of Governor Floyd Olson. Minnesota is the most Scandinavian, as Wisconsin is the most German, of the states, and its population has preserved the social zeal and the willingness of the Scandinavian countries to experiment. The Progressive Party in Wisconsin is a revival, but in Minnesota the third party did not need to be revived, for it has long existed. But the days of the dominance of the Republicans are over, and in Minnesota the fight is between the Farmer-Labour Party and the rest, whatever their formal party allegiance; or, to put it more exactly, between those who see in Governor Olson a deliverer of the people from the big business rulers of St. Paul-Minneapolis, and those who see in him an able but quite unscrupulous demagogue.

The Minnesota Farmer-Labor Party is the nearest American approach to our own Labour Party. It is an alliance of farmers and trades unionists, with a sprinkling of academic socialists, probably rather less numerous and less influential than their

British equivalents. The alliance is not without its internal difficulties. The interests of the farmers and of the workers of the towns are not necessarily identical, nor are their social attitudes necessarily harmonious. Neither party to the alliance is really socialist by conviction, although the party platform is formally socialistic. Both are held together at least as much by their common enemies as by their common affections. "Big business" in Minnesota is disliked, not only in that State, but in the neighbouring agrarian commonwealths where the magnates of the "twin cities" of St. Paul and Minneapolis are regarded as the root of most evil. The social ill-temper of at least one of these communities was demonstrated by the great Minneapolis strikes of the delivery men during the summer of last year. Both sides had their martyrs, one leader of the employers being killed in the street and several strikers being shot by the police.

In the second strike, Governor Olson took more drastic action in the direction of favouring the strikers than had been dared by any State executive since the days of Altgeld in the "nineties". On the ground that he could not provide enough militia to protect all the trucks which might want to run the blockade of the strike pickets, he started a system of permits, which were issued only to those employers who agreed to accept the proposals of the federal arbitrators! The right of the American employer to run his business as seems best to him is deeply prized by the rulers of Minneapolis, where a New England aristocracy rules a Scandinavian proletariat; but the administrative pressure proved too much for the employers, and the strikers won a real if transient victory. Such a use of administrative discretion is by no means a novelty in American local history, but few, indeed, are the cases in which it is used for strikers instead of against them. The contrast between the fates of the great strikes in Minneapolis and San Francisco was not lost on the general public, on the workers, or on the employers. Control of the government is a prize worth fighting for!

The re-election of Governor Olson is, then, significant of a formidable temper in Minnesota. It must not, however, be overstressed. The resentment of the average man against "big business" as the plunderer and misleader of the nation

is strong in the Middle West. The small employer who was seriously inconvenienced by the strike and ready to put it down to foreign influences, from Chicago, or Moscow, or both, was nevertheless at least as hostile to the employers. "The Citizen's Alliance runs this city—and it's just a lot of bankers". ("Banker" is still a word which like another disyllabic term of abuse, you should only use with a smile!) As a matter of fact, Minneapolis banks have been rather well run as American banks go, but their name is mud. The concentration of financial power in a few hands is looked on with dire suspicion, and the Farmer-Labour Party has been tempted to capitalize this by alliances with the small country banks which regard the great banks of the "twin cities" with fear and anger.

This policy, however profitable in the short run, has made some objective observers very sceptical indeed of the durability of the socialism of the Farmer-Labour Party, and with reason. It is, indeed, remarkably like the French Radical-Socialist Party in spirit and in the economic classes to which it appeals. Even with all allowances made for the serious limitations which the federal constitution imposes on State action, there is little reason to fear or hope that serious socialist measures will be risked. At the most, an imitation of the ingenious and interesting Scandinavian experiments in State control may be looked for. But even this limited objective is revolutionary in America, and its possibility is significant. Of equal significance is the personality of Governor Olson. Even his bitter enemies (they are legion) admit his ability. He is an admirable radio speaker, a first-class party organizer (his machine is beautifully organized)—and he is, and knows that he is, a mouthpiece of a great body of agrarian and sectional discontent. Minnesota, as much or more than Wisconsin, is a warning bell.

In other states, which do not yet run to independent radical parties, the same forces are at work, and few of the states west of the Mississippi offer much comfort to the conservatively minded. But some judges consider the most significant upheavals of the late elections to have occurred, not in the perennially discontented corn and wheat belt, but in Southern states usually, in Briand's phrase, "*mares stagnantes*". Indeed, the fame of Senator Huey Long has begun to cross the Atlantic,

but so far it is as a clown, not as a political force that he has been known.

But in politics a clown cannot stay a mere clown long. He must, if he is to survive, be something more—and Senator Long *has* survived. His antics are no novelty to his good people of Louisiana, and even if it is only a case of his nonsense suiting their nonsense, that is poor consolation to the conservative who has looked in vain for any signs of incompatibility of temper developing between the leader and the led. A year ago Senator Long was still, outside his own state, a figure of fun. His reception of the officers of a German cruiser in his pyjamas, his black-eye collected in the wash-room of a Long Island club, his performances in the Senate, where he had taken the place of that vigilant Pope-baiter, Senator Heflin, as a butt, were, it was thought, enough to kill him. But he has survived. The hostility of the great newspapers in New York or, for that matter, in New Orleans, did him no harm. Like the Irish M.P. who professed indifference as to what *The Times* had said of him, but was anxious about what the *Skibereen Eagle* would say of him, Mr. Long knew that his supporters (or those of them who could read) would be immune to metropolitan sarcasm. The ingenious legislation whereby the hostile press was hit by penal taxation from which his own organ was exempt, horrified the “better elements”—and convinced the average voter that the “Kingfish” was even smarter than his admirers had believed!

In truth, Mr. Long is no novel spectacle in the South. The politicians sent by that section to Washington since the Civil War have been either stern conservatives, like Senator Carter Glass, or mere “stuffed-shirts”, like Senators Blank and Blank, or demagogues whose appeal to the poor whites has been couched in language and gesture understood by them. “Pitchfork Ben Tillman” in South Carolina, and Tom Watson in Georgia, even that eminent patron of lynching, Governor and Senator Cole Blease, of South Carolina, were all the Kingfish of their times. But these times, even in the bitter depression of the 'nineties which helped Tillman and made Watson, were not as hard and as upsetting as the present. It is not merely the cotton farmer, held in bondage to the local “gombeen

men” (the traders who lend money on a system that never lets its victim go, and a system which, it is asserted, the agricultural policy of the Administration has done little to shake), who is involved. The South has been industrialized and, although wage rates under the codes have been scaled down to suit Southern standards, and the protests of indignant officials like Governor Tallmage of Georgia, against the corrupting effects of excessively high wage rates on relief work have been listened to, there is plenty of combustible material in the new industrial towns and in the small villages where the textile magnates rule a lately contented proletariat. The great Gastonia strike was an alarm bell in the night, whose significance needed no genius like Jefferson's to perceive. The situation is not nearly so serious, of course, but the Southern states have problems alike in kind with those that are, or ought to be, disturbing the sleep of South African statesmen. There is anger, there is disillusionment all over the South, and the Southern proletariat is disorderly, is poorly educated and used to having its emotional outbursts allowed for by its rulers. Hitherto, these outbursts have been canalized in religion or allowed to overflow in lynching and race riots. Can such old remedies be relied on still?

It is easy and fashionable to talk loosely about Fascism in America. To thousands of earnest, if not very perspicacious, radicals, President Roosevelt is a Fascist; Governor Olson of Minnesota is a Fascist, so a strike-leader told me, and so on. It is a term of abuse like banker. But there is a real sense in which Senator Long may be a Fascist force. His declamations against excessive wealth (\$1,000,000 is the maximum of legitimate property in his system), remind one of Herr Feder, once potent in the Nazi Party. His affection for the suffering farmer reminds one of Herr Darré. His skill in pageantry, his patronage of college football games and his popular mountebankery are very different, indeed, from the serious marching and demonstrating we associate with Fascism; but that merely shows that, as Messrs. Stalin and Mosley fail to see, each country must invent its own bottles for the Communist or Fascist wine.

There is in the South, with its strong revivalist tradition, with its race problem, with its tradition of violence, and with its bitter social problem, the raw material for Fascism. After all,

when the claims of Lord Carson and other eminent precursors of Mussolini are being discussed, more attention ought to be devoted to the achievements of the Ku Klux Klan, not only to the shirts, but to the attitude. And Senator Long is not alone. The neighbouring State of Mississippi, generally regarded as the most backward in the Union, has sent to the Senate a former Governor, Mr. Theodore Bilbo, chiefly known to fame for a purge of the State institutions of higher learning which would make Herr Rosenberg envious, and now, it is announced, ready to out-shout and out-shine the Kingfish. One of the most disappointing, as well as significant results of the late elections, was the choice at the Democratic primaries of Mr. Bilbo, not only over a very conservative sitting senator, but over one of the most independent and useful Congressmen, Mr. Ross Collins.

Already Mr. Roosevelt has attempted to tame the Kingfish by imposing conditions on the state of Louisiana before it can claim a share of the federal bounty. But Mr. Long's cleaning up of New Orleans, like the cleaning up of Berlin by the Nazis is more than a moral gesture. It is a shrewd political move. It was a very conservative Pennsylvania Republican, a dairy-farmer, who first persuaded me to take the Kingfish seriously. "He's not any worse than the rest of them, but because he's against the interests the papers pan him. There are millions who think like me about him". From such legends do mighty parties and systems grow!

No doubt, Mr. Roosevelt's wishes will in the main be law, but emergencies may arise which will force the Administration to alienate the radicals or such conservative elements as still cling to the Administration as the last dike between them and the flood. The American Legion, whose claims could firmly be turned down in the days when the Budget was going to be balanced at all costs, is again on the warpath, and it can plausibly assert that the old arguments have gone with the departure of that vigilant watch-dog of the treasury, Mr. Lewis Douglas. Would not a handsome issue of cash to the Veterans spread purchasing power among the deserving? The immense spending programme will make many legislative mouths water, no matter how resolutely Mr. Roosevelt may attempt to keep the

spending of it in his own hands. On both issues, the strain between loyalty to the President and devotion to the old tricks of the political trade may prove past enduring.

But one possible source of trouble overshadows all the rest. The courts have been remarkably quiescent during the first two years of the New Deal. It is not being unduly suspicious to suggest that they have avoided deciding the dangerous questions of constitutionality that many Roosevelt measures involve, and when forced to it have been very liberal in their rulings. The upholding of the Minnesota moratorium law, for instance, was statesmanlike, if horrifying to some old school lawyers, on the Bench and off. But more fundamental issues are involved in recent cases: in the defeat of the Tennessee Valley Authority before a subordinate court; in the invalidation of the statute giving the President such vast and vague powers over the oil industry; and now we await the decision in the long awaited case of the gold clause. If the court upholds the government, how little is left of those solid barriers constitutional law was believed to erect around the sacred rights of property! But if the court rejects the government's legal and political pleas, a far graver situation arises. Will Congress and the President accept so great a reversal of their action and all its immediate and potential dangers? Will the vast congressional majority, even if the President is willing, beat retreat in face of a decision made operative by the votes of such judicial equivalents of the Old Guard senators, as Justices Sutherland and Butler? If they do not, will they hamstring the court by alterations in its statutory powers or attempt to create peers by enlarging its numbers and packing the bench?

Certain fundamental questions about the role of the Court, almost answered after the Civil War, may come up for answering again, and at a time when a calm consideration of the situation is out of the question. Mr. Dooley, in *his* most famous judgment, asserted that the Supreme Court followed the election returns. On political, if not strict legal grounds, it is to be hoped that he will prove to be right. For if the Court does not? There are several possible answers, none of them comforting!

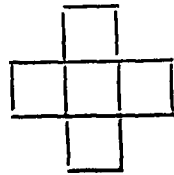
PRAY YOU, SIR, A WORD

BY TORQUEMADA OF *The Observer*

"I HAVE been asked to make an inquisition", would have been a truthful but rather too sinister opening for this. I prefer to say: It was suggested that I should, with the passing of the tenth English birthday of the crossword, make a short survey of the history of this kind of puzzle, and try to determine the part it now plays in the daily, rather than the weekly, life of the English people. I beg to be excused if I do this more from the setter's than the solver's point of view; for no man can be both whole-heartedly.

Our subject has no authentic background. A certain leader of social fashion once told her daughter that "those terrible crossword puzzles brought about the ruin of Byzantium", but her remark must have been based rather on conjecture than fact. Again it has been deduced that Moses was one of these brilliant but irritating solvers from which hardly any modern family is free. But surely the phrase: "Moses told the people all the words" is capable of other interpretation.

As has often been pointed out, the word-square was known to the Greeks and Romans; but no one seems to have been able to trace the present-day crossword, even in its most elementary form, further back than the last quarter of the nineteenth century. I well remember trying to solve, in the nursery, this most ambiguous problem, which appeared in a periodical suited to my years:



CROSSWAYS—An animal found in the house.
DOWNWARDS—An animal found on the farm.

These efforts were anonymous. The first name—what glory and responsibility!—to be associated with the crossword is that of the American journalist, Mr. Arthur Wynne, who, while glancing over some back numbers of such English periodicals as had already introduced the virus in its mildest form into the nurseries of the 'nineties, recognized the germ of a popular feature. In 1913 he constructed his first puzzle for the *Sunday World* of New York, and for more than ten years that paper, solitary in its faith, had a crossword in every number.

In 1922, *Pearson's Magazine* began to publish the first adult crosswords to appear in this country; but, as in the case of the *Sunday World*, it laboured alone.

It was in America, in 1923, that the energy of two young Harvard graduates, Messrs. Simon and Schuster, started the "craze", and incidentally founded a publishing firm that is now world-famous. Encouraged, it is said, by an aunt of the former, who was a regular reader of the *World*, they hired a room and a typewriter, and produced, as the Plaza Publishing Company, the first Crossword Puzzle Book—fifty of the cat-rat type—which sold three-quarters of a million copies in a few weeks. Thenceforward for a year America went crossword mad, while England was unaffected.

The story of the coming of the plague to this country is mainly a journalistic one, since those few volumes on the Simon and Schuster model which appeared here in 1924 had only a fleeting vogue. It was on November 2 in that year that the *Sunday Express* published the first English newspaper crossword: 1 ac.—three letters—"a coin (slang)"; 1 dn.—three letters—"wager". Viewed through a vista of years, as Mary Johnston says of her Virginian negro slave, this "appears a portent, a tremendous omen, a sign from the Eumenides".

The people's dailies copied at once, and some of them continue even now to provide very simple crosswords for very simple folk.

Commercialization, also, soon stepped in, and mammoth prizes were offered by newspapers, and also by private space lessees in newspapers, to those who would venture on a gamble, the odds in which—caused by uncrossed alternatives—have been variously estimated as from a million to eight thousand

million to one. Since these odds were made public, such little modest, but surely defensible, casinos have for the most part closed down. The craze soon died in America, and it seems likely that, had it remained in the care of the dailies, it would have soon died in England also, since man cannot live by "food made of flour" alone.

But a thing happened in England, for good or ill, which did not happen in America. The more learned weeklies, and even certain academic periodicals, took hold of the daily crossword and complicated it. They set crosswords in Greek, Latin, French and German; they served up clues in that couplet form hitherto associated with the acrostic; they called in the anagram, the literary allusion, and even the downright pun, and thus inaugurated a stream of "different" crosswords which flowed side by side with the more simple daily stream and, I think, kept the latter in motion. This second birth might easily have come too late, but it so happened that some of us saw the possibility of having fun with the crossword almost as soon as it was established as a daily feature. For instance, it was not many weeks after crossword puzzles had become "news" that I set my first in the old *Weekly Westminster*. I recall how thrilling the green poster looked: "Crosswords for Supermen". Alas, your tired commuter of today would swallow that first puzzle, verse and all, and correctly disgorge it between Charing Cross and Waterloo.

So, for a few years, the weeklies kept the "ingenious" "tricky", or "highbrow" type alive, and then came the third stage in the evolution of the English crossword. As had happened in America, the tired business man began to find that his daily filling of rather obvious spaces with rather obvious words made him more tired still. He demanded something, if not better, at least more difficult; and the English daily, unlike its American brother, had a resource. The twin of its own crossword had been growing up in the arms of the weekly; it had been carefully fostered, had been trained into a leisurely tortuousness, and had almost forgotten its comparatively lowly origin. So, thus purged of obviousness and grown strong in malice, the weekly crossword was taken back into daily circulation. It had to be checked a little, shorn a little, since no work-

ing day has the leisure of a week-end, and no railway carriage has as yet a reference library, a rack for heavy articles only; but the fact remains that, while the mentally edentulous still have their pabulum, the cerebrally dentiferous can now command a choice of daily bread into which they can really get their teeth.

And that I believe to be a fair statement of the position of the crossword in England today. But before leaving this game of shuttlecock between the weekly and the daily, I take leave to mention one more stroke in the game, though it does not for the moment contribute to our knowledge of the daily crossword. Much has been made, and rightly, of the entry of *The Times* on one side; but the typically conservative entry of *Punch* on the other seems to have escaped popular comment. I mention it here not only to congratulate this latest comer on its very sporting and popular problems, but also to emphasize the fact that even while Mr. Punch was bowing to that demand of his readers, Mr. A. P. Herbert was, in his columns, lashing out lustily at the crossword and all its implications.

There is then, demonstrably, a steady daily demand for stout, serviceable crosswords, and it may not be out of place here to say a little of what my experience has taught me concerning the supplier.

He must be content always to have the worst of the game, for the unsolvable crossword would fill asylums; yet, at the same time, he must stretch the muscles of his opponent. He must play the "dumpling game", as they used to say in casual commercial billiards, and be content to lose in order to win. He must learn to put the screw on imperceptibly, so that his solvers, familiarizing themselves day by day with the workings of his mind, do not end by despising and even rejecting him. And how is he to put on the screw? There is only one answer: by double-crossing, by tracing a maze of paths in the garden up which he proposes to lead his clients. To change the metaphor violently, I will repeat what I have already said in another place:

"If you are bowling to a man who has, say, a late cut which he peculiarly esteems, it may be worth your while to feed this stroke. You send down a couple which he puts to the boundary; then you give him something much faster and a trifle shorter;

it just touches his bat and is safe in slip's hands." In other words, your setter cannot hope to hold his audience if he does not (examples are plentiful in *The Times* and *Evening Standard*) feign to be giving one type of clue, to which he has made his victim verbally accustomed, while actually giving a clue built on an entirely different basis. As in wolf trapping, the setter's leather gloves must be endued with the blood of a steer.

It should be interesting to try and determine what tricks the weekly crossword child had developed which the daily crossword setter considered, having in mind the comparatively short leisure of his solver, worth bringing over to try that solver's daily patience. Apart from the straight definition or synonym, I think we can say that the clues of which the daily setter makes use can be roughly divided into the following classes. First into the two main kinds :

I.—Clues which depend for solution on knowledge or research, literary, historical, geographical, and the like.

II.—Clues which consists mainly of play upon or playing with the words required, or with those employed in the clue itself.

Of the first kind little need be said, save that it may include simple definitions, when the most obscure meaning of a many-meaning word is deliberately selected, or the definition is complicated by the mildest *suggestio falsi*. "Scarlet eminence" (Cardinal), *Times*, is an example of the second. Clues of this class may also be given just a dash of verbal play. Of this the following clue from *The Evening Standard* is a pleasant example : "Usually a gift for Oxford as far as Cambridge is concerned" (backwash), where gift is a slight pun, but where a certain knowledge of the darker pages of history is also needed.

The second class, of which, I think, no analysis has previously been made, may be roughly sub-divided into the nineteen kinds which follow ; though there are obvious combinations and overlappings which need not be separately considered :

(1) PLAY.

(a) Straight Play, on a word used in the clue, e.g., "Just sort of good natured like" (kind).—*Evening Standard*.

(b) Straight Play, on a clued word, e.g., "Six letters in one" (lessor).—*Times*. "His is sometimes merely a business relationship" (uncle).—*Times*.

(c) Double Play, on a word or words in the clue and on the clued word, e.g., "Though not a 'lodger' he may be creating a grave position for somebody" (digger).—*Evening Standard*.

(d) Soccer Play, depending on verbal association with a word in the clue or a clued word, e.g., "Beer with them means really good living, hence their being so often bowled over" (skittles).—*Evening Standard*.

(e) League Play, or playing between languages, e.g., "France has a hand in this principal" (main).—*Morning Post*.

(2) BREAKING.

(a) Simple Division, e.g., "Why not rouse up and, as Sandy would have it, get away with some knowledge" (Awa-ken).—*Evening Standard*. "Sounds like marching orders—next thing to the boot anyway" (in-step).—*Morning Post*. "Obduracy shown by a bodily organ without a nose" (heart-less-ness).—*Morning Post*.

(b) Complete, or Double Container, in which container and contained are both words, however these may be used by the setter, e.g., "Calls out what's correct in short in women generally" (Ev-O.K.-es).—*Evening Standard*. "The letter in answer suggests a return game" (repl-a-y).—*Evening Standard*. "One act in another is successfully opposed" (de-feat-ed).—*Daily Telegraph*.

(c) Incomplete, or Single Container, in which only contained or container makes a word, e.g., "Nothing repeated in me and never bad" (g-oo-d).—*Evening Standard*.

(d) Extension, in which an addition is to be imagined internally or at either end, e.g., "The finest gift is fifty in this plant" (hea(L)th).—*Daily Telegraph*. "A childless film star gets the bird" (Swan(son)).—*Times*.

(e) From Part to Whole (a clumsier form of Simple Division), e.g., "Farmers will find use for most of it, and anyhow it gives us a footing" (s-hoe).—*Evening Standard*. "How is this spectacle finished" (s-how).—*Daily Telegraph*.

(3) ANAGRAMS.

(a) Admitted, e.g., "I'm a fly (anag.)" (family).—*Times*.

(b) Simple Suggested, e.g., "Hardly adequate accommodation for the numbers involved" (nest).—*Evening Standard*.

"Croup slims you in an indiscriminate sort of way" (promiscuously).—*Morning Post*.

(c) Play Suggested, i.e., combined with a pun, e.g. "Not an electric bulb though it might be lit up" (tulip).—*Times*.

(d) Breaking Suggested, i.e., combined with word division, e.g., "This makes us ill with the A B C" (bac-ill-us).—*Times*.

(e) Container Suggested, e.g., "This country makes a dole about Dora" (El-dora-do).—*Times*.

(4) REVERSE.

(a) Admitted. This is a device for the setter's convenience and introduces no complication for the solver.

(b) Allusive, e.g., "Would the French return bacon, say, for some of our field production" (crop).—*Evening Standard*.
"So America gives encouragement, which baby seems grateful for either way" (at-ta).—*Evening Standard*.

(5) CONCEALED CLUE, a simple device which adds a certain detective interest to a straight indication, "A bit of a damsel is all of her" (Ada).—*Times*.

(6) REFERENTIAL, in which the solution depends on some other word or words in the puzzle. This device introduces a certain jigsaw element into the puzzle, e.g., "What he holds belongs to 26" (lessee, where 26 is lessor).—*Times*.

I have said that no setter can be whole-heartedly a solver; my acquaintance with my contemporaries is casual though very pleasant. Therefore, when I was asked to take this perhaps myopic bird's-eye view of the daily crossword situation, I had to rely for my examples on the caprice of fortune. During a particular Monday it was necessary for me to travel all day by a series of trains; I promised myself to examine quite closely, throughout the following week, the crosswords of the four daily papers which I saw, on that particular day, being most assaulted by the pencils of my fellow travellers. I think that fortune did not guide me, on the whole, so badly.

On that Monday's journey I found that the numerical favourite was the *Daily Telegraph*. The crosswords in this paper are not difficult; the balance is held very fairly between the tired brain and the indulgent setter. Straight clues and straight clues fortified by some mild "play" form more than fifty per cent. of the solver's problems. But there is a certain unique

pawkiness about some of the indications: "If a lion eats you, blame him" (Noah). "Broadcast advice to the person who telegraphs when a postcard would do" (wireless), and also a kind of Stevensonian grimness, as in: "This has been used, before now, oddly enough, to bring widows' weeds into use" (weedkiller); which suggest that at least one of the setters of these very sportsmanlike puzzles comes from beyond the Tweed.

Next in order came the *Morning Post*. No one can say that this paper has not taken the crossword seriously. Not only does it, like the *Telegraph*, set a weekly problem for prizes, but it also gives us every Wednesday a not too elaborate French crossword. Furthermore, *pari passu* with its real puzzle, it sets a "quick" crossword. Both kinds are signed, and rightly so. My only quarrel with the *Morning Post* is that on one particular day I solved the real crossword in two minutes less than it took me to solve the quick one. And the setters of both might easily reply that they do not minister to a mind diseased. I have said that the real puzzles are signed; but I can pretend only to personal experience of Mr. R. Melville Brown and Mr. Emrys Stephens. As far as I got to know these two gentlemen in a week, Mr. Brown is the more genial, and Mr. Stephens the more excruciating.

Next came *The Times*. These excellent crosswords are distinctly harder than those already considered, and are, moreover, certainly the most ingenious published in any morning paper. It is notorious that they exercise the brains of various very distinguished people; but this glamorous aspect will be more fittingly considered later, when I ventilate my quarrel with this paper. For the moment I will only try to suggest the reasons why these puzzles would provide my regular morning recreation if I had Jehu's taste in holidays. In the first place they are frequently "framed" by four uninterrupted phrases. Those are the mornings I prefer; for there is a special delight in attempting these long shots first, sometimes failing and then turning for help to the initials or finals of the easier words which work into the four important outsides. To take a particular instance; in a fifteen square, we were framed by 1 ac., "Derisive way to discourage a witty judge" (four words). "Laugh out of court" leaped to the mind, as if by inspiration; and then,

assuming the final "t" to be correct, 8 dn. (the right-hand side of the frame), "Changes in hair fashions", could hardly help being "Transformations". But 1 dn. (the left-hand side of the frame), "The way to prepare for a repeat order" (four words), had, in spite of 1 ac.'s initial "l", to be laboriously worked out into "Learn off by heart". Remained 26 ac. (the bottom of the frame), "Do their customers plank down their money with a beaming smile?" (two words). We knew that the first letter was "t" and the last letter "s"; but I do not think that we were to blame for having to work quite a few of the lower downs and discover their last letters, before realizing that this somewhat wooden clue led to "Timber merchants". When such a "frame" is given, its solution marks a very definite stage in success, and, for me at least, doubles the enjoyment.

Secondly, *The Times* doles out more literary allusions than any other daily paper. In a single week we are required to show our knowledge of Thackeray, Tennyson, Kipling, Scott, Bowdler, Ian Hay, Shakespeare, and Swinburne. (The mistaken attribution to Swinburne of a line by Rossetti was excusable, for Swinburne would, as he says, have translated that particular one of Villon's ballades, if Rossetti had not got there first.)

Also *The Times* can swashbuckle. Working down from the "k" in "black spot" (out of *Treasure Island*) we have Hangmanship (5). Is not "ketch" a very pretty answer? *The Times'* setters—for they can hardly be one person—use all the instruments of discomfort which I have attempted to classify, and use them, as will be seen from the examples I gave in my classification, with rigour. But they somewhat temper the wind to the solver shorn of time with such a clue as "India's was of coral in the hymn" (strand). We must set such a gift, if we are inclined to complain of difficulty, against "Conscientious lightweights" (scruples) or "Man of fashion, as it were, and a snob to boot" (maker). This last clue contains, I suppose, more puns to a square inch even than Francis Thompson's "Pontifical Death, that doth the crevasse bridge To the steep and trifold God".

Fourth in numerical popularity, as determined by persons actually working on them in trains, came *The Evening Standard*. Anyone who knows the crosswords of this paper will not be

surprised that most copies of the *Standard* were being read rather than written upon. He will conclude, as I did, that the crossword was being kept for the first slippered hour at home.

The Evening Standard is accustomed to head its puzzle "The Best Evening Crossword". Why not say the best daily crossword, and be done with it? For that is certainly the fact. And I am not sure that the boast could not legitimately be carried further. I should hate to meet Mr. Hartland in political argument; he is, as Walt might have said, "that suave". But I should like to be represented by him, if, after producing six perfect problems a week, he has time to represent anybody.

It will not be hard, I think, to indicate the excellences of this setter, and also to exemplify that quite unfair diablerie which endears him, to one solver at least, more than any excellence. Mr. Hartland never asks particular knowledge from his solver; he merely demands a complete dislocation of the brain. His own brain must be like a boacrat. (I beg his pardon, acrobat in typical attitude, anagram.) It cannot, apparently, grasp a word without at once "breaking" it and realizing it as a Double or Single Container. If you hit him behind the ear with a sandbag, I am sure his last thought would be: "And is inside trousers with one end turned up". But it will be fairer to let his ingenuity speak in its own words. To Mr. Hartland "Dido" at once suggests that "From her name we might assume the throne of Carthage was an easy job". Mention the word "Irish" to him, and on the instant he says: "Why should we Britons have difficulty with it? Its only a cross-channel race". But I can imagine that some solvers after "doing the King's work all the dim day long" may really object to Mr. Hartland's way of smoothing his clues by introducing unnecessary verbiage, for in a crossword the unnecessary is the misleading. In conjuring, all is fair; but most people prefer the stark fellow with sleeves rolled up and a pack of cards, to a magician with mirrors, mechanisms, and a host of helpers.

I have spoken of my quarrel with *The Times*; but it is really with some of *The Times'* solvers that I would break a lance. I personally, both as solver and setter, object to the idea that the more quickly you solve a crossword, the better value you've obtained from it. Sir Josiah Stamp started this hare (as another

tortoise once started another hare) by claiming the solution in 50 minutes of a *Times*' crossword. The correspondence which followed, headed by Sir Austen Chamberlain's claim of 41 minutes, passing through Lord Russell of Killowen's 12 minutes 59 4 5 seconds, and ending with the dead heat (ten minutes) of Mrs. M. Gould and Three Schoolmasters, has been, both in admiration and derision, extensively quoted.

Though Lord Moynihan's letter on the subject of "racing" crosswords appeared in *The Times* some months ago, I cannot forbear from quotation. "After a brief and no doubt superficial enquiry", he writes:

"I am inclined to regard the speed-merchant with that degree of anxious commiseration that I extend to those afflicted with physical infirmities. The least competent of my friends, in these recurring encounters with your verbal chess-board, are those with creative, original, or imaginative minds; the most successful are those who suffer from congenital mental astigmatism, making them see things askew. Direct vision yields place to obliquity or distortion; and a suspicion of furtiveness or evasion, falling short, however, of overt criminality, is almost pathognomonic."

That puts part of the setter's point of view in a, shall I say? coconut shell; the other part I have myself tried to express by pointing out that we labourers do try to inform our puzzles with subtleties which, whatever their demerits, will only dawn gradually upon the solver. What dirt-track racer appreciates the changes of a slow and plangent sunrise? The point of view of the solver, the ideal solver that is, I can best make plain by a final quotation, this time from a letter addressed to myself. "I do not send in solutions", says this excellent investigator, "because, in spite of *The Times*, I prefer to regard the solving of your puzzles as a tortoise race. In this way none of my week is left barren. I try not to finish one puzzle till late on Saturday night, so that, after a brief sleep, I may wake to find another ready for me".

If I might be allowed, as a weekly setter turned daily solver, to express very shortly my own desires, I would ask of the journals:

Firstly, more "terrible Spanish reverses", as a critic of mine called them, and more use of the cleaver for purposes of dismemberment. Reversal and bracketing enable the setter to use

more entertaining words; surely that is both a good and a sufficient reason.

Secondly, a discarding of the now almost universal blind square in favour of that type of diagram where the end of a word is indicated only by a thicker line. My first objection to the blind square is that its blackness can—I know of at least one authenticated case—in quick alternation, to the travelling eye, with the white squares, lead to partial blindness. My second objection to the blind square is that it causes the conscientious solver to be in doubt until the next day as to which of unintended, but arguable alternatives he ought to have chosen. The best setter can propound loose clues, just as the best bowler can bowl loose balls. It is obvious, of course, that when about fifty per cent. of the letters in a word are allowed to remain "unchecked" the setter's work is very greatly lightened; but I am speaking for the moment as a solver.

In conclusion, I have been asked to give my personal answer to the question will the crossword puzzle (with or without my suggested improvements, of course) endure in this country? I think it will; because every citizen has now some kind of crossword to do if he wants to do it. I say nothing of the Chamberlains, the Killowens, the Provosts of Eton, the Stamps, and the Three Schoolmasters, who have made one particular crossword famous. These speak for themselves. But when you get the most intricate brain in England (I refer to that of Professor Margoliouth) content to make havoc with one type of crossword, when you get the most desirable brain in England (I refer to that of Mr. P. G. Wodehouse) content to try, even without the guidance of his emu, another type of crossword, and when you get the most perfectly sub-Binet-et-Simon brain (I refer to a courting couple who sit next to me as I write this, in what Shakespeare would call a public place, and who have loudly decided that "Measure", "E-l" must be "Eel", because "you can measure 'em when they're dead") content to solve a third type of crossword all wrong, then I say that the crossword is no longer a phase, but has become as much a part of the nation's character as bad prose (*vide supra*) and good grills.

SMILING DENMARK

SMILING DENMARK

BY GEORGE SOLOVEYCHIK

THE entrance to Copenhagen harbour is dominated by an old maritime fortress. Its name is "Trekroner", or "Three Crowns". Thus, if you happen to reach Denmark's beautiful and fascinating capital by sea, you are reminded from the very outset that once upon a time the kings of this little country united the crowns of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark in their hands and ruled over a huge territory, in fact, a whole world of their own. And although five centuries have elapsed since the time when the three Scandinavian kingdoms were united in one, in a sense Copenhagen is still the centre of, or at least the connecting link between, Western Europe and the Scandinavian world. Beyond is the real North, with its huge empty spaces, powerful streams and waterfalls, Swedish forests and Norwegian fjords, little towns and fishermen's villages; with its strange but attractive people, so many of whom (though by no means all) really are tall, slim, fair, and blue eyed. That is, until still further north, you reach the Lapps, who are short, mysterious and Mongolian; in fact, they and their reindeer seem quite unreal, as if they came out of a book or a dream. Copenhagen is a sort of ante-room to all that. It has been called the Athens of the North, or a North-European Paris. The more chauvinistic Norwegians even go so far as to limit their notion of Scandinavia just to the actual peninsula, and describe Denmark as a "Rudiment of World History". To me all this seems utter nonsense. No foreigner who comes to Copenhagen can fail to be struck very forcibly by its Scandinavian character which, however, is, in a sense, diluted by a certain softness and a temperament of a somewhat southern quality.

It is a peculiar city: with its population which will soon amount to a million, it has all the features of the big international modern town, and is by far the largest of the northern capitals.

Yet, it shares with them that certain specific dreamy quality, which is one of their most attractive characteristics, and is full of memories of its own glorious past.

Indeed Copenhagen offers a somewhat unusual, but quite harmonious, blend of early seventeenth century, with late nineteenth, our own twentieth, and in some respects perhaps even twenty-first centuries. Whatever the merits or otherwise of Christian IV as a king and statesman may have been, he was a brilliant architect, and three hundred years ago showed a knowledge of and capacity for town planning which would do credit to any modern genius. Of the magnificent buildings with which he adorned the city, and most of which have survived intact to the present day, the Bourse (in Dutch Renaissance style), Rosenborg Castle, and the Round Tower are particularly striking examples. A whole section of the city, the little "Nyboder houses" which he put up in place of an old abode for skippers, still remain the residence of the petty officers and artisans of the Danish navy.

We usually call "young nations" those particular countries of whose history we are most ignorant. Yet, here is probably the oldest kingdom in Europe, a country that was once a great power, as mighty or mightier than England; and what do we know about Denmark? The names that most immediately come into one's mind when Denmark is mentioned are Canute and Hamlet and Hans Christian Andersen. A few might also be familiar with such great names as Georg Brandes, the critic, and Thorwaldsen, the sculptor; or in a very different sphere, the masterpieces of Copenhagen porcelain and those of Georg Jensen, the silversmith. But I challenge anybody who has not made a special study of Danish history and Danish culture to name off-hand many more of that country's illustrious sons or achievements, and, needless to say, these are plenty.

Here, however, comes a very curious observation. While the Danes themselves certainly know their great men, they are not inclined to place them on pedestals. In fact, they approach them in that free, happy-go-lucky manner which almost amounts to familiarity, and which is typical of all their relations with each other. They honour their names, and put up monuments to them when they die. Yet, they do not feel separated from them

by the distance the man in the street instinctively feels is lying between him and the great, or mighty, or rich. While acknowledging the achievements of a famous poet, or sculptor, or artist, or any sort of distinguished person, a Dane has the comforting feeling that in his own walk of life he is also doing quite well, and has no reason to over-estimate anybody else's claim to public recognition.

To understand this attitude, it is essential to bear in mind that Denmark is not a country of striking contrasts in any sphere of human activity: it is singularly well balanced, and social, economic, and cultural differences are never really acute. It is too small and too civilized for that. In fact, just as its soft coastline melts into the surrounding sea, so do human relationships adjust themselves without undue friction. It is characteristic of the Danes that their legislation, their methods of transacting public and private affairs are permeated by their practical spirit; everybody's requirements, everybody's interests are carefully submitted to scrutiny before some vital decision is taken. True, this has not always been so, but can be said to date back in its present form to 1898. Then it was that a series of strong labour conflicts were solved before things were allowed to reach breaking point: a compromise between capital and labour was found almost at the eleventh hour, and a system of private arbitration was established which has since quite organically developed into the present form of state arbitration. Thus, a difficult situation was happily disposed of, leaving no ill-feeling on either side—there being no victory or defeat for anybody—and an instrument was created that today solves most of the labour problems without any friction.

These solutions, which in 1901 were reinforced by the final eclipse of the Conservative Party, have had a deciding influence on the further course of Danish development. Since that year the country has been very successfully ruled by Liberals, Radicals, and Socialists; of late by a Radical and Socialist coalition. But none of these governments have attempted to rule in a purely partisan or class spirit. It would be against tradition to be entirely one-sided to the bitter end. As long as things are peaceful and quiet, or as long as the problems under discussion are of a slight nature, parties and politicians can afford to fight,

argue, and disagree. But in all vital questions public opinion demands unity of action from its legislators and forces them to a compromise. And this, when the matter is really urgent, can be achieved in a few hours—at the worst in a day or two. On such occasions the leaders of the four main parties—government and opposition—meet privately, jointly work out the measures to be taken (and in doing so offer each other some form of *quid pro quo*!), and then face parliament together, leaving it no alternative but to accept the whole thing *en bloc*. All previous discussion is thus silenced and a "parliamentary arrangement" is reached.

This remarkable craving for avoiding conflicts, taking smooth curves around sharp corners, indeed this genius for compromise, is not only the result of the Danes' practicality; it is also due to their civilization, which is old and deep rooted.

For something like 125 years school has been compulsory in Denmark. It must be taken from the age of seven, and education at schools and universities is free—except, of course, certain private and special institutions. There are no illiterates in that country, and they are omnivorous readers. Their newspapers can boast of extremely high circulations, and more books *per capita* are published and sold than anywhere else. There is hardly a peasant who does not possess a small library of his own, and some of them actually try to learn foreign languages—chiefly English and German. I remember visiting a village where twenty peasants had clubbed together and got an English teacher from Copenhagen.

The trend of social and economic policy in Denmark has achieved a remarkable levelling up of incomes: there are not many very rich people left, just as there are not any paupers. The glaring contrast of palaces with slums round the corner, is a thing modern Denmark simply does not know, and during the last few decades Copenhagen's Social-Democratic municipality has built some magnificent workmen's dwelling places.

There is a small and old aristocracy, but it plays no part in the affairs of the State as such, and each of its members must stand or fall on his own merits. The older generation forms the court circle and is prominent in diplomacy, but otherwise leads a rather secluded life. The younger generation, having

received a more democratic education produces better "mixers". As to the Crown, it works in full harmony with the Socialist ministers, and fulfils its manifold duties with tact and dignity.

The result of all this is that in such a tiny and highly civilized country there can scarcely be any definite dividing lines any more between classes and professions. People feel free; they feel they are everybody else's equals. Hence, their particular attitude to their great ones—whether dead or alive. Hence, the absence of sharp antagonisms. Hence, their cheerful disposition and friendly smile. A happy country, and until recently with little or nothing to worry them.

But today Denmark is faced with a very serious problem, and its name is Walter Elliot. What is the British Minister of Agriculture going to do, and how is it going to affect them? The full significance of this fundamental problem can only be understood when it is realized that during the last half century Denmark has turned herself not merely into a large exporter of agricultural products, but into a real agricultural factory. This industry has been adjusted almost entirely to the requirements of one market—the British—which for a number of years has absorbed something like 70 per cent. of all Danish exports. As far as bacon is concerned, England has taken the whole of Denmark's output, and very nearly the whole of her butter and eggs.

A standard pig, a standard cow, a standard egg: they turn them out with the same mechanical precision and speed with which Mr. Ford produces his cars, or Mr. Gillette his safety razors. There are no deviations from the established path; if a pig weighs a fraction of a pound more or less than the standard figure required, the peasant stands to lose a great deal. Hence the care and concern that are simply lavished on a Danish pig. Its destiny is decided before it is born; not only its food and drink and hygiene, but how many times and how often it is to be allowed the joys of love and motherhood (certain proud fathers enjoy great privileges and are allowed to live till they get old), what weight it must reach, and when it shall die. From his earliest childhood the Danish peasant is familiar with everything that appertains to a pig. "In Denmark", a distinguished official proudly informed me, "every man knows when to slaughter his swine". He certainly does, and for that purpose

he takes his pig to the co-operative slaughter house. There a brass plate with the owner's number is placed in the animal's ear, then it is stunned by an electric shock to save it from pain, and finally it goes through a series of mechanical processes, until the bacon is ready. Slaughter houses, dairies and egg packing factories are all of them co-operative; hence, the cleanliness and modernity of their lavish installations.

According to an official publication, the "pig population" of Denmark was $4\frac{1}{2}$ millions in 1933, there were 26 million fowls, over $3\frac{1}{2}$ million cattle and over half a million horses. This in a country with a human population of a little over $3\frac{1}{2}$ millions! Furthermore, the rate of growth of Denmark's animal population is very remarkable. In the last fifty years the number of cattle and including milch cows nearly doubled itself; but the progress in the farmer's knowledge of and attention paid to breeding for quality, together with improved milk recording activities, resulted in the production quadrupling itself. And the quality of the milk improved as well as its quantity. Now, there is a Danish saying that "The pig hangs on the cow's tail"; this means that the pigs are fed on large quantities of excellent skimmed milk obtained through the increase in butter production, and thus the bacon industry developed parallel with the dairy industry. From a mere 567,000 in 1881, the "pig population" grew to 5,435,000 in 1931—a peak year. If a check had not since then been put on this spectacular growth, before long there would have been two pigs to every human inhabitant of Denmark.

I do not know whether there is a Danish word for "bacon"; if there is, they certainly never use it. Nor do they eat bacon. They are proud that through their marvellously organized system of breeding and feeding they have learned to produce a uniform type of bacon, butter, and eggs that should form the joy of an Englishman's breakfast table. But these excellent agricultural products are exported, while they themselves eat margarine instead of butter, and various other "Ersatz" foodstuffs.

Now that British restrictions on these imports, as well as the low prices of bacon in 1931 and 1932, have forced Denmark not only to curtail the breeding activities of their animal population, but also to go into the whole question of agricultural

production from a new angle, the question of making the Danes eat some of their own butter and eggs has come under discussion. I rather doubt, however, that anything like an important home market for their agricultural products can be created, since a hardworking and highly civilized peasant class is invariably too thrifty, practical and even mean (this is not specifically Danish, but all-human and international) to indulge in luxuries, and will always prefer the substitute that happens to be cheap.

This necessity not only to curtail agricultural production but also to readjust its distribution at home and abroad, is the cause of an intricate new legislation. Under the cover of currency devaluation (and Denmark not only followed sterling in abandoning gold, but pegged her exchange to that of England at a substantially lower figure than Sweden), a system is being tried out which in reality is a definite attempt at planned economy. Typically enough all the industries other than agriculture are being encouraged today, especially building, for instance. How far this endeavour to turn an entirely agricultural country into a semi-industrial one will succeed, only the future can show. After all, more than one-third of the population is definitely on the land, and another third living in small towns must for all intents and purposes be considered as practically identical with it. During the last year some of the setbacks they have all suffered have been at least partly made good by better prices. Yet they all recognize the necessity of a new policy of some sort that will help them out of their present difficulties.

Thus, the task of those who govern and have to take the responsibility for the new measures—some of which, like the foreign currency restrictions, are not popular—is rendered easier than in most countries by the principal national characteristics of the Danes. Furthermore, the fact that the country is so small and homogeneous; that there are only three or four main groups of citizens (within each of which all interests, whether big or small, are essentially the same); that these people are educated and disciplined, yet full of confidence in themselves and their public administration—all these facts enable the government to pursue its policy with care and cohesion.

Side by side with the government, a very large number of

public and semi-public organizations are taking an active part in directing or in any other ways helping, promoting, and representing the economic interests of the country. Their name is legion, so I will mention only two. There is, for instance, the Agricultural Council, to whose somewhat explosive Secretary, Mr. Holm, I am indebted for the permission to visit some farms, bacon factories, and dairies. This imposing council is a most efficient and powerful institution, exercising the greatest influence on Danish economic and even political life. An organization of a very different kind, with a name that sounds like the title of an Edgar Wallace thriller, is "The Twelve Men's Union". It represents the twelve biggest farmers in every district, and is managed by a very energetic Anglo-Danish gentleman called Mr. Kronman. He had the distinction of incurring the wrath of Lord Beaverbrook while on a visit here some years ago. He is a great protagonist of the "Buy British" idea in Denmark, not so much out of altruism and friendly concern, but because he realizes that if she wants to go on selling to England, Denmark must make every effort she can to buy in the British market. In fairness to that little country, it should be made known that her efforts in "buying British" have been very substantial indeed. The trade agreement is being carried out. In fact, the balance of trade between the two countries has in the last few years improved 50 per cent. in England's favour, owing to a large drop in this country's imports from Denmark and a great increase in Danish purchases here. There is a margin for still greater improvement in this country's favour if British exporters would show more initiative and enterprise in going after the Danish market. The Danes certainly do what they can, and the currency restriction, for instance, is an important instrument to promote increased purchases of British goods. A Danish merchant who wants to buy British, gets his quota more readily than the one who wants to buy elsewhere, while little or nothing is granted to a man who wants to import goods from a country that is not a good customer—like France for instance.

Several decades of practical, cautious, and successful management of both public and private affairs have no doubt brought about a high degree of culture, prosperity, and stability. Yet,

they have also done something else ; they have stifled the spirit, made it almost impossible for an individual with a strong personality to feel spiritually satisfied in a country where there is nothing left to crave for, where the creative genius is limited on every side by the general mellowness, good sound organization and a firmly established standard of material well-being. Today, the more ebullient members of the Danish intelligentsia have to look to Paris or Russia for their inspiration. They cannot get a great deal of it in a country where the well-being of a pig is almost more important than that of a man, and where a first-class veterinary surgeon makes infinitely more than a doctor. Again, in politics, young Socialists and young Conservatives are growing impatient of the methods of their elders and betters. They are sick of this system of permanent compromising and painless adjustment. Some of them even pretend to prefer the methods of Rome or Moscow ; but all this is not very serious.

The ebullient intellectuals or young politicians form an insignificant minority that is not representative of the country's mood or character. Denmark is concerned about something very different. The whole question is, what next ? Mr. Walter Elliot is a source of great worry ; of course, he has dealt them a terrible blow. But somehow the Danes cannot make themselves believe that they will ever lose the British market altogether, because they are firmly convinced of the superiority of their bacon and butter to the products of any other country. Further reductions in breeding ? Yes, but when, and down to what level ? It is the uncertainty that makes them feel so uneasy. They are prepared to face realities ; they are prepared to make sacrifices. But the great machine that turns out pigs like motor-cars must not be interrupted ; it must not stop. For the " pig population " of Denmark is far too important a section of the community to be exposed to any dangerous experiments, and the Danes can hardly be blamed for wishing to know where they really are.

This anxiety is increased by the uncertainty of their relations with Germany. Not only has this formidable neighbour of theirs stopped its large imports of Danish draft horses, cattle meat, offals, and other products—which means a serious loss to

Denmark's export trade. But there is the old Schleswig-Holstein question, which is still a threat to peace, perhaps not only the peace of Denmark. No German Government—not even the Social Democrats or Stresemann, ever gave up its claim to the partly German provinces that were given to Denmark after the Great War by the victorious Allies. If such was the attitude of the more peaceful German post-war governments, what can Denmark expect of the Third Reich of Hitler ? There is hardly a responsible Dane who does not anticipate a German adventure sooner or later ; the question is only : when ? After the Saar, perhaps ? Or if it be true that Germany is not yet ready for war, then the moment she will be ready ? And what can be done to avert such a conflict ? The Conservative opposition demands re-armament, Denmark having almost completely disbanded her military forces after the war. But the reply of the Socialist-Radical coalition government is that such a solution is futile. The country is too small and too flat to stand alone against Germany or to protect itself against air raids. And although Dr. Munch, the Radical Foreign Minister, is a fervent pacifist and supporter of the League of Nations, he and the Socialist Premier, Mr. Stauning (who is also Minister of Defence), approach the problem in this practical spirit. Here again the whole question is : in case of a conflict, what is England going to do ? Is she going to stand by Denmark and can she do anything else ? Or would England allow Germany to invade Denmark, either just to recover her lost provinces, or as part of a more ambitious adventure in the Baltic ?

Thus, in matters political, just as in matters economic, Denmark is anxiously looking at England, trying to read into her every word and gesture at least an indication of what this answer might be. But apart from this openly admitted dependence on England, the Danes really like and admire this country. They are genuinely proud of their many close connections with Great Britain. Everything British is popular and fashionable. Whisky and soda—this is an amusing illustration of it—has become an almost national Danish beverage.

They like to eat and drink well up there. Copenhagen without its famous Tivoli and other restaurants, where you can eat and make merry, would lose one of its most striking character-

SMILING DENMARK

istics. For despite Mr. Elliot and Herr Hitler, the Danes have not lost their great *joie de vivre*. They have somehow managed to keep not only a high standard of living, but also their high spirits. You can see them cheerfully pedalling away on their bicycles, the most popular and truly democratic means of locomotion used by everybody, from Cabinet Minister to girl-clerk and office boy; there are 350,000 cycles in Copenhagen alone—you can see them pedalling away, looking content and healthy, and always with a smile. If countries are like their people, then Denmark can be said to be a smiling country.

CAN ABYSSINIA SURVIVE AS AN EMPIRE?

BY W. G. FITZ-GERALD

IF you open an atlas at North-East Africa you will see a map showing three Powers—Great Britain, France and Italy—hemming in on all sides with their colonial possessions the most tempting prize which the world can offer in this day of stress and striving armaments. I refer to the age-old Empire of Ethiopia; its people were already Christians when we of Britain were mere woaded heathens of the fourth century. The "Land of Habash" (i.e. of mixed races) was the derisive name which Arab war-lords gave it long ago. Hence, the modern "Abyssinia."

At this hour, in his barbaric *gibbeh* at Addis Ababa (surely the oddest capital on earth) sits an able and harassed little man—with a portrait of Abraham Lincoln on the wall behind his desk. His Foreign Minister, Blata Heruy, is beside him, preparing a Speech from the Throne to be read at the opening of a brand-new Parliament; thus far it has only the vaguest notion of its functions in a loose and dim domain whose entire social fabric is based upon slave labour. One is here reminded of the bewildered Shogun in Yedo when Commodore Perry, backed by ships and guns, bade him gruffly to throw open his doors in 1853 and let "modern" light flood a Japan which had slept for a thousand years.

Look well at this slight and graceful Ethiop of Semitic cast, whose skin is the colour of old ivory. He is the ex-Regent, Ras Tafari, a former co-ruler with that reactionary Empress Zauditu (Judith). She in turn had replaced the wayward Lij Yasu, Menelek's grandson, who had flirted with Islam and was in consequence swept away by the feudal barons—notably those of Shoa, who were so many petty kings in their own domains.

Only in 1930 did Tafari Makonnen become "King of Kings"

of Ethiopia", with added honorifics of "the Elect of God and Conquering Lion of Judah". As Emperor he took the traditional name of Hailé Selassié. Tact and personal charm (as well as firmness) gave him gradual ascendancy over the lesser lords. When these defied him—as Ras Gugsah did, and Ras Hailu of Gojam—they were either overawed with bombing planes, or else "invited to Court", and could not thereafter leave Addis without "permission."

For intrinsic worth this realm is unique, and has not even yet been wholly explored. Sweeping up sharply from the stifling Red Sea coast to sunny plateaux 6,000 to 8,000 feet high and showing peaks of Mont Blanc altitude, its climate is perpetual summer. The rainfall is copious and unfailing; the soil so rich that Galla serfs, scratching it with a bent bough hauled by humped oxen, can win three generous crops a year. No wonder the richer Abyssinians lead a leisured life as the ruling race in so easy an Elysium. In a population of ten millions or so, these number about one-third; all the rest are viewed as inferior breeds, fit only to serve as domestic slaves or helot drudges on the land. So diverse are the human stocks throughout a domain four times the area of the United Kingdom, that the Emperor's proclamation had to be made in seventy languages!

One is amazed to find a Member State of the League of Nations today with a hut-and-zinc metropolis whose mazy streets are scavenged nightly by hyenas and prowling packs of pariah dogs. Addis Ababa is a fascinating place, long beset by European intrigues. Naturally, the Emperor and his Ministers have turned for advice and help to "disinterested" countries. It is a Belgian Mission which has modernized and mechanized the Army. That force has now all the panoply of field artillery, howitzers and tanks, with machine-guns and aircraft—these last of special efficiency in the overawing of sultans and turbulent chiefs of the remoter regions.

It is well to remember that Abyssinia trails away into an unknown of head-hunting pagans. And lawless troops of the territorial Rases still go raiding for cattle, ivory and slaves: hundreds of such raids have been reported in recent years. They have been debated in both Houses of our own Parliament, for the most serious of them took place in British

territory—the Sudan, Kenya and Uganda. Abyssinia's home markets absorb most of the human livestock rounded up in this merciless way. Surplus victims are then herded in caravans up to obscure Red Sea ports, there to be embarked in fast sailing dhows and sambouks for Mecca, Riyadh, Taïf and other Arabian marts.

So between King Ibn Saud and his Imperial brother across the water there still ebbs and flows an infamous traffic in human cattle—men, women and children—which both monarchs are vowed to suppress. Meanwhile, the war-sloops of His Britannic Majesty lie in wait for the furtive slavers, and report to the Admiralty in terms which—as I was officially informed—"are confidential, and cannot therefore be disclosed". With the *dessous* of this curious activity I cannot deal here; it forms a lurid gloss on the old saw that "truth is stranger than fiction."

"I have my own secret thoughts" is a frequent remark of the Emperor Hailé Selassié when foreign visitors of note pose awkward questions of reform to him. Lord Noel-Buxton and Lord Polwarth heard him say this on their recent visit to Addis on behalf of the Anti-Slavery Society. Well may that earnest and worried ruler have "secret thoughts"—or rather doubts and fears of the trials ahead of him, and tasks beyond any Ethiop's compass at this late hour. He is at work in his bureau from seven in the morning until late at night. France gives him no anxiety—though it is only through her colonial door in Jibuti that one can reach Abyssinia's jumbled capital by rail, in three days or so. This is a most amusing and interesting journey over a metre-gauge railway which has long been a political problem in itself. But the recent Laval-Mussolini Pact has at last given Italy a share in management of this line.

Great Britain is also considered a "safe" neighbour by the Emperor. Yet she shuts Abyssinia from the sea at Berbera; whilst in the south, Kenya and Uganda put an end to old Menelek's dream of an empire reaching down to the Victoria Nyanza. The outstanding question with us is, of course, the all-important dam at Lake Tsana, or Tana, from a breach in whose volcanic lip the Blue Nile pours out at a height of 6,000 feet. So does this Abyssinia hold in her highlands the prosperity-key of Egypt and the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, whose

cotton-crop is already of great value. For it is the Bahr-el-Azrak, and *not* the main stream, which enriches those lands with water and sediment, and that at precisely the critical season of the Nilotic year.

In 1925, Britain and Italy agreed upon a project whereby we were to build that Blue Nile dam at Lake Tsana, whilst Italy was to link up Eritrea and her huge Somali domain by means of a new railway. But Abyssinia put in a speedy protest with the League, saying she had not been consulted in this vital matter. True, it would have given her the motor-roads she lacks; it would, moreover, have poured money into a poverty-stricken land and provided light and power for the Empire's development. But all such advantages were ignored in the fog of xenophobic fear that swept the ruling caste. It has not yet been found possible to make Abyssinia "dam-conscious", in the sense that President Roosevelt used that hopeful term to the most mechanically-minded of all peoples. So that Anglo-Italian plan has had to be shelved. From Downing Street and the Palazzo Venezia came assurances that no "encroachment" upon Ethiopian sovereignty was intended. There the matter dropped, though clearly it cannot be left indefinitely.

Yet Ethiopia's veto was natural enough. Her ruling race are a proud and warlike folk of high intelligence, in no sense negroid, either in physique or mentality. They are keenly alive to the crises which now confront them, and even eager to fall into line with today's civilization, though they maintain that this must be on their own terms. Pathetically enough, they plead for time—but can sufficient time be granted them? Their statesmen set great store by the League of Nations, which admitted Abyssinia in 1923 after exacting a promise that slavery and serfdom were to be abolished. Ras Tafari's edicts thereupon declared death to be the penalty for future slave-trading. He thought twenty years might see it stamped out altogether.

But Lord Noel-Buxton, when he was in Addis in 1932, saw little signs of any such drastic transformation. In a land that swarms with priests, monks and deacons, the Church continues to uphold slavery, even though its Supreme Abuna, or Patriarch (who is always a foreigner, appointed from Alexandria), may oppose it personally. Some of the regional Rases own ten

thousand slaves. No true Abyssinian is so poor as not to possess a few useful helots among his "property"; even the common soldier has a slave or two to do his menial work. In short, no U.S. cotton-planter of the South ever clung so closely to the "peculiar institution" as today's Abyssinian does to his own social-economic order of a thousand years.

Crowds of slaves, well fed, well dressed and well treated, throng the courtyards of the Imperial *gibbeh* and Ministries in Addis, or follow their mounted masters in the seething market place. All agriculture is done by unpaid serfs. To uproot this millennial system in so unique a land as this would be like pulling out the piles that support antique Venice in the hope that her hoary palaces might then float on the lagoons.

Yet Hailé Selassié is doing his utmost. His passion for education is pathetic to see, even at his own private expense in a "mixed" and wholly illiterate land. He is all for roads and sanitation; for hospitals, telegraphs, telephones, motors, wireless, aircraft—all the misfits of a "Progress" whose incongruity in the capital itself is grotesque to behold. But this crowned reformer must walk warily in a realm over whose vague spaces today bars of rock-salt and cartridges pass current as "money", and naked pagans as well as warlike Moslems jostle in a Christian empire where churches are more numerous than anywhere else on earth.

There is no end to Abyssinia's contradictions. And her reforming Emperor is a travelled man. In 1924 he set out for Jerusalem, there to settle disputes about his own Holy Places in yet another race-tangled sphere. In Paris, Ras Tafari had an imposing reception: his impressions of London he will one day write in a book, to be set up and bound by the German machines he has had installed in his own palace grounds.

From Berlin, by the way, he borrowed the functions of Dr. Goebbels: the Emperor has his own Minister of Propaganda to put Abyssinia's case before the world. Then from Tokyo he took the notion of a Foreign Office "spokesman", like the suave Eiji Amau who interprets Mr. Hirota's policy. An ex-Anglo-Egyptian official—M. de Halpert—advises the Home Office in Addis Ababa. There are Swiss jurists also with Americans and Belgians—not to mention our own Minister, Sir Sydney

Barton, and a Diplomatic Corps of ever-increasing[†] strength. There are, besides, well-censored newspapers in French as well as in Amharic, which is Ethiopia's national language. But the Church liturgy uses the still older *Giz*, in which the faithful chant or pray without understanding a word.

When Abyssinia's ruler went abroad, he was much more prudent than the ill-fated Amanullah of Afghanistan. Ras Tafari Makonnen—as he then was—took with him some twenty of his feudal kinglets, lest these should indulge in what the Japanese call “dangerous thoughts” while their overlord was far away. A shrewd statesman is this Emperor of Ethiopia. He turns now to Japan and to the United States, whose commercial genius has greatly impressed him. To the White Company of New York he gave a \$20,000,000 contract for the Lake Tsana, or Blue Nile dam, though the work remains in abeyance for financial and international reasons. In the main it is to Tokyo that the Emperor and his ministers look for practical guidance. Whether large cotton concessions are to be offered to Japan is still uncertain, though rumours are full of them. But Osaka magnates have spent much time in Addis of late; and the Emperor Hirohito has been asked to send a plenipotentiary.

The only Power whom Abyssinia mistrusts and dreads is Italy. Her “gradual encroachment” was frankly complained of in Foreign Minister Blata Heruy's recent note to the League Secretariat, following upon that serious clash at the Wal-Wal post and wells in December last.

How Italy came into this region must be briefly told, for it is an ominous and tragic story of the African scramble, from which Italy was long shut out. In the '70's and '80's an Italian trading company bought from a local sultan the Port of Assab on the Red Sea, and later on acquired more land. Their own Government took over this nucleus in 1882, and sent Count Antonelli into Shoa to treat with Menelek and the Sultan of Aussa about further extensions.

Neither King John nor Menelek of Shoa favoured this proposal. Their alarm grew when Italy annexed the Port of Beilul in 1885, and then took over Massowah from Egypt, thus blocking a seaway through which free transit of Abyssinia's produce had been secured by an Anglo-Egyptian Treaty. Smouldering

feuds rose into flame when General Gené refused to withdraw his troops. Abyssinians attacked and killed four hundred of them. Our own mediation failed in the aftermath of this affair.

In 1888 an Italian army of 20,000 men confronted an enemy who defended their outlet to the sea; but after sullen parleys both sides retired. Just then King John had his hands full with the dervishes in the Sudan, where a stray bullet in battle slew him. Menelek then became Negus Negusti, or King of Kings, and Count Antonelli made a pact with him. Italy next occupied Asmara and received Menelek's nephew—the Ras of Harrar—as Minister in Rome. All seemed well now, and for three years there was peace. But the new martial Negus grew suspicious at the favour Italy was showing to Mangesha, a son of the late King John. In 1893 Menelek denounced Antonelli's Treaty. The Amharic script, he contended, left him free to treat with the Powers independently, whereas the Italian version bound him to Rome as the sole intermediary in all foreign negotiations.

Meanwhile, the dervishes menaced Eritrea. Young Mangesha was already in league with them; and after battles and marches, rugged Menelek himself took the field in “national” support of John's heir. Preliminary skirmishes saw the Italians routed. New troops were sent out; and in February 1896 General Baratieri offered battle with 13,000 men. The Ethiopian host, 90,000 strong, awaited them in a difficult *terrain* at Abba Yarima, near Adowa. That battle brought utter disaster to Italian arms. Baratieri's first brigade was overwhelmed; his other three, advancing in support, were cut to pieces in detail. Italy's losses were 6,500 men, besides nearly 4,000 prisoners.

Generals Arimondi and Dabormida were slain, and General Ellena gravely wounded. Baratieri himself fled the field in haste, and reached Adi-Cajé before even the survivors of his army got there. At the court-martial he put the blame for this calamity on the poor quality of his troops. But the verdict condemned him, deploring that command should have been given to “a General so inferior to the demands of the situation”. Crispi's Cabinet resigned. A speedy peace, with an indemnity of £400,000 to the victorious Menelek and frank recognition of Abyssinia's “absolute independence” closed a sombre chapter in Italy's relations with Abyssinia. From that day to this the

fatal Battle of Adowa has been a brooding memory on both sides. Italy can never forget the nameless mutilation of her soldiers on that stricken field: this is an ancient Ethiopian custom.

After Adowa, the Emperor became a world figure. Two Russian, three French and one British (the Rennell Rodd) Missions were sent to him. He subdued rebels at home, agreed with us about the Blue Nile and gave railway concessions through his own land which were to link the Sudan with Uganda. Old Menelek died in 1913, leaving traditions of hostility to Italy and special friendship with ourselves. When his grand-nephew, Ras Tafari (the present Negus Negusti) was in London, we restored to him Abyssinia's barbaric crown. This was one of the trophies which Napier brought back with him from Magdala after the strange campaign which ended with King Theodore's dramatic suicide in the hour of defeat.

It will be seen that these people have cause to dread the "Feringhies", as they style all foreigners. One of these—an Armenian—knowing that Menelek wanted to see a railway engine, offered to buy and bring him one for \$50,000. The plaything was duly delivered. Later on the Negus found that only \$10,000 had been spent on his cumbrous and useless toy. So he had the cheat chained to a slave in Addis for two years; and when freed at last, the man came to a violent end.

Menelek's letter to the Great Powers in 1901 shows the same hopes and fears which his Imperial kinsman expresses today. The rugged old warrior had given his whole life to unite his realm—"l'Ethiopée ayant été pendant plus de quatorze siècles une île de Chrétiens au milieu de la mer des païens Comme le Tout-Puissant a protégé l'Ethiopée jusqu'aujourd'hui"—the Negus went on—"j'ai la confiance qu' Il la protégera et l'agrandira aussi dans l'avenir. . . . Auparavant, la limite de l'Ethiopée était la mer. A défaut de force, et a défaut de l'aide des Chrétiens, notre frontière de la mer est tombée entre les mains des musulmans. Aujourd'hui nous ne prétendons pas retrouver notre frontière de la mer par force. Mais nous espérons que les Puissances, conseillées par notre Sauveur Jésus Christ, nous rendront les frontières de la mer—au moins sur quelques pointes de la Côte "

It was a moving plea, but was never granted: Abyssinia still remains without access to the sea. Twenty-five years later the present Emperor, in a letter to the League on the Anglo-Italian Agreement, once more voiced the fears of his people: "Throughout their history they have seldom met with foreigners who did not desire to possess themselves of Abyssinian territory and to destroy their independence. But with God's help—and thanks to the courage of our soldiers—we have always, come what might, stood proud and free upon our native mountains."

Yet, when all is said with full sympathy, the stark question emerges: Can Abyssinia survive in its present state? Or would Hailé Selassié be better advised by the Powers and the League to accept an Italian Protectorate over a magnificent realm which remains, both politically and socially, no more than a glorified Liberia? It is idle to pretend that Ethiopia has inherent power to shake off abruptly those shackles of the Middle Ages which persist unto our own day, and can show herself an ordered and civilized State. The adaptive genius and formidable racial unity of the Japanese is here wholly lacking. Abyssinia's financial resources are at the lowest ebb. Yet Hailé Selassié is no barbarous Menelek, but a man of fine culture and intelligence, whose first thought is the betterment of his country. This he can never bring about without external aid, such as Italy is peculiarly well fitted to afford.

Meanwhile, one hears of tanks and heavy guns landed at Mogadishu, as well as cargoes of rifles and cases of ammunition. Recent clashes in ill-defined territory ended in a deadlock, with Abyssinia charging "armed aggression" 100 kilometres within her own nebulous borders, while Signor Vinci, the Italian Minister in Addis Ababa, called imperiously for apology and with it indemnities for the dead and wounded in a furious fray in which bombing aeroplanes played a part. Now a huge Italian air force is said to be assembled at Masswah, and military preparations made on a large scale. This way madness lies. The problem of Abyssinia should be boldly faced without delay in justice to both protagonists.

"AND THE TONGUES OF THE ARABS"

BY SIR HARRY LUKE, C.M.G.

"WISDOM", declared the Arab sage, "has descended in divers forms upon the races of man: upon the brains of the Greeks, the hands of the Chinese and the tongues of the Arabs". And few who know Arabic, or anything of it, will be disposed to doubt that a richer, more flexible, more resourceful language has never existed to transmute into sound the most recondite no less than the simplest thoughts of the human mind. Especially is this view held by the Arabs themselves, who regard a thorough knowledge of its grammar as the hallmark of a civilized person, in much the same way as the Chinese of the old school regard a knowledge of their own classics. Even in our materialistic age the Constitution of modern Egypt insists upon a definite standard of literacy on the part of its legislators, as witness a decision given in 1931 by the Cairo Court of Cassation which, after setting a certain Pasha and a certain Bey passages from an Arabic newspaper to read and to write from dictation, found their scholarship deficient and declared them unseated from the Senate.

But I am concerned here not so much with the position of Arabic among Arabs as with its influence and that of other Eastern languages upon English, and with the interaction of the two where the speakers of English and of the oriental languages in question come into contact. I propose also to refer to the mysteries of script which the traveller in the East is likely to encounter if he is something more than a passing visitor. Most educated people are probably more or less aware of the Arabic origin of those place-names in Western Europe so significant in English history, Gibraltar and Trafalgar; are equally aware that to the same origin are due such nautical and scientific terms as arsenal and admiral (an abbreviation of *amir al-bahr*, "ruler of the sea"), algebra, azimuth, zenith and nadir, arsenic and alcohol, aniline and alkali, alembic, alchemy and elixir*. Many

are doubtless aware of the picturesque derivation of assassin from *hashish*, the Arabic for hemp-leaves. Talisman, dragoman, caravan, turban, bazaar, sequin, divan, vizier, openly declare their Eastern parentage; a little less openly, perhaps, amulet, magazine, albatross and albacore, cumin, carat, sandal-wood and camphor; still less openly words such as sofa, mattress, alcove, hazard, calibre, amber, candy, carafe and jar—significant lists, all of them, as regards Islamic influence on the social life of Europe. Among fabrics, apart from those derived from place-names, which will be referred to later, cotton and taffeta, moire and mohair, camlet and sarsenet have an oriental tang that betrays their origin. Syrup, sherbet, shrub, salep and julep in the sphere of liquid refreshment; lute, guitar and fret in that of music; coffee, carob, sumac and saffron in botany; genet and jerboa in zoology are also in form suggestive of the East. Well known is the Eastern—in this case Persian—origin of chess and of a part of the game's terminology. But not everyone would guess that such words as cable, average, tare, risk, drubbing, traffic and cheque, none of them obviously exotic, have been traced to Arab parents; few would think to look behind Italian to Arabic for the derivation of felucca, barque, barge and bargee; behind Spanish for that of saraband, mask and masquerade and that disease of young horses, *vives*. Fewer still, probably, realize that that most English-sounding of words, sterling, has travelled to us from the Greek *stater* by way of Arabia. In the realm of colour the Persian or Arabic origin of crimson and carmine, of lilac and the humbler tabby, of the heraldic gules and azure (a word also present in lapis lazuli) does not leap immediately to the eye. Spinach and sugar may have an outlandish sound to some; not so, necessarily, oranges and lemons, which are more likely to call to mind the bells of St. Clement's than the sands of Araby. The subject of fruit and vegetables suggests the life histories, as pleasant as they are interesting, of the two words apricot and artichoke. The Latin for early-ripening, *præcoquus* (from which is also derived the word precocious),

* These three last words are ultimately derived from Greek. The fact that they come to us by way of Arabic illustrates the manner in which, in the early Middle Ages, Arabs garnered the learning of the Greeks and subsequently transmitted it to the West.

passed through Byzantine Greek into Arabic as *al-barquq*. From the Arabic-speaking world it passed on to Portugal and Spain as *albaricoque*, thence to France, and finally assumed its English form by false analogy with the unconnected Latin word *apricus*, meaning sunny.

The word artichoke has had a career even more fantastic, and has completed the full circle which has brought it, in a different form, back to the Arabic from which it sprang. Originally *al-kharshuf*, it became in Italian first *alcarcioffo* and later *articiocco*, and thence artichoke in English. But that was not the end of its wanderings, for it has now returned to Arabic in a different form as *ardishauki*, which is the literal rendering of the appropriate meaning "thorn of the earth". In Cyprus I came across another example of a word going the full round. The well-known Turkish title given to a gentleman, Effendi, is a corruption of the Greek *authentēs*. The Greek-speaking Cypriote peasant of today has now, in addressing his masters, re-Hellenized the word into *aphentiko*, in complete ignorance of its Greek origin. To return to the artichoke. Among the ironies of language is the fact that, while the globe artichoke grows to greater perfection, perhaps, in Jerusalem than anywhere else in the world, the Jerusalem artichoke is quite unknown in the Holy Land, so that Palestine soup may be eaten almost anywhere except in the country from which it mistakenly takes its name. The origin of Jerusalem in the designation of this vegetable (which in French is *topinambour*) is generally ascribed to a corruption of *girasole*, the Italian for sunflower, to which the Jerusalem artichoke is related. In a recent letter to *The Times* Mr. Vicary Gibbs disputes this derivation. He points out that the vegetable's French name is derived from the Tupinambá tribe of Brazilian Indians, members of which were exhibited in Paris in 1600, just at the time when the plant first reached France. The Parisians, according to Mr. Gibbs, mistakenly assumed that the tribe and the new foodstuff were connected and came from the same part of the world, and thus called the vegetable by a name as near as they could get to that of the tribe. But although he rejects the derivation from *girasole* he is at a loss to explain the meaning of Jerusalem in this connection.

Ingenious and picturesque, if not definitely established, is

the derivation of tally-ho from the Arabic *taali-hon*, "come hither", ascribed to the influence and habits of the Crusaders. I should hesitate to say whether it was in favour of or against the suggested derivation that the letter "i" in *taali* is the feminine termination, implying that the phrase was mainly used in summoning members of the female sex. Another interesting, if not fully proven, derivation is that of hollyhock, from the words holy rock—the holy rock in question being Mount Carmel. The suggestion is that the Crusaders first encountered the hollyhock on Mount Carmel, where it grows in abundance, and from there introduced it into England. Not open to doubt is the most recent importation from Arabic into English, the "blighty" of the Great War, which is nothing but the Arabic *baladi*, "my town", adopted into English by way of Hindustani.

Devoid neither of interest nor of humour are the results of the interplay of English and Arabic in countries where these tongues influence one another in contemporary everyday life. English residents in Egypt will probably not need to be reminded of the delightful and scientifically formed Arabic plurals which the humbler members of the Egyptian public apply to such English words as their professions compel them to use or to be aware of, such as the delicious *awanich*, the plural of the Port Said boatmen for the English word winch, and the no less ingenious *dagakiat* with which Cairene grooms denote three or more dog-carts. In another pleasant Cairene plural, jacket becomes *jakakit*; while Palestine has evolved with the introduction of western forms of transport the alternative plurals *ibwas* or *busât* for the homely bus. Iraqi Arabs called the British Tommy *gowân* from his alleged habit of ejaculating "go ahn"; and *gowân* in the singular becomes *gowanin* in the plural. Basra boatmen call cutters *qattatir*; boats are *abwat*, jollyboats *jelabit*. An example of another sort. In the Arabic language it is polite, when returning a salutation, to put the return greeting into the dual number: thus, *marhaba* in the reply becomes *marhabatein*, "two welcomes". So ingrained is this habit that Arabic-speaking boys in English schools in the East are apt, when invited by their fellows to shut up, to retort, with more grammatical nicety than politeness, *shutubein*, which might be rendered "the same to you and more of them".

It is strange how many place-names in the territories that formerly constituted the Ottoman Empire have given words to the English language. From Ascalon, through its Norman-French form Escallion, we derive the word shallot, as we owe baldaquin to Baghdad, Bedlam to Bethlehem, currant to Corinth, candytuft to Candia in Crete, quince to Cydonia, likewise in Crete, damson, damask and damascene to Damascus, fustian to Fustat, Cairo's predecessor as the capital of Egypt, gauze (according to some) to Gaza, mocha to the Red Sea port of the same name, muslin, through the French *mousseline*, to Mosul. At the same time these towns, although at one period or another under Ottoman rule, were not really Turkish in the racial sense of the word; and Turkish, a language which in its early state was the speech not so much of philosophers and poets as of simple-minded nomads, has made fewer contributions by far than Arabic or Persian to the languages of the West. The word tulip, "the turban-flower", comes to us in the first instance from Turkish, but in the last instance from Persian; on the other hand, our word horde is derived from the ancient Turanian *ordu*, which is still the Turkish for an army. Then there are bergamot, "the Bey's pear", and such terms of military equipment as dolman and shabrack. Apart from these, I am aware of only two genuinely Turkish words—the adjective *bosh* and a term less polite—which have been absorbed into English, both, I suspect, acquired by British soldiers during the Crimean War from their Turkish allies.

But Turkish, if our debt to it bears no comparison with our debt to Arabic and Persian, is for all that a language of great merit. The plain and unvarnished speech of the Anatolian peasant, to which Kemalist Turkey is now returning from the affected "high" Stambuli jargon in which the officials and poets and journalists of Constantinople were wont to revel, is terse, forcible, expressive, while both forms of the language are equally pleasing to the ear if not equally intelligible to the stranger. And it is as whimsical as well as a musical tongue. One of its pleasant conceits, for example, is the economical way in which it is able to designate a number of objects of the same category without a wearisome recital of the individual words, amounting in fact, to a more amusing equivalent of our *et cetera*, "and

so forth" or "and what not". The method consists of taking the principal word of the category and repeating it, save that for the initial letter of the original word there is substituted in the repetition the letter "m". Thus, the word for a fowl is *tawuq*. If the Turk wants to refer to poultry of all sorts, he will say *tawuq-marwuq*. It is as if an Englishman, inquiring of his wife if she had made the necessary preparations for a railway journey, were to ask her: "Have you got the tickets-mickets and the rugs-mugs?" The greatly regretted Aubrey Herbert, among whose friends I was privileged to be numbered, gives in his *Ben Kendim* a delightful description of how this system was practised on him by a Persian fellow-traveller riding into Damascus by his side after a tedious desert journey from Baghdad:—

"The rich Persian was beside himself with happiness, and with jubilant grimaces indulged himself in the tunes of his country and in exuberant grammatical forms. 'Ah, joy, Bey Effendi, here is everything', he cried, 'wine-mine, cognac-mognac. Blessed has been our journey. Look at the roses-moses and the shops-mops'."

And he goes on to quote a Circassian Pasha as saying to him in description of some rather special entertainment to which he had been bidden:—

"*Mon cher, c'était vraiment un grand dîner; il y avait des princes-minces et des barons-marrons.*"

As unexpected and instructive as the vagaries of Eastern speech are the vagaries of Eastern writing. One of the commonest phenomena in the Near and Middle East is the custom of writing a language in the script of another, a phenomenon of practical interest and significance in view of the light which it sheds on the political vicissitudes of Eastern peoples. The custom has been practised from pre-Christian times, for we find tablets bearing Sumerian and Assyrian words transcribed in Greek characters. We also find Aramaic-speaking feudatories of the Seleucids in Southern Mesopotamia adopting the Greek language but writing it, and even engraving it on their coins, from right to left through sheer force of habit. Not that we should give undue importance to the direction of a writing: it was only after a period in which the language was written backwards and forwards from left to right and from right to left, in the manner called *boustrophedon*, that ancient Greek

settled down exclusively to the former. One of the most striking examples of the practice is afforded by Coptic, which is written in the Greek character, with the addition of only eight signs retained from demotic Egyptian. It has been well said that "the romance of language could go no further than to join the speech of Pharaoh and the writing of Homer in the service-book of an Egyptian Christian". Hebrew characters are sometimes the vehicle for Arabic, particularly among the Tunisian Jews; while, vice versa, there are Hebrew books printed in Arabic characters. Stumbling by chance, one day in Constantinople, into a small prayer-house of the Qaraite sect, I was shown a parchment manuscript in the Hebrew character, whose language, as I was told to my surprise, was Greek; while Parry, the author of *Six Months in a Syrian Monastery*, relates that he found at Midhiat in the Tur Abdin, a mountainous region between Urfa and Mosul, a ninth century copy of the Gospels in the Greek tongue written in Estrangelo, which is the earliest form of the Syriac alphabet. Common in Northern Mesopotamia are manuscripts in Karshuni, which is Arabic written in Syriac characters, and arose through Syriac-speaking people hearing and talking Arabic without being able to write it. In certain of the Ægean islands that came under the rule of Frankish dynasts after the Fourth Crusade, notably in Chios, Naxos and Santorin, Greek is written in Roman characters. This curious blend is known as *Franko-chiotika* and is much in vogue, even now, among the Greek-speaking Roman Catholic and Uniate families of Latin descent in those islands. Turkish, having been for so long a period the official language of a State that contained many non-Turkish races, has had an equally varied experience in this direction. It appears in Northern Mesopotamia in Syriac characters; it appears, in Constantinople and in the vilayets with an Armenian population, in Armenian; and it appears, for the benefit of Anatolian Greeks, who know something of Greek writing but only speak Turkish, in Greek. When I first visited Constantinople there was being published (and may still be published, for aught I know to the contrary) a newspaper in this odd combination, entitled *Anatoll*; and I treasure several books, now definite rarities, printed in this manner in the eighteenth century for the use of the Turcophone

Orthodox of Asia Minor. With less satisfaction do I recall the letters in the Turkish language, vilely scrawled in cursive modern Greek script, which it fell to my lot to censor at Mudros during the war. Finally I may mention the Ossetes of the Caucasus, better known to history as the Alans, who on the rare occasions when they feel the need to print their peculiar tongue employ a mixture of Roman and Cyrillic type. At irregular intervals during 1920 a copy of the one and only Ossete newspaper, thus printed, would appear on my breakfast table in Tiflis, ultimately to find its way, I fear unperused, into the shelves of the Bodleian.

In connection with Turkish books printed in the Greek script there used to be told in Athens the tale of a young don, a distinguished classical Greek scholar but untravelled in the East, who came out to the British School of Archæology in Greece and was shown one of these volumes. He looked at it for a long time in strained bewilderment, and was then heard to mutter, visibly shaken: "I had no idea that Modern Greek was so corrupt." Poor man, he was not the first, nor will he be the last, to be puzzled by the linguistic surprises which the Levant springs on its visitors. In countries where the designation "Roman" means a member of the Holy Orthodox Eastern Church and "Romaic" denotes the colloquial as opposed to the literary form of Modern Greek, where people are to be found who, in this twentieth century, still date their era from the Emperor Diocletian's persecution of the Christians while others prefer to do so from the capture of Babylon by Seleucus Nicator and call that method *Yunani* (Ionian)—in countries such as these anything is possible although, strangely enough as it may sometimes seem, everything has a reason. When it is also remembered that to the end of the eighteenth-century Persian was the language of refinement at the Turkish Court while under the Kajar dynasty, which was deposed as recently as 1925, the Court language of Persia was Turkish, no anomaly in the Near and Middle East, whether of speech or belief or custom, becomes, or should become, too strange for our acceptance.

LITTLE INDIA IN FIJI

BY LEWIS B. RADFORD

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ON October 10th, 1874, the king and chiefs of Fiji signed the Deed of Cession which made the Fiji Islands a Crown Colony. The Fiji of sixty years ago was almost entirely Fijian in population. There were no Indians. Now there are 79,000 Indians in Fiji alongside the 95,000 Fijians. The Indian problem in Fiji, as in the West Indies, Natal, and Kenya, is the Nemesis of commercial and imperial opportunism.

In Kenya the Indian and the African are joint and rival claimants for a place in the colonial government alongside the little ruling white minority. The less generally known problem of the Indians in Fiji is the largest and most urgent part of the wider problem of the migration of oriental peoples into the Pacific Island world. It is a little India with all India's problems simplified by their isolation and concentration in a new and promising environment. It is the main problem of the national development of Fiji. It may prove to have bearings on the Indian question in Africa, and also on the question of nationalism in India.

The importation of indentured labour from India to the West Indies was the sequel of the emancipation of negro slaves 1834. In 1877 the Fijian government arranged with the Indian government for a limited regular supply of Indians for plantation labour and domestic service. Marked expansions of the sugar industry required more labour; and from 1901 to 1911 the annual average immigration from India reached 2,000. During that period the physical and moral conditions of life in the coolie lines grew worse and worse. Missionary and philanthropic societies in England, Christian womanhood in Australia and New Zealand and finally educated Indian womanhood, combined to awaken the

conscience of sugar companies to the evils of the indenture system; and in 1916 the Indian Government terminated the system itself. To the credit of companies and managers it must be recorded that the shame of the past has been wiped out by their willing co-operation in the efforts made by missions and administrations for the welfare of Indian labour.

The enormous increase in the Indian population in Fiji is mainly due to the fact that repatriation never kept pace with immigration. More than 45 per cent. of the Indians now in Fiji are natives of Fiji. The Indian birth-rate is higher than the Fijian, and the Indian death-rate lower. The Indians have from the first resisted with far greater success than the Fijians the stress of new social and economic forces and the infection of new epidemic diseases. It seems that within less than thirty years, according to estimates of competent observers, the Indians will equal the Fijians in number, and will continue to forge ahead.

The overwhelming majority of the Fijians live in land-owning tribal communities, and enter the labour market outside only to earn money for special purposes, mostly returning to their villages. Half the copra plantations are in Fijian communal ownership (the rest are in European hands); and most of the banana growers are Fijians. But rice and cotton are almost entirely in Indian hands; and the bulk of the sugar crop is produced by Indians, either as tenant farmers under the Colonial Sugar Refining Company, or as independent farmers on leased lands. Indian progress is due partly to capacity for adaptation and enterprise, and partly to the freedom from those communal conditions which should facilitate corporate Fijian enterprise, but which actually tend to discourage new experiments or individual ventures further afield. Round a sugar centre there gathers a local market, and round a sugar mill grows a township, both market and township mainly Indian. The Indians provide most of the available mobile labour, especially in mechanical occupations, in which Fijians on the whole seem unable or unwilling to compete.

The Indians massing steadily in and around Suva are chiefly industrial. Tailoring and laundry work, hawking and store-keeping, taxi-driving and taxi-owning are mainly in Indian hands; most of the savings bank deposits are in Indian names.

The Fijian has missed the bus of economic progress which has been boarded by the more active and adventurous Indian. The pride of a native race that has not needed to work hard for its living, of a native chieftainship that has retained its local communal authority, has lost the Fijian his pride of place in the changing life of his own land. It is not a case of being ousted but rather of abdication.

The social life of Indians in Fiji is steadily developing a new sense of Indian unity. There are Punjabis, Madrassis, Tamils and Moplahs; there are Hindus of all sorts, and Sikhs and Moslems, though there are ten Hindus to every Moslem. But their racial and religious differences are less marked and acute than in India. The religious hold of caste was broken by the crossing of "the black water"; its social hold was relaxed by the inevitable companionship of all castes and out-castes on the voyage and in the new life at its end. Practically caste has ceased to restrict intercourse; and a man's material prospects depend not on caste but on capacity. Racial and religious difference have given rise to various societies, Hindu, Moslem and Sikh but the most powerful society in Fiji is the Indian Reform League, which aims at uniting all Indians in the advancement of the Indian community and in co-operation with the European and Fijian communities for the progress of Fiji.

Indian racialism in Fiji has little connection with nationalism in India. Gandhi's propaganda still circulates, but agitation in Fiji is concentrated on the grievances of the Indian community there. The Indian's main social grievance is the racial discrimination which excludes Indians from "European" railway carriages and from the Suva public baths, from the Suva Young Men's Christian Association, and from the Civil Servants' Association, and Indian boys and girls from the Suva grammar schools. Respectable Indians object, naturally and rightly, to wholesale penalisation of race instead of discrimination between individuals. They claim equality in this respect with Fijians at least. They insist that any exclusion which may be advisable should rest not on race but on character and capacity.

Their main political grievance is the grudging and only partial fulfilment of the promise of the Fijian Government in 1920, in response to the urgent recommendations of the British Govern-

ment, to extend to Indians the status of other British subjects. At that time the Legislative Council included two Fijian members selected by the Governor from six nominated by the Great Council of Chiefs. From 1916 to 1923 a prominent Indian happened to hold one of the twelve seats filled by nomination; but no provision was made in the Constitution for regular Indian representation. In 1927 the Fijian nominated members were increased to three, and three Indian members were added, to be elected by the Indian community. This recognition of Indian citizenship was resented as unfair; the 1404 Indian electors had only three members, while the 1,356 European electors had six. There was stronger ground for the complaint that the proposal of one common roll of European and Indian electors, urged by the Indian Government and approved by the Fijian Government, was rejected by the British Government, which insisted on separate election by communal rolls. Objectors to the common roll were afraid of the Indians swamping the vote, a fear disproved by the numbers of the two electorates. The Indian Government advised the acceptance of the half loaf. Some Indians urged in vain the example of the Indians of Kenya, who in a similar case had abstained from voting. The elections took place in 1929; but the three Indian members elected soon resigned, and the Council was boycotted until its dissolution in 1932. The question whether to continue the boycott or to resume co-operation under the present Constitution was widely and fiercely discussed by leading Indians, but without much evidence of interest among the mass of the community; and three Indian members were elected to the new Council in August, 1932.

Strange to say, leading Indians on both sides have not allowed this dissension to prevent them from reasonable and helpful discussion of Indian questions on the invitation of the Government. The Indian community has no constitutional method of ascertaining and expressing its mind, such as the Fijian community has in the local and provincial councils, culminating in the Great Council of Native Chiefs. But in 1929 there was founded an Indian National Congress of Fiji to voice Indian opinion and expectation on political questions, which are excluded from the Indian Reform League. For some years the Indian Government pressed for the right to appoint an Agent of its own for the protection and

promotion of Indian interests in Fiji ; but the Fijian Government preferred to create its own Secretary for Indian Affairs, and in 1927 appointed an Englishman in the Indian Civil Service recommended by the Indian Government. A conference of leading Indians has asked again for the appointment of an Agent of the Indian Government ; but the Fijian Government is perhaps justified in its reluctance to have an Indian Agent responsible to the Indian Government, and in its insistence on its own independence in the control of its Indian affairs.

Thinking Indians in Fiji realize that education is at once a right and the hope of their people, and their keenest grievance is the evasive delay on the part of the Fijian Government, in spite of Governmental pressure from India and Britain, in the fulfilment of its repeated promises of educational provision for Indians. A Colonial Office report for 1932 states that "each race has its own schools". The report itself shows how many schools each race has. The Fijians number 51 per cent. of the population, the Indians 42 per cent. In 1932 the Government spent £18,000 on Fijian education, £8,700 on Indian. There are 97 Fijian elementary schools receiving grants-in-aid to meet native and missionary contributions, and for Indians there are seven government and 41 assisted schools. The disparity between the two numbers of schools is only partly explained by the fact that there are fewer Indian centres than Fijian villages. But the disparity between Fijian and Indian schooling is graver above the elementary school line. Fijians have six governmental provincial residential schools, in which Fijian customs and ceremonies are encouraged, and gardening and farming and joinery are taught. To crown the system there is the Queen Victoria Memorial School to train Fijian boys for the civil service and for training schools in teaching, medicine, and agriculture. The only secondary school open to Indian boys is the central government Indian school at Natabua, which can prepare them for the New Zealand University. Some Indians are pressing for scholarships to Indian Universities. The educational ladder is at last in existence ; but facilities for the Indian climber are not yet adequate or accessible as they are for the Fijian.

There are two difficult subsidiary problems of Indian education. One is the question of language. The Letters Patent of the

Colony recognize five Indian languages : Hindi, Urdu (the language of most Moslem Indians), Tamil, Telegu and Gurrumukki. If two other Indian languages spoken in Fiji be added, Gujarati and Malayali, the Hindi-speaking Indians still outnumber the rest. Hindi seems clearly indicated as the standard language for all Indians to learn in schools along with English. But there is a rival proposal, namely, to adopt for that purpose a language known as Hindustani. If this meant the mixture of Hindu and Urdu current in some parts of India, it would be exposed to the criticism that it has no ancient literature of its own to serve as an instrument of Indian culture. It was an inevitable result of the Mogul conquest of Northern India, where Moslems by race or conversion are numerous; whereas in Fiji they are only one-tenth of the Indians. But in Fiji this Hindustani language would mean "the actual speech of illiterate people". Only 35 per cent. of the Indian men and 3 per cent. of their women are literate, as against the 80 per cent. of the Fijians, men and women. To systematize and standardize their current common speech as the one Indian language for educational and official purposes would be an uncongenial task for linguists and a retrograde step for a progressive government.

The other question is the teaching of religion. The indenture system excluded Brahmins and other religious teachers. The general absence of religious instruction means that the masses are living in obvious superstition or virtual atheism. Leading Indians have been recently objecting to the absence of Indian religious teaching in schools. This outcry is not merely opposition to Christian mission schools or propaganda for political purposes. It is apparently the outcome of a reviving sense of the need of religion. Religious teachers have been invited from India or welcomed to Fiji—Hindu, Sikh, and Moslem. The question has been mooted already whether the Government ought not to provide for Indian religious instruction in Indian schools, or at least to encourage the importation of accredited Indian religious teachers.

Sensitive Indian pride has made some small grievances great, or spoiled a strong case by mingling great grievances with small. Abiding or inherited memories of indentured labour, and later of governmental neglect and racial prejudice, will not readily vanish.

But Indian hopes are rising high at last, even if Indian demands are also rising. The Indians were greatly delighted in 1929 by the attendance of the Governor in state at the Suva Jubilee of the first Indians who "came over on the *Leonidas*" in 1879. They have welcomed the occasional frank recognition by British settlers and officials of the part played by the Indians in the progress of the Colony. They rarely even seem to claim to dominate Fiji; what they are claiming is the full status of imperial citizenship for themselves as an integral factor in the destiny of the Colony. They recognize that Fiji belongs in the first place to the Fijians, but they insist that it is now also their home—one Christian Indian calls it "our paradise, our promised Canaan, our homeland". They point out that the term "native", which is the official synonym for "Fijian", will soon be strictly applicable to nearly all the Indians, and cannot justly be reserved for the original people of the island.

There is practically no intermarriage between Indian and Fijian; but none the less, or perhaps all the more, Fiji may prove to be an example of the way to solve the problem of a bi-racial population. It may throw light on the future solution of the problem of dissension between Hindu and Sikh and Moslem, which is the greatest difficulty and danger in the way of true nationalism in India. For these and other reasons all students of the racial questions of the Empire, now known as the British Commonwealth of Nations, will do well to study this Indo-Fijian question. Fiji may some day be the head and centre of a Pacific federation of island peoples and colonies; the Governor of Fiji is already also the High Commissioner of the British Pacific. It may some day be linked no longer directly to the home base of the Empire, but to one or both of the twin Pacific outposts and trustees of imperial tradition, Australia and New Zealand. Fiji will in any case be the main centre of imperial advance and transition in the Pacific; and the peace and progress of Fiji will depend mainly on the contented loyalty and devoted service of its Indians in the unity of the new Fiji.

CROWN OR UNION?

BY WILFRID ROBERTSON

ONCE more the question of the South African native territories and their future status is before the public. Recently the government of the South African Union submitted a request to the Crown that the countries of Bechuanaland, Basutoland, and Swaziland should be handed over to their administration. This has been followed by a clear and forcefully worded protest from Tshekedi, the chief of the Bechuanas, on behalf of the native states.

Tshekedi, who figured largely in the news in 1933 over the punishment of a "mean white", and who was later deposed and finally reinstated, is a man of both brains and education. Like his predecessor, the great Khama, the disciple of Livingstone and the best of Africa's chiefs, he sees not only the present but the future. He has that length of vision so often lacking in those holding positions of responsibility; and few of those who really know Africa and its conditions will fail to agree with the soundness of his views.

The three South African native states are widely different in terrain—Bechuanaland with its aridity and semi-desert conditions, Basutoland perched amid the towering peaks of the Drakensberg, and Swaziland in the broken country between Natal and Portuguese Mozambique—but the political situation is in each case similar. Tshekedi claims that their absorption in the Union will eventually mean, despite all written safeguards, the loss of their rights, the loss of their freedom and their land, and the extinction of their national individualities. In short, that instead of being free tribes under the Crown, they would be reduced to virtual serfdom under a Union government of Dutch influence and racial hatred. For them there would be no appeal to the Crown, and the British flag would vanish from their territory.

To obtain a clear view of the natives' point of view it is necessary to review the history of the territories since they first came

in contact with the white man. To take Tshekedi's country, Bechuanaland, as an example. After the Great Trek, when the Boers advanced into what is now the Orange Free State and the Transvaal, they swept away before them the native tribes. "Kill out the black vermin, the children of Satan, keeping only enough for servants", was too often the motto of those whom, with Taal Bible in one hand and muzzle-loading *roer* in the other, pushed their way northwards.

Khama, Livingstone's friend, watched with anxious eyes the encroachments towards his borders. Boer raids began. John Mackenzie, Livingstone's great successor in the Bechuana country, strove for Khama's protection by the Great White Queen. Finally, after the short British rule of the Transvaal and its retrocession, the emboldened Boers advanced in force into the territory, and carved out the two short-lived republic of Stellaland and Goshen. Sir Charles Warren's expedition in 1885 drove them out, and brought the country definitely under the direct protection of the Crown.

The loyalty of an African is a personal loyalty, above him as his chief and the British Resident, and over their heads is the Sovereign. A democratic government, with its ever-changing parliaments and premiers, means nothing to him; he looks for rule and justice and redress to an individual lord. To take from him the direct rule of the Crown, for which he applied in the past, is to break faith with him; and more especially would he feel betrayed if he were to be administered by a parliament composed mainly of descendants of his hereditary enemies, from whom British protection rescued him. In short, he appeals as Khama did when the subject was mooted as early as 1895, that "the Queen should not throw us away as if we were troublesome children who would not listen to their mother's words".

Though no doubt the Union Government would attempt to adhere to agreements, and administer the territories sympathetically, there are several factors which would slowly disintegrate the clauses of the treaty. Firstly, parliaments change; and to politicians votes are of more consequence than commitments. Secondly, there is the attitude of the South African born white towards the natives. To him the black man is not a "native"

but a "b——y nigger": we see the effect of a fear-complex engendered by the natives' numerical superiority and undoubted intelligence. Fear knows no law, and a frightened ruler is always the most inconsiderate. Thirdly, there is the land-hunger that permeates the South African air. Infiltration to the territories would be inevitable, with its bickerings, its open fights, and its fierce revenges. Once the barrier of Crown inviolability were down, infiltration would creep onward like a rising tide.

The native is no fool. He sees the conditions of his compatriots who live near him but under a different rule, and he compares them with his own. I remember the words of a native chief on the Zambezi River, just inside the Rhodesian frontier. It was in December, 1916, the month when the natives in the Mozambique territory rose against the Portuguese. I was passing through the chief's domain, alone save for native carriers. The men all around me were of the same tribe as those who had just flared into rebellion beyond the border.

"Master", was the chief's reply to my query, "I live within an hour's walk of the border. I live under British rule, and I see the lives of those who live so close to me under the Portuguese. They have risen, and justly; but I and my people have no complaint. We should be mad if we were to sharpen our spears and join in their quarrel; we have no grievance against you English, and live in happiness under your rule. If the young men cross the border, and try to stir up my people to do to you what they have done to the Portuguese, I shall"—he paused and smiled significantly—"beat them a little and send them back".

"Beat them a little" he did, as four corpses testified; and it was a gleeful chief that brought in the scalps to the nearest police-post to ask for a reward for defending British territory from his brother tribesmen.

The Union Government, with its bi-lingual and bi-racial make-up, and its talk of secession from the Empire, is not popular with its loyal neighbours. When, in 1923, the Chartered Company ceased to rule Southern Rhodesia, and the future rule of the country was put to a plebiscite, the offers put forward by the Union were turned down by an overwhelming

majority. The same would be the result if there were a plebiscite in the South African native territories today; but, being illiterate, black skinned and uncivilized, the idea of the people's opinion does not seem to have occurred to the framers of the proposal for cession. What is sauce for the Saar is not sauce for the savage. "Pass them over to us", says the Union, "we'll teach them the dignity of labour, and show them how their land should be farmed".

Though no doubt the proposal has been framed in all sincerity and with a wish to administer the territories for the good of their peoples, that is what it would eventually come to, and the natives know it. The people of the native states expect the Crown to abide by its promises given when they were taken under its protection, and to surrender them against their will would be an act of betrayal.

Supposing the Union obtained the cession of the native territories, one wonders whether in the end they would be pleased with their bargain. Already the whites are vastly outnumbered by the blacks: the inclusion of the Crown states would add many thousands more. Though the Bechuanas are comparatively mild, both the Basutos and the Swazis are fighting tribes, who have for a century strenuously resisted the encroachments of the white man.

The spirit of the South African native today is not a contented one. The one-time antagonistic clans are burying past differences, and are being brought together by a common interest and a common discontent. "Union is strength" is the motto of the Union Government's arms; the native is learning that there is strength to be found in unity.

Politicians squabble among themselves, and the disunited "Union" is torn between the racial antipathies of the British-Colonial and the Dutch elements. Meanwhile, ever growing in the background, is a vast black cloud; to those who listen, the mutterings of the storm can be heard. The problem before the South African Union is not whether Dutch or British-Colonial shall predominate, but that of white *versus* black. While Cape politicians argue and abuse each other, the black cloud spreads slowly across the blue; one day it may burst with startling and appalling violence.

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

ON looking round the world, as one naturally does with the first leaf in a new calendar, it is formidably apparent that we are all living dangerously. At the same time one sees, or seems to see (*aut videt aut vidisse putat*), European

humanity putting forth strenuous and even heroic efforts to cope with foreseen dangers.

The Peril of Peace

They are an inheritance from the war, yet not from the war's wastage. European man (both in Europe and in America), as man, is far stronger than in 1914. The danger is that he is too strong: menaced by his own power to produce. He has mastered the air—precariously, but every day sees him using the new highway with more confidence, so that, for instance, even while the French dig fortresses a hundred yards deep, inverted sky-scrapers with cages passing floor after floor away into earth's bowels, they must all the time have a sense that in another ten years these may be of little more avail than Liège and Namur were in 1914, and in twenty or thirty years will be only curiosities. That, however, is mere detail, part of the comparatively negligible dangers of war. What grips humanity by the throat is the peril of peace—mankind's power of mass production, so ravenously speeded up by wartime necessity and wartime greed. Europe is disquieted, and no wonder, by war menace; yet, is there any part of Europe so insecure as the United States of America? There, world war meant wealth—harvest almost without any counterpoising loss. Wealth poured there in such a tide that Mr. Calvin Coolidge could scarcely find words to express his admiration of the Providence which ordained that he should preside over so blessed a nation. Six short years later, a very different President proposes to

spend eight hundred millions in finding work for those citizens of the United States who must work or starve. Ten million or so of them, and ten million who have been accustomed to plenty ; one need only state the figure to see danger take shape. It might be revolution crushed out by such methods as profit-earning America used for strike breaking, intensified and magnified ; it might be revolution in which the gangster element successfully took charge. Only a very hopeful nature would look for any good out of revolution in a society where the possibilities of wreckage are so stupendous : and only a blind man would shut his eyes to the peril. Yet, what one sees there is certainly hopeful : this huge and loosely jointed commonwealth instinctively giving its trust to a man, known to be courageous in an office generally discharged with excessive caution, and known to be honest in a political field where corruption grows rank. According to the experience of history, this is the best wisdom for such a state ; but the manifestations of it have not been common ; and it is a fine sight.

President Roosevelt deliberately rejects the cheap way ; for admittedly it is less costly to provide a dole than to devise means of employing a workless multitude. He counts the cost in loss of moral fibre, physical fitness, and aptitude for work : the United States can afford to take into account such imponderables. After the war, when Great Britain had its critical moment, this prudence was perhaps impossible ; moreover, speedy action was essential. Historians in another century will probably be perplexed to know how, in those first years of peace, England escaped revolution ; so much had been promised to the men who went out, and so sharp was the contrast between the reward of those who went and those who did not go. Probably also the historian will set a high value on Mr. Lloyd George's instinct for quick decision and his carelessness of money in a crisis. It is curious to observe already how persons not associated with politics begin to realize with wonder from reading Mr. Lloyd George's own books (and Lord Riddell's books about him) how much vigour and vitality that one man brought to the service of the State. Quite possibly the historian may decide that Mr. George's

true value lay in his special success as a politician ; for, unlike other politicians of the first rank, he outlasted the war ; he carried on his control to a further stage. At all events, while he was in charge, the worst danger was surmounted ; and even under the burden of debt which he laid on England, England at present has moved further towards recovery than any other leading Power.

Characteristically, he is now emphatic on the need to avoid a new danger, which is the acceptance of dead weight. As Mr. Roosevelt sees, the payment of a dole tends to produce a class permanently unproductive and unfitted for production. Mr. Lloyd George urges, as Mr. Roosevelt does, that it is better for the community to be saddled with money debt than with human unemployables. Those employed by the community for the sake of giving them employment will not always be a charge on the community : men maintained in unemployment will tend to become so. That is the philosophy for which he now proposes to fight, as against the plan of patient economy ; but so far he fights without a following. None the less, he remains an active force that can never be negligible. The general scheme of policy which he proposes to set out is not, like President Roosevelt's, a government programme, yet it can hardly be without influence on the programmes either of government or of the regular opposition ; and it must be taken by the public at large as an announcement that Mr. Lloyd George is still a candidate for power. If no one else in England remembers, he at least has not forgotten how Clemenceau at seventy-six came back to take charge in the supreme crisis of his country's fortunes. While he lives, while he retains that vigour which speaks in every line of his war memories, he must always be a possible alternative to any group of politicians ; a reserve asset of the English state, all the more valuable because his " hand to mouth sagacity " (to borrow a phrase which F. S. Oliver uses of Sir Robert Walpole) is not bound to any formula or legend of political doctrine. As fully as any man that ever lived he combines those attributes which Oliver (in the posthumous volume of his *Endless Adventure*) takes as distinctive of the politician : instinct for power and love of his country.

The reason why his great qualities may be fated to "rust unburnished, not to shine in use" is that with him the instinct

In Whitehall: for power is felt to be so strong that other
Vision or politicians, who (by their very definition) also
Repose? have that instinct, must shun such a colleague.

The reason why, in spite of this consideration, he may yet be called into use is that he possesses supremely the gift which seems most lacking in the present government. He has imagination: vision to see not only what must be done, but what may be done, and the instinct to feel and give shape to desires that move, dim and unformulated, in the minds of the great inarticulate mass through whom and for whom political action must be carried out. It is one of the reassuring signs that such a man, even after ten years of neglect and after forty years of struggle, does not consent to be set aside. As to the possible or impossible combinations of party, it seems increasingly clear that party labels mean less and less. In Canada a Tory Premier announces a programme which goes far beyond what used to be regarded as left wing Liberalism. Other considerations now decide alliances. For the present it looks as if Mr. Baldwin were determined that the country's chief need was repose, and demonic energy is no use when the object is gradual convalescence. Mr. MacDonald is content to declare war on the slums as his most active project for internal affairs, while in Europe he can certainly point with satisfaction to the effect of England's good offices towards a general tranquillization. In a word, at least by the Government, no need for a dangerous ally is felt.

One small but useful step has been taken by the trade agreement with the Irish Free State. The advantages to England are apparent: some thousands of miners and
The Bargain dock labourers will go off the unemployment
with Ireland list and back to their jobs. On the other side, Ireland's trade balance will be improved by the addition of 150,000 cattle to her exports, and the farmer will at least get rid of stock that he was feeding with little hope of sale. But he will sell at a price that gives him no profit: and for every beast sold the taxpayer will have to find a bounty, varying according

to the class; moreover the duty of five shillings a ton will remain chargeable on English coal and must be paid by the consumer. Reckoning up these things, people in Ireland are not clear as to what they gain. On the other side, those who know Mr. Dulanty, the High Commissioner, do not need to be assured that a bargain which he negotiated was not to the disadvantage of his side. It is possible that the inflow of money was needed; but many of us incline to hold that it was even more necessary to break the deadlock and get a beginning made. I have never been able to see why there should not be a settlement of the central dispute as to ownership of the annuities. English people do not realize how passionately the Irish mind is prejudiced against leaving decision to a tribunal chosen from within the Empire because, in the vexed question of Ulster's boundary, a chairman from within the Empire reached findings which left Irish opinion (in the Free State) completely aghast. There were, it seems, objections from the British point of view to submitting the matter to the Hague Court, as Mr. de Valera was willing to do; there are also, I am told, practical objections to this course which would be felt by both parties. It should be possible, however, to get arbitrators from neutral countries like Holland, Switzerland or Scandinavia; better still, it should be not impossible to settle the matter by direct negotiation. There is, however, one condition: it should be agreed in advance that Irish landlords at the time of the land purchase Acts had a right to sell. For if it were ever to be argued, as Mr. de Valera would be prone to argue, that conquest gave England no rights in Ireland, practical discussion could never even begin.

At all events, in this relatively small matter a good beginning has been made; and how much may follow from one sensible
France and move, the whole position of affairs in Europe
Italy: A Good testifies. A wise step was taken in relation to
Beginning the Saar—how necessary it was, we could realize by observing the day-to-day friction even after all parties had done their utmost to smooth things down. The sigh of relief which instantly went up through all Europe was in the ears of all when statesmen came together at Geneva for discussion of the dispute between Yugoslavia and Hungary; and again

tribute was paid to Mr. Eden's frank and courteous mediation. Yet, it was plain that in both cases danger was not disposed of, though provision had been made to avert immediate menace: it was plain also that in the Balkans no time limit could be set to the danger, nor were only two countries involved. Larger precautions were necessary. It has been said again and again that all peril to Europe had its origin in the ill-will between France and Germany. As a rule people have refrained from saying that hardly less danger lay in the ill-will between two great allies. What Italy wanted, France was inclined to oppose: what France stood for, Italy stood against; and there seemed no end to it. Today, no reasonable man will think that an end has been put to this old trouble; but at least there is the beginning of an end. There is now a possibility of united action throughout Europe against any disturbance of the peace of Europe. So long as French and Italian influence acted in counterpoise to each other, this control could never be effective. Now, it can; and it is backed by Russia. Germany will have to decide whether Germany will or will not become a joint guarantor of the existing order. But every new step towards consolidation of the loose existing structure increases the pressure on Germany to cease to be a menace and become a guarantor.

How deeply that menace is felt one single fact testifies. Czechoslovakia has increased its period of obligatory service from fourteen months to two years. Now, there are not in Europe any statesmen more experienced or more pacific than President Masaryk and M. Benesh, and they have not proclaimed their uneasiness. They have acted. Of course, for them, Germany is not the only danger; but without German encouragement, Poland would pick no quarrel. Is it for Germany's interest that preparation against war should go on all round the German frontiers?

I suppose there never was a time when Europe was so acutely conscious of its body as a whole. Who in England has cared in living memory what politician bore rule in
Balkan Feuds Serbia? Yet, for these last weeks, we have been watching with painful interest the fortunes of M. Yevtitch, who after receiving the tributes of Europe at

Geneva went back to be slighted in his own parliament at Belgrade. The Regent, Prince Paul, who would appear to have realized that King Alexander's great qualities as a leader in war had not been matched by a winning statesmanship, supported M. Yevtitch's attempt to enlarge the basis of his ministry. It was of concern to us all that Croats and Serbs should no longer be at daggers drawn. We realized that this kingdom, compacted of various nationalities, which Europe had brought into being, must cement itself if it was to stand; and that if it did not stand, Europe must suffer, and might suffer terribly. It was of interest, but it was not wholly reassuring, to know that Prince Paul had received an English public school education. As things look now, that has been all to the good: Yugoslavian patriotism seems to be getting the better of inter-racial feuds. But there is no denying that feuds will flourish all the better when there is less apprehension of danger to the national existence.

Meantime, the gratitude of all Europe goes out to France and to Italy. M. Flandin's government has most agreeably disappointed the anticipations which the present writer, for instance, expressed when its formation was announced. M. Laval has been, by his office, the leading figure in what concerns Europe; and the last achievement was the most difficult, to bring about a working concert with the great man who in these years is Italy. Nor has he been left without a high reward. Pius the Eleventh is not lavish of public compliment, and he has publicly expressed his thanks to M. Laval for a work of pacification. It is not only the Pope who speaks: it is the diplomat who held charge courageously in Poland at Poland's worst hour, and who after his elevation to the Papal chair ended the old impasse between Vatican and Quirinal. No doubt he did not end all possibilities of trouble; but fruitful co-operation began in place of perpetual hindrance. Probably the same is true of this reconciliation between the two great Latin Powers. It may be the same in that other appeasement between secular France and the Vatican; for M. Laval's visit to Rome has had the further significance of direct intercourse between the Vatican and the Quai d'Orsay which has been long interrupted.

The Pope may well give thanks. For, in the modern world of secular politics, only one secular ideal stands out as definitely and incontrovertibly Christian—that embodied in the League of Nations. European civilization has multiplied inconceivably the force at man's disposal: it has dominated the world by its command of force. Yet we have seen it also, in our time, formulate the aspiration to replace force by law, as between nation and nation; to establish an international rule of justice, such as exists, however imperfectly, between citizen and citizen in civilized states. It has set up a machinery to this end, rudimentary and tentative; and six months ago, three months ago even, the attempt seemed to be condemned. Now, we enter on a new year with the League of Nations having to its credit results for which Europe is thankful. There is now an established demonstration of at least its possible utility. Yet, that is mis-statement rather than merely under-statement. In fact, we begin to perceive that in so dangerous a world, the Christian ideal is necessary to avoid destruction.

Great forces still remain outside the League: first Germany, the nearest to its centre. We do not yet know for certain which way Germany is going; but we know that some things are irreconcilable. There is no difficulty in reconciling the principles of the League with those, for instance, of Anatole France or of Gambetta—persons who were not precisely Christian. But they cannot be reconciled with a gospel drawn from the Nordic sagas. Thor and Odin are undoubtedly much in fashion for the moment; but Germany will not advance in civilization until it realizes that these deities are out of date. Why does not Mr. Shaw undertake a mission to the German people?—Then there is Japan, which began by accepting the League as an expression of that modern civilization in which Japan desired to shine. Frankly, is there any hope of Japan's real adherence, unless Japan may yet be convinced that war for conquest does not pay? It is very different with the United States. American aspirations were embodied in the League; but the United States felt strong enough, and above all virtuous enough, to determine its own course free of association with the corrupt and senile societies of Europe.

**Outside
the League**

Moving in its own orbit, repelling all planetary attractions, America proposed to advance majestic and serene, affording good advice on occasion to other nations. But the course of events has demonstrated that even so great a section of humanity cannot live solely to itself; and there are signs that the United States begins to regard with less complacency its aloofness from the effort to establish an international society. It looked for some time as if an outbreak of war in Europe could only injure Europe and could only benefit America. That is not now so clear. Moreover, President Roosevelt has announced his intention of "taking the profits out of war": a most difficult enterprise once war has begun. He may end by thinking it less difficult to come in and take a hand to prevent war from beginning.

Professor Mackail, who has been added to the distinguished few who may write themselves "O.M.", is not the first scholar so honoured. Henry Jackson in the original list, Gilbert Murray added later, testify how high is still the consideration accorded in Great Britain to men who can preserve for our modern world some living contact with that classic culture, which is at the root of all we know and most of what we practise. Jackson, I think, had his value as a philosopher—or perhaps more truly as a personality—steeped in Greek thought. Gilbert Murray has been that rarest of things, a poet who can pass an ancient masterpiece through the crucible of transformation into the tongue of another country and another era, and still bring it out alive and shining. Professor Mackail seems to me to have been concerned more generally with diffusion of a conception of beauty in which the classic forms have borrowed in their journey a rich colour from the mediæval mind: as if he belonged to the age when scholars still wrote their love songs in Latin, but the contents, the love itself, had been somehow transmuted and spiritualized.

Lady Lavery's death takes much from the world. One can hardly be sorry that she had not to grow old—though in her the physical charm of form and colour was even less visible than a radiance of wit and gaiety. She made an atmosphere of amusement all about her and the fun was always good-natured.

Nobody else could mix up guests so oddly and so successfully. The secret probably lay in her keenness of interest in all manner of subjects and in a most endearing absence of egoism.

It is a duty for any journalist following foreign affairs to salute the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of *The Times*; so I gather a significant tribute. Cecil Spring Rice, no "The Times" bad student, wrote to his brother from Berlin in 1895: "I read *The Times* regularly and with delight in the morning. What a splendid achievement it is. I think it is the greatest of English achievements". Undoubtedly it is as good now as it was then: whether it has as much influence, I am not certain. Lord Northcliffe lessened the power of the Press by increasing its circulation, because in order to get the circulation he had to lower the standard of intelligence expected of its readers. Wartime is different, for rumour is a force then, and unless the Press is controlled, the gigantic circulations may be formidable. But in the ordinary course of politics, the Press as a whole has surprisingly little effect, ever since it ceased to aim first at being an organ of balanced opinion. In the years before the war, the Home Rule propaganda had nine-tenths of the British Press against it, but the electorate was not affected. I doubt if it would have mattered much if the *Daily Mail* had declared suddenly for Home Rule. People would have thought it a stunt. But if *The Times* had declared for it at that time, the question would have been settled. Effective public opinion in political affairs begins with a mark made on the minds of comparatively a few. Those few, or most of them, read *The Times*.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

BARNES OF "THE TIMES"

By WICKHAM STEED.

THE HISTORY OF "THE TIMES."
"The Thunderer" in the Making.
1785-1841. Written, printed and published at the office of *The Times*, Printing House Square. 15s.

The Times has done a "Timesworthy" thing. It kept its 150th birthday on January 1 by publishing not alone a "Special Supplement" illustrative of its own story—this a lesser journal of equal longevity might have managed—but also the initial volume of a frank, well-written and well-documented autobiography on good paper at a modest price. Nor is this all. It did justice, at last, to its greatest servant and first true editor, Thomas Barnes, who, if not its creator, was in a very real sense its maker. Thus, nearly a century after he died in 1841, the veil is lifted, and Thomas Barnes—whose death *The Times* recorded in a bare announcement without mentioning his editorship or printing one word of tribute or regret—takes his rightful place in what has hitherto been chiefly a Walter-Delane tradition and stands forth as the most notable wielder of newspaper power in the 19th century.

This volume spans the period between the first appearance of the *Daily Universal Register* on January 1, 1785 (it was happily renamed *The Times* three years

later) and the death of Barnes, after twenty-four years of editorship, in 1841. The next volume will cover the editorship of Delane, or approximately the next 40 years, and the third will deal with the past half-century. If the second and third instalments of this "strange, eventful history" are as fair and outspoken as is the first, they will likewise be indispensable to students of public affairs and of British journalism. In some ways they may be harder to write than the first volume has been; yet so successfully have the anonymous authors of this instalment done their work that they may be trusted not to shirk or to burke the truths which their diligence and impartiality will enable them to discover in the later periods.

John Walter I took to printing after having suffered losses as a coal merchant and an underwriter. To him *The Times* was a printer's venture and little more. Upon his character and doings this volume throws a light that dispels whatever halo tradition may have placed round his head. It enhances, not only by contrast but positively, the fame of his son, John Walter II, whose freedom of action was sorely curtailed by a vindictive paternal will. Under the influence of his father's will John

Walter II remained chiefly an enterprising printer and man of business who evolved into a country gentleman and member of Parliament, though he edited and managed *The Times* with uprightness and ability until 1817. Then, with rare shrewdness of judgment, he handed over its editorship and management to Thomas Barnes. Two years later he gave Barnes absolute control. Thus Barnes enjoyed untrammelled freedom—and used it to such purpose as presently to become, thanks to *The Times*, “the most powerful man in England”. He it was who made *The Times* a “national institution” by keeping it independent, by respecting no persons, by beating all its rivals in its news and in the downright presentation of its views, and by placing it in the vanguard of sound liberal thought and aspiration.

If, in his private life, Barnes was not a model of propriety, he was, despite or because of his anonymity, a magnificent public man, big enough not to fear association with other big men and strong enough not to quail before the enmity of the powerful. Unlike Delane, he wrote much himself, and at times with a terse command of forceful English that his best colleagues could not match; and he gave tone and bite to the work of others while co-ordinating it with his own. He helped to smash the old Toryism and he stood out against the “scientific” Radicals and the orthodox Whigs who, in the brainglorious poverty of their own hearts, degraded the honest poor by the new Poor Law of 1835. He gave his support to men and Ministers who stood for the things in which he believed, seeking neither reward nor gratitude. And he never fell into the error of imagining that a newspaper can best support a Government by waddling unctuously behind it.

Few finer tributes to a responsible journalist have ever been written than

that contained in the letter which Sir Robert Peel wrote privately to the Editor of *The Times* on resigning office in April 1835. In this letter Peel said that “Having this day delivered into the hands of the King the Seals of office, I can, without any imputation of an interested motive, or any impediment from scrupulous feelings of delicacy, express my due sense of the powerful support which that Government over which I had the honour to preside received from *The Times* newspaper . . . support which was given exclusively on the highest and most independent grounds of public principle. I can say this with perfect truth, as I am addressing one whose person even is unknown to me, and who during my tenure of Power studiously avoided any species of intercourse which could throw a suspicion upon the motives by which he was actuated”. Not less dignified was the reply which Barnes—not Edward Sterling, as Carlyle supposed—wrote to Peel. Its salient passage ran: “Your letter has given me great pleasure . . . Such an acknowledgment is the only one which an Independent Journalist should expect from any Minister. Such reciprocities are, in my humble opinion, creditable alike to the Government and to the Press of this country: because they demonstrate that each is actuated by motives which, whether of good or evil tendency, are at least personally pure”.

Barnes could say this with truth. He understood that if freedom from proprietorial control is an editor's opportunity, it is also the measure of his public responsibility. He used that freedom, as a good editor should, in the spirit of a dauntless fighter for the public weal. His style was sometimes pugilistic, his voice as thunderous as his resentments were fierce; but he was a man doing a man's job and doing it well. What more can any journalist desire or deserve?

FANNY KELLY AND ELIA

By EDMUND BLUNDEN.

LAMB'S “BARBARA S—”; THE LIFE OF FRANCES MARIA KELLY, ACTRESS, by L. E. Holman. Methuen. 6s.

LAMB ALWAYS ELIA, by Edith Christina Johnson. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

WITHIN living memory, at her cottage in a Middlesex village, Miss Fanny Kelly who had charmed theatre-goers during the Regency, was still enjoying life and remembering the great days. Among the far-off incidents she disclosed, there was the fact that Charles Lamb had proposed to her. On this point Miss Kelly's recollection was presumed to be a little erratic, and pardonably so in a lady of ninety; but she had preserved Lamb's letters and her remembering was accurate. It is a pity that her intention of bringing out her “Recollections” remained intention only when, in 1882, she died; and it is odd that until now so attractive an actress has lacked a real biographer. The volume under review, modest in size and style, forms a memorial which Miss Kelly would probably have liked very well.

At this date it may not be amiss to sketch the story given in *Lamb's ‘Barbara S—’*. F. M. Kelly was born in 1790, niece of Michael Kelly, the singer, and for a time his pupil. She appeared in the Drury Lane chorus on January 16th, 1798. In due course she earned a great name for what Hazlitt termed “exquisite naïveté and simple pathos”. She steered her way cleverly past persistent admirers, one of whom

shot at her while she was playing at Covent Garden in 1816. Another, the fifth Earl of Essex, retired looking silly. After years of quiet devotion, C. Lamb of the India House asked her to marry him (1819), but she replied that “an early and deeply rooted attachment” stood in the way. Miss Kelly made her last appearance at Drury Lane in 1835, and at that period was experimenting with her idea of a dramatic school. She built a theatre in Dean Street for the purpose, but in 1849 her difficulties came to a head; her savings (£16,000) had all gone in the noble enterprise. Friends saw to it that “a modest income” was assured to her. In 1882 Mr. Gladstone awarded her £150, but she did not live to use it for herself.

During her last years Miss Kelly—and this is one of the things made public by her present biographer—kept house with her daughter, whose name was “Mary Ellen Thatcher Gerbini, born at Edinburgh on or about the fifth day of April, 1829”. Whether Miss Gerbini—or Miss Greville, as she was subsequently called—was in any way connected with the “attachment” mentioned by Fanny Kelly to Lamb, the book does not say. Mr. Holman tantalizes us a little with allusion to Fanny Kelly's “Journal” and notices of Lamb in it, which, I think, have not been printed. On the other hand, he quotes her letter to her sister discussing Lamb's proposal: “I was indeed sorry to refuse him”. I have elsewhere shown that Lamb's sonnet:

"You are not, Kelly, of the common strain" appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* in 1813, a date which tells how long Lamb worshipped. Macready in his diary names J. H. Reynolds, Keats's friend, as Miss Kelly's friend later on, but Mr. Holman has nothing on this. Such notes do not affect the worth of this little book as a laurel wreath for Fanny Kelly, and another item for the followers of Lamb.

Professor Johnson has written her study as a counterblast to those who have contended "that Elia was not the real Charles Lamb, but an escape personality". It is a heresy of which I myself am guilty, but I plead that Lamb tempted me. It is he who called Elia "a phantom", said "It is time he were gone", and even called *that signature* "sickening" when it was becoming inevitable. However, it is not so much a decision that counts here (for who shall catch the final C. L. ?) as the discussion in its colour and animation; and Professor Johnson has numerous lights to throw on Lamb's writing and his reading too. Her book may be regarded as in some measure a handbook to "Elia", wherein are pointed out, in an engaging style, beauties, intentions and values of many essays in turn.

In tracing the "making of Elia", the interpreter has duly observed the early

importance of Thomas Manning, and one of her best chapters is a memoir of that mathematician and Orientalist. The chapter that follows it, on Lamb's reading and talk, produces a few notes concerning copies of books which belonged to Lamb—his Euripides (in a Latin version), his 1598 Chaucer (there is an illustration of the title page), his Swift, Prior, Waller, Cleveland. It is in this region, perhaps, that the principal scholarly labour due to Lamb's genius and learning is still to be accomplished. The desideratum was expressed by Mr. Lucas many years ago; the materials are mainly in America; and possibly Professor Johnson will continue the search which she has begun, for a separate publication on Lamb's marginalia.

Occasional points in *Lamb Always Elia* appear to call for revision. Keats was not a contributor to John Scott's magazine. What is the evidence, apart from journalistic Guignol-mongering, that T. G. Wainewright was a poisoner? It was not Westwood but Wedgwood who consulted Coleridge on Hazlitt's character. Lamb was never in the pillory—only ("with Kent in the play") in the stocks! We are all at odds over the pronunciation of Elia—but whence comes the new assertion that "the original pronunciation was Elliá"? *Satan in Search of a Wife* is not textually "a parody on Moore's *Loves of the Angels*". But so much juggling of detail is demanded of writers on Lamb that all of them drop a plate now and then. As a side-attraction, Professor Johnson's book has several excellent pictures—that of Colebrook Cottage as it now is, conspicuously fine. The menacing legend next door—"Gar . . . and Petrol"—where Mr. Webb's ginger-ale factory used to be—must have been visible even to George Dyer had he been calling today; and, of course, he could not have got into the New River without a pickaxe squad.

THE PREHISTORIC LANDSCAPE

By H. J. MASSINGHAM.

PROGRESS IN ARCHÆOLOGY, by Stanley Casson. *Bell*. 6s.

THE BIBLE IS TRUE, by Sir Charles Marston. *Eyre and Spottiswood*. 7s. 6d.

IN the first volume of his "Study of History", Professor Toynbee draws attention to an effect of the Industrial Revolution upon historical research. The consequence of the subdivision of labour was the dismemberment of the scientific anatomy, and excessive concentration upon one branch of knowledge or the twigs upon that branch has introduced a measure of distortion into scholarship. Unfortunately, this is particularly true of archæology. By its efforts, the archaic past has been so rapidly uncurtained during the twentieth century that something more is demanded of it than typological classification, the identification of cultures by their artefacts and the like. The material of pre-history has become so abundant that it is crying out for the interpretative powers of the prehistorian. In this respect, Mr. Casson's book is singularly deficient. It is perhaps too much to ask of a professional archæologist—Mr. Casson is Reader in Classical Archæology at Oxford—that his record of the past should be illuminated by imaginative perception. But it should surely be a major office on his part in a world-survey of the more recent achievements of archæological enquiry to avoid prejudice and preserve a critical objectivity. These desiderata Mr. Casson has in more than one direction failed to observe. A great deal of work has been

done of recent years to reveal the dependence of the megalithic culture of Britain upon the Eastern Mediterranean. The general admission that this is so has not been very acceptable to some archæologists and Mr. Casson makes it appear that he is one of them. What he does both in his map and his text is to make a single (and arbitrary) cultural area of Britain, Ireland, Spain and Brittany. This is a frontier line invented by Mr. Casson, since it is quite clear that Spain and Brittany were in their turn a cultural extension of influences reaching them from Malta, Sardinia, Sicily and the Ægean. Again, Mr. Woolley's discoveries at Ur proved a manna to those archæologists whose theories minimized the importance of Egypt as a centre of cultural distribution. In consequence, the finds in the First Dynasty graves were given an inflated prominence. Ur began to be regarded as superior to Egypt and Crete as a centre of artistic creation and cultural progress, and as the nodal point in the dissemination of civilized habits of life. An archæological fashion is bound to take extreme forms while it lasts, but it was Mr. Casson's business, as a kind of overseer of the more recent discoveries in archæological research, to take a more impartial view. Actually, his account of Ur is just as biased as that of any Sumerian partisan. He seems unable to see that culture is something more than an accumulation of court treasures; that is, a way of living and thinking. The Sumerian way of living and thinking was obviously

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barbarous—the holocaust of the court attendants and officers to accompany the dead king into the next world is sufficient evidence of Sumerian inferiority to the more civilized ideas of Egypt, Crete, Elam and the Indus Valley. Among the other progressive elements claimed for Ur by Mr. Casson is the invention of organized warfare. The Sumerians are welcome to this contribution to the civilization of mankind. But progress in metallurgy and war is not synonymous with progress in cultural values, and no genuinely artistic sensibility could compare the art treasures of Knossos, Thebes and Harappa with the ostentatious regalia of Ur to the disadvantage of the former. Nor is Mr. Casson being any too frank with his reader in his account of the Maya culture of Central America. There are “certain elements . . . of Maya culture”, he says, “which suggest East Asiatic contacts. But to argue from these to an Asiatic origin of the Maya is hazardous”. Nowhere does he mention what these contacts were, but devotes his summary to their more native culture. Surely the reader might have been given an opportunity to judge for himself the relative importance of what was imported and what original?

Sir Charles Marston's book is a queer mixture of semi-mystical speculation and the examination of archaeological records to support the authenticity of Old Testament narrative as an historical record. In the latter respect, notably in the chronology of the Exodus, the Forty Years' Wanderings and the Fall of Jericho, and in the identification of the Habiru with the Hebrews, he makes out a very good case. His book is serviceable in correlating certain books of the Old Testament with the records of contemporary nations who had their fingers in the Palestine pie. But he makes some highly dubious assertions—that the original Israelite religion was monotheistic, for instance—and his text is defaced by careless proof reading.

GOD'S SOLDIER: General William Booth, by St. John Ervine. Two Volumes. Heinemann. 36s.

ANYONE who has ever written or even attempted to write a biography, however insignificant, will appreciate the temptations which must have beset Mr. Ervine to let this book be, as he says it is, “the length it wished to be”. In any man's life the secrets of eternity are hid; in the great man's life they are made manifest. William Booth was a great man, and in creating the Salvation Army he accomplished a great work. One may surely accept that, whatever one's individual private views of his and its methods and their consequences. To put it at the lowest he was a focus for a terrific release of energy from human hearts, his own and millions of others the world over—the ultimate sign of greatness whether for good or evil. To seek to know such a man, in himself and in his consequences, is to come closer—indeed than philosopher or scientist—to the mysteries (or should one say, the discoverable truths?) of being. And there comes the point, if one probes deep enough, when every discoverable fact, every available scrap of information, seems to play its part in this supreme illumination. Nothing is irrelevant. One becomes possessed by the desire to put everything in.

Mr. Ervine has clearly felt that impulse. He has sought to tell the story of William Booth in all its fullness, from his subject's parentage verily to the third and fourth generation. No phase of that long life fails to receive its due. The pretensions of Samuel Booth, William's father, to wealth and social position are precisely examined and disposed of. All that is known of Mary Moss, William's mother, is set down, her Jewish blood being accepted. The origins and character of Catherine Mumford, who was to be William's wife, are explored, and after an account of his upbringing, his conversion at fifteen,

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NOTES ON THE TREATMENT OF ANCIENT TOWNS. WILFRID RANDOLPH. Author of “The Vandalism of Peace,” etc. Cr. 8vo. 1s. net.

Some trenchant observations which should be read by all those who have ancient buildings committed to their care.

FLEET LANE, LONDON, E.C.4

his unhappy years as pawnbroker's assistant, and his earliest preachings, there is a lengthy account of their relations and letters during their engagement in the period of his first work as minister for the Methodist New Connexion. At the point of their marriage a sixty-page "Interlude on the History of Methodism" is inserted, much of it very slightly related to Booth's past or future. So it goes on. We are almost at page 300 before the founding of the East London Christian Mission, his first important act after leaving the Methodists, and past page 400 before the Salvation Army is brought into being. The early days of struggle against brutal persecution, the gradual winning of toleration and the sending of missionaries all about the world are fully described in another two hundred pages. Then comes consolidation, and the extension of social work, from the saving of men's souls to the saving of men's bodies. Much of this part of the record relates more to Booth's lieutenants than to the leader himself; he comes, however, into the centre of the stage again in the story of his old age, when he allowed Army organization, though never final control, to devolve largely upon his son, Bramwell, and became once more the wandering evangelist, eager only to bring men to conversion, to save their souls. And here again nothing is omitted either of public honour or of private sorrow. And even when at last the old man is dead, on page 812, there are yet two hundred pages more (at 400 words to the page) of Epilogue, almost wholly concerned with the deposition of Bramwell Booth some five years ago.

Yes, Mr. Ervine has certainly sought to put everything in—and undoubtedly has gone to great trouble to establish any number of essential facts beyond controversy. Unfortunately in doing so he has tended to drown his drama in a sea of details; and not only the obvious

drama which springs from clash of human purposes or personalities, but that deeper drama whose basis is significance, human meaning. One would not say that the book lacks perspective, only that that perspective has been insufficiently sharpened (by selection) to make the eye immediately pick it out. Surely Booth should have stood out against, not been immersed in, his Army's activities. Mr. Ervine has written a book of many true perceptions and some fine things. He is almost always at his best when he writes of Catherine Booth, and his accounts of the Army's early battles, and of William's old age, are also vivid. But he leaves the reading of these volumes, if not their writing, an act of piety, in the sense that a keen interest in every page is likely to be held more by a devotional attachment to Booth as Booth than by a profounder concern with him as a man—an example—owning and illuminating universal human qualities. Booth's life and work, and what has come to his work since his death, do offer a very clear example of the power of the religious spirit in a man's heart and of what must follow the attempt to set that spirit within the leading-strings of organization. Mr. Ervine is clearly not blind to that aspect of his subject, but he might have made it much plainer, might have disentangled it much more from the controversial details than he has. The later history of the Salvation Army is absolutely relevant to the story of Booth's life, but just as the Methodist Interlude might have been summed up in a few paragraphs, so might its essence have been given in a few pages.

It is this insistence upon giving the whole tree where the root alone was needed which makes what might have appeared, with little more than excisions, a superb biography seem just careful, in a rather old-fashioned way.

GEOFFREY WEST.

OUR OWN TIMES, 1913-1934. A Political and Economic Survey. Vol. I, by Stephen King-Hall. Ivor Nicholson & Watson. 10s. 6d.

"INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS", formerly caviare to the general, has now become a feature of publishers' lists. The credit for this undoubted awakening of the reading public belongs, be it said, to the B.B.C., which found in Mr. Vernon Bartlett and Commander Stephen King-Hall the perfect exponents of "foreign affairs without tears".

In this first part of an essay in contemporary history Commander King-Hall reveals his mastery in the art of elucidation. And, since the facts have been related so many times before, the value of such a book depends on the point of view, the underlying philosophy. The author himself tells us that his central theme is the drama of Man and Himself, an urge to co-operate, contending with a passion for conflict and competition, expressed in the economic achievements and political anarchy, respectively, of our Western civilization. But that is just a smoke-screen. Actually his narrative, which closes with Great Britain's suspension of the gold standard in 1931, bears the hall-mark "British", and may be summed up as the typical British version of "our own times". It is no less valuable for that. For, as Commander King-Hall recognizes, that defeat of British financial policy really marked the end of the nineteenth century.

The author's method is cinematic. On the screen of political and economic events he treats us to a succession of close-ups and long-shots designed to make a living story. He shows us, in a "Prelude", the processes whereby the fruits of the industrial revolution were gathered, under British direction, to make an "international economic system comparable in its effects upon the several States to the force of gravity in the physical world". Trade, and

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especially free trade, maketh man was the motto of that nineteenth century. It mattered not that considerations other than economic were constantly altering the pattern, and that England, like every other country, witnessed the progressive intervention of the State in economic life, the old dogmas of *laissez-faire*, enlightened self-interest, the free-market price, etc., persisted unquestioned—at least by the average Englishman. Blind to facts that seem to us today obvious enough, men hoped pathetically that "an extension of international economic intercourse would lead to international political security", and that, by the wise dispensation of Providence that had committed the world's destinies to the British, everyone would live happily ever after. The war came, shattered that illusion and smashed up the whole delicate machinery of world trade and finance. But even then its artificers did not give up—being British they didn't know when they were beaten—and the history of post-war years, as depicted here, is the story of the attempt, under British direction, to reconstruct an international economic system that should be "pre-war" in its essential features. Victory, on the financial front, in the shape of Britain's return to the gold standard, was turned into defeat when the effort of 1926-29 to re-establish nineteenth-century principles of free trade failed. Then came the slump, occasioned immediately by the crazy finance of the U.S.A., but, of course, inherent in a system that had really shot its bolt in 1913.

Perhaps we should not ask Commander King-Hall to probe into the reasons why this British world dominion, like all good things, had to come to an end. (In stating in one passage that

"the whole of modern finance is, put crudely, nothing more than an elaborate confidence-trick", he shows less than his usual discretion!) The position is aptly described in the following, quoted by the author, from the broadsheet, *Planning*, No. 24:

"Great Britain at the end of the nineteenth century was in the position of a patentee whose patent was running out. . . . Britain was the inventor of industrialization as a basis of world-trade, and, like the patentee, enjoyed for a time a virtual monopoly."

The *Weltwirtschaft* system, however, contained within itself the seeds of its own supersession.

The author, at any rate, discerns the fatal weakness of this so-called international economic system—it had no political framework. It was precisely because during those hundred years or so the British were in fact "politically predominant in the world"—a point which he mentions quite incidentally—that the illusion worked. Britain's "international" economic gospel was, after all, only her particular form of nationalism. Today, powerful as she is, Britain can no longer look upon the world as her oyster; she can only strive to preserve a lion's share of the world's wealth. But if the struggle for power, which, under conditions of political anarchy, means war, is to be checked it can only be by a co-operative political effort—in which Britain may have the leadership for the asking—to cage that Great Leviathan, the sovereign State, still roaming wild and, as our author shows in valuable straightforward narrative, obstructing our puny efforts for disarmament and peace.

W. HORSFALL CARTER.

EARLY VICTORIAN NOVELISTS,
by Lord David Cecil. Constable. 10s.

THERE is always a note of "I told you so" in the austere voices of those who, like Lord David Cecil, have made themselves the prophets or apologists of a revival in the fame of the early Victorian novelists. No one ever denied—not even the bitterest critic of Charles Dickens—that they were very fine fellows, those early Victorians, excellent and copious entertainers; what has been asserted is that in comparison with the great French and Russian figures, they belong to the second rank. Lord David Cecil, making the exception of Emile Brontë, agrees; but not without a sneer at the modern novelist who is implicitly accused, among other things, of having lost the Victorian art of telling a story. The answer is that he is telling a different story and for an audience which, not having the early Victorian certainty about its relationship with God, is occupied with its relation to itself, and is therefore intense rather than diffuse in its interests.

It would have been better if Lord David Cecil had left out his modern sneers; for the rest of his book is a judicious, subtle and eloquent balance-sheet of the virtues and defects of the leading figures. They are Dickens, Thackeray, the Brontës, George Eliot, Trollope and Mrs. Gaskell. Of these only Emile Brontë has anything approaching an affinity with the modern mind, and this because of her universality. Lord David Cecil is rather amused by the Trollope revival, but I doubt if Trollope's merits are exaggerated; it is because of his complete unpretentiousness that we admire him. The best point made is that from Fielding to Trollope the tradition of English fiction had not changed; it was conceived as entertainment and so continued until the appearance of George Eliot, who introduced the novel of ideas

which still dominates us. George Eliot was the only Early Victorian highbrow novelist, and it is disconcerting irony to reflect that she is utterly neglected today. She was acutely aware of the devious moral nature of man, and she was the first English novelist to produce characters who developed or changed. She had opened that period of specialization which more and more was to dominate English fiction—therein faithfully reflecting the changing English social attitude to life.

The overwhelming virtue of the Victorians was what Lord David Cecil calls their "creative imagination", a sort of careless bigness of energy and scope. How great a virtue this really was must, however, be reckoned after we have deducted its most serious fault: its constant excursions beyond the range of what the novelist really understood. Half of almost any Victorian novel cancels the other half out; and the genre has died with the public which demanded it. That public now goes to the cinema instead of reading *The Newcomes*—and does not see the difference. Essentially, between large quantities of this or similar books and the average cinema, there is little difference. The Victorian novelist, Lord David Cecil points out, had to be a Galsworthy, a Virginia Woolf, an Agatha Christie, P. G. Wodehouse, and Aldous Huxley all in one. Why? Because he was an entertainer. Unless a crude, self-satisfied, forceful, art-scorning, puritanical and vital working-class movement arises in this century, as a parallel to the middle-class movement of the nineteenth century, we are not likely to see again, even in the cinema, entertainment on the lavish Early Victorian scale.

V. S. PRITCHETT.

VIENNA, by Stephen Spender. *Faber and Faber*. 3s. 6d.

OPEN THE SKY, by John Pudney. *Boriswood*. 5s.

LANDSCAPE WEST OF EDEN, by Conrad Aiken. *Dent*. 2s. 6d.

It is always a critical occasion when a widely hailed poet produces his second volume. Nine-tenths of the poetry published is born of a poetic impulse common, in varying degrees, to all sensitive young people but quite incapable of keeping pace with an enlarging experience. Mr. Spender's *Poems* received more genuine praise and roused higher hopes than any first book of poetry since the eclipse of the Georgians. They were informed with a passionate awareness rare among his contemporaries, they were intensely individual and they achieved the memorable line (still one of the final tests of true poetry) with quite exceptional frequency. But would so sensitive a lyricism survive, in this harsh age, beyond a first volume? *Vienna* is Mr. Spender's answer. The social and political perception which was hinted at in the *Poems* is here vastly expanded but not by any means at the expense of his impassioned lyricism. In this long poem the author has set an individual relationship, a personal adjustment, against the social and political background of a revolutionary Vienna. It has already been complained, by those who would apparently wish Mr. Spender to go on repeating his earlier success, that *Vienna* fails because its characters are particularized (Dollfuss, Fey, Wallisch, etc.) and because its hold on the reader is therefore conditioned at the outset by partial considerations. But Mr. Spender has contrived to fuse the general with the particular in an altogether remarkable manner; and his method, moreover, has enabled him to show up the personal theme in his poem the more poignantly because of the hideous social background against which it is set. Thus nothing has been lost of the poet's first success

and at the same time his poetry is made to march forward with the continual expansion of his experience. There are still the memorable lines and the same individual and impassioned lyricism:

I love a friend
Who is external: to him the sky is brass
Solid the grass where his behaving runs.
At night he sleeps well with limpid hands
silent,
His character rings like the single stroke of
a bell.
Loving, I've struck and struck upon this
bell
Until at last I have become
A singular phantom
That haunts his constant dream.

If the poem is difficult, that is because it is fiercely new and genuinely creative: it is, in fact, as much a test of his admirers as it has been of his now undoubted genius.

Open the Sky is also a second volume. With *Spring Encounter* Mr. Pudney proclaimed himself on the side of Mr. Spender against those cerebral poets whose utmost achievement is comparable to the beauty of an unimpassioned machine. His new book consists of a number of lyrics which remain on much the same level, and a verse play, called "Joseph," wherein he attempts, with considerable success, a restatement in modern terms of the story of the nativity. Joseph is a "workless engineer," an agitator, whom the Hushmen (the Fascists?) are hounding down; the Magi are a broker, a mortgagee and an ace; Mary is the wife who seeks in vain to restrain the passionate social conscience of her husband and who finally, as he slips dead through her arms on to the floor, baptises her child in his blood, dedicating him to the future. It is doubtful whether Mr. Pudney was well advised to cast his poem in the particular form he has chosen: the superficial likeness to the ancient story of the nativity may, it is true, seem at first to

lend a dignity to his theme, but that dignity dwindles to something very near to exasperation when once the novelty of a first reading has passed. For that reason, perhaps, the weakest parts of the play centre round the Magi. But at its best, as in the scene where Mary and Joseph are alone in the bedroom of the inn, the poem attains to true poetry:

Mary: Joseph, were I to die it would be now,
I am so torn apart out of myself.
It is as if a god had lived in me.
I have delivered as I first conceived:
the triple-pointed lights that pinned me down,
my body on the living earth: a god,
the impulse of a god above and under.
You too shone in me, Joseph: you,
enjoying lordship of my healthy soil,
fertile and blessed with issue.
I with the seed in me have learned to love
the glory, fury that shakes out from you,
loving the ardour of your living, Joseph,
hard and as tender as the crocus, rising . . .

Far less ambitious than Mr. Spender's poem, *Joseph* wins perhaps an easier and less endurable victory; but it is not the less praiseworthy for that, nor the less indicative that Mr. Pudney is one of the younger poets most worth following.

To attempt to crowd into the short remaining space any estimate of Mr. Aiken's newest poem would be as unjust to Mr. Aiken as it would be unserviceable to the reader. The most that can be said, therefore, is that this long, mystic poem, woven out of a rich symbology, fully maintains the high level of the poet's many earlier books. With something of the audacity of Blake it creates a landscape of the spirit and invites us, with no uncertain voice, to walk therein. If we are over wary in accepting the invitation it is because the modern mind has lost much of its sympathy with the mystic visionary, preferring, as it does, the tragic beauty of the here and now. But Mr. Aiken stands secure above such fluctuant sympathies.

C. HENRY WARREN.

THE ISLANDMAN, by Tomas O'Crohan. *Chatto & Windus*. 8s. 6d. net.

THIS is the simple life story of a simple man, an old peasant living on the Blasket Islands off the coast of Kerry. Yet it is a short masterpiece (no longer than the average novel) with a literary quality so rare that one is tempted to request the Big Wigs who have been casting their slab-like autobiographies at us recently to read it at once, mark well, and inwardly digest.

There is the inevitable comparison with *Twenty Years a-Growing*, also written by a native of the Blaskets—a much younger man than Mr. O'Crohan. To me *The Islandman* seems the superior book. It is a fuller, more mature account of life on the Islands. But its superiority is based more upon its lack of preciousness. Here there is no striving after poetic effect, and yet the poetry of it is all the more rich because of its naturalness. Humour and pathos

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The narrative is vital and swings along through descriptions of seal-hunts, fishing expeditions, weddings, wakes, funerals, and drunken carousals. There is not one egotistical note from first to last. The author tells of his struggles upon the land, his great hardships, his few strokes of good fortune, in quiet words that have the sting of truth in them. His account of the drowning of his son is deeply moving because of the stark unemotional writing. He is not one of those troublesome Irishmen who are forever brooding over misfortunes past and present. His comment on the various tragedies which overwhelm him is this—"those that pass cannot feed those that remain, and we, too, had to put out our oars again and drive on."

Originally the book was written in Irish and this translation is by Mr. Robin Flower, who must be warmly commended upon the excellence of his work. Only those who know something of the difficulties of the Irish language and the vast gulf which yawns between it and English will be able to appreciate to the full how great a labour he has accomplished.

Mr. O'Crohan wishes his book to be a memorial to his people. And a memorial it is—to a people now passing from the land all too rapidly, a people great because of their qualities of endurance, patience, and simple faith in humanity. It should be read and then dipped into again and again. In the midst of our ant-like hustle for existence, our tantrums and bad tempers brought on by wracked nerves, it is soothing to read here of these noble men and women battling grimly against Nature and surviving to laugh and sing and thank God for His mercy in warding off starvation. There is much wisdom to be gleaned, and a fresh outlook on life for those who read it slowly, as it should be read.

REARDEN CONNER.

PRINCE RUPERT, by James Cleugh. *Bles*. 10s. 6d.

PRINCE RUPERT THE CAVALIER, by Clennell Wilkinson. *Harrap*. 8s. 6d.

THE titles indicate the difference between these two books. For Mr. Cleugh, that strange, saturnine man, Prince Rupert, must, to be understood, be seen as the diplomat, admiral, country gentleman and philanthropist he became between the ages of 26 and 63; as scientist, making discoveries in metallurgy; as artist—etcher and interior decorator—who collaborated in inventing the art of the mezzotint. These occupations are essentially Rupert, yet, "the scope of his character and attainments has often been estimated as though he had died at twenty-six, when he ceased to be a cavalier". Mr. Wilkinson is interested almost exclusively in the young man, who "was a soldier, and expressed his personality in soldiering . . . that he happened also to have a natural gift for drawing is a mere accident". For this biographer, the best clue to the Prince's character is to study him as a cavalry leader.

Inevitably, Mr. Cleugh's is the better portrait, as it is the more balanced book; but for Mr. Wilkinson's attitude there is this to be said: the Rupert who has become a legend is the cavalier only; the later Rupert is a man intrinsically uninteresting. One finds him, as his contemporaries found him, a little dull and tolerates his age mainly as an act of deference to his youth. In one of his many illuminating phrases, Mr. Cleugh describes Hampden as "the Rupert of the Puritans"; but Hampden at Chalgrove took his exit as unerringly as Nelson at Trafalgar. Rupert, who in any case was never quite "the Hampden of the Cavaliers", overstayed himself, to become the bore of the Restoration court.

In dealing with the cavalier, both biographers are at pains to minimize his

atrocities and Mr. Wilkinson somewhat ingenuously (or should it be disingenuously?) seems to take the Prince's disavowals at their face value. It may be conceded that Parliamentary propaganda was efficient in that it made more than enough of the material with which the "Robber Prince" so generously supplied it, but, even allowing for that necessity of warfare, Rupert, brought up among the atrocities of the Thirty Years War, cannot be exonerated from the charge of unnecessary cruelty. The actions of the common men of the time speak as loudly as the words of the professional pamphleteers. And at the siege of Bristol, which was the crisis of Rupert's fortune, the moral weight of the country was against him.

In Fairfax's personal letter to him calling him to surrender—described by Mr. Cleugh as in "remarkably tactful language"; but not referred to by Mr. Wilkinson—Fairfax wrote: "Let all England judge whether the burning of its towns, ruining its cities, and destroying its people, be a good requital from a person of your family, which had the prayers, tears, purses and blood of its Parliament and people"; and on the day this missive was sent, two thousand civilians offered themselves voluntarily to Fairfax to share with the soldiers the dangers of besieging the hated "robber". It is significant (or it would be, if one were not so accustomed to partisan history) that neither book mentions this fact—which is surely of importance in estimating Rupert against the background.

Having made allowance for a royalist bias, both books may be welcomed as successful attempts to revivify the greatest period of our history and the authors additionally congratulated on their choice of illustrations. In this respect, Mr. Wilkinson's book is the more satisfying, for he includes some of the Prince's own sketches.

HUGH ROSS WILLIAMSON.

WAKING WORLD, by Olaf Stapledon. *Methuen*. 7s. 6d.

CALLING ALL COUNTRIES, by Geoffrey West. *Routledge*. 6s.

THE CHALLENGE TO DEMOCRACY, by C. Delisle Burns. *Allen & Unwin*. 5s.

CHALLENGE TO DEATH, *Constable*. 5s.

THESE books are all in some way concerned with one problem: the position and duty of the individual in a time of world crisis. I have dealt with them here in ascending order of what may be called "concreteness," or readiness to bring the problem to a practical issue. In doing so I seem to have arranged them also in an ascending order of importance. Mr. Stapledon we may dismiss quickly. He has attempted a discursive survey of almost the whole field of human knowledge and has succeeded in conveying the fact that on most questions his views are hazily progressive and that he believes, on grounds which he admits

A NEW PUBLICATION

The Fascist

Vol. 1, No. 1, Price 2/6 *Quarterly*

CONTENTS

The Philosophy of Fascism

Sir Oswald Mosley

Britain's Empire Shall Live

William Joyce

The Nazi Movement in Perspective

James Drennan

Corporate Economics

Alexander Raven Thompson

The Cancer of Europe

Major-General J. F. C. Fuller

Social Democracy in Decay

John Beckett

Corporate State or Crime State?

A. K. Chesterton

Notes of the Quarter

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he cannot establish, in something which he refuses to call a God. There is nothing in his style to compensate for his matter.

Mr. West's book has two marked superiorities over Mr. Stapledon's. He does not attempt more than to find a personal faith and to give his reasons for it, and he can write seriously without becoming pompous or prosy. His book is, in fact, an attractively frank exposition of the intellectual difficulties of the immediately post-war generation, and it is encouraging to find him able to subscribe, for good reasons, to some form of the central tenets on which Christianity and democracy are founded. Mr. West is almost alone among younger publicists in living in a public and not a private universe.

Mr. Delisle Burns recognizes the difficulties which face Mr. West's generation and has tried here to put the democratic creed and programme into a form acceptable to them and to our day. He has succeeded admirably. His answer to dictators is convincing, confident and striking, and he adds to his lucidity real understanding of the "nobodies" amongst whom he modestly includes himself. He is particularly interesting on the subject of the permanent usefulness in any democracy

of private associations to stimulate and supplement the efforts of the authorities.

The *Challenge to Death* seems to be the product of at least a temporary association of this kind. Fifteen of our leading publicists have here combined to examine various aspects of the dangers of war and the road to peace. Viscount Cecil and Mr. Noel Baker have practical experience of the conduct of international affairs, and the others, who include Vernon Bartlett, Gerald Heard, Winifred Holtby, Storm Jameson, J. B. Priestley, and others similarly distinguished, have all studied and written extensively on the subject. All are unanimous in holding that another war would probably destroy the whole of our civilization, and also in the opinion that disarmament is not enough, and is, in fact, unattainable without some form of arrangement for collective security in the form of an international police force and the acceptance of international obligations to proceed by all necessary means against an aggressor. Their survey is reasoned and documented. Sentimentality is rigidly excluded. It is difficult to imagine anyone reading this book through without coming to the same conclusions.

ALAN M. WELLS.

FICTION

SEVEN GOTHIC TALES, by Isak Dinesen. *Putnam*. 7s. 6d.

THE HARSH VOICE, by Rebecca West. Four short novels. *Cape*. 7s. 6d.

It is a sign of new tendencies in literary taste that these *Seven Gothic Tales*, written in English by the Danish Baroness Blixen of Rungsted-lund, should have become so popular. The return to Gothic Romanticism has been heralded for some time past. Elinor Wylie's

novels, for example, in spite of their exquisite *chinoiserie*, were dependent for their final effect on the vagaries of their initial idea. The detail was revealed by lightning flashes, ghastly in its hardness and precision; but it cohered only to a loose and purposely inconclusive whole, a whole whose nebulosity suggested something still more unified, significant, and vast.

This Danish author has a similar

device. Here is an example from the first of these seven tales:

"In the very large room opening on to a long stone terrace with a view over the river, the quick drumming of heavy raindrops upon the stones was as distinct as if it had been in the room itself. With it came, through the tall open windows, the smell of the sudden freshness and moisture of the air, and of hot stones cooling under water. The room itself smelled of roses. At the other end of it an old *abbate* had been giving a little girl a lesson on the piano, but they had stopped because the noise of the thunder and rain interfered with their counting their measures, and they were now looking out over the valley and the river."

There it is, the same treatment, in the manner of Mr. Rex Whistler, of the themes and fantastic inventions of Victor Hugo or Hector Berlioz, but with their characteristic nervous *tempo* slowed down to a graceful, decorative self-consciousness; a medium, as it were, that distils the extravagance over into wit, thus offering something for the delight of the connoisseur rather than the enthusiast.

At this time of day it is trite to speak of Miss Rebecca West's cleverness. One might remark that it has been a double-edged weapon, wounding her as much as her adversary, until she has turned bitter with the pain of her own self-cruelty as a writer.

Behind all that, however, is the writer with a creative belief; a simple, maternal benevolence and compassion. This positive quality makes her brilliant technique worth while, and one can forgive her even for writing these stories in a sort of smart English-American, which has an effect of a sort of chromium-plating of hard-boiledness. But the hard lustre serves only to show more distinctly the emotional graining of the fabric beneath. Here are four studies in the eternal

problem of love's aftermaths, and the clarification that follows disillusion and catastrophe. Love in hate, compassion and understanding springing out of sensuality, these life-true contradictions are the central motive of these stories. The mode in which they are served shows the writer skilled in literary fashion and the weary sophistications of our capitalistic age. But the stories are simple, and passionate, and humane.

RICHARD CHURCH.

DELAY IN THE SUN, by Anthony Thorne. *Heinemann*. 7s. 6d.

HORNET'S NEST, by Helen Ashton. *Gollancz*. 7s. 6d.

LATTER HOWE, by Doreen Wallace. *Collins*. 7s. 6d.

THE heliophils are still active. The latest study of solar influence on human conduct is Mr. Anthony Thorne's *Delay in the Sun*, in which a bus strike leaves nine English travellers stranded in a Galician village, here named Querinda. The device may be thought artificial, but it is by no means the most extravagant that has been used to bring characters together, and at least seven of these characters are sufficiently interesting to make us forget the thin wires that dictate their movements. In each of them the Spanish sun swiftly fertilizes the seeds of hidden impulse. One pair of lovers is sundered, another united, and Mr. Thorne manages things so skillfully that the first three guesses at the reassortment of these chance companions are liable to be wrong. It is a curious book, fascinating and disappointing by turns. Judged by Julian and his natural son, John (we are let into that secret very early), Mr. Thorne can only fumble at characterization. Judged by Sydney Grunbaum, Mrs. Tassell, Miss Mason, Agnes and the two girls who grope so movingly after a difficult relationship, he is astonishingly good. Descriptive passages of rare power give place occasionally to vertiginous descents

into the commonplace, and the dialogue varies between tedious artificiality and vivid economy. Certain scenes between Grunbaum and Mrs. Tassell, between Agnes and her unfaithful Cosby, between Jean and Betty, are strikingly well done.

Miss Helen Ashton has the novelist's technique at her finger-tips. Her characters dovetail into each other with workmanlike precision and her situations bob up and down like well-oiled pistons. So nimble, indeed, is her talent that the pattern begins to seem of more importance than the texture (as perhaps it is). But for all its polish *Hornet's Nest* does carry the necessary conviction. A shrewd eye for those superficialities which demarcate familiar types and an impressive command of natural dialogue combine to present a sharp picture of the commotion caused in a country town by a mismanaged operation for appendicitis. The young London doctor who saves the patient's life and then gets himself engaged to the granddaughter of the bungling surgeon finds that a hornet's nest can be very easily stirred

up. Only Miss Ashton could quieten the angry insects, and she does it very neatly in time to finish her book on a close-up. *Hornet's Nest* is admirable entertainment.

Miss Doreen Wallace's characters may at first excite a more lively compassion than those of Miss Ashton. She is just as cool, if less crafty, and she gives the impression that she could write with fluency upon any given theme. That being so, the reader must decide whether the theme of a Cumberland farmer who marries a girl ten years his senior from a very different social stratum and then must watch her die of consumption, is quite good enough for her. There is much subtlety in *Latter Howe*—more, probably, than would appear on a first reading—but I found myself waiting anxiously for the story to lift itself from the ordinary, and waiting in vain. Plots never die, but they languish. Miss Wallace can revivify them as well as most writers, but she is too gifted to make a success of anything but the best.

FRANCIS WATSON.

To the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY.

SIR,—In his review of *Francis the First*, and *Catherine de' Medici*, Mr. Hamish Miles deplores the absence of footnotes. His review of my own book almost persuades me that he is right. He has selected a single passage to expose my method, saying, "let those who like this sort of thing, lap it up". This "sort of thing" is a short dialogue between Francis and Anne de Heilly, in a château window. Mr. Miles supposes me to have invented it, and after quoting it he says with the disdain that always conveys ineffable refinement, "One can only murmur 'sursum Korda'". The disdain, the refinement, the pun, seem to me all of a piece with Mr. Miles's ignorance of the subject he is criticizing. The passage he selects to ridicule is a transcription of the words, and the scene that Francis himself records in the lyric he addresses to Anne de Heilly to commemorate what is clearly an actual episode.

Yours very truly,

FRANCIS HACKETT.

Mr. Hamish Miles writes in answer :—"Ignorant, disdainful, and ineffably refined, I stand by my criticism. For such a passage, authority is clearly required. I myself would rather have had the original lyric quoted than be given a "transcription". But in any case, how far can a lyric be taken as sound evidence of an "actual episode"?

THE FORTNIGHTLY

MARCH, 1935

EUROPE IN THE WORLD CRISIS

BY ANDRÉ SIEGFRIED

[In this series of three articles the distinguished French economist examines the deep underlying causes of the world crisis, and concludes by indicating the very serious problems which it raises for Europe.]

II.—THE TWENTIETH CENTURY (continued)

THE emancipation of the coloured races is a very much more important development than the European crisis.

To appreciate its seriousness we must realize that it affects not only Europe, but also the relations of the entire white race with the rest of the world. We have to admit that this revolt, which is taking place under our very eyes, is the outcome of our domination of their civilization. We brought these peoples into contact with Europe, and this, acting like a ferment, has awakened them from their age-long sleep. Now they are turning against us the methods which we have taught them, and are taking advantage of the racial consciousness which we have stirred up in them.

M. Paul Valéry's classic observations on this subject are worth quoting: "Europe laid the foundations of science. Science has transformed civilization, and has multiplied the power of those who possess it. By its nature it is essentially capable of being transmitted, for it can be resolved into certain methods and formulæ of universal application. The means which it has given to the one can be acquired by all. . . . This commodity, therefore (regarding science as something that can be bought and sold), is being produced in forms which will become

CXXXVII

N.S.

more and more useful and consumable. It reaches a clientèle which will become increasingly numerous. It will become an article of commerce, an article which can be copied and reproduced everywhere."

The leadership of the white peoples is thus jeopardized, since other races are availing themselves of its aims, of its methods, and its mode of living. Imitation and revolt, curiously enough, go hand in hand, and the very homage paid to the white race is being used as a weapon against it, for it is accompanied by the triple demands of the coloured races for political, economic, and racial independence. Both Europe and America feel this menace. The whole of Western civilization is affected. Europe indeed is doubly threatened, because it is probable that when they imitate the whites the coloured races will also turn more and more towards the United States.

Such fears may be groundless, for the Old Continent, which is still efficient, may regain its lost prestige, but we must not overlook the fact that since the war the material progress of the world has been developing on the American plan. When, in the process of their rejuvenation, the coloured peoples require equipment, they place most of their orders and obtain their technical experts in the United States. They look to the Americans, too, for advice in women's fashions, for cinemas, for the so-called scientific ideas, and even for amusements. Thus, while the white race is undoubtedly threatened, there exists in the heart of this crisis another, which is jeopardizing Europe in particular. Of the two, the first is the more serious.

The supremacy of Europe and the white race is now definitely questioned, and the universal system, based on their privileged position, no longer avails. The nineteenth century was an age of liberalism and economic internationalism, but this freedom was strictly limited to white people. They alone profited by it, for the world at that time was directed by them and for them alone. It was not the doctrine of equality to which they were committed, but rather one of complementary trade. This arose from the Colonial Pact, which assigned to each continent, according to its economic development and colour, its own special functions and privileges. Even within the superior race Old Europe was treated with a certain deference.

What is so new about the twentieth century is that its widespread economic nationalism declines to recognize this liberal tradition. Every country now insists upon developing its own industries, and becoming a completely independent unit so far as possible. This ambition has been openly manifest nearly everywhere in the world during the past twenty years.

A fact of immense significance, probably much more serious than we realize, is that since the war the Indian Customs Duties have been freed from British control. The same thing has happened in China. The Customs there were formerly under an international administration in which English influence predominated, but they are now almost entirely controlled by the Chinese themselves. The immediate consequence in both cases has been the substitution of protectionist tariffs for duties which previously were purely fiscal, and which had been arranged for the benefit of the trading interests of the West. We can measure the loss to European influence if we consider that these two markets alone contain some seven hundred million people. Manchester bitterly resents it, for unfortunately it is not easy to reascend the slope. Europe is meeting with competition everywhere, even in markets which she used to consider her own. The system is tottering, and must be revised.

This emancipation of the coloured races, however, is not only economic and political. To their political nationalism and their tariff walls, must also be added racial pride, as well as cultural and religious nationalism.

A startling light was thrown upon the direction in which this religious nationalism is tending at the Congress of the International Council of Protestant Missions, which was held at Jerusalem in 1928. The report of the Missions' work disclosed a change which is almost revolutionary in character, as their efforts are gradually ceasing to be propaganda inspired and directed by the West. In the first place the composition of the missionary body itself has been modified, for one-quarter of the delegates to the Congress represented the young churches of Asia and Africa, which are coloured. Another singular thing emphasized by the Europeans who were present at the discussions was that the influence of these newcomers was not only effective, but was even greater than their numbers justified.

Whether owing to liberalism or weakness, it is evident that the attitude of the West towards these exotic influences is more passive today than it has been before. Perhaps, too, Europe finds it necessary to make concessions. There was a time when it was an advantage for a missionary to appear as an ambassador of Western civilization, of the "superior race", but now we are beginning to see that the policy of the Jesuits in China in the past represented real wisdom. We now realize that Christianity cannot succeed, as the Roman Catholics have long understood, until it discards its foreign dress and becomes an integral part of the national life.

As a reaction against our racial nationalism, there has evolved a new type of nationalism, which insists that it can find its own basis in religion (even in Christianity) as well as in other matters. When the young coloured clergyman asserts his independence, he creates for the churches of the West delicate problems which will have to be dealt with in the future. Rome is aware of this. One begins to wonder whether certain of these coloured churches are not even already exerting a real influence upon us in the West. This is an example of the moral slackness of our present civilization, which may be owing to a lack of vitality.

This crisis—for such it is—is bringing into the open the question of the spiritual leadership of the world. How far are we exerting our leadership today, and how far shall we be allowed to exert it tomorrow?

The West has long believed, rather naïvely perhaps, that in the world it stood for spirituality, in fact to a certain extent the English and the Americans are still convinced of it. But is this really the message that we have been spreading during the period of our irresistible expansion? In the Orient, and even in the Near East, the impression which we have given is very different. We are obliged to admit—as was confirmed by the Jerusalem Congress—that in our conquest of the world we have brought with us more materialistic energy than religious spirit. Americanism, in spite of its undoubted idealism, is an admirable case in point. The American idea of progress is so closely akin to efficiency and well-being that it is not spiritual at heart, even where it is not egotistical. The civilization which Europe and America represent aims at a better organization of life from

a purely material standpoint. It is in this avowed determination to rise higher in the material and social scale that we differ from the traditional resignation of the East.

Out of all the luggage we brought along with us—our conquering armies, our doctrines, our methods, our capital—what has most effectively gripped the foreign races with whom we have been in contact? The reply is disturbing, for what we have planted most firmly seems to have been our materialism.

Mr. J. H. Oldham, a penetrating observer with wide knowledge of world problems, writes significantly on this subject: "In the educated classes almost everywhere, the most serious rival to Christianity is not the old traditional religions, but rather what we may call secular civilization. In it we find a conception and an interpretation of life which only recognize the natural order of things, insisting that, by his own effort, man is capable of saving himself and of organizing his own social order."

The West flattered itself that it could convert the world to Christianity, and tried to do so. But the result, whether rightly or wrongly, is that the message which has been retained by the coloured people is the inspiration of our mechanical genius. At the present time the motor car, the cinema, the radio, the telephone, the gramophone, and the aeroplane have penetrated into the remotest towns and districts; nor is it the whitest and the most civilized races who are the most enthusiastic about these new inventions. We are amazed at the eagerness, the pleasure, and the ease with which primitive people and members of ancient outworn civilizations are adapting themselves to these forms of ultra-modern existence for which they are quite unprepared. We may even go so far as to say that these neophytes have a mechanical dexterity, a physical agility, and a reflex speed which our races, although socially more developed, do not possess—or no longer possess. On the narrow giddy roads of the Andes the Indian drives a Buick or a Ford with a coolness which compels our admiration.

Is this modernization of the coloured races—yellow, black, red, or brown—likely to go much farther? Well may we wonder. Although they may use, often only superficially, all this new equipment, their national spirit still remains on the defensive, and victoriously defends its personality. Our influence cannot

penetrate beyond a certain point, since we are baffled by their reserve. When they begin to borrow from our technique, our prestige decreases after a time. They naïvely persuade themselves that they are our equals because they have now learned to use our machinery and weapons. We are always able to introduce new elements, however, even unconnected with the externals of life. Meanwhile, the ferment which we are injecting into their souls, which may prove dangerous, is the revelation that after having passively submitted to privation for countless centuries, it is now possible for the human race to combat misery, to live without too much suffering, and—unheard of idea—to enjoy the good things of life. "Then the masses are not always to be excluded from these material advantages?" asks the coloured workman.

In a sentence weighty with prophecy, St. Just once said, "Happiness is a new idea in Europe". Though others may appreciate philosophic pleasures more than we do, it is certain that the most tangible lesson to be learned from our civilization is the impatient desire and restless quest for comfort. So it has come about that, without even knowing what we are doing, we may have been the imprudent instigators of social upheaval and revolution.

In this swift drama, of which the beginnings were scarcely perceptible thirty years ago, the spiritual and the temporal are closely interwoven. Our wise observer, Mr. Oldham, comes to the conclusion that "modern society has severed its relation with the eternal; science, technique, and economic organization have all to do with the material. Modern man has established himself in the sphere of the human, and it would be almost hopeless to try to convince him that any other attitude is possible". Once this is admitted, the world, organized in its turn on a material plane, will use against us our own weapons and our own philosophy.

In the transformation of the world, which has been taking place with fantastic speed during the past twenty years, the war played a special part. Its influence certainly was enormous, but as is generally the case, people were apt to exaggerate it at the time. Now, when we have had time to gain a certain perspective, we see that the dislocation of the trade balance between the

continents was due less to the war than at first appeared, for although the war undoubtedly hastened it, the crisis would have taken place in any case. The breaking up of the European monopoly was caused by forces which were already at work in the last quarter of the nineteenth century.

In order to realize this fully, we must study the economic history of England, since, so far as industry is concerned, she has always been in the vanguard of Europe. As early as the 'eighties we begin to perceive certain signs of weakness in her supremacy, which hitherto had been triumphant and uncontested. Overseas markets began to shut out her imports when they created industries of their own, so that her export trade no longer made such astonishing progress as before. In this matter England was typical of the rest of the continent, except that since she had advanced further along the road to industrialization, she was more exposed and vulnerable.

It is hardly accurate to say that the war created a competition which was specifically new, but undoubtedly it did upset a delicate international mechanism which had already become fragile. The even tenor of the foreign exchange market was shattered, and the production of the belligerents was diverted away from sensible economic goals. Meanwhile the overseas countries, in a frenzy of excitement, pushed on the over-development of their industries to extremes. We have not yet recovered from this orgy. Although certain trade routes, which were temporarily abandoned during the war, have since resumed their normal course, still the chart of international economic relations is not, and never will be, the same as before the catastrophe.

The international commerce of the wartime period is worthy of serious study, for it gives the clue to much which will take place in the future. Let us now try to trace the more important currents in this labyrinth of statistics.

In so far as international trade is concerned, the first effects of the war were felt by the belligerents, and especially by the Allies, for they alone were still in contact with the outside world. An urgent demand arose for vast quantities of foodstuffs, raw materials, and manufactured goods. No delay was possible. The armies had to be equipped and fed, civilian populations provided for, and an increasing number of refugees and depen-

dents of all sorts had to be supported. As they were disorganized by the mobilization of the armies, and also obliged to concentrate on the output of munitions, the allied nations were totally unable to supply their home markets from their own industrial resources. Accordingly they turned aside from their accustomed routine, and placed orders abroad of unprecedented size. Central and Eastern Europe, their natural source of supply for foodstuffs and manufactures, were cut off in the twinkling of an eye when commerce with the enemy became a criminal offence. This caused the Allies to fall back on the resources of far-off countries, with the unhealthy result that their overseas imports suddenly became abnormally large.

Meanwhile, these same countries, since they could not supply even their own needs, necessarily lost their ability to export. There was no hope of keeping this trade, not merely because they were swallowing up practically all their own output, but also because they were forced to abandon anything not directly concerned with the life and death struggle in which they were engaged. As their exports were reduced to a minimum, and as they were importing everything they could lay their hands on, their trade balance naturally became disorganized to an unprecedented extent. When the statisticians reckoned up their totals, they were appalled at the figures. It was not only that the volume of these exceptional imports was growing steadily, but owing to the rise in prices the debts contracted were colossal.

The situation in France, which was typical of the others, was very striking. The following table shows how enormously her imports had increased by 1917, when the war activity had reached its peak, while at the same time exports were falling away disastrously :

FRENCH IMPORTS (IN MILLIONS)			
	Value	Quantity	
1913	8,421 frs.	372	quintals
1917	27,554 "	348	"
FRENCH EXPORTS (IN MILLIONS)			
1913	6,314 frs.	220	quintals
1917	5,676 "	29	"

Taken in detail this trading account emphasizes the requirements of a country at bay : imports of foodstuffs have increased slightly in amount, but their value is multiplied by four ; raw

materials, although less in quantity, have doubled in value ; while manufactured articles are inflated by 25 per cent., but their value is five times as great. Expressed in francs—which did not depreciate seriously until 1920—the value of the purchases of meat abroad was multiplied by twelve, cereals and coal by four, motor cars and woollens by twenty. At the same time the exports of French foodstuffs declined by 75 per cent. in quantity and 50 per cent. in value. Such was the terrible toll of this unprecedented crisis.

In neutral and overseas allied countries, however, the effect of the upheaval was exactly the opposite. Primary producers were given a splendid, indeed incomparable opportunity. They exported everything available, and fixed their own prices, which the bewildered buyers had to accept without discussion. There have been other wars in the past, but never one on this scale. Thus, the United States exported its wheat, meat, minerals, metals, and oil ; Canada her cereals, meat, jam, butter, cheese, and wood ; Argentina her wheat, maize, meat, and wool ; Brazil her coffee, meat, and hides . . . the list of this joyous band of shippers goes on indefinitely !

Although exports from neutral, and especially from overseas, countries undoubtedly increased when measured by weight, when measured by value the figures rose to fantastic heights. The allied countries overseas, such as the United States after 1917, must be classed with the neutrals, although of course certain credits granted during the war will never be entirely paid off. The following figures tell an eloquent tale of the irresistible demand for goods :

EXPORTS (IN MILLIONS)			
	1913	1917	
United States	\$2,448	\$6,417 (average 1915-1920)	
Argentina	70 pesos	110 pesos	
Japan	632 yen	1,603 yen	

At this point a third repercussion appears, which has proved to be the most serious of all in its far-reaching effects. The countries with agricultural and mineral wealth made the most of the occasion, but the industrial nations, or those which could set up factories quickly, were given an opportunity that was even more wonderful. The demand for articles ready for consumption

was even greater than for raw or semi-finished goods, since the needs of the war were pressing, insatiable, and apparently unlimited. During this happy period—if a time which brings back such sad memories can be thus sacrilegiously described—one had only to produce to be able to sell.

Several neutral countries in Europe, as well as the Allies themselves, rose to the occasion; and overseas three countries in particular—the United States, Japan, and Canada—did brilliant work. The latter were all belligerents, of course, but being far from the actual war zone, they benefited in much the same way as the neutrals. Although American industry was well established before the war, it made enormous strides; and as for Japan, her great industrial development really dates from this period. These overseas countries now joined the ranks of the international exporters of manufactured goods, and for the first time shared the privileges hitherto reserved for Europe.

The sad list of Europe's economic losses during these black years does not end here however, for we still have to consider the indirect effect of the war on the overseas countries in so far as they were markets for manufactured goods. When these far-off nations were suddenly enriched by an exceptional demand for their products at unheard-of prices, their purchasing power shot up with the force of a geyser. Easy come, easy go—people made money so quickly that they never thought of saving it. Their one idea was to spend it, no matter how. The usual exporting nations had practically dropped out of the running, for although Europe was still able to export a little, the dangers of ocean transport and high freight rates proved a hindrance. The immediate result was that European goods failed to arrive just at a time when the new countries were feeling rich. Two adaptations quickly occurred. First, the non-European industries stepped into the breach, and secondly, local industries increased their output, while in some cases entirely new industries sprang up.

This trend did more than anything else to industrialize the world outside the boundaries of Europe, and in opposition to her. The urge to construct factories was irresistible. The effects of the conditions which prevailed everywhere in those extraordinary years have not been counteracted either by the return

to peace, or by the lesson of the two economic depressions which have since taken place.

Protection is hardly needed, and yet governments have been granting it with great gusto, imposing all manner of restrictions, especially on luxuries. These severe import regulations, sometimes amounting to embargoes, have provided a shelter behind which national industries have been created, or have been able to grow at their ease.

New industries have been springing up like mushrooms after the rain, but as we have learned by experience, once they have been created, enterprises usually manage to survive, especially when they can count on government support. While assistance of this type is likely to be given to the manufacturer to protect his investment, it is practically certain to be granted to the workman to consolidate the trade on which his living depends. Quite apart from the United States and Japan, this applies to Australia, Brazil, Canada, and a dozen other overseas countries where new industries were established during the war.

The most developed of these young countries took the place of Europe, and began to fill the wants of the others. In the past the Old Continent was in the centre of the picture, but new commercial relations were now beginning to be established without reference to her. For example, the United States got into direct contact with South America, and also with the Far East via Panama, while Japan began to trade direct with South America, Australasia, and India. Certain of these trade routes were already in existence, but others were entirely new. Europe's role in this international commerce declined, and the result was a dislocation which will never be readjusted. Conditions during the war undoubtedly were exceptional, but their repercussions have come to stay. This is proved by the distressing facts disclosed in the following table :

IMPORTS INTO THE UNITED STATES

		1910-14	1921	1930
		Per cent.	Per cent.	Per cent.
From Europe		49.55	30.5	29.7
„ America		32.7	41.9	39.0
„ Australasia		16.3	26.0	29.1

IMPORTS INTO JAPAN

	1910-11	1921	1930
From Europe	30.0	17.0	18.0
America	17.0	37.0	32.0
Australasia	46.0	41.0	40.0

Since the war the economic relations of the different continents have thus been established on a new basis. Although Europe may have won back some of her lost clientele, the conditions existing in 1914—regarding this as the real end of the nineteenth century period—now seem to belong definitely to the past. No doubt we shall regain some of the markets which the fatal years of the war lost for us, but others will elude our grasp. Not without a struggle will the other continents give up the advantages which they obtained owing to what were exceptional circumstances. The interests which have gained by the change are only too anxious to consolidate it, and no matter what economic arguments are brought forward, politics are always dragged in to their assistance. We have only to look around us to see that this is being done every day. Therefore, the industrialization of the world, even when condemned as uneconomic, is destined to endure. When Europe tries to recover her lost markets she is confronted with the exasperated nationalism of thirty overseas countries, who are in revolt against the old conception of international division of labour and complementary trade.

Regarded from every angle, the ultimate effect of this widespread crisis has been to undermine Europe's former role of leadership. It is not that current economic and technical methods have tended to become less standardized, for, on the contrary, owing to the mixing of the different civilizations, and the growing intermingling of customs and races, the world is being reduced more and more to a monotonous sameness. More tiresome even than the boring spectacle of original sin, to quote Baudelaire, is the prospect of unending masses of motor cars, radios, and the everlasting standardization of mechanical equipment, now that everything is within the reach of all. With incredible docility, the world is passing through the sausage-mill of mass production, which is no respecter of persons or things. Regardless of their origin, all the peoples of the earth

are forced to give way. Man's standards of living, nevertheless, will continue along different levels, so that a great gulf will always separate America from Europe, and Europe from Asia. What really is new is that the Old Continent is no longer strong enough to impress her own traditions as in the past and make the world react to a single impulse. Instinctively we recall the last chapters of ancient history and the breaking up of the *Pax Romana*.

How do these new conditions affect Europe? The young industries growing up overseas are compromising her export trade, which is a vital part of her equilibrium. At the same time her supply of raw materials from abroad, although ample enough during periods of over-production and depression, may one day be jeopardized if the producing countries utilize them more and more on the spot. The short circuits in international trade, to which we have already referred, are against her interests, for she previously acted as the broker, the transporter, and the warehouseman of the entire world. A lasting impediment in international circulation may end in a complete stoppage.

Such are the problems of the twentieth century. The world is tending towards a different equilibrium, and will no longer put up with the outworn traditions and rulings of the past. We must accustom ourselves to the change. Apparently commerce will not necessarily recover its former liberty, and politics will intervene more and more in the economic sphere. As a result international trade has lost its former character, and its volume is threatened. The adaptation which has to take place, especially in so far as it affects the Old Continent, may even lead to structural changes. As we study these problems, we are in reality discussing Europe's chances of survival.

Problems that Arise

The European crisis resolves itself mainly into the problem of adjusting the balance between the various continents, and particularly between the standards of living, development and age of the different civilizations. We are now faced with an evolution which is relentless in character and varying in rhythm. Even those who insist upon keeping their privileges, and refuse to adapt themselves to change, will in the end be forced to submit, for the crisis is inevitable. The aftermath of the war,

by bringing to the fore many problems which are still unsolved, proved a rude awakening for certain European countries—indeed for the whole of European civilization—for it had been lulled to sleep by the prosperity of the nineteenth century.

The first thing to be considered is the economic age of countries and continents. A country is mature or even old when its population and its equipment have been developed beyond the resources of its territory; it is young so long as its resources are greater than its needs. The remark so often heard in new continents—"We are a country of infinite possibilities," plainly expresses their conviction that the future still lies ahead. From this conception the whole system of complementary trade has arisen, in which the abundance of the one is absorbed by the deficiency of another. Neither Customs tariffs nor planned economy can overcome what is basic in such relationships.

This complementary system of trade went on so long and so naturally between Europe and the other continents that it appeared to be normal. Then a revolt set in, which is now at its height. In their impatience to build up their own industries, countries which formerly were the trading counterpart of the Old Continent are refusing more and more to limit themselves to the role of exporters of raw materials and consumers of manufactured goods. In spite of severe periods of depression, they insist not only on maintaining the industrial equipment which they created to meet the needs of the war, but even on increasing it. Thus industrial Europe is assailed by a general offensive on every side.

As is to be expected, these claims will not be put off. When the colonies were founded, neither the pioneers nor the planters were interested in developing local industries, for that would have meant paying high prices for locally manufactured goods. But as soon as a stable and relatively dense population had been built up and concentrated in towns, the situation changed. Today we no longer listen to the wishes of planters surrounded by coloured labour, or isolated sheep farmers among their flocks, but to workmen seeking high wages and employers hoping to make profits out of the local clientele. It is at this stage that a new country which is developing rapidly instinctively desires to become industrial.

As the government is nearly always sympathetic, the industrialist, backed up by Labour, usually obtains the protection which he demands. No one ever considers whether the new industry is economically sound or not, or whether in view of the output, often ridiculously small, a tariff should not be set up which will raise the internal price level. It is only necessary for some person or group to announce that a factory is about to be constructed, and the tariff is immediately granted, often even before production has been effectively started. The decisive argument turns less on the needs of the community as a whole, than on successful wire-pulling by private interests who know how to make themselves heard. These interests usually present their case more from the social aspect than on economic or financial grounds. Australia is a typical example, for her industrial structure has been developed almost entirely thanks to her tariff which was granted simply because her people wanted to become a manufacturing nation.

In these new countries the first industries to be created as a rule are those which depend on local raw materials. Instead of exporting them, they make use of them on the spot. Their transformation is rudimentary at first, but gradually becomes more complete. Thus Canada began by exporting pulp wood, but presently undertook to sell it in the form of pulp, and finally as paper. Special tariff regulations encouraged this evolution. In the same way Australia and Argentina, after having exported cattle on the hoof for years, began to dispose of them in the form of frozen or tinned meat. Instead of exporting maize, the United States today sells pork products derived from pigs fed on maize. While a young country is developing, the percentage of raw materials in its export trade naturally tends to diminish in comparison with semi-finished products. The evolution of the foreign trade of the United States during the past fifty years is a striking case in point.

When this stage is complete, industries arise which have no connection with the natural resources of the country, but are merely concerned with supplying the needs of the local market. Though the horizon at first seems limitless, actually the choice of industries that can be attempted is restricted. A new community can only undertake a comparatively easy type of manu-

facturing that does not require high technical skill, but relies on imported automatic machinery. Whenever it is a question of difficult technique, involving a tradition, the transplanted industry works badly, if at all.

Meanwhile, the same type of industry in the old country begins to lose its overseas customers, who are now buying what they need at home. No doubt European manufacturers could find new outlets in countries which are developing more slowly, but this means getting out of their established grooves, and it is only after considerable delay that they finally rouse themselves, grumbling because they consider that they have been unfairly treated.

The picture which we have sketched conforms to complaints which are heard every day. It is, however, only superficially correct, and does not give the whole story. We must not jump to the conclusion that the industrialization of the new countries necessarily injures the old, considered as a whole. As a matter of fact, apart from those industries which are in direct competition, other interests in the great metropolitan centres stand to gain by every development, even manufacturing, which takes place overseas. Orthodox political economy did not hesitate to teach us this, and England herself in the nineteenth century proved it by experience. As soon as a colony begins to be industrial, it affords a very profitable investment for European capital. So, though apparently we are face to face with a revolt, it is often the capitalists of the Old World who are making money out of it.

European industry also profits, for the demand is created for equipment, machinery, and spare parts, which obviously can only come from the most highly developed countries of the world, *i.e.*, practically only from Europe and the United States. Along with the machines go the men to install them, both engineers and foremen. Thus, instead of exporting the finished article itself, the most highly developed nations tend to export either tools or technical men. In the long run, as the purchasing power of the former customer increases, he will probably import as much as he did before, perhaps even more. It will now be the other European industries, however, those producing the finest qualities, that will benefit by this increased overseas demand.

What is needed is a change in the worn-out parts of the industrial organism of Europe, a change as radical as that which took place in the nineteenth century. In order to replace customers who can now do without us, we must find markets where they have not reached our advanced stage of industrialization, but where a demand for goods already exists. For the past hundred years, Manchester has successfully carried on her indefatigable hunt for new clients.

When Europe fails to sell one quality, she offers finer goods still, always trying to find an outlet where others cannot compete. Thus we are forced to take refuge in the superiority of our goods, and are drawn into a cycle of progress in which it is fatal to stop. There is something infernal about this rhythm, which recalls the haunted striving of the Wandering Jew. It may be that countries, continents, and even civilizations will be overcome by fatigue along the road. But where those in the van are still young and active enough to keep their place, their relative superiority will long guarantee them their privileges.

[Translation by Doris Hemming.]

TURNING POINT IN THE FAR EAST

BY O. M. GREEN

THE unexpectedness of the recent Japanese attack on the Chahar frontier of China, not less than its violent contrast with the olive-branches which Mr. Hirota had on the same day been holding out to that country, has wrenched back attention to the Far East with unpleasant emphasis. But diplomacy between Japan and China is of far greater concern for the rest of the world than hostilities. It does not in the least matter whether the Japanese militarists are temporarily ahead of the civilians. That has happened frequently since September, 1931, and always the two have fallen into step again. As one looks back over the past three and a half years, it is impossible to shut one's eyes to the manner in which one episode has led to another, and all appear to fit into a very long-drawn, far-flung plan, carefully prepared and steadily pursued.

The importance of the situation is intensified, and to a large extent explained, by the remarkable changes that have recently occurred in China. It can never be too strongly emphasized that the key to all Far Eastern politics is to be looked for in China. Weak and disrupted as she has been for many years, it must be remembered that in the past 2,000 years she has again and again passed through similar upheavals, compared with some of which the present one is as a watch in the night; and always her natural wealth, the tireless industry of her huge population and the strength of her social system, already beginning to reassert itself, have brought her salvation out of ruin. No one knows this better than Japan. She fears, even while she is determined to take advantage of it. It is the prospect, now so possible, of order evolving out of disorder which stimulates the Japanese to make friends with the mammon of

unrighteousness before League of Nations advisers and improvements achieved with British Boxer indemnity money shall have drawn China altogether to the side of the West.

The alteration in China's fortunes during the past three years has not been noticed abroad as it ought to be. One evidence of it, brought to our very doors, was the Chinese Transport Mission which arrived in London early last November and remained till the beginning of this year. Chinese missions abroad have usually consisted either of generals who found it convenient to cover up an enforced exile under an imposing name, or of mere joy-riders. Mr. Yu Fei-peng, Vice-Minister of Communications, a vigorous and attractive personality who led the mission, undoubtedly came to work. Lack of communications is the Chinese Government's greatest physical problem in restoring order. Twenty-five times the size of Great Britain, China has still barely a third of our railway mileage; and in most of her domains the average road is little better than a wheelbarrow track. With ready help from the British Government, Mr. Yu Fei-peng made a minute study of everything that comes under the heading of communications and, while much that he saw is naturally beyond China's grasp or requirements at present, he certainly learnt many useful lessons.

In May, 1931, Nanking set up the National Economic Council to undertake a large scheme of internal development, at the same time proclaiming a definite policy of co-operation with the League of Nations. Experts were lent by Geneva, and already amazing progress has been made. Between 8,000 and 9,000 roads have been built in central and eastern China, and roads are even being pushed into the remote North-west. Much of these roads is mere beaten earth, but the Chinese are not particular, and motor omnibuses, packed as a European could hardly imagine any vehicle could be packed, trundle along them, carrying ideas of the outer world and a hitherto unknown sense of common nationality into many remote corners.

Besides roads, the railways, which had largely been brought to the verge of ruin by years of civil war, have been remarkably furbished up. The long-standing gap of about 250 miles in

the Canton-Hankow railway should be joined up some time next year, when it will be possible to travel by railway all the way from Canton to Ostend. An entirely new railway has been built by Chinese engineers from Hangchow southwards through Chekiang, and other lines are being planned. Much, too, has been done in building dykes where flooding from China's unsurpassed, but very unruly, rivers was an annual scourge. Public industries of various sorts have been started. Telephonic equipment to link up all the principal towns of Central and North China is being made in England; and four steamers, the nucleus of China's much-needed mercantile marine, were built for her in British yards last year. Regular services of aeroplanes ply between Nanking and the south, west, and north; and it is only a few weeks since the first aeroplane built in China made its first flight. The engines were imported—China is still far from being able to make these for herself; but even so, the aeroplane cost about one-third of the price of one bought abroad, a fact of which our manufacturers may take note.

These accomplishments obviously could not have been achieved without some improvement in the political world. The turning point here dates from May, 1932, when Nanking made the momentous announcement that she would fight no more civil wars, except against Communists, but concentrate on restoring order in her own sphere of Central China, leaving other districts to pursue whatever "particularist tendencies" they might please. Not only has this promise been kept, but at the fifth plenary session of the Kuomintang's Central Executive Committee in December it was amplified by a series of statesman-like measures, proposed by Nanking, which define the relative positions of Central and Provincial Governments in the separate handling of international and national questions, the allocation of revenues and appointment of officials—the last two matters having been particularly fruitful promoters of discord. Herein one discerns a marked growth of political wisdom since the early days of Kuomintang Government, when Nanking claimed absolute authority to dictate to the provinces every detail of their administration.

There is no question but that the whole political atmosphere

is more disposed to peacefulness than it was a few years ago. Not since the autumn of 1930 has there been any major civil war—except, quite justifiably, against the Communists—and it is a remarkable and hopeful fact that two tremendous changes of government, in December 1931 and the spring of 1932, could take place without leading to war. Already the West and North-west are being drawn into the orbit of Nanking, between whom and Canton relationships have also noticeably improved.

It would be folly to ignore the heavy debit side of the account. The conquest and expulsion of the Communists from their old and seemingly impregnable mountain stronghold in South Kiangsi was a notable feather in Nanking's cap. But it is to be feared that the Communists, now scattered in bands of 4,000 or 5,000 men through the central provinces, will prove a running sore for a long time yet. They are exceedingly mobile; their chief leaders, the notorious Ho Lung and Chu Teh, are still at large; and though the provincial governments are co-operating actively with Nanking, it is most difficult to corner these pests.

So it is that any reduction in military expenditure seems at present hopeless. In Nanking's budget for the year ending June 30th, 1935, the army accounts for \$293,014,600 out of a total ordinary expenditure of \$751,687,124. This does not include provincial armies. Altogether China still has, at a moderate computation, at least 2,000,000 men under arms, and while there appears little prospect of disbanding them till better times return, they themselves are among the heaviest drags on the wheels of prosperity.

It is only fair to say that Nanking's financial management has markedly improved. The annual publication of an itemised budget is a welcome novelty; the expenditure is met out of revenue without borrowing; and there has been a steady and praiseworthy effort to pay off arrears on foreign loans.

But the financial situation is far from reassuring. The Customs revenue, which is the backbone of her finance, has been falling alarmingly. The combined value of exports and imports last year at \$494,000,000 represented a decline of \$393,000,000 compared with the year before, which resulted in a decline of

\$5,000,000 in revenue collected. This brings us to another serious factor. The first duties imposed in 1931 when China recovered tariff autonomy were generally praised for their moderation. But several successive increases have followed until the law of diminishing returns begins to make itself felt. An orgy of smuggling has ensued with threefold disadvantage: it robs the Government of revenue; it hits the honest trader very hard; and it lays heavy expense on the Customs for a preventive service.

But all other problems in China pale into insignificance compared with the supreme necessity of resuscitating the peasantry. Nine-tenths of China's people are farmers, and throughout the years of civil war, banditry, and Communism they have suffered, and are suffering, atrociously. It is scandalous that every year China should be compelled to import more and more foodstuffs, the consequence partly of the cultivation of opium forced upon the farmers by militarists for the sake of the large profits therefrom, partly of inordinate taxation. The columns of Chinese newspapers teem with descriptions of the wretched conditions of the peasantry far and wide. Nanking has been doing what it can to set the farmer on his feet, especially in the rear of retreating Communists, with monetary grants and remission of taxes. But its control over local officials and over the rapacity of illicit tax-bureaux is still regrettably narrow. China's problems are not complicated like those of highly industrialized countries. They resolve themselves ultimately into that one pathetic figure, the blue-coated peasant. Give him only peace, relieve him of the intolerable taxation which is crushing the heart out of him, and his unrivalled courage and industry will speedily put an end to all China's troubles.

Yet in spite of evils, corruptions, and tyrannies, China is justified in hopefulness. There is a quality in the improvement which promises yet more to come. It is not all window-dressing. A real public opinion, unknown twenty-five years ago, has been born, and in social undertakings of all kinds, education, hygiene, philanthropic work, and the emancipation of women, China is far ahead of her rulers.

Most significant, most promising of all to those who look

deeply into the causes of things, is the enormous popularity of the "New Life" movement, started a year ago by General Chiang Kai-shek and subsequently elaborated into a code of rules covering a man's whole duty to the State, his neighbour, and himself. With a few superficial additions the movement is fundamentally pure Confucianism. Now, all through Chinese history there have been periods when Confucius seemed to fall into disfavour, superseded by Buddhism or Taoism, but always his hold upon the Chinese people has reasserted itself. Such revulsions have led to national renaissance as surely as revival of the pure Mosaic law did among the Jews of the Old Testament. "A regeneration of China is conceivable only in the spirit of Confucius", wrote Count Keyserling in the *Travel Diary of a Philosopher*. There are signs that such a regeneration may be at hand.

But China is not happy. A cloud of suspicion and anxiety overhangs all the Far East and continually darkens her hopes. If the Japanese invasion of Manchuria and Shanghai was an indirect blessing to China—as it assuredly was—by forcing her politicians to realize the frightful dangers to which their selfish quarrels exposed the country, it has left the liveliest fears of what more Japan may be meditating. As one Chinese said to the present writer not long ago, "We are doing well, but we feel like children playing at sand castles: we never know when the Japanese may come and kick it all down".

The outstanding factor in all Japanese policy is that she has a population of 65,000,000 people, increasing by 750,000 or more every year, in a country which for practical purposes is no bigger than Great Britain, and naturally very poor in the materials needed by industry. For example, her own supplies of iron, if she could get none elsewhere, would not last her two years. The closure of America and our Dominions against Japanese immigrants is more a matter of "face" than a material grievance, as Japanese do not emigrate if they can help it. But the offence is keenly felt, while the industries which are vital to Japan—for she is producing all the food she can, and still has to import about one-fifth of the rice she eats—are increasingly threatened by rising tariffs abroad. Internal unrest has been aggravated by the conviction that Japan has been consistently

ill-treated and insulted by the West. A great Power, conscious of her imperious needs, her splendid past and marvellous vitality, feeling that she has paid well for everything she has taken from the West, and that the West has treated her very ill, is it to be wondered at if she now claims the eastern tracts of Asia, from the borders of Tibet and Mongolia to the encircling islands, as her peculiar sphere, within which she is palpably unassailable, and where destiny seems to have decided that she shall lead?

With all the credit that can be given to the awakening of the Chinese spirit, the developments sketched above have chiefly been made possible by the technical advice of the League of Nations experts and the money supplied by the Boxer Indemnity. It is the westernizing tendency in modern China, formally adopted by the Government and stimulated by the hundreds of students sent to Great Britain and America, that Japan fears today.

That was the inspiration of the declaration of a "Monroe doctrine for China", as it popularly came to be known last April, which caused such a feverish exchange of notes and queries. Precisely what Japan meant was obscured in the discussion following the first statement by Tokyo's Foreign Office spokesman; but her reply to France put the position pretty clearly.

Japan [she wrote] has no intention of transgressing the rights of the other Powers in China. . . . Japan, however, cannot remain indifferent to any possible intervention of third parties, which, under whatever pretext it was made, might be prejudicial to the maintenance of order and justice in the Far East. . . . Japan cannot allow Chinese problems to be exploited by third parties with a view to pursuing an interested policy.

It is particularly worth notice that these statements came very quickly after reports of the formation in America of a finance corporation to supply China with money, and just before the presentation to Geneva of the Rajchman Report, which, it was rumoured, would recommend a big loan to China, and which the Japanese Press, before its publication, declared vehemently that Japan would oppose. Neither anticipation was realized; the Rajchman Report was unexceptionable; and the "Monroe doctrine for China" dropped out of sight. But Tokyo has not forgotten it.

At the moment of writing a conference is going on in Nanking

between Mr. Ariyoshi, the Japanese Minister, and Mr. Wang Ching-wei and General Chiang Kai-shek. Press rumours concerning its details are too circumstantial to be trustworthy. But it is reasonable to believe that the main theme was laid down by Mr. Hirota in his address to the Diet on January 22nd. After congratulating China on her successes against the Communists in Kiangsi, he expressed a fervent hope

that China will soon recover her stability, will awake to a realization of the whole situation of Eastern Asia and undertake to meet the genuine aspirations of our country. . . . It is our policy to try to assist China in the attainment of this goal. . . . There is today a growing trend among the Chinese people to appreciate the true motive of Japan. While we will do everything to encourage that tendency, I hope that China will collaborate with us further in that direction.

It may seem strange that Japan can even think that the Chinese will listen to her after all the territory they have lost and the humiliations suffered at her hands. But China has all the normal Oriental respect for force ruthlessly exercised, and her defeats have frequently been followed by a curious eagerness for an *entente* with her conqueror—as most notably in respect of Japan herself after the war of 1894-95. Moreover, there are undoubtedly two parties in China, the one for co-operation with the West, the other declaring that there is nothing to be got from the West but pretty speeches. To see in General Chiang Kai-shek the chief exponent of the latter party is possibly an exaggeration, with no more basis than the fact that he saw clearly the futility of opposing Japan *vi et armis* in 1931-32. But undoubtedly the bitter feelings of those years have died down, the anti-Japanese boycott is practically extinct, and several minor differences have been adjusted. Finally, the tremendous moral effect of China's loss of her seat on the League Council following on Geneva's failure to save Manchuria for her, has hardly been appreciated in Europe. Nothing could more effectually play into the hands of pro-Japanese propagandists. For the first time the Far East is without any representation on the Council. Does not that show how little Europe bothers herself about China? Asia for the Asiatics!

On the other hand, there is the inborn antipathy and deep mistrust for Japan of large numbers of the Chinese intelligentsia

and politicians, and the strident anti-Japanism of Canton, which, being less directly in Japan's pathway, can afford to be offensive. These feelings are so strong in the Chinese people as a whole that any conspicuous break with the policy of co-operation with the League of Nations as a result of the Nanking conversations is not to be expected. But, like Marshal Joffre, Japan pursues her way by nibbling, and Mr. Ariyoshi is an admirable man for the task, a charming personality, intimate for many years with the Chinese (he was formerly Consul-General in Shanghai) and personally liked by them.

Meanwhile what is to be Russia's part in the drama of Eastern Asia? She has badly lost "face" in China through the overthrow and universal execration of her Communist protégés—no one but herself knows how much she lavished in money and effort on the "proletarian revolution" in China. She has been ousted from North Manchuria and forced to sell the Chinese Eastern Railway for much less than it should be worth. But Japan's position *vis-à-vis* Russia is not free from anxiety. In the past three years the Russian forces in Eastern Siberia and the Maritime Province under the very able General Galens, have been made very strong. Special pay has been given to the troops, special concessions granted to the peasants, in order that the Far Eastern Army may have all the produce locally that it requires, stores of all kinds have been accumulated at Chita and Blagovestchensk and an air force that has been estimated at 500 fighting 'planes and bombers. When, at the Congress of Soviets on January 30th, M. Tukhachevsky, the Deputy Commissar of Defences, boasted of the increase of the Red Army to 940,000 men, with proportionate growth of tanks, guns, munitions and aeroplanes, he assuredly did not claim too much. The wooden architecture of Japanese cities is unpleasantly near for air raiders from Vladivostok.

In estimating the chances of war between Russia and Japan, the great and consoling fact is that it has not come yet. In the autumn of 1933 there was a very grave danger of war. The alarm passed, perhaps largely through the wise diplomacy of Mr. Hirota. A year later the scare revived, much assisted by Press reports and sabre-rattling at Moscow. But at that time there was no real foundation for it. The sabre-rattling

aforesaid was for internal, not external, admonition. Looked at calmly, neither side has anything to gain by going to war. The Soviet is wholly concentrated on development at home. Japan could not afford a war, and has her hands full in consolidating her recent gains for many years to come.

But it is precisely by the standard of "many years" that the future of the Far East is to be gauged, and no question ought more seriously to interest Western governments, particularly our own, than how to direct it in paths agreeable to all. Reduced to barest form these are the facts. China is undoubtedly waking up, she has definite accomplishments behind her, definite ambitions ahead, and is in a better way to realize them than ever before. Japan certainly has no idea of trying to conquer China, the mere idea is ridiculous: China is too big. But it might be possible to get control of the mainsprings of Chinese action; and whether Japan believes that China is in a way to "make good", or is as far from ordered peace as ever, she is determined that China shall lean, not upon others, but upon her. Yet such a policy is full of dangers. One can hardly imagine that America, for instance, always the self-constituted patron of China, would tamely acquiesce in her protégé's passing under the Japanese yoke. Moreover, there is that terrible suspicion and dread of Japan ever present in Chinese breasts. Any conspicuous appearance in Nanking of turning towards Japan might easily provoke civil war, leading to Japanese intervention and further prolonged disorder.

One way, and perhaps only one, suggests itself by which China's fears might be stilled and her relations with Japan regularized in a manner satisfactory to all; that is by the Nine-Power Treaty. Under that agreement Great Britain, America, France, Italy, Japan, Belgium, the Netherlands, Portugal, and China bound themselves to respect the sovereignty, independence, and territorial and administrative independence of China; to preserve the "open door" and equal opportunity; and not to take advantage of conditions in China to seek special rights or privileges. The weak part of the Treaty is that it is too negative in character, while it makes no provision for consultation among the signatories at fixed times, with the result that it has proved a dead letter. But there is no reason why

it should not be reconsidered and re-stated in the light of actualities.

The coming Naval Conference is the logical time for the attempt, as it was at the Washington Conference that the Nine-Powers Treaty was born. Hitherto Japan has opposed discussion of Pacific politics in connection with naval matters, but she would scarcely persist in that attitude if the other Powers were plainly against her. Contrary to the popular impression, it is hard to believe that Japan really wishes to fly in the face of the whole world. But she feels that her position has never been fairly considered, and with some justice. The sight of the two Powers that stand most to lose by her growing exports combining to try to force her to cut down her Navy to their taste, is ludicrous and undignified. Japan must live, and her special position in the Far East is undeniable. But there is no reason why that position should be asserted detrimentally to others. There are passages in Mr. Hirota's speech that are almost wistful in conciliatoriness. But a world spirit of antagonism will merely draw the Japanese together like a swarm of angry bees. It is a question of national psychology.

The Chinese watch with painful interest. If the Naval Conference passes, without discussion of the questions in which they are interested, it will mean that Great Britain and America have accepted Japan's contention that there is nothing to discuss, which, for the Chinese, will imply that Japan is allowed a free hand to pursue whatever schemes she may have at their expense. It is not too much to say that the whole future of the Far East hangs on the issue of the next few months.

The call to Great Britain to rouse herself from the lethargy and drift that have marked her China policy in recent years is specially urgent. Her interests in China are still greater than any nation's, and the Chinese are well disposed towards her. In spite of the dissolved alliances, there is still something of the old regard for her in Japan. If only she would bestir herself, she could do much as mediator.

THE BRITISH FILM AND OTHERS

BY C. A. LEJEUNE

IT is a modern cliché of our native film journalism to talk about the British film as a direct menace to Hollywood, and to advertise our home studios as the potential centre of the world's cinema trade. With the recent introduction of our larger films to America this sort of talk has gone to absurd lengths. Actually there is very little chance, at least in our lifetime, that the mastery of America's most representative industry will ever go out of the hands of America. Any other view, however warming to a British heart, is merely the result of astigmatic observation.

There is this to be said for our national optimists. The British film industry, at this juncture, is undoubtedly on the up-grade of prosperity. Our films are enjoying wider markets, our producers embracing wider projects than at any other time in their history. Thanks to the protection of the Board of Trade and the encouraging shelter of the quotas, thanks to the financial assistance of Ostrer interests at a time when the local industry badly needed economic stiffening, and thanks to the world-wide prestige of the pictures issued recently under the Korda trade-mark, the British film has escaped the fate of some of its less happy continental neighbours. It is not only solvent today, but comparatively successful. It is not only on its feet, but definitely coming on. So far the optimists are justified.

Those of us who operate with Fleet Street and Wardour Street as our two centres, taking periodic trips to the studios at Elstree, Ealing, Shepherd's Bush, and elsewhere, watching the quota of British films in the local theatres creep from an official 15 per cent. to 20, from 20 per cent. to 23, with a voluntary exhibitor's quota of a minimum 20 per cent. British, may very well be forgiven for thinking that the British film is the

chosen entertainment of the world. Every circumstance of native production and exhibition is directed towards the strengthening of that belief. We learn of the vast sums expended on productions such as *Jew Süss* and *The Iron Duke*, and what is more, we know that the sums mentioned frequently err on the side, not of exaggeration, but of under-statement. We are told authoritatively, and generally accurately, of the princely salaries paid by British firms to American film stars and technicians. We attend "charity premières" of our new pictures with all the pomp of a high society gathering, and not infrequently under royal or semi-royal patronage.

But if the British film trade of today is more or less prosperous it must be remembered that it is a highly protected industry. Largely through the means of the Quota Act it has been able to reach the saturation point of its home market, and it is now occupied in making a bid for further markets overseas. England is no longer, as it used to be, an unconsidered centre of film production, but rather a Monte Cristo to the American film star or technician in search of quick money, who can do almost equally well by signing a contract for a couple of English pictures, or by using such a contract as a lever to push up his price at home.

So much I will concede to the patriot who believes in the near supremacy of British pictures. Things certainly look well in Wardour Street for the first time since the war. There is a spurious air of ease, of security, of well-being over the whole industry that might well fool anybody who is patriotically eager to be fooled. Films are no longer the Cinderellas of entertainment. Lady So-and-so periodically visits the local studios, while the younger sons of the peerage are engaged as camera assistants or in the cutting rooms. We have, too, a severely classical organization known as the British Film Institute. We have a Films Unit of the Post Office, and a Films Section of the Federation of British Industries. Most comforting of all to an honest British heart, with three more years of the quota to run, our national theatres are filling their quota of British films and in many cases exceeding it, while the products of Shepherd's Bush and Elstree are beginning to appear with a fair regularity on American screens.

But there is another side to the matter. For nearly half a century America has been steadily building up a motion picture industry, pouring money into it, buying brains for it, cornering markets, acquiring patents, and accumulating personal assets, until it has assumed the rank of the fourth largest industry in the United States.

From the eight major and the innumerable minor companies in Hollywood, an average of 600 "feature" pictures emerges yearly. At a very modest estimate, the average cost of each of these is £30,000. This means that every year at least £18,000,000 is sunk in the negative costs alone of American feature films. If to this is added the exploitation costs of these pictures, it is probably safe to say that the annual capital expenditure of the American motion picture industry is not less than £25,000,000.

And this stupendous figure takes no account of short films, whether cartoons, comedies, dramas, travel films, newsreels, or definitely educational subjects. If you want an exact picture of the activity always going on in American studios, no fewer than forty-two feature pictures were being made during the last week in January of this year. Against this, even with rosy optimism, we can estimate our annual capital expenditure on feature pictures in this country at not more than £2,000,000, representing approximately one hundred feature films from our half-dozen major companies.

Every week in every district in England there are four new feature films exhibited. Even with the quota operating at the full, three of these features will be American. It is perfectly simple, even in these days of protection, for an Englishman to go regularly once a week to the cinema without ever seeing an English film. Does this look like British supremacy in the world market? Do the figures I have quoted sound as though Hollywood were in imminent danger of rivalry from what is generally known as Elstree? The plain fact is that England's output of films, in spite of political protection and industrial development, is still only a pinpoint in the international cinema. Hollywood is today, and seems likely to remain, in spite of all disabilities, the best factory of the film industry, and American distribution companies will continue to be the major film sales agencies of the world.

One would like to think that this is only a temporary distribution of power, which we shall rectify as our studios mature and our financial assets increase. Possibly the insidious American propaganda of the screen has warped my judgment, but I am prepared to take my stand on the continued superiority of America as a film-producing country. I believe that this particular industry, so typical a product of the western civilization of today, will remain an American monopoly just as long as the Americans are interested to keep it. An industry that could survive the blow delivered to it in 1929, when the advent of the sound film destroyed all its plans and nullified its assets in a single night, and the specialization of language knocked nine-tenths of its foreign markets clean from under it, is not going to be outstripped in a straight industrial race by England, France, Germany, or any other European competitor. The only country that offers the smallest ultimate threat of rivalry to the U.S.A. as a film producer is Russia; and Russia, apart from its trade agreement with America, is not really likely to be a serious competitor in the world film market for very many years to come.

There are many factors that make for America's supremacy in the film world—financial confidence, geographical resources, a vast mixed populace with the talents, as well as the scum, of all nations—but the main reason is undoubtedly the fact that America has realized from the beginning, and deliberately fostered, the immense propagandist influence of the screen.

Film-making in America is neither an art nor a pastime. It is a business. The making and selling of films is as organized an industry as the making and selling of motor cars, razor blades, vacuum cleaners, or cigarettes. If anything, the marketing of films is taken more seriously by the authorities than the activities of these other industries, because the film as a commodity serves two purposes—it sells itself, and at the same time it sells a number of other home products by indirect advertisement on the screen.

There is a significant paragraph in Ludwell Denny's book, *America Conquers Britain*, which deals with this aspect of the cinema.

Part of the rapid Americanization of world markets [he writes], has resulted not so much from direct publicity and sales pressure as from the indirect advertising value of Hollywood films. Some estimates place the number of American films shown as high as 90 per cent. of the total. The

effect on the foreign audiences is obvious; a taste and demand is created for the kind of automobile used by the motion picture star, or the style of shoes worn, or the plumbing fixtures displayed. Reports of American consuls are almost unanimous in citing this as a major stimulant of foreign trade, especially in the new industries. Foreign companies and governments are even more impressed by this form of indirect Yankee trade propaganda. Naturally they interpret the commercial penetration as a cultural and political menace.

With this justification Britain and eight other governments have passed discriminatory laws and regulations against American films, usually putting the Hollywood product on a quota basis. Popular demand abroad, however, has prevented any large scale elimination of American films. Development of the talking film has done more, perhaps, than artificial expedients to enable the foreign producer to compete in his own country.

Even though the Yankee film does not retain nine-tenths of the world trade in the future, it is apt to continue in a dominant position abroad. One reason for the commercial superiority of the American motion picture is that its trade and political propaganda is more indirect and subtle, and therefore more effective, than the British.

There is no question as to the accuracy of this view of the widespread influence of the American film. Go where you please, in any city of the world, and you will see women emulating the make-up and hairdressing styles of Greta Garbo; young men dressed in the George Raft tailoring cut, shop windows advertising the soap used by Claudette Colbert, or the cosmetics favoured by Mae West, while dashing young continentals greet you with the hand-salute of Gary Cooper.

Continuing the lyrical, but unquestionably well-founded argument of *America Conquers Britain*, we find this extract from the National Geographic Society's *Bulletin*.

American movies, automobiles, dental schools, typewriters, phonographs, and even its prize fights lead in spreading American fashions and customs throughout the world. The excellence of dental schools in the United States attracts students from all over the world, who return to their people as ambassadors of the fine old American custom of brushing teeth. Typewriters have pioneered the way for a whole battalion of office equipment devices which have converted many peoples to doing business according to American methods. As long as the U.S. remained a raw products source, selling only cotton, corn, wheat, copper, and oil, the world went its own way. That way was to follow French fashions in women's clothes, jewellery and perfume, practice trade by English methods, and to look to Germany for science and music. But American invention and mass production have turned the United States into a manufacturing and distributing nation.

• Although the motion picture industry is not directly specified

in all these cases as the ambassador of commerce, there is not the least doubt that America's film trade has done a great deal more for its country than amuse and educate several million people for twelve hours a day. It has become so much a part of the lives of countless people, black, white, and yellow that it is going to take a great many generations and a vast revolution in technical achievement to eradicate it. Those of us, who read a little, hear good music sometimes and look at "real" pictures occasionally, can hardly appreciate fully what those other pictures, the movies, represent in the lives of the great multitude of people of every race. Once, or even twice or three times a week in England and America, a little less frequently in other countries, the average man or woman goes to the cinema, to get there the romance and relaxation, the excitement and the laughter that he cannot find in everyday life.

And what does he see? Sometimes, if he is lucky, he sees an intelligent, enterprising picture of his own country, with the places he knows, the language he speaks, and the circumstances he understands. Sometimes, if he is unlucky, he sees a stupid, botched film of his own country, with places that he knows to be unreal, speech he knows to be artificial, and circumstances that no man living could understand. But more often, infinitely more often, he sees a film of American life. He sees handsome, athletic heroes advertising the sporting curricula of Harvard; poised, smartly-dressed women with that elegance that New York has long ago appropriated from Paris and superseded; he sees the American forces triumphant on land, spectacular in the air, and dauntless on the sea. He sees romance swagger into the house through the tradesmen's entrance, and drama stalk the passengers in every down-town train. He sees all these far-off, unreal and fantastic things, and he prefers to see them. As a wise film executive once said to me: "The American film is a luxury cruise." It gives us just the holiday lift that helps us to get on with our workaday life better, and for that reason, if for no other, it will continue to be the dominating feature of the motion picture screen.

Against this deep-seated, psychological and, it must be noted, entirely voluntary preference, the British film industry shows few signs of being operative. There appears to be nobody in this

country who realizes that a film industry, to be successful, must get the emotional championship of the masses—that it must satisfy a desire which at the same time it stimulates and creates afresh in the imaginations of a million people every working day.

The cinema is primarily an exhibition, and the Englishman is a bad exhibitionist. Even the best of our films, like the best of our plays, have a tendency to submerge feeling, to draw in their defences against anything that looks like enthusiasm or sentiment, exuberance, or gargantuan fun. It is not quite the thing to display pride of country as a public exhibit, so our country, as far as we are concerned, is left unheralded and unsung. America, the opportunist and showman, produces such patriotic British epics as *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, *Clive of India*, and *Cavalcade*. America salutes the Union Jack in a rollicking version of *Treasure Island*, America tracks back into the quiet deeps of English history in a film like *Berkeley Square*. No studio in this country, I think, could compass the shape of these pictures. We are afraid of expressing their stubborn glory, their nostalgia. We are not showmen. Yet there is not one of us who can resist a good show when it is put before us. We like to meet on the screen the sentiments we could never bring ourselves to utter. That is one reason why England will always provide the audience, America will always produce the show.

At this particular juncture there is just one man in the British film industry, and only one, who can be counted upon to produce a "showman's" picture—a picture that will hold its own as entertainment beside the best work of any other studio in the world. That man, as you may have guessed, is Alexander Korda, creator of *Henry VIII*, *Catherine the Great*, and *The Scarlet Pimpernel*.

I wonder if the British industry will ever quite realize what it owes to Korda? It recognizes to the full the services rendered to British films by the Ostrer Brothers, whose financial interest and business acumen made it possible for the vast Gaumont-British organization, with its powerful chain of theatres and its numerous subsidiary companies, to be built up. But I have never found it quick to acknowledge the debt of prestige that it owes to this incalculable Hungarian genius, who did with

one picture what the united industry had hitherto failed to accomplish—put England on the map of the world as a film-producing country.

The British film industry, on the whole, is jealous of Korda, and Korda, to do him justice, doesn't care a rap how jealous it is. It is they, not he, who makes comparison. He just moves quietly and steadily on, evading quarrels, avoiding competition by consistently tackling material so difficult that no one of lesser calibre than himself could hope to compass it.

Alexander Korda is in many ways an odd anachronism—a man born five hundred years after his time. His is the kind of fecund and adventurous spirit that you find among the artists of the Renaissance; the known world is too small for his field of vision; he must always be out after fresh discoveries, searching for new words, new sounds, new images, to hold for a minute the promise of his dreams.

Korda only makes great pictures when he is a free agent—answerable only to himself, dependent on himself. He must have room to explore the plans that come too quickly, too easily, into his mind; he must be free to pick up a good idea, and discard it for a better, to experiment and toss away everything he has done. Korda shows his quality best when he rejects, without a backward thought, the Jubilee Film on which he has spent weeks of research and money, and then, while the rest of us are commiserating with him on the seemingly lost trick, puts two still safer tricks down on the table, the story of *Elizabeth of England* and the history of *The Conquest of the Air*.

In the matter of film production, it is seemingly an advantage not to be an Englishman, and Korda, although his company is British and London his present home, has that advantage. His work has the continental freedom from inhibitions; it is supple, frank, without self-consciousness. He can make films to the greater glory of England, if he pleases, as easily as Hollywood can turn out a bedroom scene. He can dissociate himself

from the traditions and embargoes of our centuries of teaching, and show some of the figures of history for the fools and poor bewildered men that they were.

Alexander Korda is at once a scholar and a showman, and so long as we can hold him in our native film industry we shall never be entirely bankrupt of success. But it would simply be foolhardy optimism to base our claims to a world film market on the genius of one single man—a man, moreover, who, in spite of the fact that his profits go into circulation in this country and help to employ British labour, is himself just about as British as the sun that gets up in the morning.

When we discuss the British film trade generally, it is not Korda and his company that we should consider, but the great bulk of our national activities—the films made by Michael Balcon and the Ostrers at Shepherd's Bush, by Julius Hagen at Twickenham, by John Maxwell for British International, by Herbert Wilcox for British and Dominions, by Basil Dean at Ealing, and by the various companies grinding out their annual share of quota "quickies" like sausages from a machine. These are the organizations that really represent the British cinema, and with a few honourable exceptions, such as *Man of Aran*, *Evensong*, *Blossom Time*, their product is not of a kind to give one much hope that the British film trade will shortly, or even eventually, dominate the world.

No one will profit, least of all the members of the industry, by burking the present situation. We are, at the moment, enjoying the fruits of professional tariffs, and at the same time profiting in our own theatres by America's temporary disability to meet the demands of modified English speech. But this harvest festival will pass. In three years time the Quota Act expires, and unless some form of modified protection is adopted by the government, British films will have to win their place in the open market by sheer competitive merit. At the same time America, never a slow learner, is rapidly modifying the dialect of

Hollywood into something approaching a standard international tongue.

By the time that our quota expires, Hollywood, it is anticipated, will be ready to supply the British market with films more satisfactorily British than our own. I can see only two courses for us to pursue if we are anxious to enter our film trade in the race for national honours. We must either reorganize our present cinema from top to bottom, replacing the vast majority of the personnel and developing along the lines indicated by a quarter of a century of American experience; or we must jump ahead and supersede the existent cinema by some new form of entertainment. Our best chance, I imagine, is to concentrate on colour, on stereoscopy, or on television, and to organize quickly along these lines of development before the pioneer genius of our transatlantic cousins has staked out every profitable claim.

TOUT S'ARRANGE

BY ANDRÉ MAUROIS

IT is a certain source of amusement to keep a diary, even one that, like my own, is very intermittent. In reading it again you come upon traces of facts and feelings which you have completely forgotten. Memory is awakened by a word; the pictures thus called up crowd into the mind, and the dead past takes life again. Things that appeared commonplace and vain as we entered them up in our journal take on a new interest when we look back. Even for our mistakes we can find a certain consolation, for they show the dangers of all prophecy and the vanity of nearly all our fears.

"December 1931.—Dinner at Madame de V.'s. Lively but gloomy conversation. I wonder whether such meetings will still be possible next year? Most of those who were there to-night think not. What has struck me in the past few weeks is the resigned pessimism of most of our friends. They predict catastrophes and wait for them sadly, without lifting a hand to prevent them. Among the company were some to whom it falls to take decisions. They seem without hope.

"B . . ., who is at the Quai d'Orsay, appears the most depressed of all. Briand, whom we saw this morning, said to him: 'I wash my hands of these follies.' Briand strongly blames the government which, instead of doing something reasonable, seeks to conciliate public opinion. But neither on the Left nor on the Right is it objective. In the question of the Polish Corridor it seems to become more and more impossible to find any solution, and that is probably the quarter where the first spark will fly. 'And as for Reparations,' says B., 'you will see, all the same, that we have got to give the Germans some hope of the payments ending at a date not too far off.' B. thinks they would be willing to go on paying till 1950, but, if so, the thing must be settled without delay.

"Another thing that seems very much to disturb people in politics is the American debt. Italy and England are going to pay. We shall be alone, and we shall become dangerously unpopular over there. What will happen then probably is that the Americans will seize private property. This is a very serious business. Finally, if Hitler were in the end successful in Germany, which, though unlikely, is not altogether impossible, the German-Italian alliance would then be certain.

"R . . ., who has just arrived from Basle and was one of those at the meeting of the Bank for International Settlements, complains of the selfishness of the great Powers. Every government is following its own monetary policy and disregarding everything but its own internal situation; not the slightest effort to get back to a universal and stable exchange. He cracks up an idea of Caillaux who, according to him, would like to transform the reparations owed by every country into a public European debt. R . . . thinks that inflation will become inevitable in every country during the year 1932. 'And, as the affairs of this planet are so bad,' he says, 'you've got to reduce the world's capital.'

"P . . . (who is a Minister) is the most gloomy of all. 'We are between two civilisations,' he says, 'an anarchical individualism on the one hand, which was successful during the whole of the nineteenth century but which is the cause of the crisis; and, on the other, a collectivism which the governing classes cannot accept. I see only two solutions: revolution or dictatorship. Now, neither of these is precisely what we desire.'

"'But,' I said, 'you are in the Government; can't you do something?'

"'We shall be out in a month,' he replied, with a shrug of the shoulders."

This is what was said by some important men three years ago, at the time when a difficult year was closing. What has happened to all the dangers that frightened us so much then? The Polish Corridor? Germans and Poles are agreed to say nothing more about it. Reparations? They died at Lausanne at the hands of those who were going to save them. The American debt? We have not paid, but as the English in the end took the same course, the isolation which was to be feared

has been avoided. Inflation? The franc seems more solid than ever. One thinks of the words of Talleyrand in a situation which also seemed desperate: "*Tout cela s'arrangera*," he said. "How?" he was asked. "By chance."

Chance is the most intelligent of negotiators. It is true that in evading the old dangers it sometimes shapes new combinations which are not less to be dreaded. But these combinations will themselves be fragile, and the true statesman is he who refuses to cloud the serenity of his judgment by vain and melancholy speculations on an unknown future. "Those who apply their minds to the calculation of events," writes Jacques Bainville, "reach results worth about as much as those obtained from reading the future in the bottom of a teacup." Let us waste no time, therefore, in calculating the events of a distant future, but gird ourselves to face them as they arise, whatever they be. Pessimism is feebleness, optimism the fault of the naïve; the wise man is a realist and lives in the present. Let us never forget that most of the anxieties which keep us awake at nights in 1935 will seem to us, in 1938, ridiculous fancies.

THE ILLUSION OF PEACE PACTS

BY ROBERT MACHRAY

EVER since the conclusion of the Peace Treaties the world, and Europe in particular, has been more or less strenuously engaged on what is known as the organization of peace. Sometimes this great effort is more simply phrased as the pursuit and attainment of stable equilibrium. But, however described, it has proved a long, arduous and tiresome business, marked with fluctuations of hopes and fears—and a prodigious pile of pacts, most of them not worth the paper they were written on. And still more pacts are in prospect!

The head and front of the opposition to the *status quo* was (and is) Germany. For years the League was regarded, not without reason, as being run in the interests of France and her friends. After the Ruhr affair the prospect of peace, based on the treaties, but with modifications, predominated, and hence the Locarno treaties of 1925. Within the League disarmament was shown to be indissolubly linked with security, and pacts, such as the Geneva Protocol, were discussed, but without result in the end. The German tactic of the day was conciliatory, and Locarno caused a wave of optimism to flow over Europe—France and Germany were to drop their age-old antagonism and be reconciled! But what had taken place was, that while the former had in a measure increased her security, the formidable question of the latter's eastern frontier remained open.

In the Locarno year the League formed a commission to prepare for a Disarmament Conference, and in 1927 set up a committee on arbitration and security. In that year the League published a book entitled *Arbitration and Security*, a quarto volume of 500 pages, giving the text of EIGHTY-FIVE treaties—pacts is the more comprehensive word—of which it had cognizance. Most of these pacts had been concluded during 1923-27; all were supposed to bear on the peace of the world, though most

dealt with that of Europe alone. The atmosphere of Europe was pacific, though some observers spoke of a "surface calm", but general opinion attached a fairly high value to these pacts, and indeed to the making of pacts, in the absence of serious challenge. It was the Briand-Stresemann period of "fulfilment" and "co-operation".

In those days, when the situation was not acute, the League, and in fact the mind of the world, was still seeking peace through disarmament. In 1927 the Soviet came forward with a proposal for universal disarmament, and in 1928 with a more restricted plan. Its proposals came as a surprise, but were accepted as signs of a general trend. In 1928 the Pact of Paris, or Briand-Kellogg Pact, was signed by practically all Governments, which thereby renounced war as an instrument of policy, war for self-defence being reserved. This pact led to vast outpourings of what can only be called gush. But it was soon realized that the pact was insufficient, its defects being the non-definition of an aggressor and the lack of "sanctions" against such a peace-breaker. It guaranteed exactly nothing.

The Disarmament Conference met for the first time in February, 1932. It was encompassed from the beginning by the gravest difficulties owing to the divergent or opposed views of the delegates, each as a rule much more nationally than internationally inspired. Practically all the Powers, big and little, took their stand on their own interests. Various proposals and counter-proposals have been submitted and debated since the conference opened, and as most of these nascent pacts have so far ended in sheer futility, it is unnecessary to dwell on them here. The exception is the agreement by Great Britain, France, Italy, and the United States with Germany in December, 1932, when von Schleicher was Chancellor. That agreement had been preceded by the withdrawal of the Germans from the conference, but they returned to it after gaining their point. Briefly, their claim to equality of rights, though somewhat hedged about, was conceded in principle, the understanding being that, while equality was to be realized by stages, the restrictions imposed by the Versailles Treaty were to be replaced by limitations of armaments, for other Powers as well as Germany, to be covered by a convention to be drafted by the conference.

That fateful concession to Germany was the turning-point of the post-War years. During most of them she had not been intransigent. She had been welcomed into the League, and had taken a prominent part in its proceedings. She had been able in a quiet, clever manner to make considerable headway towards regaining her former position in Europe—Stresemann's policy was continued for some time after his death. But in 1932 there was a marked change in her attitude, which now denoted the consciousness of her growing strength. It was a resurgent Germany that fought and won at Geneva. If she did not immediately threaten the foundations of peace in Europe, she implicitly challenged the *status quo*. This was not fully perceived in Great Britain or on the Continent, and there still was no terrifying fear of Germany among her neighbours. Then came Adolf Hitler, and it needed his triumphant sweep to power in 1933 to open the eyes of the world to a new, but not really so very new, Germany. In truth, the change had gone very far before he became Chancellor, but he imparted to it a dynamic energy it had lacked before.

Germany still professed that equality was her goal, but she did not conceal the fact that when it had been attained, and the Versailles Treaty deprived of its military value, her real aim was territorial revision. But even in 1932 she had not been alone in her campaign for the revision of the treaties, for she was aided and abetted by Mussolini's championship of the claims of Hungary in opposition to the Little Entente's determination to maintain the existing order in Central and South-Eastern Europe. As the combined result of the German success at Geneva and Italian support, two pacts were the immediate outcome. One was the agreement by which the Little Entente transformed itself by a "Pact of Reorganization" into the equivalent of a Great Power—a pact which still works well. The other was the Four-Power Pact, the quest for which led Mr. MacDonald and Sir John Simon to visit Mussolini early in 1933. The British Ministers were discomfited when they found that the Duce was interested far more in revision than in any other feature of the situation. When this became known the Little Entente, whose territories were threatened, made such an outcry, especially embarrassing to France, that it was plain that peace was not to

be served in that way, Dr. Benesh said bluntly, "*C'est la guerre*". Poland, on the same and other grounds, objected to this pact, but in an emasculated form it attained the arid dignity of being initialed—and has got no farther.

Japan's action in Manchuria in 1932-33 had very distinct repercussions throughout Europe via Soviet Russia, to say nothing of the well-nigh shattering blow to the peace fabric of the world occasioned by her withdrawal from the League. In 1933 the Soviet Government, in evident alarm and no longer able to count on the support of Germany, hastened to make pacts of non-aggression with as many of its neighbours as it could induce to sign them—Poland, some of the Baltic States, the Little Entente and so on. The Soviet simply showered pacts, and later enlarged these by further pacts with a definition of aggression covering the various forms of military activity. Not content with all these pacts, the Soviet kept on increasing its already large armed forces, while it incessantly preached to its own people that war was imminent, and bade them be ready for it at any moment.

Unquestionably Hitler was encouraged by Japan's success in the attitude he assumed in 1933. Its ambiguity was manifest, for while he was insisting on equality of rights, though making pacific speeches at the same time, his chief supporters and the whole weight of Nazi teaching inculcated the integration of the entire population of Germany in one colossal military machine, about which there certainly was nothing pacific. War hysteria was prevalent throughout the country, and re-armament, scarcely concealed or denied, proceeded on a large and ever-rising scale. Italy was not then much concerned about it, as she inclined to Hitler; in the summer, under Mussolini's influence, suggestions were freely offered of resuscitating the Four-Power Pact. The League and the Disarmament Conference alike were in the doldrums. Meanwhile the States bordering Germany, more especially Austria, were full of apprehension and turmoil, nor could this feverish condition be modified when in October Hitler abruptly withdrew from both League and Disarmament Conference—an intimation of Germany's strength more significant even than her previous withdrawal.

At once the fear of the imminence of war, by then almost an

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idée fixe in many minds, was heightened. Authoritative-looking statements of the magnitude of Germany's re-armament were published, the emphasis being laid on its vastly increased air forces. Revision threw its dark shadow over Europe, and many pacts were suddenly seen to have little vital worth in face of the development of Germany once more into a great military Power, with a definite Pan-German programme behind it. Hitler himself elected, however, to pose as the Apostle of Peace. On January 30th, 1934, the first anniversary of his regime, he pointed to the Ten-Years Pact he had signed with Poland a few days previously, renouncing the use of force for settling disputes, as a striking proof of his desire for peace. Yet almost at once Rumania, Yugoslavia, Greece, and Turkey entered into a pact guaranteeing their frontiers in the Balkans—a plain hint to Germany as well as, of course, to other Powers, of their inmitigable hostility to revision. More in the public eye was what took place in Austria in the first months of last year; there Hitler's double-faced policy was seen in Nazi terrorism aiming at her absorption by his Third Reich. Great Britain, France, and Italy called a halt by a joint declaration supporting Austrian independence. This was followed on March 17th by the signature of the Rome Protocols by Italy, Hungary, and Austria, the first of those three pacts being consultative, that is, political.

Thus, a cleavage in South-Central and South-Eastern Europe was indicated. Mussolini still oriented himself to Hitler, and seemed unshakably revisionist, to the delight of Hungary, but to the deep displeasure of the Little Entente and Balkan Pact States. A far worse feature of the crisis was the publication, shortly after that of the Rome Protocols, of the estimates for the German Ministry of Defence exhibiting enormous increases in expenditure, notably for the air arm. Most States of Europe were alarmed, and the prospects of peace perceptibly diminished. It was a severe testing-time for pacts, of which the number now approached *two hundred* of various sorts, but all ostensibly making for peace. The one Great Power which had all along pinned its faith to the virtue of pacts was France, and in deadly earnest she set about making sure that her belief was justified.

After a series of weak Governments France, in 1934, was in stronger hands, with M. Barthou as Foreign Minister. Finding

from Notes exchanged that he could look for no help to French security from Great Britain, Barthou began a "pilgrimage of the pacts" to ascertain their precise value. He started by going to Warsaw, but his visit was rather disappointing. Poland stood by the alliance, but she now also based herself on a Ten-Year's Pact with Hitler—and that made a difference, which was accentuated by resentment that French policy had been cooling towards her for some time past. A visit to Prague was much more satisfactory to Barthou inasmuch as he was assured of the perfect fidelity of the Little Entente, and this was confirmed when in June he went to Bucharest and Belgrade. He was anxious to bring about better relations between Italy and Yugoslavia, and some progress was made; but what finally emerged about this time was a proposal for another pact—the Eastern Pact, which Litvinov had originated some months earlier. In July Barthou came to London to discuss it and other matters. The British Government regarded the pact with benevolence; indeed, Barthou's visit was a conspicuous success, which was amazingly fostered by the Hitler "clean-up" of June 30th and the intensity of the Nazi action in Austria, which a little later led to the murder of Dollfuss and an abortive *putsch*.

These events resulted in a complete change in Italian policy. Mussolini mobilized strong forces on the Brenner to safeguard Austrian independence. Yugoslavia protested. But it was soon clear that a new spirit of *rapprochement* informed the Duce's attitude to Barthou, whom he had accused shortly before of "pactomania", and it was agreed that Barthou should go to Rome in November, after King Alexander had visited Paris and had sufficiently harmonized Yugoslav-Italian relations. Mussolini announced that a pact with France was on the way; but the murder of Alexander and Barthou intervened. The assassination of its sovereign tremendously excited the Yugoslav nation, whose Press levelled charges of complicity at both Italy and Hungary; but all the resources of diplomacy, as well as the influence of the League of Nations, were successfully employed to avert what might have been a spreading danger. Accusations against Italy were quietly dropped from the inquest at Geneva, where she appeared as one of the judges, and the verdict on Hungary was on the lines of "Not Guilty, but don't do it again".

The truth was that the French Government, in which M. Laval had replaced Barthou, and equally the Italian Government were both determined to proceed with the Franco-Italian pact, as both had in their possession much detailed information of the length to which the re-armament of Germany had gone, and were perfectly aware of the designs that lay behind that re-armament. Something had to be conceded to Mussolini; no doubt there was some hard bargaining, but Laval contrived to satisfy him sufficiently before or in the course of their Rome conversations in the beginning of this year. The territory yielded to Italy was inconsiderable either in extent or importance, but as she was given an interest in the Jibuti-Addis Ababa railway in the shape of shares, there was the inescapable suggestion that it might become valuable if pressure was desired on Abyssinia, with whom a sharp controversy already existed about frontiers.

The Rome Pact, signed on January 7th, comprises several documents, of which the full text, except of the agreement uniting France and Italy for consultation and collaboration, has not yet been published, though their general bearing is known. The subsidiaries relate to Austria and the Danube area, the States principally concerned being recommended to sign pacts of Austrian guarantees, of non-interference in each other's internal affairs, and of doing nothing that aimed at a change by force of each other's territorial integrity. Designated the Southern Pact, it was to be signed by Italy, Germany, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and Austria, but was also to be open for the signatures of France, Poland and Rumania. The Franco-Italian agreement, the main pact, was widely hailed as the greatest achievement for peace since Locarno—the Briand-Kellogg Pact, which in its day had received quite as high praise, was forgotten. But it cannot be too clearly stated and understood that the new pact had its genesis in the fear which both Italy and France felt of the re-armament of Germany. Mussolini stated frankly that the pact constituted a "common Franco-Italian attitude in possible eventualities".

The subsidiary Rome pacts seem to please neither the Little Entente nor Hungary, the clients of France and Italy respectively, though the Little Entente has accorded its approval in principle. It is difficult to believe that Hungary will abandon her demand

for revision, and it is quite on the cards that she will look to Hitler if she thinks she can no longer count on Mussolini. With regard to Austria, Hitler has apparently shifted his tactics from downright intimidation to "friendly collaboration", thus taking a leaf out of the book of his enemies' technique. But it is her own internal weakness that is the worst misfortune of Austria. From within she is attacked and enfeebled on two sides—by her Nazis, whom Germany persists in regarding as the strongest element in the country; and by her Socialists, who are again active despite repression. The Hitlerization of Austria is for obvious reasons most stubbornly opposed by Czechoslovakia, as also by France, who, however, may not be so set in her hostility to the Habsburgs. At any rate, it can no longer be said that a Habsburg restoration is absolutely out of the question—and this may be true of Hungary too. "Better Habsburg than Hitler" may be heard even in Prague.

With Laval's return from Rome, negotiations touching the Eastern Pact went on again in Paris, but these had long been conducted in heavy weather, and continued to be so, owing to the reserved, if not actually hostile, attitude of Poland, and the community of interests she was establishing with Germany. If there was no fundamental change in Polish foreign policy, there was enough appearance of it to annoy France. On the other hand, French policy respecting Poland had not been happy or well-inspired for several years, and Warsaw was in the mood to take her own line. As France drew towards Soviet Russia, Poland drew away from France towards Germany, a trend not likely to be diverted by the startling increase, recently announced authoritatively in Moscow, in the military strength of the Soviet.

It is interesting to seek for the deeper reason for this change in Polish policy, for the antipathy between Poles and Germans is proverbial. During the War Marshal Pilsudski, who alone directs Polish foreign policy, fought with his Legions as a Russian Pole against Russia and for the Central Powers, until he realized that the latter would never give Poland independence; then he opposed the Germans, who threw him into prison. But his natural bent is inevitably to regard Russia with more intense suspicion and dislike than Germany—if he had been born a German Pole his mentality would be different. At present he

keeps both France and Germany guessing, but he does not favour the Eastern Pact, his preference, like Hitler's, being in any case for bilateral pacts. Originally it was contemplated by its promoters that the Eastern Pact should include Germany, Russia, Poland, and the Little Entente or at least Czechoslovakia, with French support in the background, but now a pact has been mooted without either Poland or Germany, as their opposition to it is so strong and determined.

With the perils of the Saar plebiscite safely overcome, Laval, accompanied by M. Flandin, the French Premier, and fortified by the Rome Pact, came to London at the end of January on the quest of additional security for France. Putting before the British Government plain, convincing statements, based on French and Italian secret service reports, of the extent of German re-armament, and their belief that this gave terrible actuality to the German urge for an expansion going beyond even treaty revision, the French Ministers succeeded in procuring the Anglo-French Agreement. This new pact is a fresh attempt to get Germany to co-operate or "collaborate" in establishing a European order assuring to all security and equal rights—but exactly what order and what equal rights had still to be defined: the crux of the whole matter. At best, the response of Germany was uncertain, yet at once the pact was greeted, as other pacts of promise had been in the past, with a swelling volume of uncritical approval, notably in the Press supporting our Government. The fundamental facts of the situation were glossed over or calmly ignored.

For the British people the main result of the London meeting is the proposed Air Pact linking up Great Britain, France, Belgium, and Italy with Germany on the Locarno basis, but with immediate action, if necessary, postulated. But the official *communiqué* went much farther afield, for it covered the Rome Pact, the proposed Austrian, Southern, and Eastern Pacts, to all of which the British Government expressed its good will. It also suggested a general settlement making "provision for the organization of the security of Europe, particularly by means of the conclusion of pacts, freely negotiated by all the interested parties, and assuring mutual assistance in Eastern Europe". In fact, more and more pacts, as though there was not such an

abundance of them already! It was tantamount to saying that most of those were worthless—just so many scraps of paper.

Italy, whose inclusion in the Air Pact had rather the look of an afterthought from the way in which it figured in Sir John Simon's broadcast, has intimated her acceptance of its principle. Belgium has signified her approval. As Hitler is now solid with the Reichswehr and the Junker elements, his reply was likely to be less explosive than in the earlier stage of his regime, but not less firm in tone. Handed to the British Ambassador in Berlin on February 14th in a short *aide-mémoire*, it expressed Hitler's willingness to negotiate an Air Pact and to consider the *communiqué* as a basis for discussing the possibilities of a European settlement; but great reserve was shown respecting the Southern, Austrian, and Eastern Pacts, though these, too, he was willing to discuss.

In a word, Hitler favours, and no doubt foresees with pleasure, long negotiations—and the longer the period over which they can be spun out the better he will be pleased, as thereby the re-armament of Germany will be all the more advanced. He plays for delay—a waiting game, or rather another move in it. In our papers it is more than hinted that Sir John Simon is to visit Berlin. Can it be that he expects Hitler will tear away for him that veil of secrecy over German re-armament which Mr. Baldwin deplored and begged in vain to have drawn aside? And as for pacts, all so far have been ineffective, since they have not prevented that re-armament; on the contrary, they have assisted it by fostering illusions. Owing to the conspicuous lack of candour in so many of our Government's declarations, public opinion is not too honestly informed of the fundamentals of the situation. As things stand, no belief should be encouraged in any pacts whatsoever unless they have the weight of the big battalions behind them.

AN URGENT CANADIAN REFORM

BY J. A. STEVENSON

EVIDENCE accumulates that the issue of constitutional reform is going to bulk large in Canadian politics in the coming years, and is likely to be the subject of sharp and prolonged controversies before a satisfactory settlement is achieved. It has become increasingly clear that the present constitutional arrangements embodied in the British North America Act, the charter of Canadian Confederation, which was a statute passed by the British Parliament in 1866, are producing continuous strains and stresses, and creating grave administrative difficulties which impede the progress and development of the Dominion. The view is now firmly held among a large body of Canadian opinion that a revision of the constitution cannot without serious consequences be indefinitely postponed.

The fundamental cause of the difficulties which have arisen is that the framers of the Canadian constitution built it for a pioneer community composed chiefly of farmers and lumbermen, and did not foresee the development of Canada into a complex society, with an abundant and varied industrial life. The union of the British colonies in North America was in a large measure a direct result of the American Civil War. During the course of that conflict the British colonies had been living in a nervous atmosphere of war scares, and there was some justification for the fears they felt that the victorious North, which had deeply resented British sympathy with the South, would not long pursue a policy of friendliness. The ruling politicians of the Canadian colonies, therefore, believing that union would bring greater strength to cope with an aggressive neighbour flushed with victory, sank their differences and feuds and co-operated cordially for the achievement of the pact of Confederation.

Their general intention was to take a lesson from the experience of the United States, which seemed to provide an example of

the results of divided authority. The original objective of the Fathers of Confederation was therefore to unite the colonies under a strong central government: there was to be no division of sovereignty, no state rights, no possibility left for secessionist movements.

But the real centralised union which was planned proved to be an impossible ideal. The chief obstacle was geography. The centres of settlement were then separated from one another by vast stretches of unbroken wilderness; communications between them were imperfect, and there had developed sectional particularism and loyalties which could not be hastily eliminated. During the discussions they were given free play and at one stage seemed certain to frustrate the whole project of union. But the British Government intervened with its influence, strengthened by the powerful lever of its financial resources, to force through a compromise solution. It bought out the territorial rights of the Hudson Bay Company and made a present of the vast domain known as the North-West Territories to the new Dominion. At the same time it guaranteed the cost of building the railway system known as the Inter-colonial, which linked the Central with the Maritime provinces and gave the latter direct access to the Atlantic. But Nova Scotia and New Brunswick had almost to be dragged into the union, and the diffidence of both Prince Edward Island and British Columbia, which stayed out at first, was overcome later by the offer of attractive prospects.

The British North America Act, as it eventually emerged from the legislative mill at Westminster, did aim at a strong centralized government. The powers and jurisdiction allocated to the provinces were strictly defined and limited, and the residuum of sovereignty was left to the Dominion Government. The central authority was also endowed with the right to nullify provincial legislation if it were deemed contrary to the general interest of the country. It therefore had complete sovereignty, if it desired to exercise it. The only special safeguards for the provinces were concerned with their territorial areas, the language rights of the French race and the educational privileges of religious minorities. There were no reservations about economic rights, and at first sight the Dominion appeared to be vested with unchallengeable jurisdiction over them. It had unrestricted power

over taxation, being authorised to impose taxes "by any mode or system," and its control over commerce seemed quite explicit. It had jurisdiction over currency, monetary and banking policy, the customs, excise and railways; while the ownership of the vast western terrain automatically endowed it with control of immigration policy, and thereby with the regulation of the expansion and development of the country. The administration of criminal law and the appointment of the judiciary were also placed under its control.

Indeed, so wide and comprehensive were the powers conferred on the Dominion that there seemed to be comparatively little left for the provinces to do. They had jurisdiction over property and civil rights and controlled licences of various kinds, also they were authorized to "raise direct taxation for a provincial revenue"; but their powers were very circumscribed and their Budgets were comparatively small. The Dominion Government had also the prestige as well as the authority, and aspiring politicians regularly forsook the provincial field for what they deemed the more spacious Federal arena.

This condition persisted up to the end of the nineteenth century. But with the industrial and general economic development which gathered momentum about that time, there began a gradual shifting of the balance of power to the provinces. The growth of the great pulp and paper industry enhanced the importance of the eastern forests, which were all controlled by the provincial administrations. At the same time there was a progressive development of hydro-electric power, which fell under provincial jurisdiction. Then rich discoveries of gold, silver, and other ore bodies in Ontario and British Columbia, and later in Quebec and Manitoba, brought into existence a continually expanding mining industry, which developed a substantial population and provided the provinces with additional revenues. Furthermore, there were established a series of public utility corporations, performing various functions, and all of them paid toll to the provincial treasuries. Another source of revenue was opened up when the provincial governments through their control of licences began to take charge of the sale and distribution of liquor through provincial boards; and yet another was discovered in the tax on petrol and in the licensing

of motor-cars. The Federal Government may exercise jurisdiction over the railways, but the highways have now become equally important arteries of transportation, and it is the provinces which are responsible for their construction and upkeep.

The result has been a steady expansion of the provincial revenues. The case of Ontario, the largest province of the Dominion, is typical. At the time of Confederation the Provincial Government budgeted on the basis of a revenue of \$2,250,000, a large part of which came from the subsidy paid by the Federal Treasury. By 1919 the annual revenue of this province had come to exceed sixty million dollars. Quebec could show an almost parallel increase in its Budget, and the other provinces revealed an expansion only lesser in degree.

The provinces, which were the original parties to the pact of Confederation, had never parted with their natural resources but when Saskatchewan and Alberta were in 1903 carved out of the North-West Territories and endowed with provincial constitutions, the Dominion Government insisted upon retaining control of the natural resources in their areas. The ground on which this was done was that, as they were responsible for the immigration policy of the Dominion, they must have control of the Crown lands on which free homesteads would be available for the incoming immigrants.

The Federal control of these natural resources soon became an acute political grievance in the provinces affected, and for a quarter of a century it was a perennial issue at provincial elections. Parties in opposition invariably pledged themselves to wrest control of the natural resources from Ottawa or perish in the attempt; and, if they attained power and found a government of the opposite party in office at Ottawa, they made constant trouble for it over the question. Successive Federal administrations found ways and means of staving off the demand of the prairie provinces, but eventually, after all but a fraction of the good arable land in the gift of the Crown had been alienated, the Liberal administration of Mr. Mackenzie King capitulated in 1930 and transferred all their natural resources to the prairie provinces. Moreover, it accepted the arguments of the latter that they were entitled to compensation for the loss of revenue suffered by the withholding of the resources, and an agreement

was reached that its amount should be determined by arbitration tribunals. Manitoba has already been awarded some four million dollars, and the tribunals which have been considering the claims of Saskatchewan and Alberta are on the verge of completing their labours. Saskatchewan has pitched its claim for compensation at the preposterous figure of 250 million dollars, but will, of course, like Manitoba, only receive a fraction of the amount demanded.

But the free transference to the western provinces of their natural resources provided the Maritime provinces with an acute grievance. As partners in Confederation they contended that they had vested rights in the western domain and were entitled to compensation for the deprivation of these rights. They have, therefore, agitated without remission for more generous subsidies from the Federal Treasury and other kinds of special concessions. Though they have succeeded in part, they are not content, and have been agitating continuously for further concessions.

A Royal Commission appointed by the Liberal Government of Nova Scotia has lately found that that province is entitled to a further enlargement of its annual subsidy from the Federal Treasury, and another Royal Commission nominated by the Dominion Government is at present investigating the justice of the demands jointly submitted by the three Maritime provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island for a readjustment of their present financial arrangements with the central government.

Again, all the four western provinces have in recent years been coming cap in hand at intervals to Ottawa and requesting financial succour to meet pressing debt obligations and to provide for unemployment relief and other social services. They have frankly intimated that, if such succour were not forthcoming, they would be compelled to default on their debt obligations. The Bennett Ministry, in its anxiety to avoid any strain upon the public credit of Canada, has complied. It has made advances on a very generous scale to the embarrassed western provinces, until the total amount of these loans exceeds sixty million dollars.

Today, even with their expanded revenues, many of the provinces find it impossible to make ends meet, and have reached

the limits of local taxable capacity. Injudicious borrowings for extravagant programmes of public works in the optimistic boom days are partially responsible for their financial troubles. But this is far from the whole explanation. The truth is that the framers of the Canadian Constitution, constructing it for a simple pioneer community, saddled the provinces with responsibilities for social legislation which in the course of years have become an increasingly expensive burden. For some of them the cost of unemployment relief during the depression is the straw that has broken the camel's back. The Bennett Ministry, however, has now grown tired of handing out large loans at regular intervals without any assurance that they will ever be repaid. It holds that whoever pays the piper should call the tune and that, if the Federal Treasury is to pay for social legislation like old age pensions and unemployment insurance because the provinces are unable to meet the bills for them, it should be vested with administrative jurisdiction over the social services, for which it in reality pays.

At this point the constitutional issue emerges in the foreground, and the argument is advanced that the constitution of Canada is a statutory strait-jacket which has prevented any satisfactory programme of social legislation for the Dominion. By social legislation is meant control of wages, hours and labour conditions, social insurance, regulation of prices and of the distribution of merchandise, and co-operation in international efforts towards improvements in health and the suppression of traffic in vice. The Parliamentary Commission which has for months past been investigating wages, price spreads, mass buying and correlated problems, has accumulated a mass of evidence showing that the laws passed by the provinces, which have exclusive jurisdiction in such matters, have been more honoured in the breach than in the observance, and have failed to prevent the development of grave social abuses. Considerable success has attended the Workmen's Compensation laws which the provinces have passed, and health legislation and its administration have been reasonably efficient. But in the other spheres of social legislation a very unfortunate state of affairs has been revealed, and the disclosures of its consequences, which have been recently made, have led to a widespread demand for remedial measures.

One prime difficulty about the enforcement of adequate social legislation in Canada has been the different standards of regulation and administration adopted by the provinces. Attempts have been made by conferences to secure co-operation for the achievement of uniform standards, but they have met with little success. Some of the provinces have framed their social legislation on a lower plane than their neighbours, and even then failed to administer it efficiently. One of their motives, it is suggested, has been a desire to attract industrial enterprises, which would naturally prefer the province with the lightest check upon their freedom of action and the smallest financial burdens in connection with social legislation.

During the parliamentary inquiry the excuse was freely advanced by officials of the Government of Ontario and by industrial interests in that province that connivance at habitual violation of the provincial minimum wage laws was almost essential if Ontario manufacturers were to meet the competition of rival manufacturers in Quebec, where the minimum wage law was at a lower level and more laxly enforced. Undoubtedly in this era of large-scale production and rapid transportation it is unfair to expect one territorial section of an economic unit to maintain costs of production and enforce social standards out of line with those maintained by other sections of the same unit; because the producers and manufacturers in the province with the higher standards will inevitably have difficulty in meeting the competition of goods produced in the units with lower standards.

In Canada this particular problem has recently been brought into high relief by the declaration of the Liberal Government of British Columbia that it finds a number of its producers are suffering severely from the competition of goods produced under lower wages and working standards, and therefore more cheaply, in certain Eastern provinces. It is therefore determined to check such unfair competition in order to safeguard the social standards established for its workers. The Premier, Mr. Pattullo, in defending his policy, explained that British Columbia has moved faster than the rest of the Dominion in raising the standard of living for a greater percentage of her people, but that she could not maintain her standards if the province was to be flooded with shipments of goods "produced by cheaper labour

without subjection in this market to the same conditions as the home-produced article."

His allegations have been hotly resented by the Government of Quebec, which denies their validity. Mr. Taschereau, the Premier, has declared that any measures which the government of British Columbia may take to check the free inflow of goods from other provinces will be invalid by reason of the provision of the British North America Act, which forbids any internal trade barriers between the Canadian provinces.

It has become clear that, if there is to be any effective social legislation for the Canadian people for minimum wages, hours of labour, and similar problems, it must be on a national scale, and events are obviously moving in the direction of a sharp constitutional controversy about the problems involved. Last autumn Mr. Bennett, realizing that constitutional reform was an indispensable prelude to industrial reform, invited the provincial governments to attend an inter-provincial conference at Ottawa for a discussion of the problems involved, and in his letter of invitation suggested the following questions, *inter alia*, for consideration:

- (1) What steps can be taken to reduce the evils of duplicate taxation and provide a more logical allocation of sources of revenue now available to Dominion and provinces?
- (2) Are the provinces prepared to surrender their exclusive jurisdiction over legislation dealing with such problems as old age pensions, unemployment and social insurance, hours and conditions of work, minimum wages, etc., to the Dominion Parliament? If so, on what terms and conditions?
- (3) In the event of its being determined that the legislative jurisdiction of the Dominion Parliament and provincial legislation as at present defined by the British North America Act should be modified, a determination of the form in which the amendments to the British America Act should be made.

From some of the provinces a cordial response to the invitation was at once forthcoming, but others either returned a chilly answer or manifested complete indifference. Unfortunately for the success of a settlement of the constitutional problem by such a Conference, seven out of the nine provincial administrations are controlled by the Liberal party, and their ruling spirits are indisposed to give any co-operation in helping a Conservative government to sponsor a programme of reform and gain political credit for it. When it became obvious, therefore, that certain

Liberal provincial Premiers were determined to play politics, Mr. Bennett abandoned for the time being the project of an inter-provincial conference on constitutional problems.

But the issue is not going to be allowed to rest there, for in the series of broadcast addresses which Mr. Bennett delivered at the beginning of the year he has committed himself and his party to a comprehensive programme of social reform, some of whose most important features cannot be given legislative effect without drastic amendments to the constitution. The salient items in the programme which he has outlined are :

- (1) Enactment of uniform federal laws governing rates of wages and hours of work.
- (2) Curtailment by heavier taxation of the income of non-producers who live on interest and dividend payments in order to secure a readjustment in a dis-equilibrium now visible in the distribution of the national income for the benefit of active workers.
- (3) Special measures to ensure that workers shall not suffer from technological improvements in industry which replace human by machine labour.
- (4) A national system of unemployment insurance, to which the workers, the employers and the state will each contribute, on the model of the British plan.
- (5) The substitution of a sound and scientific scheme for the present unsatisfactory system of old age pensions.

But before the Bennett Ministry can hope to enact federal legislation about minimum wages or maximum hours of labour, or establish a national system of unemployment insurance, it must secure an enlargement of its jurisdiction at the expense of the provinces, and battle will be joined on this issue. There is considerable speculation about the attitude of the Liberal party, which is by no means harmonious in its views on the subject. Mr. Pattullo, Premier of British Columbia, has pronounced wholeheartedly in favour of a revision of the constitution in order to make possible uniformity in social legislation. On the other hand, Mr. Taschereau, Premier of Quebec, is a complete diehard on the subject of constitutional reform and has vowed time and again that he will fight to the last ditch against any surrender of provincial jurisdiction or invasion of provincial rights ; he has already criticized certain aspects of Mr. Bennett's new programme as an unwarrantable inroad upon the provincial sphere. Apparently he is going to find an ardent

ally in Mr. Mitchell Hepburn, the Liberal Premier of Ontario, who has also been warning Mr. Bennett not to interfere with matters which are outside his jurisdiction. With these two powerful Liberal politicians hostile to the constitutional reforms which Mr. Bennett desires, it is difficult to see how Mr. Mackenzie King and his followers can give any encouragement to them at the present juncture. But they will have to move warily, as they might easily find themselves in the position of being represented as reactionary obstructionists of necessary reforms, and lose at the general election, with disastrous results to their fortunes, the support of voters who want both constitutional and social reforms.

In the Speech from the Throne there were forecast measures for unemployment insurance and the establishment of maximum hours of work, but there was not the slightest mention of constitutional reform. The presumption is, therefore, that the Bennett Ministry proposes to pass these measures and leave it to the aggrieved provinces to challenge their validity in the courts.

A resolution was moved in the House of Commons on January 28th by Mr. Woodsworth, the leader of the Co-operative Commonwealth party, calling for a study by a special committee of the best way in which the British North America Act may be amended. It produced a very interesting and remarkably harmonious debate, in which all parties were found more or less in agreement that substantial reforms of Canada's constitution were desirable, and further that the first step in this direction should be the acquisition by Canada of the right to amend her own constitution by her own act. Mr. Woodsworth explicitly disclaimed any idea of interfering with the rights of racial and religious minorities secured by the Constitution, or of challenging any legitimate provincial claims about jurisdiction, but he quoted chapter and verse to demonstrate how archaic and inadequate for a modern industrialized community was a constitution framed nearly seventy years ago, and how its provisions had repeatedly proved an obstacle to social reforms, and would continue to do so unless amended.

Mr. Guthrie, the Minister of Justice, who replied for the Government, was in cordial agreement with this diagnosis of

the constitutional situation, and pronounced strongly in favour of immediate amendment. But, while he held that the Federal Parliament had probably the legal right to secure amendments of the British North America Act from the British Parliament through a joint petition from both Houses of the Canadian Parliament, he expressed doubts whether the British Parliament would not insist upon the concurrence of the Provinces as parties to the contract of Confederation. He therefore favoured the course of securing the assent of the Provinces to the necessary constitutional amendments at an inter-provincial conference, as Mr. Bennett had suggested earlier. However, the Government is going to set up the committee and, until it has made its investigation and reports, no further developments about the constitutional issue need be anticipated.

WITH ONE'S OWN HORSES

A Tale of the Baltic

BY ALBERT JAROSY

THE fateful letter from Baron Arwid von Kersten (of Rossbülen) to Baron Hamilkar von Kersten (of Zierullen) arrived on a Wednesday.

The barometer stood at CHANGE.

Johann arranged the breakfast tray according to invariable rule: rusks to the left, egg to the right, and jam in the middle. Cocking an eye at the minute-hand of the kitchen clock, he whipped out his white cotton gloves and opened the bedroom door without knocking.

"What's the time?", asked the Baron, who was sitting at a little table near the fire polishing his nails. He had asked this question every morning for the last twenty-three years.

"Nine o'clock, Herr Baron", answered Johann, adding in a monotone, as though delivering a report: "Barometer 680, temperature 7 degrees."

"Thanks", said the Baron.

He was wearing a Turkish dressing-gown, with a striped silk scarf round his neck, and his feet were thrust into fur-lined slippers. He hadn't shaved, but had put on all his rings, for without his rings his fingers felt cold.

Johann laid the breakfast-table, and handed the letter on a silver salver. "You may go", said the Baron, ramming the black horn-rimmed monocle into his left eye.

Slowly shlooping his tea, he squinted down at the letter, trying to guess the sender from the handwriting. He twirled the letter about in his fingers, and became aware of the seal at the back. He held it up close to his monocle. Then he got up and fetched his spectacles from the table by the bed. Those

were the Kersten arms: two lions rampant, surmounted by a mailed fist.

"Shemper militansh", lisped the Baron, for he had not yet put in his denture. He stared in front of him for the space of several minutes. Then he opened the envelope with care.

February 5th, 1907.

DEAR COUSIN,

I've got a young man here to write what I dictate. You'll be better able to read it that way. We of Rossbülen have never been much in the way of writers. You of Zierullen, on the other hand, were always great on culture. Well, every man to his job—anyhow, you're only the younger branch. Not that that matters. You can't be so very young either, by my reckoning. I'm 78, so you must be in the 60's. As I saw you last in swaddling clothes, you've probably altered a bit.

Possibly you're like your father, the General, a splendid toper. Though we of Rossbülen can stand more as a rule.

What was I going to say? (Now the ass has put down "what was I going to say".)

Well, then, I was married once, but she died a long while ago. No children either. And somebody's got to have the money and the house and all the stuff that's knocking about when I kick the bucket.

I've no idea what you do for a living. Nothing at all, I believe. So much the better.

But I'd like to see you before I pop off. One would rather leave the junk to somebody one knows. I don't know the Rossbülen grandsons, and don't want to. And anyway you're as much of a Kersten as they are, Zierullen or no. So get into a train and come along quick.

Your Cousin,

ARWID VON KERSTEN-ROSSBÜLEN.

Herr von Kersten owned twenty-three suits and sixteen pairs of shoes. He never got rid of his old clothes. Like ancient race-horses they enjoyed a peaceful retirement. Their care was one of Johann's chief duties, and he had besides to iron out daily a certain number of shoe-laces. The Baron set more store by faultlessly ironed shoe-laces than by the creases in his trousers. Johann had brushed the prescribed number of suits and hung them on the coat-hangers. The polished shoes stood in a row—but the bell had not rung.

Every day at half-past ten the Baron demanded his clothes, which had been selected overnight. His toilet never took less than an hour and a half, for he would not allow Johann to help him. At noon he left the house, the picture of distinguished and self-assured elegance, and went slowly up the Kirchenstrasse

on the left; then down on the right and back again, turning off into the Palaisstrasse, and appearing on the stroke of half-past twelve at the Club, where for the last thirty years he had taken his seat every day at the same table.

The Baron had not rung. Could anything have happened to the old gentleman? Johann put on the cotton gloves again, and knocked anxiously at the bedroom door. No answer. He turned the handle of the door very softly and went in.

The Baron was still sitting at the breakfast-table, staring at the mysterious sheet in his hand, passing his thin, ringed fingers through his hair, and whispering to himself in a husky, agitated voice. Johann's knees began to tremble. He cleared his throat timidly, and the Baron looked up.

"Ten minutes to eleven!" stammered Johann, putting his hand apologetically to his mouth. As his master did not seem to hear, he added hastily: "Weather changeable—temperature . . ."

The old gentleman exchanged his spectacles for his monocle. His left eye assumed an angry and commanding expression. Johann cowered. Twenty-three years had not accustomed him to that single black-rimmed glass.

"Go to the Club", said the Baron, "and ask in the Library for a . . . book . . . for the railway . . . or whatever it's called. . . . D'you understand?"

"Certainly, Herr Ba-Baron, a b-book about railway travelling."

"Railway travelling", repeated the Baron, mopping his forehead with an air of exhaustion.

The Reading Room of the Club was open, but the Librarian, Baron Stilp, did not take up his honorary duties till three o'clock. While the servant went to fetch him, Johann sat down to collect his thoughts. Why the railway book? Johann had never known the Baron go near the station. It lay on the outskirts of the town, in a quarter that so distinguished a gentleman could never dream of visiting. And he hadn't eaten his breakfast. . . .

His cogitations were interrupted. Herr von Stilp came in, to know what was wanted.

"A book on railway travelling", said Johann.

"A railway guide?" asked Herr von Stilp. "If Herr von Kersten wants a railway guide, he must inform us what country it's for. D'you know?"

"S-sorry, can't oblige", stuttered Johann.

"Then run back and ask", said Herr von Stilp crossly, and went downstairs again.

The Club servant shrugged his shoulders. "Every Baron has his folly", he said. "Here, take the station time-table with you. It's got everything in it, foreign as well. But don't tell anyone I gave it you."

When Johann got home, the chair by the fire was empty. The Baron had gone back to bed and was snoring loudly. The monocle lay motionless in his closed eye.

"Holy Jesus!" thought Johann.

He crept up to the table and laid the railway guide down with care. His eye fell on the letter; he couldn't help it. "Get into a train and come along quick", he read.

The Baron was snoring deeply. What was he to do? His instinct was to wake his master. But the monocle cast a spell on him that kept him away from the bed. He dared not even attempt the faintest cough. He crept away on tiptoe to the kitchen, and sighing deeply, dropped into a chair.

Kersten's absence at lunch could not pass unnoticed. And when Baron Stilp announced that he had sent for a railway guide, anxiety seized the other habitués of the table.

"He's been a bit queer the last day or two", declared Herr von Dehnen.

"The Kerstens are a restless lot", growled old Count Felsen. "They showed that under the Swedes: it wasn't a hundred and fifty years before they went over to the Poles."

"But my dear Count, that was two hundred years ago!"

"You never know when ancestral passions won't burst out again", said the Count ominously. "There was a Kersten under Duke Jacob who behaved in a most extraordinary way. Seventeen duels . . . about women. . . ."

"D'you suppose this journey. . . ."

"I wouldn't go so far as that", said the Count cautiously, "but knowing the family history. . . ."

"Heredity", murmured von Dehnen, nodding sagaciously. Count Felsen's knowledge of family chronicles was indisputable.

Next day at noon Hamilkar von Kersten crossed the threshold of the dining-room with his accustomed punctuality. Von Stilp and Dehnen shot significant glances at each other. He was wearing his dark-grey suit (No. 17). The faultlessly creased trousers fell over shoes whose laces seemed tied in cast-iron bows. Without a trace of self-consciousness he came up to the table, and took his usual place after exchanging the usual greetings.

The two friends had agreed to allow him an interval of grace—till the black coffee came—which would give them time for observation. Meanwhile the conversation circled round the familiar themes: the weather, the muddy streets, illnesses, doctors. . . . Herr von Dehnen began a rambling story of a gamekeeper which Herr von Kersten knew by heart. He gave himself up undisturbed to his thoughts.

His departure was settled. He had reached this decision with difficulty, and had come near, at times, to giving up the inheritance altogether. For one thing, his cousin's remarks on the Zierullen line had offended him. The Rossbülens were boors, tolerated solely on account of their wealth. Their estates had increased tenfold in the last three hundred years. The present head of the family was a young man of thirty, fat and ill-bred. He was known as the "Maggot".

But after mature consideration the Baron had answered: That, of course, he wouldn't dream of declining such a friendly invitation on the part of his cousin, though the idea of making his acquaintance concerned him far more than an exchange of ownership (could one say it with more delicacy?) which he merely looked upon as a Rossbülisch joke. He would therefore make arrangements for his journey with all possible speed, and remained, etc.

And now the consequences would have to be faced.

"And the gamekeeper said to my grandfather", pursued Herr von Dehnen, "Herr Baron, you rub this ointment in, and I'll be hanged if you're not in the saddle again in two days' time. . . ."

"Excuse me", said von Kersten, standing up and beckoning

to Count Felsen, who was about to leave the room. Dehnen and Stilp watched him intently.

"May I speak to you a moment?" asked Kersten of the Count.

"Why, certainly."

"If you don't mind, we'll go upstairs."

They made their way slowly to the "bedroom".

This was the name given to the saloon next the ballroom, where, as a rule, two or three of the landed gentry *en voyage* were to be found snoring, their faces covered with a newspaper as a protection from the flies.

But so far the room was empty. The Count dropped groaning into one of the armchairs, while Herr von Kersten took a turn or two up and down the room. The Count sucked at his cigar, and stretched his thin legs in front of him. He was a bachelor, and wore a long grey beard and Russia leather boots. He was looked upon by the members of the Club as "a damned knowing fellow".

"I should like to ask your advice", began Kersten, "about a journey I'm thinking of undertaking. Which is the simplest way of getting to Berlin. . . . I mean . . . by train?"

The Count waited for some addition to this astonishingly naïve question. As nothing came, he said in a superior tone:

"It's very simple. You go to Riga, and from there direct to Berlin."

"Yes, of course." Kersten paused. "But can't you tell me more about it? One thing after another . . . like it says in the travel books?"

"In the travel books?"

"Yes . . . where they tell you when to get in and out . . . and where to change, and so on. . . ."

"That depends on your train", said the Count. "First you go to Riga. There you get out and drive to the Alexander Station. Then straight through to the frontier, and change into the German train. . . . If you catch the connection."

"Connection?"

"Sometimes the train's late, and then you've got barely two minutes. Or the German train may have gone, and you have to wait for the next."

Kersten listened with the air of a man preparing for an operation. Beads of sweat stood on his brow. "Two minutes!" he repeated, horror-struck. "How can one do it?"

"Matter of luck. You've ten minutes or so for lunch at Werschbilowo, and if you overstep it you miss the customs examination. You've got a lot of luggage, I suppose?"

"I don't know. That's to say", Kersten corrected himself, "of course, whatever's necessary. But what is necessary?"

"Depends what you're going for."

Baron Kersten stiffened. "I thank you", he said. "I just wanted to know about the times. You see, one doesn't want to be rushed. . . ."

"Of course!" cried the Count. "It's simply awful on the railway nowadays. Men, women, children, all on the move. Gadding about, the devil knows why. When one travelled with one's own horses, all that trash stayed at home. But now there's no holding them."

"Ghastly!" said Herr von Kersten, "I. . . ." He checked himself. Despite his sensitiveness to ridicule, he might have confessed to his friends that he had never been in a train, but he could not allow anyone the smallest glimpse into the chaotic feelings that possessed him. The railway was to him the epitome of all that was common, and unsuited to a man of his rank. One visit to the main hall of the station had been enough.

A vulgar, evil-smelling place, part bare, part plastered with garish posters, filled with a crowd of hurrying, sweating, bawling people! Soldiers, peasants, Jews, their dirty bundles and boxes everywhere blocking the way. Doors perpetually opening . . . an inescapable draught . . . the smoke of the locomotive and its ear-piercing whistle. The vulgarity of a whistle!

A nobleman to let himself be locked into a rattling, jolting, rocking contraption, with people he neither knows nor wants to know! To be hounded in and out, allowed a paltry minute or so to change trains! What degradation! The present generation no longer knew what it was to set out when one chose, stop when and where one felt inclined, and time one's arrival as one pleased.

In the old days, the peasants' and dealers' carts had to make way for the fast-trotting horses, or they were driven into the

ditch. In the villages and country towns the *gendarmes* stood at attention as the *calèche* flew past. When you came to an inn, the General would strike his whip on the coachman's box. You stopped. You were unrolled out of the thick fur rugs, and shown into the room "for guests of rank". The General would give orders to put up. And if the wines and brandies found favour, you stayed. How long? As long as you chose, what the devil! When you got sick of it, you went on again, no hurry. When you arrived, you arrived.

That was how Kersten, as a boy, had travelled with his father. On the box, Lasdin the coachman, the footman beside him. Huge trunks piled at the back, secured with span-wide straps. The coach had easy cushions, one could sleep in it in comfort. It was lined with flowered tapestry. There was a step that folded up. It was a coach for a general.

Herr Kersten felt that a century had elapsed since then, during which he had been spared the pitiableness of the new-fangled, middle-class mode of transport. For he had proudly renounced all travelling when his own coach and horses were taken from him. They had gone the way of Zierullen—castle, farms, woodlands and all the other possessions out of which the General's creditors had insisted on being paid.

Johann stole about the rooms, weary and heavy-headed. Ghastly dreams robbed him of his well-earned sleep. How could the Baron stand such a life? It would be the death of himself, that was certain.

The Baron had called him to attention immediately after lunch. "We're going abroad", he had said, as though it were a matter of course. "Now, take the time-table and learn the stopping-places by heart. You've got to know exactly how long the train stops at each place, d'you understand?"

So now Johann sat in the kitchen, learning the names of places that refused to stick in his decrepit memory. Untold times he muttered the same words over to himself: "Segewold three minutes—Segewold three minutes", but he'd no sooner got to the next station than he'd forgotten the one before.

The Baron gave him two days. Then he dropped on him suddenly with the question: "How long do we stop in Bersdorf?"

Johann turned pale, and stared despairingly at the ceiling. Wasn't that just his luck! He'd been learning that very one half the night, and had fallen asleep over the book from sheer exhaustion. Now he carried it about with him everywhere, and no matter what he was doing, repeated the stopping-places to himself, consulted the guide, repeated, forgot, checked himself by the book, and ended by being able to think of nothing else. The Baron tested him repeatedly, and lost his temper if he was out by a single minute.

The preparation of the luggage was begun.

"How shall we pack the trousers?" asked the Baron.

But this was merely to demonstrate the poverty of the servant's inventiveness compared with his own. For after long and arduous cogitation he had found a solution. Johann was sent to the carpenter for two boards, smoothly planed and exactly measured, between which the trousers, faultlessly folded, could be pressed. The boards were then wrapped in American cloth and carefully tied up, ready to be handed in to the luggage office. And now Johann had every day to lay the trousers between the boards by way of experiment, tie them up, and undo them again the next day to make sure the creases had not suffered any harm.

A few days later, as he was going into the Baron's bedroom, the sight Johann beheld so staggered him that he had to lean against the doorpost to avoid dropping the breakfast tray. The chair by the fire was empty. So was the bed. On the divan lay a mountain of trousers, coats and waistcoats. The door of the huge wardrobe stood open.

The Baron was sitting on a chair inside the wardrobe, reading the Baedeker.

The monocle was turned on Johann, but this time there was a proud satisfaction in its gaze that made it less terrifying. "Pour me out a cup of tea, and give it me in here", said the Baron.

Johann's hands trembled as he handed the tea and the rusks into the wardrobe. Herr von Kersten took the teacup from Johann's hand, stirred it, and began his breakfast. The servant was about to retire, but the Baron signed him to stay. An event of such unusual importance, in which they were to share, justified a certain familiarity between master and man.

"The great thing", said the Baron, as though continuing a

monologue, "is to get used to the want of air. The carriages are locked ; one can't open the windows for fear of the draught. So we'll start with the wardrobe doors open. Tomorrow we'll shut one of them, and close the other bit by bit, till there's only a narrow slit left. You must sit in the other corner. In a day or two we shall get used to it. See ? "

Johann nodded. He now saw the dangers of the railway in their full magnitude.

"And we can learn", continued the Baron, "to regulate ourselves by their damned minutes. Take my watch and go and sit over there by the stove. We'll pretend we're in Bersdorf".

He had to show Johann what he meant. Then he took his place in the wardrobe again.

Johann stood by the stove, looked at the watch and shouted suddenly : "Bersdorf ! Two minutes !"

The Baron clambered out of the wardrobe and walked up and down the room with a serious mien.

Johann, his eyes on the watch, shouted : "All aboard !"

The Baron sprinted from the bed to the wardrobe. Too late ! The train had started a quarter of a minute before he got there.

"You see !" cried Herr von Kersten in a rage, "Now we're stranded in Bersdorf, and the scoundrel is steaming away, God knows where. Try again".

Johann shouted : "Bersdorf ! Two minutes !"

They kept it up for nearly an hour. The old gentleman got hot, and his legs ached with the climbing in and out. But Johann enjoyed the game, which afforded him a pleasurable superiority over his master. He gave orders, and the Baron had to run. But his master's inventive genius was not exhausted.

He remembered suddenly that he would have to lunch in ten minutes at the frontier. So Johann had to fetch the luncheon from the Club and heat it up in the kitchen. The Baron, fully dressed, sat in the wardrobe, leaving the door open by an inch or so. On the stroke of twelve thirty, Johann shouted in his loudest voice : "Werschbilowo ! All change !"

The Baron climbed out of the wardrobe and betook himself to the morning-room, going purposely through the living-room, dining-room, hall and kitchen, to lengthen the journey.

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Ten minutes later Johann shouted: "All aboard!" The Baron saw that half a cutlet, the cheese and the fruit were uneaten. He had lost the game. No journey could be undertaken till he had succeeded in lunching in the space of ten minutes.

Johann agreed.

The perturbation at the Club subsided. Kersten's silence was impenetrable. A direct question was met by the answer: "Family matters", which put an end to further investigation.

The Count made an interesting suggestion: Should Baron Kersten pay his court to the German Emperor, to present the homage of his compeers? The idea pleased Stilp, who saw an occasion for an Address, illuminated on vellum, with the execution of which no one but himself could be entrusted. He hoped for a signed photograph, or even a Prussian Order.

Herr von Dehnen was less enthusiastic. He had a deep-rooted dislike of the "gentlemen of the Reich". They had a "mediocre style", that accorded ill with the traditions of genuine nobility. "Can a Kersten visit a Hohenzollern first, anyhow?" he asked. "The Kerstens are at least 250 years older." Count Felsen had overlooked this point, and asked for time to consider it.

Herr von Kersten and Johann spent a part of the morning in the almost entirely closed wardrobe. They left it from time to time to practise stopping-places. Only very seldom did the Baron miss the train now. He had made great progress, too, in lunching to time. He had even managed once to consume the whole menu, and a cup of coffee into the bargain, in eight minutes. The resulting stomach-ache, however, led him to eschew such *tours de force* in the future.

He appeared at last one day at the Club, to take leave of his friends. The homage to His Majesty was not mentioned. Herr von Dehnen's objections had proved unanswerable.

The Count counselled his friend to keep all his money in a leather wallet, under his shirt, fastened round his neck by a ribbon. He promised before the day was out to send Herr von Kersten his own wallet, with which he had travelled to Königsberg thirty years before, and which was still in a perfect state of preservation.

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"otherwise I'd have had to lend it to your Rossbülen cousin. He went abroad quite suddenly yesterday. But you'll know more about that than I do".

Herr von Kersten began polishing his eyeglasses.

"Felsen can just remember the deceased. A bit 'erratic', as they say—an original, what? Rossbülen has the devil's own luck."

Herr von Kersten felt his legs turning cold in spite of the foot-warmer. "I beg your pardon, who is it you're talking of?" he asked a little unsteadily.

"My dear friend, you must surely know that old Arwid von Kersten died suddenly a week ago?"

"Impossible!" shouted the Baron.

"True, unfortunately. And as there was no will, everything goes to the Maggot."

Herr von Kersten would have sprung out of his chair if the foot-muff had not hindered him. As it was he could only free one leg at a time.

"Excuse me a moment", he said, and left the room hurriedly. He called for his portmanteau, and began feverishly turning over its contents till he had found the letter from his cousin. It was dated three weeks earlier. Three weeks of exhausting rehearsal and effort. While he had been accustoming himself to lack of air and gobbled meals, the deceased had lost patience. One couldn't blame him.

Herr von Kersten returned to his guest, who took his leave at last. He accompanied him to the door. Then he went back to his armchair.

"A lucky escape!" he murmured, smiling in spite of himself. "There goes the legacy. The Hospital and the Home and the Club are out of it. That's a pity. However, no one but myself and that old ass, Johann, knows anything of what's been going on here. Nobody's business, therefore. Good. Club? They'll just have to think out something credible for themselves. No one had any idea why I was going away. Not even Felsen. Fine." A deep sense of satisfaction stole over him. Let Rossbülen ride in his plebeian train and get his legacy. Fate had spared Hamilkar von Kersten from being untrue to himself.

"With one's own horses, or not at all!"

"Not at all!" he repeated, so loudly that Johann opened the door to ask if the Herr Baron had called him. The silver buttons with the seven-pointed coronets glittered like stars on his dark suit.

"Johann", said the Baron, after a short silence, "you may keep the buttons. I make you a present of them. They're real silver, not plated, as most people's are nowadays. My deceased father, the General, had them made in St. Petersburg out of Elizabeth thalers. In those days people knew how things should be done".

"The Herr Baron is too kind", said Johann, and hastened, as was proper, to kiss his master's coat-sleeve, just above the elbow.

"That will do. Now take these hideous covers off the furniture. Tomorrow you will go and fetch the luggage from the station. We are not going away."

Johann stared uncomprehendingly at his master. Then a dim sense of guilt dawned in his mind.

"The Herr Ba-Baron", he stammered. "The Herr Baron need have no fear. . . . I really do know all the . . . stopping-places now". His eyes filled with tears, and he began to snifle.

"It's all right", said the Baron, with a deprecating gesture. "Don't worry—it's not on that account."

What should he tell the man?

"It's because . . . one of my cousins has died. You understand—one can't go travelling in those circumstances. It isn't done."

"Holy Jesus!" exclaimed Johann in shocked tones, "then the Herr Baron is, so to speak, in mourning? Perhaps the Herr Baron would like me to fetch the black suits and . . ."

"Of course. Now put my dressing-gown ready, and prepare something light for supper. Fetch a bottle of Bordeaux from the cellar. And . . . you may get one for yourself at the same time."

DYNAMO

BY LOUIS FISCHER

THE capital of any country is important. But Moscow is a thousand times more important to the Soviet Union than London to England, or Paris to France, or Washington and New York to the United States. Moscow is heart, brain, and purse. A business enterprise in Manchester or in Chicago or in Lyons may have an agent or two in the capital of its respective country, pay taxes to the government, and that is all. But Moscow builds, operates, finances, and controls every big and even every relatively small factory, railway, bank, mine, scientific institute, oilfield, and so on, in that vast country which covers one-sixth or one-seventh of the earth's surface.

Not only the army, the taxes, the foreign affairs, the post office, that is, what usually goes as "government", centres in Moscow. Every economic unit, social organization, cultural enterprise, and political office has a line which connects it with Moscow. Moscow is the heart which pumps blood, the brain which sends messages, the dynamo which lends energy to every corner of the Soviet Continent.

Moscow throbs. Its tempo is racing, staccato, mad. There are crowds at the tram stops, crowds in the trams, crowds in the buses; young women driving trams; reckless driving around curves; little traffic but much danger. Every year sees much more traffic in the streets. An empty taxi races by. Some hopeful Moscovites raise their hands to stop it. No use. And when he is standing still: "Are you free?" "Where do you want to go?" "To such-and-such a street." "I have no gas", or "I must go to the garage", or "This is my lunch hour". You entreat, offer an extra tip. Your child is sick. You will be late for an important conference. He shakes his head. "I am going the other way", repeats the

adamant chauffeur. At night these counter-revolutionaries collect outside the better restaurants waiting for gay couples or drunks. No ordinary passenger can entice them to leave such a post. "Engaged." Engaged to the hope of a good fare.

Then there are the blue-kaftaned droshky drivers. Once there were many hundreds. Now a few score remain. Agrarian collectivisation and more socialism sent them back to their villages. It used to be one of the pleasures of Moscow to bargain with them. The driver now asks twelve roubles. "I'll give you three." He says nothing. You walk down the street. He follows at a crawling pace. You turn your head. "Eight", he says. "Five", you answer. He stops. You slow down. "Six, and that's all I will pay." "Take your seat." On the way he fills you with his tale of woe: oats had gone up, harvest prospects were bad. And when you have arrived and stuck your hand into your pocket, he will urge: "Nu, citizen, add another rouble."

There are numerous trucks of Soviet as well as foreign manufacture. Will Rogers, the American sociologist who visited Russia recently, said, "When there are more trucks than touring cars in a city it's a good sign." He accorded Moscow the best sign. But no truck driver would ever allow a passenger car to pass him. His truck-driver pride would suffer. All Moscovites have a lucky star in Heaven. If they did not, all would be dead. What though felt-helmeted militiamen in white gloves execute right-turns and left-turns and bend their arms in the manner of Balieff's wooden soldiers. What though red-yellow-green semaphores, hand-operated and automatic, guard the street crossings. There are long distances between crossings where the big "30's" on the speed-limit discs remind the driver that it is beneath his dignity to travel less than 30 kilometres an hour. The street cars join in the race. In trains of two but more often three trolleys, the motormen rush fiercely forward sounding their electric alarm bell uninterruptedly. The cars sway and roll; the wheels roar. The passengers hold their seats or their straps and their breath. The pavements are narrow. Pedestrians overflow into the streets; the speeding vehicles dash in and out among them. Moscovites seem to have bad ears, for the auto honk usually reaches their auditory

nerves when the tyres are three feet from their heels. Then they scatter like geese. Along the whole length of one tram runs a wooden sign with the inscription: "Tezhe Cream to Make the Hands Soft"—that in the capital of the horny-handed proletariat. It is the Soviet Government which manufactures that cream. It also manufactures needles, lead pencils, button hooks, underwear, tennis balls, everything; and it sells everything. There is not a single private store in Moscow; all are owned and operated by the community. Since the ration system was abolished on January 1, 1935, the bread shops have been cleaned and polished up. They now offer a greater variety of bread. The customer is being courted. Young boys whisper to you as you pass. They hold paper cigarette boxes in their hands. You may buy one cigarette or four or the entire lot: which means that there are not enough cigarettes. Men pass carrying leather portfolios. This is the badge of the official's tribe, and even if the brief case contains nothing more in the morning than a single sandwich for quick lunch, and in the evening the empty bag in which it had been wrapped, a portfolio is his inseparable encumbrance. Through a window you see women shaving men, women spraying water on men's faces, women combing men's spare hair. Is it any more queer than women manicuring men's fingers? The male barbers are building steel mills. "Six month Permanents", reads the tonsorial parlour sign. At a shoe store you see galoshes, baby galoshes, badly finished shoes, rubber-soled shoes (70 per cent. of all Soviet shoes were rubber-soled in 1934 because the peasants slaughtered their cattle in 1932); women's felt overshoes, knee-high felt boots which the city has borrowed from the village, and a black-and-white placard which explains how shoes can be made to last longer.

"Dancing in the Foyer", reads an electric sign. Above it, a much bigger moving electric sign announces the name of the cinema. "Jazz in the Foyer", shivers a neon light in front of another film house. Inside, the spectators, waiting for the seance to end—nobody is admitted while the picture is reeled off—sit in their hats and overcoats listening to a big orchestra play the latest American, German, and British "hits". In a second room, citizens with a penchant for calmer entertainment

play chess and draughts, or read magazines borrowed from the free kiosk. Slogans by Stalin and Lenin serve as decorations. This cinema stands in the central Theatre Square, now Sverdlov Square. In the same square are the Big Theatre or Opera House, the Little Theatre, and the Second Art Theatre; and also a corner of Moscow's biggest department store, Mostorg, whose radio announcer's voice telling where and what to buy overflows into the street. "Hunter's Row." The name is an anachronism. One side of this wide avenue radiating from Theatre Square consisted entirely of one-story stores selling game, meat, and vegetables. The pavements used to be packed as tightly as a Moscow street car with sellers and buyers. Now the whole block is occupied by the twelve-story, marble-faced hotel of the Moscow Soviet. Opposite was a church that stood right out in the centre of the thoroughfare, fish stores, little huts, etc. Now almost the entire block is a new skyscraping office building.

Moscow has 2,500 streets and 51,000 dwellings. Of these, says Lazar Kaganovich, the city's Haroun al Raschid, 23,000 are one-storey and 21,000 two-storey. Now, he boasts, they are building new six-, seven-, and eight-storey homes. But there are some other figures. Only 1,178 houses in Moscow have elevators or "lifts", as the Russians say, borrowing from the English. And of these 1,178, only 475 are working. I live in an eight-storey building. There is a shaft for a lift, but no lift. Occupants of the upper floors are not to be envied, especially when they are women carrying heavy baskets of food.

Moreover, what is higher is not always better. There is a sketch, published by a Soviet organization, showing the Eiffel Tower, the Chrysler Building in New York, the Empire State Building in New York, and the plan of Moscow's Palace of Soviets—and proudly indicating that the palace will exceed the height of the Empire State Building by the length of the fingers of Lenin's upstretched hand. The comedians laughed at Mr. Chrysler for mounting a thin spire on his skyscraper to increase its official stature; they poked fun at Mr. Al Smith for equally puerile behaviour. And now the Palace of Soviets, with its assembly hall for 16,000 auditors and another for 8,000, and nobody knows how many offices, club rooms, and so on, spoils

be ready until 1942. Then the Moscow tram system will be abolished as superfluous. Happy day! No more waiting 20 minutes at wind-swept car stops when the temperature is 35 below zero, and then travelling in a tram whose only heat is human heat.

A girl with high-heeled leather shoes inlaid with snake skin, a crêpe-de-Chine dress in the latest fashion, kid gloves, extending over her cuffs, and a cloth beret cocked at the regulation Paris angle of $31\frac{1}{2}$ degrees. A woman with epaulette shoulders on her dress; a woman whose clothes, coiffure, facial make-up and manner reveal a painstaking effort to ape the Western world. Feminine clothes are an intimate thing, and the revolution has not changed them. Most Soviet women would walk much more than a mile for a foreign fashion magazine: "foreign" is a synonym for good. The revolution has altered much, but not women's styles. And men? When there were no collars, neckties, and felt hats, it was "counter-revolutionary" to wear them. But now that they exist in abundance President Kalinin, Premier Molotov, and Comrade Kosarev, Secretary of the Komsomol, or Young Communist League, have themselves photographed in these "bourgeois" trappings. And Ordjini-kidze, Commissar of Heavy Industry, told his engineers in October, 1934—historic date—to shave regularly. Shades of Peter the Great!

Take a bus or trolley bus at Theatre Square and travel fifteen minutes, then walk ten minutes through Petrovsky Park—you are in the midst of quiet village life where even the people are different. Here one finds the old traditional Russian muzhik type, the bearded giant, the little grandmother. But the city, the multi-storey tenement and the factory, the paved road and the telephone wire are quickly invading these islands of repose. Moscow is throwing out tentacles and seizing its dozing countryside neighbours. Its mad tempo is infecting the surrounding village area. A few years ago a sprawling village itself, Moscow is now urbanizing its periphery. In this respect it is merely an example in miniature of the vast process that has gripped the entire Soviet Continent: the gap between the urban and the rural is being narrowed. The Bolsheviks aim at destroying the gap altogether.

A RED CROSS OUTPOST

Memoirs of an Austrian Nurse

BY THE BARONESS VON X.

[The following narrative of war experiences is taken from the unpublished memoirs of a member of the Austrian aristocracy who served as a volunteer nurse throughout the war. It deals with the closing chapter of the war on the Austro-Italian front after the Italian victory of Caporetto]

AFTER our wonderful successes in Northern Italy, we moved forward to Trient, or Trento to use the Italian name, and thence to the headquarters of the division. I was told that this division employed no fewer than thirty thousand women. I wondered how there could be work for so many, but I soon found that many of them were doing next to nothing. A major at Trient, who had four or five girls in his office, told me that he had done all he could to avoid having them, but as the Staff insisted on engaging women he chose the youngest and prettiest. "In this manner I have at least something nice to look at", he declared laughingly. It seems, however, that a new regulation had come into force by which relatives of officers were not allowed to stay in the war zone for more than one month, nor to be fed from the army kitchens. In consequence ladies who now would have been obliged to leave had new posts created for them in the army, and thus received free board and salary.

After a few months I was glad to go to take charge of a small isolation hospital near Lake Garda. This hospital was really more of a field dressing station, and was noted for being constantly under fire. However, the post appealed to me, and I was delighted when I heard that I was to be the only woman on the premises. By this time I had become very tired of my own sex!

The hospital was under the command of Captain Dr. K. from Vienna. He was young for his responsible post, but an excellent surgeon, and altogether one of the nicest men with whom I was

associated during my army career, and our friendship has lasted to this day.

On the first and fifteenth of every month I disinfected myself thoroughly, and then opened the medical store. Issuing the stores was really the chemist's job, but as he seemed a most unsatisfactory young man—a Jew from Budapest—I did the work. He was engaged to be married to the local chemist's daughter, and obviously preferred to look after his future father-in-law's business. There were days when I dispensed all the medicines because he was nowhere to be found. But I should never have expected him to behave as disgracefully as he did some months later.

For weeks on end we lived in perfect peace, and then for several days in succession firing would not cease; luckily practically all the shells passed over us. When such a bombardment was over we were fairly sure not to be disturbed for at least a fortnight. Often we were visited by Italian aeroplanes, but instead of bombs they dropped propaganda leaflets, saying that Austria was starving and had no ammunition, and that the army could not hold out another month. The small pieces of paper looked like a white cloud in the sky, and took two hours or more to reach the ground. I do not think many people took the trouble to pick them up.

I took a strong liking to a young girl of the town. She was running the largest hotel in the place for her brother, who was a prisoner in Russia. Maria was a delightful little person, pure Italian by descent as well as in looks, and with all the vivacity of the Southerner. She spoke German moderately well and with a strong accent, but she was the most loyal Austrian you could find anywhere. I shall never forget how, when later the Italians captured the town, it was I who had to induce her to hang out an Italian flag which I bought for her. It was the only way to protect her house. I was amazed at the position this simple girl had made for herself, and held, with the many officers who frequented the Albergo della Posta; there was not one who did not treat her with the greatest respect. All the cooking for the hospital was done in her kitchens, and though the army provided most of the supplies, the catering must have been very difficult.

In 1918 I contracted dysentery and could have gone on leave, but I should have been at a loss to know where to spend it. I therefore remained where I was; and it was as well I did, for I was scarcely up and about when the epidemic of Spanish influenza broke out. The death rate was awful. The mortuary was attached to my house. I always tried to have a small wreath of flowers for each corpse that was taken to the cemetery, but eventually the carpenter could hardly produce enough coffins, and then they were piled on to carts like so many old boxes.

It was not till October, 1918, that I became aware of a different spirit in our army. I had always admired the great patience and endurance of our soldiers. When they left the hospital, not for home but for the front, they hardly complained, and seemed quite resigned and prepared for another winter in the trenches. The first time I noticed a change was when a new orderly arrived. It soon came to my knowledge that he was trying to incite his comrades to insubordination and mutiny. When I spoke to him on the subject, he made no secret of his political opinions, which were those of a Bolshevik. He declared that the whole of the German army was of the same mind. About that time I heard that the general of our division—a fine old soldier who had always been very popular—had held a review at which the men threw away their guns, crying, "Give us bread, give us clothes, we are tired of this slaughter!" The affair was so serious that the review had to be stopped.

This was all very disquieting, nevertheless we made all preparations for spending the winter where we were. We were cut off entirely from the outer world. Rumours reached us of the Emperor's unfortunate manifesto, also that the Hungarians were deserting us. But everything was so vague that we still hoped that all this might be untrue or grossly exaggerated.

Finally, the general sent for Dr. K. and told him that he had orders to abandon the place and to retire behind Bozen (Bolsano). Some artillery and a few companies of infantry were to remain to cover the retreat; unfortunately it was necessary to sacrifice the town, which was the key to Trient. It was to be kept under fire until our troops were well away, and it would undoubtedly be the scene of desperate fighting. The general was very per-

turbed when he heard how many patients we had who could not be moved; he suggested that a few doctors, if they were willing, should remain with the patients. He would call for volunteers, as whoever stayed must be prepared to be taken prisoner. Dr. K. declared at once that he would not desert his post, and then assembled his staff to inform them how matters stood.

"I cannot, nor will I hold any of you back", he concluded. "Whoever remains with me must know what to expect, but I am confident that those of you who have been my faithful fellow-workers for years will not desert the hospital in its hour of need."

These fine words found little response. I was not present at the interview, but Dr. K. came to me afterwards and he looked like a broken man, so much did he take to heart what he considered disloyalty on the part of his staff. All had an excuse for leaving—the married ones their families, others their business. Within a few hours everyone who could walk or crawl had gone. Altogether we had about a hundred and twenty sick and wounded left. We made accommodation for them in the cellars as the safest place.

Of the staff two doctors besides Dr. K. stayed, one, a Czech who treacherously went over to the Italians as soon as they entered the town. There were a few other men, four nurses, including myself, and finally a typist who had been with us only a few weeks. Nobody understood why she should remain, but we were to learn the reason very soon. Our faithful little Maria promised that she would continue to provide us with food even if at her own expense, and said that she had provisions for several weeks.

The general and his staff left us towards evening, on November 2nd. The officers' farewells to us were such as might be said to martyrs going to the stake. Then the firing, which had not stopped for several days, grew more intense, and we knew that we were now under fire from both sides. All day long we saw our soldiers coming from the trenches, a sad unending procession of miserable, bedraggled creatures. They marched without any order, every man for himself, and their one idea seemed to get away as quickly as possible. Some dragged themselves along

using their guns as crutches, but most of them had thrown them away, and the road was lined with arms of all sorts. Their uniforms and shoes were in a pitiful condition, and their faces bearded and dirty. It was impossible to believe that these emaciated men, every one of whom looked old and ill, should be all that was left of our proud army. From time to time there were horses in the procession, and they were almost the saddest sight of all. Some of the poor beasts broke down and were left to die on the roadway; the soldiers paid as little attention to them as they did to each other.

It was decreed that I should remain in the town, as my house was in such an exposed position, but that night I decided to remain in my old quarters outside. I pulled the blankets over my head and must have fallen asleep almost immediately. A few hours later my dog Sabac began to bark. I went to the window and recognized M., our chemist, who was standing below with another man. He asked me for the key of the store room which was always in my keeping, and said it was urgent to remove some of the things before the building caught fire. This sounded reasonable, for already the sky was blood-red from the light of burning villages. Yet somehow I did not like giving up the key. But I could not refuse, as officially he was in charge of the depot; so I threw the key out of the window, asking him to return it to me in the morning, which he promised to do. Though the shelling was as violent as before, I returned to bed and sleep, and I never stirred till nearly ten o'clock.

At first, on awaking, I could not make out what was the matter. I felt in my sleep that something had happened, and as I lay, half awake, wondering, I realized suddenly that after the deafening noise of the last days all was a dead calm. I jumped out of bed and dressed hurriedly. On going out I met Dr. K., who came to tell me the news that an armistice had been declared and that hostilities had ceased an hour ago. Together we discussed the great event and how far it would affect our fate. "We shall remain here until we can dispose of our patients", said Dr. K., "after which we will go home quietly". Then he told me he needed things from the depot. I went to the store and asked M., the chemist, for the key. The young traitor refused to give it back, and when I told him that I came

by order of his commanding officer, he said he did not consider Dr. K. his superior any longer, and that he would not obey him. Now I understood the reason for his midnight visit. He had robbed the depot, which contained drugs worth hundreds of thousands of kronen—alone the cocaine and morphia, of which we had several pounds, represented a small fortune in those days. He had probably hidden the spoil in his future father-in-law's shop, where it could not be detected easily. I told him so to his face, and he did not deny it, but he knew that since the army had left there was no one to force him to return the stolen goods.

This was my first experience of mutiny and disloyalty on that fateful day, and I was to meet much more. At noon the last Austrian detachment passed through the town. Scarcely were the soldiers out of sight, when, with amazing rapidity, the street filled with men, women, and children. Italian flags appeared suddenly at almost every window, the crowd howled "*Evviva l'Italia!*" and "*A basso l'Austria!*" and began to throw stones at the houses which had not hung out flags; the crashing of the broken glass and the shrieking of the persons who had been hit making an inferno of noise. One of the few remaining officers reached the back door of the hospital with great difficulty. He had been attacked in the street and was bleeding from several wounds. The mob had torn off the badges from his uniform and the rosette from his cap. He said that others had been caught in the crowd and were severely injured. I was standing with Dr. K. on our little balcony and knew that he felt the disgrace as much as I did. When the next house was assaulted he suddenly cried: "A woman is lying there dangerously ill, this may kill her", and he rushed into the street.

I followed instantly. I found Dr. K. on the doorstep addressing the crowd in his broken Italian. He had always looked after the sick of the place and was popular with everybody. Now someone began to call "*Evviva il dottore K. ! Evviva il nostro dottore!*" The others took up the cry, and to my amazement I saw the doctor lifted on the shoulders of two men and carried in triumph down the street. The next minute I found myself in the same position and being cheered by the people. It was certainly the last thing I expected, the only explanation being that

I had nursed several of their children when they had diphtheria.

We went to supper in very different spirits from the previous night. While we were sitting at table the door opened and in came an Italian General. I have never seen so many medals on anybody, they were distributed all over his person, and made him look as if he were coming from a cotillon rather than a battlefield. After just a little hesitation, Dr. K. rose to meet him. The general spoke with all the eloquence of the Southerner, and said that he had heard of Dr. K.'s kindness to friend and foe, and that he had altogether the greatest esteem for anyone working in the service of "*Umanità*." In the end he assured us of his benevolent protection. This sounded strange to us, and we wondered what he meant by it. Since the Armistice had started twelve hours ago, we considered ourselves free and independent of the protection of an ex-enemy officer.

But the next day the general sent for Dr. K. and informed him that we were his prisoners, and were not allowed to leave the hospital. The Italians counted the armistice as beginning on the following afternoon, that is, thirty-six hours later than it had been declared. In this way many thousands of Austrian soldiers became captives who could easily have escaped if they had understood. As it was, they felt perfectly safe, and camped and loitered on the road. When they saw the Italian troops coming up in the rear, they hoisted the white flag and never thought of offering any resistance. Of course they protested at being led away, but it was too late then. I have not heard that this question has ever been brought before the League of Nations as to the exact hour of the commencement of the armistice in the South Tyrol. Certainly it cost months or years of freedom, and even their lives to many of our men.

Before our imprisonment I revisited my little house. I almost wept when I saw it; the door was broken, so were the windows, and nothing was left in the rooms by the plunderers. I met a woman and a little boy carrying away a pile of dirty spittoons. "This is all they have left for me", she grumbled. "Throw them away immediately", I told her, "they are full of the most dangerous germs". "How about the beds and blankets my neighbours have taken?" she asked. It is not surprising that soon afterwards an epidemic of scarlet fever broke out.

The next evening an old man was brought to the hospital with a strangulated hernia. He had been one of the leaders of the mob, and probably owed his trouble to too violent shrieking. Only an immediate operation could save him. At first Dr. K. refused to perform it, as by this time quite a number of Italian army doctors had arrived, and he said they might look after their own partisan. We sent word to them, but they made all sorts of excuses and would do nothing without proper lighting and water. Eventually Maria and I persuaded Dr. K. to undertake the operation, and I volunteered to assist by holding a candle in either hand—no easy job, as I was afraid of dropping candle grease into the wound. Whilst the man was being anæsthetized, and lay almost unconscious on the table, he raised his head suddenly, and looking at the doctor who was trying to save his life said, "*Porco Tedesco!*" (German swine). It was so comical that we all burst out laughing. However the operation was successful and the patient recovered quickly.

The typist, who insisted on remaining with us, was taken ill one night, and in the morning she surprised us all by giving birth to a boy. It is curious that not one of the doctors had suspected the true facts before. I suppose that with so many other things on our minds nobody gave a thought to the girl. The entire garrison took great interest in the event, which was most embarrassing for us. The Italians, who were astonished to find women so near the front and imagined that all belonged to the Red Cross, came every day to enquire rather impertinently for the *signorina della Croce Rossa e suo figlio*. The child had to be baptized, and as a godmother was not forthcoming, I had to take the poor infant to the font. The girl-mother's one thought was of how quickly she could get rid of her unwelcome offspring. After a fortnight she and the baby were sent to Trieste, where she hoped to place him in an orphanage.

We were kept hard at work, as we had not only our own sick to nurse, many of whom were hopeless cases, but also a number of Italian soldiers. We also had a ward full of wounded children. The fields were strewn with explosives which our soldiers had abandoned in the retreat, and most of the hand grenades had not exploded. Though the people were strictly warned not to pick up anything lying about, they still allowed

their children to play in the fields. This resulted in many accidents, several of them fatal. The most curious case was that of a boy of eleven, who, like so many others, followed the Italian field kitchens begging for risotto. He had stuffed himself to such an extent with the national dish that when a grenade exploded near him and he was thrown several feet, he suffered no external injury, but his overloaded stomach burst from the shock. The boy must have had a marvellous constitution, for after he was sewn up, he recovered quite quickly.

By degrees the hospital became emptier. Then I was told I was next on the list to go. I did not like the idea of deserting my friends, especially as our one nurse was ill. I made up my mind to see the Italian general and to ask for permission to remain. I dressed with some care—not that I had any clothes to choose from—and pinned on my medals and a diamond brooch, the only piece of jewellery I had with me. A Carabinieri escorted me to Colonel G., a nice looking, youngish officer, and evidently a gentleman. He received me with the greatest politeness, saying that he had long wished to make my acquaintance and that he would be glad if he could offer me any assistance. This made my request easy, and he promised to attend to it at once. When I rose to go he stopped me and asked if I would give him some information about the chemist M. This was an embarrassing question, as naturally I was loath to speak ill of a member of our army. "I can see how you feel", said the colonel, "but you must not hesitate to tell me all you know. I took a dislike to the young man yesterday, when he came to denounce Dr. K. and Maria S. for having stolen military stores". If I had hesitated in giving away my countryman I certainly was not slow in defending my friends. "This settles the matter", declared the chivalrous colonel, "in such cases I am always more suspicious of the informant than of the accused, and I will have M. deported to Sicily". He was as good as his word, and the chemist departed the following morning in spite of his fiancée's lamentations. She behaved like a maniac.

Colonel G. wasted no time in returning my call. He was most emphatic in expressing his regrets to find me in such primitive quarters, and proposed that I should move into a comfortable hotel. Naturally I did not wish for privileges, but the kind

colonel insisted upon asking if he could do nothing further for me. Half in fun I said that the one thing we all longed for was to communicate with our people at home. He inquired where my family lived, and on hearing that I had a sister in Innsbruck he offered to bring her news of me. He was going to the Tirolese capital in a few days, and would call for my letter before his departure.

Maria had often brought us Italian newspapers which were full of the most elaborate descriptions of the great Italian victories and the heroism of their army. They also reported that, after desperate fighting, they took our town by storm and captured many thousands of prisoners. Considering that not a single Italian soldier had shown himself before the Austrian army was well out of the district, and that their men entered without any resistance from us, we were half angry, half amused at this amazing misrepresentation of the facts. It made us hope that the other news was equally untrue or exaggerated, for we still refused to believe that the German Kaiser had abdicated and fled, that our ancient Empire had fallen to pieces, and that both in Germany and Austria a Republic had been declared. We were all the more perturbed to hear that my friend the Italian colonel was going to Innsbruck, which confirmed the news that the Italian army had crossed the Brenner. However, I thought I might as well take advantage of his offer. I told my fellow prisoners to write a few words each on a scrap of paper, and to add the address. These notes I enclosed in an envelope to my sister, asking her to forward them. When the colonel called for my letter he very kindly did not remark on its bulk.

More of our patients died, and if any new ones arrived they were Austrian prisoners. One, a captain whom Dr. K. knew, appeared in a very shabby Italian great coat over his Austrian uniform, which was so torn that only the mud with which it was caked prevented it from falling to pieces. His face and hands were equally dirty and the soles of his boots entirely gone. He was reputed to be one of the richest men in Vienna, but for the moment he looked anything but a millionaire. On arrival he had been taken to the town prison, but hearing that there was an Austrian hospital in the place he pretended to be ill and so succeeded in being sent to us. In reality he was only overtired

and half starved. We put him to bed, but every night he got up and sat with Dr. K., the dentist, and Father O., planning the most fantastic escapes worthy of a Jules Verne novel.

In Colonel G.'s absence it was decided to send us to a detention camp at Trient. The last of our patients, among them Herr I., our millionaire, were to travel with us and were to be handed over to the Austrian hospital in Trient. Whether the Italian doctors were glad to get rid of us or not, they were very polite at the end, and even invited us to lunch before we started. I did not go, but Dr. K. could not well refuse, and Father O. accompanied him. They told me that their hosts behaved most pleasantly and expressed regret at our departure.

At Trient the first people we met were old acquaintances—half a dozen nurses and several doctors with whom we had worked in the summer. They looked rather pitiful objects now, their clothes dirty, torn, and patched, and their faces pale and haggard. We exchanged experiences, theirs had been decidedly worse than ours. They had tried to escape on one of the last Austrian trains after the armistice, but it was held up at Trient just on the viaduct, where they had no chance of getting out. Here they found themselves in the midst of a fight between Hungarian and Czech soldiers. The Hungarians climbed on the roof of the cars and opened fire upon the Czechs, who in turn shot at them from under the viaduct. The passengers in the train had to lie flat on the floor of the carriages, and expected every minute to be hit, or the train to be set on fire. This state of affairs lasted a whole week. Finally, when they were all half dead with fright and hunger, an Italian captain arrived with a large company of soldiers. "Get out, you starved German baggage", was interpreted to our friends, "You are my prisoners". Since that day they had been detained in the building where we now were.

We were twenty-five to thirty women, mostly nurses. The thoughts of everyone were upon the means of escaping, but no flight was possible without money, and we were all very short of funds. The only person who might possess or risk a large sum was Herr I., the Viennese manufacturer. He was probably still in the town, but the question was how to communicate with him.

My fellow prisoners told me that occasionally the Capitano

gave permission to leave the house, but that one was escorted by a soldier with a fixed bayonet. This was not pleasant, but first I had to invent a reason to visit the Austrian Hospital. I was delighted, therefore, when one morning I found my hand swollen and one finger quite sore, probably the effects of all the scrubbing we had to do. I sent word to the Capitano that I wished to see him. It was like asking an audience at the court of some potentate; one had to be properly announced before one was led into his august presence. I had seen the Capitano before, and I had heard him constantly bellowing all over the house; like so many Southern Italians he had a shrill, loud voice. He was a Sicilian, very small and very dark. The prisoners hated and feared him, and told many stories of his overbearance and cruelty. His first act on our arrival was to tear off the military cross which Dr. K. was wearing.

After all this I was surprised to find him not only quite human, but rather pleasant. He wrote out a permit at once and sent for a soldier to escort me. I had no trouble in finding Herr I. He was in a state of great depression, as he knew he might be deported to Sardinia any day; he could hardly keep up his pretence of illness much longer. He had tried in vain to bribe people to help him to escape, but no one would run the risk. I offered my assistance, on condition that he would put up an equal sum for Dr. K.'s and the old dentist's flight, and he accepted readily. For the moment I had no idea in what way I could be of assistance, but Herr I. told me that several officers had succeeded in crossing the frontier disguised as conductors or workmen on the trains. With forged passports and railway uniforms the officers had managed to pass unnoticed amongst the genuine employees. But how to procure the necessary uniforms Herr I. could not tell me.

I decided quickly to investigate the possibilities. In the hall I ran into my friend Frau E. I asked her if there was no unguarded exit to the building? She told me that an unbarred window from the office on to a back street was not watched. Luckily my escort, who was not supposed to let me out of his sight, was so bored with our German conversation, which he could not understand, that he had gone to join some friends in the porter's lodge. I followed Frau E. into the office and jumped

out of the window with Sabac at my heels. I ran more than walked to the station and dashed upstairs to the office. My luck held. In the first room I found three Austrian officials; without delay I told them my object. Two of them seemed afraid to help, though I had *carte blanche* to offer them a large sum, but the youngest declared he would not be shamed by the courage of a girl. He admitted that escape was possible in the way I proposed, and he promised to make the necessary arrangements. Since he did not know when the next lot of workmen would leave, and as naturally he could not communicate with me, I had to arrange to meet him at a different place every day. He would then be able to hand over to me, bit by bit, the uniforms for my friends' disguise.

This plan worked marvellously well. I met the young railway clerk regularly for about a week, sometimes twice a day. I am very slim and I could conceal clothes and even a stiff cap under my coat and smuggle them into the house. However, on one of the last days I had no luck. In the street I ran into an Italian soldier who recognized me and took me straight back. It was imperative that I should not miss my appointment, as that would have meant losing touch with the railway official, so I risked going out again. On my return I met the sergeant at the door, and I knew there was trouble in store for me. If nothing else, the pair of men's trousers, wound round my waist, would have given me away. I tried to look haughty and unconcerned, though my knees felt very shaky, but before the sergeant had a chance to speak I said: "Tell the Signor Capitano that I will come down and dine with him tonight." The man was so astonished that I was half-way up the stairs before he opened his mouth.

The Capitano had repeatedly asked me to dinner, but I had always refused. Now I could think of no better way to get out of trouble, and to avoid the investigations which would have been fatal to my plans just as they were maturing. I wondered what the Capitano thought of my relenting so suddenly. As I went down to dinner, I was annoyed that I should have to sit at table with a person whom I had always avoided. The Capitano had picked up an Austrian girl, or maybe she was a prisoner, but she had won his favour. She never mixed with the rest of us or did any work, but she had a room to herself and meals with

the Capitano. I think he must have guessed how I felt, for he made her sit at the opposite end of the table.

This dinner party was altogether a most curious affair. Besides the Capitano and an elderly Italian lieutenant, there were two young American officers attached to the Automobile Corps or the Red Cross, a French captain, the Austrian woman, and as guest of honour, an American colonel who had just arrived from Rome. None of these people spoke any but their own language, and conversation would have been impossible if the young Neapolitan waiter had not translated as he handed round the dishes. He had been a waiter in New York and spoke Italian, English, French and German. Even the Capitano and his girl could not converse without the waiter's assistance. Our host was exceedingly pleasant and polite, and even if his table manners were not all that could be desired, the evening turned out far better than I expected. What interested me most was to hear the American colonel speak about the conditions in Austria and Germany. He seemed unprejudiced and very sensible, but his account confirmed my worst fears.

Herr I. left a day or two later disguised as a stoker, and he reached Vienna without accident. The railway clerk said that only one could go at a time, and it was decided that Herr I. should be the first. We heard that the exchange of doctors had begun already, and that the internment camps near the border would be evacuated first. In case this should prove false everything was now prepared for my friends' escape. As for me, whether it was the result of getting thoroughly soaked on my escapade, or an infection, I fell ill the next day with a septic throat and high fever. Dr. K. proved the most devoted nurse, and performed two operations on my throat. As I was recovering the Capitano told me that when the first batch of Austrian doctors were selected for exchange, Dr. K. was one of those chosen, but that he had asked permission to remain in Trient till I was out of danger. Knowing how anxious he was to return to his wife and children, I was greatly upset, much as I appreciated this proof of his loyal friendship. Fortunately the transport was delayed and Dr. K. did not miss his turn. He left on Christmas Eve, together with the dentist, Father O., and many others from the camp. I got out of my bed that day for the

first time, and the station being just opposite the windows, I could wave good-bye to my friends, knowing that the hour of my own release could not be very distant.

Our term of imprisonment lasted altogether only about two months, though we felt them as so many years. On our arrival at Innsbruck, I presented our credentials to the officer in command. He was of the new regime and probably had nothing to do with the old army. If we had been convicts coming out of gaol, he could not have received us less cordially. I felt more and more depressed as we travelled North. By this time my joy at coming home was gone entirely. It was sad to realize that we had returned to a new and strange country which bore so little resemblance to our beloved old Austria. So ended my career as a nurse in the army.

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

AIR, becoming a highway, has ended isolation: that is the moral of the London meetings between French and British. England commits herself definitely to guarantee the peace of Europe because she is now physically part of Europe.

**The Air
Pact**

Mr. Baldwin does not appear to move quickly, but he goes a good way at one step. It is long now since he made a speech which rather overstated than recognized the dangers from air raids. Since he is by no means an alarmist, the public was formidably impressed, and the alarm got time to sink in. The result is that two announcements directly counter to all isolationist preaching have been welcomed in this country with great popular relief. The first was the decision to send a contingent to the Saar; the second, the pledge to act immediately with air force if frontiers are violated in or along the western border of Germany. But in the second case the pledge is answered by another: France guarantees to use her air force in the same way if England is attacked.

This news was at first well received everywhere in Europe, but with enthusiasm in France—very naturally. It means to France that responsibility for the peace of Europe no longer rests on her shoulders; that she is delivered from the danger of needing to take an initiative which may be disavowed by those on whose support she counts. There is an end of the superior attitude which England often assumed towards French insistence on security, regarding it as either hysterical or hypocritical. There is an end also to the nonsense which talked as if peace could be maintained by a refusal to contemplate the idea of military action. That was really ended when contingents of

excellent and fully-equipped troops went to the Saar and all Europe breathed more freely. But now we have an avowed end to what was most dangerous for Europe—the uncertainty as to what Great Britain might do. Every British statesman must have been formidably impressed by the memory of what happened in 1914—must have been haunted by the thought that a clear declaration in advance might have avoided the catastrophe. But until this month all parties have had the fear lest an attempt to commit England in advance to military action would be publicly repudiated—or disavowed—by one party for political reasons. Now it is realized that decisions must be taken in advance; that there can be no time for consultation of Parliament, or discussion by the electorate, when three or four hours may bring raiders in great force over London or over Paris. So swift an emergency cannot be met by enrolling constables: there must be a police force ready on both sides of the Channel.

There is this step forward also to be noted: it is at last realized that public opinion in France is just as morally averse from the idea of war as public opinion in England; and therefore that England can act freely with France to take measures for the prevention of war.

**A Test for
Germany**

These two great Powers are honestly concerned for the peace of the world, but more especially for the peace of Europe. Nobody has been able to feel that about Germany: her spokesmen were too eloquent in praise of the military qualities; and in their training of the people action seemed to match their words. It was, however, improbable that Germany would attempt to make war on the West; improbable, yet not impossible, so long as the commitments of Locarno were uncertain. Now Germany knows that if she should make that attempt through the element where her best chance lay, she brings England in immediately and automatically against her. That gives Germany something to think of. On the other hand, the German Government has fostered in its people a sense that they are perpetually ringed about with menace, especially from the air. It is now open to Germany to receive on the same terms exactly the same protection against air attack as France and England have guaranteed to each other.

I do not wonder that Mr. George Barnes, who, since he spoke in that sense at Versailles, and has not ceased to insist that peace covenants must have sanctions, should write to *The Times* that this is the first serious step towards international security.

Consider, for example, the case of Poland. If Germany does not join the Agreement for this reciprocal guarantee, a danger signal is clear to everybody. Poland is guaranteed by Germany for a space of ten years against aggression. But Germany's other neighbours on the East will rightly desire to strengthen their security, and will reasonably expect promise of swift and certain aid from France. The result will be to put Poland in a closed ring with Germany, a position little likely to please her. On the other hand, if Germany joins, and thus attains a pledge for her Western frontier, it seems certain that Poland will look for a counter pact. And so on. The first step now taken is a step to a position in which every Power possessing an air force will be pledged to use it at once to repel aggression by air against any of its neighbours, and will have the promise of similar assistance. We are certainly not on the threshold of a peaceful millenium; but that new force which might be used most readily for international destruction is in a fair way to be utilized for an international police; and the right of every nation to live at peace in Europe begins to be recognized as inseparable from the duty of helping to keep the peace.

So long as England considered, or felt subconsciously, that her insular position and her navy were protection sufficient, then the duty for her seemed a duty of benevolence, which might be left to her free choice to fulfil or set aside when need arose. This left a dangerous default in the organization of Europe: indeed, organization could only be a makeshift. But once it is recognized that this new menace is too swift, too mobile, too great, for any single Power to cope with alone, the circle closes, and organization which all knew to be imperative, becomes not only imperative but possible. There is an end to despairing of security. Man may be all that Swift and others have said of him, but at least he is, as even Swift admitted, though not generally *rationale* at least *rationis capax*, and on sufficient proof of danger

mi.

he is resourceful in expedients against it. He has admittedly within two or three decades attained control over staggering powers of destruction. It is not yet proved that he is not to be trusted with them.

One conclusion follows from these developments. England is essential to general security in Europe, and Europe is essential to England's security. The radius of pledged military action, as has been recognized by the agreement, is limited; but England's solidarity with Europe is recognized. The Dominions are not directly involved. Their interests must be affected by trouble in Europe, but not their physical security. They are out of range. They are not asked to endorse the guarantee which England has given, and to them freedom of choice is properly left. Already indeed the Minister of Defence in South Africa has defined in advance his Government's attitude. South Africa's resources of strength will be reserved for her own use; her contribution to Imperial organization will be the facilities offered by her harbours and coast defences. Yet if the organization of Europe proceeds, England will be certainly of no less importance to South Africa and the other Dominions than before from the standpoint of their security: and her value to them will tend to draw them towards Europe rather than to that extra-European centre of whose attraction M. Siegfried has written.

It follows also that the aspirations of British policy will be less directed towards co-operation with the United States than heretofore. It does not follow that this particular hope is on that account less likely to be realized. The more the United States feels that Europe is anxious for assistance from across the Atlantic, the more America will feel that the corrupt old world is trying to get something out of its young vigour and virtue—and to get it for nothing. On the other hand, if the organization of Europe to prevent war develops, as it can only develop, within the framework of the League, or closely connected with it, there is no real need to fear interference from America with its action. If, for instance, it became necessary to institute blockade of a Power held guilty of aggression, a certain number of interests in the United States might probably try to make profit out of

disregarding this international decree. But it would never be possible to push their government into regarding enforcement of the blockade as a *casus belli*, even if the enforcing action were carried out by the British navy alone—as it would not be. Public opinion in the United States was hard to move to war twenty years ago against a Power that was breaking all accepted conventions. It would always be impossible to mobilize it against an organization of nations carrying out what is, even though the United States abandoned it, a gospel first preached by the United States.

The truth is that in the course of 1934 a series of violent events produced a state of things in which the menace of war grew very near, and the peoples on the continent of Europe, knowing that they must be involved, made their will felt to arrest it. In England this knowledge was not shared by the general public; but those in power saw clearer, and decided to take a hand in establishing what was necessary—a united front against the danger. Germany, by methods which from the standpoint of diplomacy were perfectly legitimate, has succeeded for many years in preventing this combination. Of late her method has been by threats. It is scarcely conceivable that Germany will not now read the signs of the times and settle down to a state of things which will make reduction of armaments possible. Up to the present all her action has pointed to a determination to enforce her will, if occasion offers, by war; and she has had a great advantage thereby in dealing with other great Powers whose renunciation of war has not been merely formal. It is more difficult for Germany to make that renunciation because of the amazing military virtue which she possessed and proved; because of her special fitness for war, that has not been lessened even by tragic defeat. She has received the proposals with some hesitation, which has created disquiet in France. Yet the French have now that assurance which they have sought for years, and will not give it up. Nor will England give up the security which she recognises as necessary to her. Europe must be organised. It may be organised with Germany or against her. The British Government can make clear that it will be organised, in either case.

Meanwhile the British Government which has deserved well of its country and of Europe in this European field has other staggering problems to tackle. The Indian Bill is fairly launched and Sir Samuel Hoare's introductory speech has earned applause by its clearness. His dealing with the question of Dominion status—or rather, the way in which Government decided that it should be dealt with, for he emphasized that this was a pronouncement considered by the Cabinet—will relieve many well-wishers. It is not asserted that this Bill will at once make India a Dominion. What is asserted is the intention to prepare the way for that status. India is not content. Who could expect that, after a fierce agitation for complete self-government, will India express satisfaction with anything less? The important fact is that Indians are prepared to work the scheme. If its limits are cut down, they certainly will refuse to work it; and in another few years it will be impossible to get even consideration for what is now proposed. In that case those who are today opposing this because it goes too far may be very probably found claiming credit for having persuaded India to accept something short of complete and final separation. History does repeat itself.

Mr. Churchill, one of those chiefly concerned in making the Irish surrender of 1921, has, in alliance with his son, been able to split the Tory vote in Liverpool. He could probably accomplish the same feat in any constituency, though hardly to the same degree. Much wind came to his sails from the storm of discontent which arose over the administration of unemployment payments under the new system. It was probably also worth to Labour the two thousand extra votes which that party polled. The National Government know now, if they did not before, where the real danger to their existence lies. It is in the continued existence of a huge mass of people who must receive subsistence allowances and do nothing for it. The greater the numbers, the greater the need to make sure that men and women shall not get from the State more than the law allows; that way ruin lies.

But the greater the number, the more widespread will be the agitation against any attempt to institute control; and such an agitation will get sympathy and even support in all parties.

John Morley once said that neither Lear nor Othello was so tragic a figure as the man who can work and wants to work and cannot find work. Such tragic figures are counted by hundreds of thousands in Great Britain; the case is so multiplied that the tragedy is no longer realized. But it saps the very foundation of a state that a law planned in the spirit of compassion must be administered with a lax hand towards those who seek to get more than the law allows. Nobody could make a political cry out of harsh treatment meted out to income taxpayers; but in this other case, human nature being what it is, the champions of the unemployed can threaten Government with the loss of innumerable votes if claims are too closely investigated. Such investigation is represented as tyranny, exercised by the men with well-paid jobs over those who have none.

Admittedly there were cases of hardship, and members only did their duty in protesting. Mr. Oliver Stanley made it plain that someone had blundered. But the moral of this revolt is, I think, not that the regulations need revision but that very drastic action is needed to give a new impulse. As things stand, the dole counts for too much in public life; and though Mr. Lloyd George is much too wise a politician to say so, this probably was the danger most in his mind when he issued his call for new action. Even if it costs more to set a million of them to work than to keep them on subsistence allowance—even if it costs twice as much—he is for spending it, and thinks it would be money that would fructify. He has never been afraid of financial dangers, perhaps too little afraid of them; but he has always known and combated the danger of drift. It is apparent from his propaganda that in his judgment the need is to quicken imagination, to create a new hope; and he does not think the Ministry good at this particular task of government, most essential in times of difficulty. His appeal, launched as from one single citizen to all citizens, stirred men as no party programme has been able to do since the appeal was made for a National Government: and now, up and down the country people are asking themselves if a government would not be more truly National that included Mr. Lloyd George, even though Mr. MacDonald were no longer its Prime

Mr. Lloyd
George's
Better Way

Minister. There is a widespread feeling that more driving-power is needed. Even if you are reducing unemployment by a thousand men a day, that makes small impression on a total well over two millions.

Drift got a most unedifying illustration in the House of Commons when a torrent of abuse was poured out against the Prime Minister, and no one did anything to stop it or reprove the speaker. One member has since published in *The Times* his opinion that the Chair and members did perfectly right; they saw that Mr. Buchanan was serious, and respected the intensity of his passion. No doubt Mr. Buchanan felt strongly; but men have felt as strongly before with as good cause and have been able to express their feeling decently. Now, it will be taken that this is the way to show sincerity: the next who wishes to prove that he is not less earnest than the most earnest will "unpack his heart with words and fall a-cursing like a very drab". Yet the angry man was not the most to blame. Those who remained silent while the head of the Government which they support was attacked in such terms showed a singular lack of the commonest loyalty. After all, members of Parliament are the real custodians of a very honourable tradition: it is their business to invoke the interference of the chair.

So I am sure it would have appeared to the very able and honourable gentleman whose unexpected death reminds me of many stormy scenes he had to cope with. I

Mr. Whitley knew Mr. Whitley only as Chairman of Committees, and we saw him set against a formidably high standard; for Lord Ullswater, then Mr. Lowther, was in the opinion of John Redmond the best Speaker he had known in more than thirty years. Mr. Whitley could never rival either the Speaker's most decorative and dignified appearance, or his pungent wit; nor could he dominate the House as we often saw Mr. Lowther do. His technique was entirely different—and we saw it tried in probably the roughest sessions that the House has known since the Revolution: the years of the Parliament Act and the Ulster question. I once asked him: "Do you always purposely drop your voice in calling the House to order when it is noisy?" "So you've noticed that", he said. A most quiet,

inoffensive but unshakably determined figure he was, with a suggestion of the Quaker about him ; and he never lost his head.

One notable letter among those published about him came from the sometime butler of the Speaker's House. I have often thought it would be reasonable that domestics entering an establishment should ask for testimonials as well as produce them. Anyhow, no praise is better worth having than that which comes to a man from those who serve under him ; for by them he is even better known than by those of his own rank. I am not sure whether in this case the writer wrote simply for himself or to express the general feeling of the domestic staff of the House, but I should like to think it so ; for they were, and no doubt are, a body whose good opinion it would be a pleasure and an honour to have—even for the first Commoner in the Realm. A foreign critic, Odette Keun, has been eloquent in praise of Londoners for their friendly helpfulness and kindness. All that she says about policemen, bus-conductors, railway porters, shop assistants, and so forth, might be reduced to its quintessence and offered with justice as a bouquet to those who in various ways look after members, their guests, their callers and the whole invading public. A quality of comradeship has always pervaded the whole relation ; and the policemen's greeting to an old member returning after long years was a thing to warm the heart.

Swift, if that strange potent nature can be held still to have existence conscious of the world he abused, must be aware that he remains in vogue. Within the last two

Swift or three years there have appeared four biographical studies of him, and two plays in which he figures. He is assuredly not without honour in his own country (if we may call it his own) ; three of the four biographies are work of Irishmen (if we are allowed to call ourselves, and Swift, Irish) ; one of the plays is by Mr. Yeats, the other by Lord Longford, and both were produced in Dublin. All these studies have been chiefly concerned with the personality of one who is still a legend in Ireland. Meanwhile Professor Taylor, from the English standpoint, wrote a scholarly biography to establish Swift's general literary filiations : and Professor

Nichol Smith brings yet another addition to the great mass of Swift's correspondence. That is to say, he helps us to know Swift even better than we did—and he has given students no less assistance in the study of this supplement than they received from Elrington Ball in his edition of the main series. Those who have used Ball's work will know how high a praise this is.

Nothing new is given here to satisfy curiosity. And yet, as Professor Nichol Smith observes, Ford could probably have answered all the disputed questions. His friendship lasted unbroken and unaltered for at least thirty years : and he was the only man among Swift's intimates who knew the Vanhomrighs and knew Stella : the only man who was equally at home in Swift's London circle and in his Dublin group. Yet we have nothing new about Swift's relations with Stella or with Vanessa ; though we do learn that it was Ford who talked with some freedom about Stella to the English friend—and that he talked about her as she deserved. It looks now as if the English friends had misunderstood the position less than one had been led to believe from a flippant phrase of Bolingbroke's.—Ford held a place in that society like that of Erasmus Lewis ; both men were scholars and wits, the associates of great writers but not themselves writing ; confidential servants of the Harley-St. John ministry, both of whose chiefs were steeped in letters as well as wine. Lewis was in the last resort, like Swift, Oxford's man ; Ford seems to have been more closely allied to Bolingbroke ; but he and Lewis were not the worse friends for that.

Though the correspondence gives us nothing new, we come nearer perhaps in it to Swift than anywhere else, except in the *Journal* ; for all through these letters, extending from 1708 to 1737, Swift is writing easily to an intimate and equal. He does not take pains, as when he wrote to Pope or Bolingbroke or Oxford or Arbuthnot, to give the best expression to his mood ; he is less impelled to be himself, as it were, at full power ; he is just concerned to communicate, to keep touch. The man was too great a master of his art (was there ever his equal as a letter writer ?) to be the same to any two correspondents. We meet a very different Swift when he is writing to the young men, Sheridan, Delany and the rest, with whom he shared his amusements. But in a sense he is more the real normal Swift, more

completely at his ease, in these letters than in any others he wrote to men. Here is one characteristic example: After Gay's *Polly* was banned from performance, the Duchess of Queensberry, "Kitty, beautiful and young", went about at a Court reception asking subscriptions for the book, and was forbidden the Court in consequence. She then wrote a letter on her banishment which was circulated, and Swift read it. "I would be contented with the worst Ministry in Europe", he tells Ford, "to live in a country which produces such a spirit as that Girles, and am sorry I was not acquainted with her. Pray tell Gay so when you see him, and let him tell the Duchess". There is more of it: and at the end he even gives her promise "never to take up my Meat on a Knife"—about which habit there had been debate by letter. But is not even that one sentence a good growl from the old lion?

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

ROYALTY OF THE 19th CENTURY

By E. H. CARR.

THE DOWNFALL OF THREE DYNASTIES, by Count Egon Corti. *Methuen*. 21s.

THE EMPRESS FREDERICK, by Princess Catherine Radziwill. *Cassell*. 10s. 6d.

PRINCE ALEXANDER OF HESSE was member of one of those minor German ruling houses whose principal function, throughout the nineteenth century, was to stock the royal marriage-market. His father, brother and nephew were successive Grand Dukes of Hesse-Darmstadt; but his connections were impressively international. His sister was the wife of the Russian Tsar, Alexander II. His eldest son, Prince Louis of Battenberg, lived to become First Sea Lord at the British Admiralty (not "First Lord of the Admiralty", as Count Corti's translators have it). His second son was the first ruler of Bulgaria. His third son married Queen Victoria's youngest daughter; one of his nieces married Queen Victoria's second son; and his nephew, the Grand Duke, was the husband of Princess Alice. He held honorary (and sometimes even active) commands in the Russian, Prussian and Austrian armies. He more than once served as an intermediary between Francis Joseph and Alexander II. He refused at different times the uneasy thrones of Greece, Rumania and Bulgaria. He never did anything which historians need record. But he must have known a multitude of things which

any historian of the nineteenth century would give his eyes to find out.

Count Egon Corti is the first historian to have had access to Prince Alexander's voluminous diaries and private correspondence, which are the basis of *The Downfall of Three Empires*. The result is an unusual cross between history and biography. It is not biography; for there is little in it of Alexander's personal interests and feelings, and his figure emerges less vividly than that of half a dozen of the other *dramatis personæ*. It is not history proper; for though Count Corti supplements the Hesse papers with other published and unpublished material (particularly from the Vienna state archives), he deals only with events which fell within Prince Alexander's purview. But it makes an enthralling narrative; and there is much in it which will be new to any connoisseur of the period. Sometimes, especially in the passages relating to those dreadful revolutionaries who, even in the nineteenth century, occasionally obtruded themselves on the royal consciousness, there are minor errors of fact. But the only real criticism to which the book is open is its title. When Prince Alexander died in 1888, the Austrian, German and Russian Empires were all firmly on their feet, and looked good for another century at least.

Despite his numerous ties with England, Prince Alexander was not a frequent visitor to these shores, and his first impressions of the royal family at

Windsor were not very flattering. He thought the Queen spoilt by her "pendulous cheeks" and unbecoming widow's weeds, and described the Prince of Wales as a "funny little man". But he soon found common ground with the Prince in the enjoyment of surreptitious cigars, "the death penalty being attached to the weed" in the Castle precincts; and he discovered that there was no justification at all for the rumour which was going round the Continent that the Queen's mind had been affected by the Prince Consort's death. This visit coincided with the Polish rebellion of 1863, and Prince Alexander had interviews (on which he reported to the Tsar) with the "notorious Prime Minister, Lord Palmerston" and Lord John Russell, the Foreign Secretary.

The *leitmotif* of the book is, however, the conflict of the personal and the political in the affairs of the great European dynasties. Queen Victoria wrote once, in a letter to her son-in-law the German Crown Prince, of the "unbearable division of interests in royal families". Yet she herself was the first to insist on this "division" when her interpretation of British interests demanded it. During the Russo-Turkish War, she was furious when Prince Alexander's son, Alexander of Battenberg, then serving in the Russian army, was allowed to visit his brother Louis on board a British battleship in the Mediterranean. But the brothers made their peace with her by a visit to Balmoral in the following year; and Prince Louis did an amusing caricature (it is here reproduced) of the two young men being graciously received by the Queen, John Brown lurking watchfully in the background.

A far graver and grimmer example of this conflict occurred some years later over the famous case of the "Battenberg marriage". Alexander of Battenberg, now Prince of Bulgaria, had quarrelled

with his patron the Tsar, and was endeavouring to assert the independence from Russian influence of his little country; and he was a suitor for the hand of Victoria, daughter of the German Crown Prince and granddaughter of the English Queen. His suit was heartily favoured both by Victoria and by the Crown Princess; and there is no doubt that Queen Victoria, always ready to encourage those who defied Russia, used all her influence with her daughter in favour of the marriage. It was, however, vetoed by Bismarck, whose cardinal policy was not to offend Russia. He opposed with his habitual obstinacy and ruthlessness this "Anglo-Battenberg intrigue"; and the Crown Princess, believing her daughter's happiness to be at stake, endeavoured to further the marriage by means which were, to say the least, politically imprudent. Bismarck had his way, and he was a merciless victor. The Crown Princess was branded in the eyes of Germany as a hopeless Anglophile and agent of the English court; and this sad affair was the first instrument of the estrangement between her and her son, soon to become the Emperor William II.

The tragic figure of the Crown Princess, destined to reign for a few brief months as the Empress Frederick, was first revealed to posterity by the publication a few years ago of her letters to her mother. She is now the subject of a biography by Princess Radziwill, who knew her in the last years of her life. Princess Radziwill writes from the heart rather than from the head. She is the eager champion of this English Princess, thrown, at the age of eighteen, into the stiff, uncongenial atmosphere of the Prussian court, wrestling with forces she did not understand (not the least of which was the Iron Chancellor himself), and bringing unpopularity on herself and on her beloved husband.

It is a sincere and moving book.

MEMORIES OF D. H. LAWRENCE

By GERALD BULLETT.

NOT I, BUT THE WIND . . ., by Frieda Lawrence. Heinemann. 10s. 6d.

APART from his own novels and poems, two books, and perhaps two books only, are necessary to anything like a full understanding of D. H. Lawrence. The first is the *Letters*, edited with an illuminating introduction by Aldous Huxley. The second is the book now before me. When Lawrence died, the noise of lamentation was all too quickly followed by the sound of men and women sharpening their pencils and pounding on their typewriters, men and women eager to tell us all about him, and particularly about their relationship with him. But the person who knew him and loved him best was content to bide her time, and now, after the wind and the earthquake and the fire, comes the still small voice. Enough had been written and hinted in criticism of herself and Lawrence to have made resentment and indignation on her part more than excusable, and if this book had proved to be a pæan of self-justification it would have been a matter more of regret than surprise. But Mrs. Lawrence has indulged in no such thing; nor does it seem to have occurred to her to do so. Without the smallest parade of magnanimity she is magnanimous; without emphasis or protestation, and with a simplicity that must spring from a profound wisdom, she sets down her memories, with these words for an epilogue:

Now that I have told my story in such a condensed way, letting blow through my mind anything that wanted

to blow, I know how little I have said—how much I could say that perhaps would be more interesting. But I wrote what rose up, and here it is.

Here it is, and so it happened: the whole book is conceived in the spirit of reverie and has the deep tranquillity of reverie. It gives us, I think, no new facts about Lawrence; and the numerous letters of his included in it throw little or no new light on his personality. It does, however, give new authority to the picture of him that sympathetic readers of the *Letters* had formed for themselves. Lawrence was neither saint nor seer. He was a child, with a child's unclouded sensual apprehension of life. He had also the hunger and egoism of a child, and his intelligence, impatient of reason, was always at the service of intuition, impulse and fantasy. He was often, it is evident, peevish and unreasonable, and very difficult to live with. But to one who loved him and whom he loved, his faults were of small account in the sum of his qualities—or rather of that single quality, that superabundant life, which radiated from him. Lawrence seems to have been one of those rare beings in whom the flame of life burns so brightly that all who come near are able to share the illumination and see the world newborn, as on the first day. That being so,

what does it amount to that he hit out at me in a rage, when I exasperated him, or mostly when the life around him drove him to the end of his patience? I didn't care very much. I hit back or waited till the storm in him subsided. We fought our battles outright to the

bitter end. Then there was peace, such peace. . . . What happened, happened out of the deep necessity of our natures. . . . To understand what happened between us, one must have had the experiences we had, thrown away as much as we did and gained as much, and have known this fulfilment of body and soul.

That an excess of mother-worship was a decisive factor in his psychological make-up, that no woman could have satisfied him who was not prepared to be his mother as well as his wife, is indicated clearly, if unconsciously, in the novels and poems. And from this frank and loving record it is legitimate to deduce that he demanded of Frieda Lawrence not only that she should be his mother, but that he should be her only child: he was jealously possessive of her and apparently resented the existence of her children (by her first marriage). She herself would perhaps admit as much, but she would add, no doubt, that it was all natural enough, and of small importance compared with the fact, that Lawrence was Lawrence.

The book owes much of its freshness and charm to the fact that it is the work of one who is not a practised writer. It is written with a manifest sincerity, and its effects are unstudied, poetry occurring here and there for no other reason than that the writer sees and feels as a poet. "The days are swinging their serene hours across the immense skies, the sun sets splendidly, then a star comes, and the young moon in the old moon's arms". And this, describing Lawrence at work: "Then he would sit in a corner, so quietly and absorbedly, to write. The words seemed to pour out of his hand on to the paper, unconsciously, naturally and without effort, as flowers bloom and birds fly past". Despite her intimate association with Lawrence, this easy command of English cadences is remarkable in a woman whose native language is German.

REMINISCENCES OF AN OCTOGENARIAN: 1847-1934, by the Rt. Rev. E. A. Knox, D.D. Hutchinson. 18s.

THE great strength of Bishop Knox lay in three qualities: his decisiveness, his sense of proportion, and his prodigious powers of work. He was called upon to administer what was known to be the hardest diocese in England: the diocese of Manchester before it was divided, which stretched from Manchester to the Lake District, and included towns of the size of Blackburn, Preston, Blackpool, Burnley, Bolton and Rochdale. Up and down this huge area the Bishop toiled indefatigably, and every single parish knew him. Many will think that the terms he used to wage his successful campaign against the Revised Prayer Book mitigate any claim that he had a sense of proportion. But his clergy knew better, and none who read this book will be disposed to deny that he tempered his own strong and unshakeable convictions with a very real sense of proportion in espousing them. He leaves us in no sort of doubt where he stands, but he has no single unkind or uncharitable word for those who most firmly stood over against him. His decisiveness no one could doubt. To undertake the venture of holding a mission on the Blackpool sands during the August Bank Holiday week, and to bring thirty trainloads of Lancashire people to London to walk in a procession of protest against Birrell's Education Act were not the feats of an indecisive character, nor of one which had not the power of communicating its own enthusiasms to others.

The Bishop's reminiscences fight these battles over again for us. But they are not of an interest limited to Lancashire churchpeople, for he gives us also a very interesting portrait of a world now passed away, in which . . . and a young man.

Rc

KOMISARJEVSKY AND THE MODERN THEATRE

By HUBERT GRIFFITH.

THE THEATRE AND A CHANGING CIVILIZATION, by Theodore Komisarjevsky. *The Bodley Head.* 3s. 6d.

THE excellent three-and-sixpenny Twentieth Century Library has added to itself a volume on the Theatre by probably the first living expert on the matter, Theodore Komisarjevsky. I say the first living expert advisedly. The term takes many things into consideration. His knowledge is practical. He has produced plays in half the countries of Europe, in Russia (both Imperial and Soviet), in Paris, in Italy, in England; and in America. He is of a theatrical family (which is more significant in the theatre-world than many people would imagine); his father was a well-known operatic singer, and his sister, Vera Komisarjevskaja, was the most famous actress that has come out of Russia—the Duse of her time. The history of the theatre is a deep and personal interest to him. Lastly, he is a working producer whom many of the leading stars, companies, and dramatists are proud and honoured to have collaborated with.

The main body of the book is a learned and close-packed history of the stage through centuries. He brings it to life with charming touches. His description, with contemporary quotations, of the proceedings in an Elizabethan playhouse gives an extraordinarily vivid picture of the sort of audience that Shakespeare had to fight against. He refers to a producer's "prompt-book" or acting-version of a mediæval Morality

a sudden side-light on the immense elaboration of these spectacles, lasting for hours, employing scores of performers, and embracing Hell, Heaven, and most of the rest of Creation. He explains Garrick's naturalistic revolution with a few lines of contemporary description:—how Garrick in the Balcony Scene "sensible that the family are at enmity with him, came creeping in upon his toes, whispering his love, and looking about him like a thief in the night"—a suggestion which Komisarjevsky says might well be taken up by certain modern young actors who bawl through the scene as freely as though they were at home in their own parks, and Juliet up at the top of a fire-escape. He is able to give descriptions and comments from his own personal knowledge of all the theatre-directors who have made history on the European stage for the last thirty or forty years.

It is in the Introduction and the first and last chapters that Komisarjevsky brings forward his own theories. He says that it is nonsense to assert, as some people do, that the art of the theatre is a purely æsthetic function, and has nothing to do with "propaganda." He remarks that from the tragedy of *The Trojan Women*, and the comedy of *Lysistrata*, the greatest minds have used the theatre for propaganda, if by propaganda is meant bringing audiences face to face with some side or another of an urgent contemporary problem. "The theatre has everything to do with all that concerns the life of mankind." "The theatre exists to develop people's

that profiteering on a vast commercial scale is the ruin of the contemporary theatre. "The artists of the theatre bear a great responsibility to the nations, and the activities of certain latter-day business men who merely use it as a profiteering concern can only be described as depraved, and sometimes even criminal." No one who has a working knowledge of the finances that govern almost every London theatre will deny this. I am making no very original statement when I say that the main problem of the moment is, put generally, whether Capitalism is to survive, whether Socialism is to triumph, or whether some altered form of Capitalism is to remain. Not even the most convinced propagandist would like to see every theatre in London turned over to dealing with this problem. The theatre has its own place for gaiety, beauty, wit, or sheer irrational enchantment. But in the present state of the London stage, not only has no play "dealt with" this subject in a West End theatre for years, but a play that even hints, in the background of its ideology, that such a problem exists is a rarity. Komisarjevsky, stating that he is neither a Bolshevik, a Fascist nor a Nazi, also states that in his belief it is the rule of the three great European Dictatorships that will "help to open up the road towards a new life of cultured, disciplined *individuals*," and that their theatres will in the truest sense flourish.

I will conclude with a story that possibly bears out Komisarjevsky's main contention. Four London dramatic critics, of famous London newspapers, went with me last year to the Moscow Theatre Festival. Not one of the four was a Bolshevik, nor anything approaching it, yet each one of them later declared that the plays offered him on the London stage on his return seemed to him almost unbearably trivial.

GREAT CONTEMPORARIES, Essays by Various Hands. Cassell. 8s. 6d.

Great Contemporaries, a provocative title and a provocative book, is edited by a gentleman, or lady, who pays to contemporary greatness the homage of anonymity. From the same publishing firm came *Great Events in History*; but this is in no sense a companion volume. The Editor of the earlier book was Mr. G. R. Stirling Taylor, who led readers to anticipate an Age of Planning. One of the contributors, Sir Basil Blackett, was able to write of the Age of Planning with the barest mention of the Planners. Personality seemed to become a tiresome intrusion. For the Planners contemporary greatness is as ill-fitting as rugged individualism. Perhaps that is why Roosevelt the Second is the only one of the thirty-nine Great Contemporaries with whom the majority of Planners would feel at home. It is as though for the Great Contemporaries the Age of Planning—their own age—does not exist.

Of the thirty-eight Great Contemporaries who remain two are dead. Two others are denied greatness: for Mr. Robert Bernays is anxious to tell us that the Prime Minister is "not a great man" and from Mrs. Agnes Mary Hamilton comes the paradoxical admission that Mr. Lloyd George is not even "an interesting man." The book was, of course, "planned"—a slight concession to Mr. Stirling Taylor and Sir Basil Blackett—before President von Hindenburg and Marshal Lyautey retired from the uncertain ranks of the Great Contemporaries. Even so, it must be noted that M. André Maurois says nothing of Marshal Lyautey which he has not already said in his admirable biography of "the monarchist who gave an Empire to the Republic." Many readers were already acquainted with Sir Arthur Keith's estimate of the beliefs and achievements of Sir Oliver Lodge. The anonymous editor has given to contempo-

rary greatness a moribund quality. M. Trotsky no longer alarms the suburbs. M. Bergson may have been a very great influence, but his philosophy is not now ascendant. T. E. Lawrence is still young—a mere youth among so many octogenarians and septuagenarians—but he is a contemporary legend, not a contemporary influence. The contributors salute those who are about to die. Yet one can see that Don Bradman is a great cricketer long before he is approaching a century. Not one of the Great Contemporaries is a woman: so we may presume that the anonymous editor is a gentleman.

There are some men, like Albert Schweitzer and Bernard Shaw, who carve their own contemporary greatness. There are others, like the Pope and the Aga Khan, who can scarcely avoid contemporary greatness: and in estimating their achievements we ought to apply the strictest standards. "Popes," says Father C. C. Martindale, "are not isolated individuals. They are in organic unity with their predecessors." Exceptional qualities alone enable them to enter the small band of the greater Pontiffs. Father Martindale would include the present Pope in this small band, and he certainly makes a convincing performance, though he cannot refrain from praising the Pope's remarkable predecessor, Benedict the Fifteenth. In his efforts to praise the Aga Khan, however, Mr. H. C. Armstrong is less fortunate. It is not enough to learn that the Aga Khan's position is "unique, singular, even bizarre and paradoxical" or that in the West "he is a rich financier, a social figure in London and on the Riviera, a well-known owner of race-horses, and a politician listened to with respect in London, Geneva and Paris." It may be that Imam of the Ismailians has allowed his influence to become too diffusive. It should have been his privilege to reconcile Mohammedan with



BRITISH DOCUMENTS ON THE ORIGINS OF THE WAR 1898-1914

Vol. IX. THE BALKAN WARS. Part II. The League and Turkey. Edited by G. P. Gooch, D.Litt., F.B.A., and Harold Temperley, Litt.D., F.B.A., with the assistance of Lillian M. Penson, Ph.D. The present volume opens with the outbreak of war between the Balkan Nations and Turkey. The Great Powers intervened and in 1913 the Concert of Europe became a reality. The interest and importance of the rapidly developing situation is fully revealed in the documents and records of the notable utterances by leading personalities contained in the volume, such as the Emperors William II and Nicholas II, King Charles of Rumania, Mahmud Shevket, M.M. Venizelos, Sazonov, Isvolski, and Herr Bethmann Hollweg. The work thus adds the British account of the Balkan Wars to those presented in the German, French, Austrian and Russian official publications. Even the month of July, 1914, is not at present so fully documented as the year to which this volume relates. A system of cross references and a chronological table enables the reader to follow the various negotiations from their origin to their final issue. It will hardly be necessary to add that the majority of the documents are here published for the first time. 20s. (21s.)

INDIA

Report of the Joint Committee on Indian Constitutional Reform. Vol. I, Part I, Report 1s. (1s. 6d.); Vol. I, Part II, Proceedings 1s. 6d. (2s.); Vol. II, Records 7s. 6d. (8s.); Records Ct. 1s. (1s. 1d.); C2. 4d. (5d.); C3. 9d. (10d.).

RUSSIA

The text of the Penal Code of the Russian Socialist Federal Soviet Republic has been issued by the Foreign Office with amendments up to 1st December, 1933, together with 3 appendices. 1s. 3d. (1s. 5d.).

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Hindu opinion in India, and, to say the least, Mr. Armstrong does not convince us that the Aga Khan's contributions are of the same order as those of Mr. Gandhi and Lord Halifax, who is not, apparently, a Great Contemporary.

Here are thirty-nine articles, varying from skilful portraiture to uninspiring journalism. Mr. George Slocombe declares that the world "will have to make up its mind about Mahatma Gandhi. Moses or Socrates or Christ?" Fortunately, he is wise enough not to answer his own question. Mr. Francis Stuart, on the other hand, knows Mr. de Valera intimately, and he contributes probably the fairest estimate of the Irish leader that has yet appeared.

And so, like the curate's egg, the book is good in parts. The thirty-nine articles are almost Anglican in their comprehensiveness, and the intelligent, if latitudinarian, reader will treat some of them as the curate, to be sure, treated his egg—with a pinch of salt.

J. R. GLORNEY BOLTON.

THOSE RICH AND GREAT ONES, or *Life à la Henri*, being the Memoirs of Henri Charpentier, by Henri Charpentier and Boyden Sparkes. *Victor Gollancz*. 10s. 6d.

Not always, nor even often, is a wit a cook; but often, if not always, a cook is a wit. So much may be seen by all who can consult the literary works of such eminent practitioners as Carême, Soyer, and many others. From the opposite side we get Homer, Athenæus, Barthélémy, Dumas, and so forth. Thus we have the author who is a cook and the cook who is an author. The last category is particularly interesting.

Cookery is in itself a kind of wit. Wit sees the hidden meaning of things, and discovers their even more hidden likeness to other things. That is just

what cookery does in regard to its materials. Hence it is no wonder that so many cooks are witty, and that one of the most delightful dishes known to French cookery is "Epigrammes d'agneau". M. Herbodeau, at present the leader of the Diplomatic Corps of the Cordon Bleu in England, the other day gave, as the first record of cookery, that which is to be found in Eden, in connection with a treatment of a rib. (*Cotelette taillée, sauce diable*, one presumes.) He might have gone further back and given us recipes for nectar, ambrosia, and the proper method of preparing Ichor.

Some cooks have left behind them works of the most intolerable solidity. Without referring to Carême's recipe for pot-au-feu, which begins with several pounds of beef, a whole chicken, and a knuckle of veal, one can refer to his own extreme self-satisfaction. He had very interesting things to remember and record, but he saw them as through a monocle which reflected himself against them, and the reflection was always larger than the thing beyond it.

Not at all of his school is Henri, the latest Chef to record his life and his cookery. Without his dishes New York would hardly have known how to support the terrible period of prohibition. One wonders how Henri managed to cook so well during that time, for, if there is one thing more than another which French cookery demands, it is wines which it must live up to, and wines which it shall support.

Henri cooked for kings and princes both of the blood-royal and of the hierarchy of finance. He starved in the Commercial Road, and he shared a Mediterranean view with a reigning monarch. His book is interesting, witty, and has real kindness exquisitely served with a dash of Gallic salt. The cookery of the pen is a mighty thing.

H. PEARL ADAM.

THE RETURN TO PHILOSOPHY, by C. E. M. Joad. *Faber & Faber*. 5s. 6d.

JOAD's book has had an extremely good press. I had read some of the pieces before I read the book, and though I don't think it deserves quite what it got, I can understand the reviewers' enthusiasm. Since that statement (in the present alignment of opinion) will range against Mr. Joad, let me say at once that in many respects I am on his side. He argues a case in which he, and very many others, believe, with cogency and dash. More often than not I am sure that he is right, and that what he says is very valuable at the moment. Why, then, as I was disappointed in *The Return to Philosophy*?

I expected, in the first place, to find it a little less light and personal. The introduction affirms a belief in Truth and Beauty, as things outside our subjective view, which excited my interest and at the same time put me more on my guard than perhaps was Mr. Joad's attention. For in order to gain the reader's sympathy and attention he has expounded a philosophy of detachment in terms as personal as possible. Does Beauty exist outside the tastes and whimsies of the individual? Mr. Joad thinks so; and yet in his taste for Bach and Virginia Woolf, as for walking and hockey, he relies almost entirely on the assertion of his own exuberant personality. There are (though Mr. Joad might deny this) completely intelligent people who dislike Bach, find *Mrs. Dalloway* unreadable, prefer the fireside to the heath, and a game of nap to the more strenuous exercises.

Much of the book, then, is an expression, on the æsthetic side, of Mr. Joad's taste, and on the rational side, of Mr. Joad's opinion; and, as I have said, he impresses his tastes and opinions in an immediate and autobiographical way. These are the subjective wrappings of his

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main thesis: that reason should be restored to its place in human life.

And it is here that we will all (or nearly all) agree with him. He makes a vigorous attack on writers who, in his opinion, have glorified instinct at the expense of intellect or have side-tracked us into believing that thinking is unimportant. Lawrence and Aldous Huxley come in for a good deal of Mr. Joad's shrapnel. Let us admit all that he says about Lawrence. But surely he is making a mistake over Huxley. The quarrel between Mr. Joad and Huxley seems to me to be one of temperaments rather than philosophies, for they obviously agree on essentials. But Mr. Joad feels that Huxley has let us down, and he gives a lot of space to following out their disagreements in matters which hardly seem necessary to the book. It is very entertaining, very acute, much of what he says, but I don't know that it helps out his object as stated in the preface.

Mr. Joad is a brilliant journalist as well as a brilliant expositor. The two to some extent clash. There is rather more of the journalist than usual in *Return to Philosophy*, and it is for that reason one of his most readable though less satisfying books. He does not perhaps go very far towards clearing up the "modern muddle", but he sets an excellent example.

G. W. STONIER.

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STATIONERY

RUSSIA'S IRON AGE, by William Henry Chamberlin. Duckworth. 15s.

I WORKED FOR THE SOVIET, by Countess Alexandra Tolstoy. Allen & Unwin. 10s. 6d.

MR. CHAMBERLIN is one of the comparatively few people qualified to write authoritatively on the present situation in the U.S.S.R. and he has done his task extremely well. During his twelve years' residence there, as a newspaper correspondent, he accumulated a vast quantity of valuable material, and this he now presents to the public in a very readable form.

The book opens with a short introductory chapter on Russian communism—the Faith without God; after which Mr. Chamberlin discusses the industrial plan, showing at what immense sacrifice the colossal drive to convert a backward agricultural country into an up-to-date and self-contained state, complete with its own industries, is being carried out. From thence he goes on to draw a picture of daily life in the Soviet Russia; of the terror which the word "Gay-pay-oo" strikes into the hearts of the majority of the population; of the propaganda activities of the Government; of the crusade against all forms of religion; and of the various organizations that now play such an important part in the life of the enthusiastic youth of the country.

In writing of the Soviet Government relationship with the outside world, Mr. Chamberlin shows how Stalin has converted the earlier international ideas of Trotsky and his friends into an acute nationalism; and "the Bolshevik revolution, which in the early years following 1917 imagined itself the herald of a world-wide upheaval, has actually been the forerunner of a series of national middle-class revolutions in other European states."

The extracts from his Russian diary

during the years 1924-1934 which the author has introduced into his book convey a very true impression of the country in general, and in particular of the villages, during the famine of 1931-32. He does not hesitate to accuse the Soviet Government of deliberately exploiting the famine conditions during these years in order to force its collectivization policy upon a reluctant peasantry.

Mr. Chamberlin concludes his book with a prediction, with which most people who know the U.S.S.R. will agree. He says: "The Soviet régime is destined neither to serve as an ultimate model for the rest of the world as its admirers believe, nor to go down in violent ruin and destruction, as its enemies hope. Barring the ever-unpredictable contingencies of a large-scale war, the system will stand in its main features, subject of course like other systems to evolutionary modification and changes."

One point, however, the author of *Russia's Iron Age* seems to have overlooked. Although he has awarded the Soviet full credit for having made marked industrial progress, he has omitted to lay emphasis on the fact that the majority of the great achievements which have been accomplished have been made possible by the adoption of methods of control, supervision, and reward for services which hardly differ, even in detail, from those which exist and have proved satisfactory under Capitalism in the Western countries, and which, moreover, are completely at variance with the original ideas that characterized the activities of the Soviet authorities in 1917-18.

I Worked for the Soviet, by Countess Alexandra Tolstoy, is a book of a very different type. Alexandra Lvovna—for Russian courtesy demands that she should be thus styled—has given her British and American readers a vivid picture of the unhappy life which the

old intelligentsia of Russia have found themselves destined to live under the Soviets. Her description of the early days of the revolution, and of the horrors of life in Soviet prisons, has the ring of truth.

She describes the continuous efforts which she made from the outbreak of the revolution until 1929 to retain the estate of her father—Count Tolstoy—at Yasnaya Poliana as a national memorial to his name, and to create there a communal school. The Soviet authorities which she met in her work obviously treated her with the respect that the name of Tolstoy inspires, even amongst the most extreme elements in present-day Russia. Stalin is quoted as having said to her, "We admire Tolstoy as a writer. We are not afraid of his influence on the masses." She cites a member of the Central Executive in Moscow as having expressed the view that the

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Soviets could "afford to have one Tolstoy nest in the country."

Kalinin (the veteran president of the Executive Council), Trotsky, Menjinsky (the head of the dreaded Gay-pay-oo), Stalin, and many other prominent men find their way into the kaleidoscopic picture which Alexandra Lvovna draws for her readers. In describing Stalin, she shows, as she does throughout the book, her antipathy towards the Soviets, when she says of him: "He was too polite for a Bolshevik. As I was leaving he rose again and escorted me to the door."

The wave of political intolerance which accompanied "collectivization" in the agricultural districts, and Stalin's drive "to liquidate the Kulaks," however, swept over Yasnaia Poliana. The conditions under which Alexandra Lvovna found herself then forced to work are vividly described and present the worst side of the revolution. Ultimately she felt herself unable any longer to consent to the deliberate misinterpretation of her father's philosophy, and she gave up the unequal struggle, asked to be relieved of her position in charge of the educational work in the district, and finally got permission to proceed abroad. This is a readable book, although it contributes but little to a clearer understanding of the main problems, economical and otherwise, with which the Soviets are faced to-day or of the successes and failures which are being encountered in the solution of these problems.

ALLAN MONKHOUSE.

A PLANT HUNTER IN TIBET,
by F. Kingdon Ward. *Jonathan Cape.*
12s. 6d.

THERE must be something in the intense dryness of the Tibetan heights which makes for a dry, ironic humour in writers. The Abbé Huc had it, so had the late Brig.-Gen. Pereira; and the

same quality shines through Captain Kingdon Ward's account of this his twelfth journey into Asia. So that the book achieves the rare distinction of being equally satisfactory to scientists and to ordinary readers in search of human interest and adventure.

The country covered is the south-eastern corner of Tibet, between the Tsang-po and Salween rivers. So little known is it that, when the Indian Government suggested to the Tibetan authorities that they might forward the wanderer's letters to his headquarters at Shugden Gompa, the Tibetans replied "that they would be pleased to do so, but they didn't quite know where Shugden Gompa was". Here Captain Kingdon Ward spent most of 1933, for six months never seeing a white man, botanizing, mapping, discovering an unknown mountain range 22,000 ft. high, and forming new theories as to how in the beginning of things the Himalayas reared themselves from the bottom of the sea.

What a country! Now one sees the traveller forcing reluctant coolies and yaks over mountain heights which, in Europe, we should only tackle with the aid of experienced guides. Or he crosses abysmal gorges by rope bridges on which he feels as if he were "walking along a hammock suspended over a river 40 yards wide"; or scaling perpendicular cliffs by tree trunks with notches cut in them, just leant against the cliff; or, having all but slipped down an appalling precipice, calming his thoughts by looking fixedly at a patch of bright yellow violets which providentially grew near by.

It cut like a whip across my face; it blew ceaselessly without pity till it got on my nerves and ruined my temper. I grew to hate and fear it because there was neither rest nor shelter from it. It was a constant nagging enemy.

Nature was not the only terror. At one village, Kingdon Ward saw his

bedding carried by a coolie whose face was running with smallpox: his head servant "seemed to think I was fussy" in insisting on a change. Then there was the official dinner at Shugden Gompa, with "dried yak flesh as fibrous as asbestos and about as edible" for the chief delicacy. "Yak", he observes, "are not killed; they die."

"Nothing European is closer to modern Tibet than the Middle Ages", says Kingdon Ward. Possibly the Tibetans are happier than the mediævals. Lhasa, though it did not know the whereabouts of Shugden Gompa, is a strong colonizing influence. "The church is Tibet, the one unifying cohesive force," continually missionizing. Methods of justice as described in one gruesome chapter are awful. But in the main the peasants are unmolested, "love singing and dancing, live amidst beautiful surroundings, and are certainly not unhappy".

The prodigal wealth and variety of flowers and trees are amazing. Some of the most beautiful were found 10,000 ft. high, spending their nights in being frozen stiff, their days in carpeting the mountain with colour, and ripening their seeds under the snow. Many of our most familiar flowers come to us from overseas; Captain Kingdon Ward has brought back hundreds from Tibet and Yunnan, and his latest journey has added more than another hundred new plants. By way of a small exchange, he found Tibetans cultivating English sunflowers, hollyhocks and petunias, probably grown from Sutton's seed!

O. M. GREEN.

THE SEALS, by Monk Gibbon. *Cape.*
7s. 6d.

MR. GIBBON describes in this book his observations and reflections during a few days, and particularly when he was hunting seals on the Island of Arranmore. His observation is extraordinarily accu-

ate and vivid and his style in description direct and simple. His moralising is not equally valuable. He can make us see the little eyes of crabs bulging out as their shells are smashed in on the gunwale of a fishing boat, or admire the flight of the rock pigeon and condole at his death. It is a pity that in at least half of the book he should have found it necessary to turn aside in order painfully to struggle towards such novel and startling conclusions as that "There are times when prurience and prudery almost seem to rise at the same source." Indeed, at times Mr. Gibbon almost admits that his theories are not to be taken seriously, as where, in discussing the reason for instinctive preferences of certain types of scenery he mentions the associations of childhood only to pass on with "I prefer to believe" to a piece of unsupported mysticism. If



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CONTENTS

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- Corporate Economics
Alexander Raven Thompson
- The Cancer of Europe
Major-General J. F. C. Fuller
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- Corporate State or Crime State?
A. K. Chesterton
- Notes of the Quarter

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one has so little respect for reason as that, it would surely have been better not to attempt the mode at all. One could pick many other holes in the philosophical musings which occupy so much of this otherwise delightful book.

A. M.

THE COLLECTED PLAYS OF W. B. YEATS. *Macmillan*. 15s.

FIFTY years ago Hardy was just beginning to be famous. Lawrence was then unborn—a long stretch back in one sense, the sense of a cycle of time passing during which several English and Irish writers have paid their full tribute to life. Yet, a man or woman of seventy may be watching the seasons change with much the same response as fifty years ago when he or she was young. Fifty years ago Mr. Yeats felt the impulse that led to the writing of the twenty-one plays in this book. Or were his early years a time of watching the leaves growing and cattle browsing, ripening with added experience of the world into desire to write about people? Mr. Yeats can now look back at "The Countess Cathleen" of 1892 with its Shakespearean blank verse, its individual beauties of poetry:

I shatter you in fragments, for the face
That brimmed you up with beauty is no
more:
And die, dull heart, for she whose
mournful words
Made you a living spirit has passed away
And left you but a ball of passionate dust.
And you, proud earth and plummy sea,
fade out!
For you may hear no more her faltering
feet,
But are left lonely amid the clamorous
war
Of angels upon devils.

Aleel is a poet, and his breaking the mirror with which he has tried whether Cathleen is really dead, after her sacrifice of her life to the demons disguised as merchants, so that she may save those whose souls already are in their power,

is a symbol that on the stage sums up the regret we feel when someone with a kingly or queenly greatness of heart dies.

It would be more difficult to indicate the steps that led from "Cathleen" to, say, a short comedy like "The Pot of Broth," full of Irish humour, and from it to the spectacular "King's Threshold". Mr. Yeats would be a Quixote charging sheep if he were a young man today, a poet among the other young poets! As it is, he points out a way—one way, which, after all, is as much as most artists manage. Does he not hark back to Wordsworth's "plain living and high thinking"? His Seanchan, in "The King's Threshold", whose death for what he believes in makes his youngest pupil say:

O silver trumpets, be you lifted up
And cry to the great race that is to come.
Long-throated swans upon the waves of
time,
Sing loudly, for beyond the wall of the
world
That race may hear our music and
awake—

is typical of Mr. Yeats' heroes. They spend their lives in the love of a creed embodying a passionate belief. Does this seem curious today, when most of the world spends its belief to get any sort of pleasure or stimulus for the moment in return? Out of the drift of a poetry conveying to the as yet undulled senses of those who love life—and poetry—the plainsong of a new religion of meaninglessness, Mr. Yeats stands a little aloof, but very sane and sure of himself. Last year he wrote a version of Sophocles' *Œdipus at Colonus* for the modern stage (it is printed here). How closely the feelings and actions of the blinded *Œdipus* and his daughter Antigone correspond to those of Lear and Cordelia, and how delicate a sense of poetry the writer who chooses to translate the wording of these feelings into English, must possess! If one dwelt at length on this example of Mr.

Yeats' power as a dramatist, one would also not neglect the examples of his poetic power in this beautiful play:

In the long echoing street the laughing
dancers throng,
The bride is carried to the bridegroom's
chamber through torchlight and
tumultuous song:
I celebrate the silent kiss that ends
short life or long.

Never to have lived is best, ancient
writers say;
Never to have drawn the breath of life,
never to have looked into the eye of
day;
The second best's a gay goodnight and
quickly turn away.

ARTHUR BALL.

WHILE ROME BURNS, by Alexander Woollcott. *Barker*. 8s. 6d.

ON the dust cover of this book is a reproduction of an autographed letter of appreciation from Mr. Noel Coward in which, with charming guile, he rebukes Mr. Woollcott for tearing his plays to pieces (in the days when that gentleman acted as dramatic critic for the *New Yorker*), while at the same time commending the dexterity with which the operation was accomplished. After reading *While Rome Burns* one realizes that a stab from the bright point of Mr. Woollcott's pen can leave no lasting scar, so keen is the weapon used, so neat the thrust.

Just as it is impossible to compare the humour of the *New Yorker* with that of *Punch*, so it would be idle to attempt to match the delicately malicious wit of Mr. Woollcott with that of any contemporary English writer. No one can tell a story better, nor limn his contemporaries with a livelier pen. His sketch of Kathleen Norris, an American novelist with an incredible number of readers, and "Our Mrs. Parker", the dramatic critic of *Life*, are among the best things in the book. Mrs. Parker it was who referred to Kathleen Hepburn

as an actress who ran the gamut of emotion from A. to B.

But Mr. Woollcott's interests in this book are not confined to that part of the American public which moves in the public eye. He gives us a wandering journalist's glimpses of Russia and the Far East, and re-tells some forgotten murders with an art unknown to our Crime Clubs. Throughout the author's touch is a light one, and some of his portrait sketches of New York celebrities are as finely touched as a Dürer drawing.

M. M.

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NOTHING LIKE LEATHER, by V. S. Pritchett. *Chatto & Windus*. 7s. 6d.

YOUNG PASQUIER, by Georges Duhamel. Translated by Béatrice de Holthoir. *Dent*. 7s. 6d.

MR. PRITCHETT has remarkable gifts; and his new novel, *Nothing Like Leather*, which he gives us at a significantly long interval after his last, shows them now in ripeness. He can satisfy our sense of form in narrative, our sense of precision in the outline of all (or nearly all) of his characters, our sense of accuracy in their reactions to the stresses under which they are brought. More directly, too, he can make a curiously sharp appeal to our senses of seeing and hearing—and nothing gives a novel more intrinsic vitality than does that gift. In fact, to be summary, he seems to be a novelist born, and, what is more, to have in him the patience to mature and to amplify his innate powers. All of which is not so common as you might think.

He has taken as his central figure a man whom Balzac would have appreciated, and whom, let it be said, Balzac would have enlarged to superhuman scale, with chiaroscuro to match: Matthew Burkle, whose vitality and impulsion spring fundamentally from the desire for money. Money rules his daily life, the recesses of his private life, the surge of his balked romanticism. Where he fails to govern his actions by the money motive, as in his marriage to the needy photographer's daughter, Dorothy, instead of following his true star and waiting and planning to have Henrietta Petworth, he is thwarted and correspondingly unhappy. Where he is giving full play, though cautiously and not as the gambler, to his money-sense, he is fulfilled. How well Matthew

Burkle, this impassioned tanner, comes to life at such a moment as when he comes up from Newly to London to spy out the possibilities of expanding his interests! He visits a vacant factory, and pokes round it alone:

"He had paced the floors to measure them, he had touched the machines, and they were half his in the desire of that touch. Once he turned sharply about thinking he heard the footstep of a rival. . . . A whole afternoon he passed in this way, suffering every emotion of desire, mistrust, jealousy, love and fear, until he was exhausted, and it was with longing that he looked back at the building from the street after he had locked up. . . . Reluctantly he walked away and he gave back the keys to the agent. But instead of going straight to the railway station, he returned once more to the building. The pretence was that he had not examined the yard walls at the back, but the truth was that he could hardly bear to leave the place there out of his sight. . . . He was a man going to see a secret mistress. At every opportunity he laid the entwining siege of desire to the building, satisfied sometimes merely to walk past it. . . ."

Matthew is shown to us from his diffident starting-point in the rich Petworths' family tannery, through his rise to mastery, and to his ultimate defeat by the turning-away of Henrietta Petworth, through whom, intangibly, he had climbed. And Mr. Pritchett shows uncommon skill in showing the emotional feminine circle which Henrietta followed, from her cousin Geoffrey, through Eric May and the rather enigmatic Robinson, back to Geoffrey when it was almost too late. To my own mind, his narrative power falters only at the last; there, I feel, the climax of Matthew's strange death in the empty factory is weakened by the over-careful description of just how the thing happened. But the mere

fact that so small a point, a matter of barely a page, struck a slightly false note in the ear of one attentive reader is a tribute to the consistently fine virtuosity of a long, variegated and absorbing novel.

A translation of M. Duhamel's *Young Pasquier, Jardin des Bêles Sauvages*, will certainly be welcomed by readers of its predecessor in this sequence, *News from Havre*; and those who missed this need not be afraid to embark on a novel which, though not completely self-contained, is perfectly revelatory. M. Duhamel writes nowadays with a subtler economy, a cooler limpidity, than once he did. And it would be hard to point to a better evocation of a boy's idealism being subjected to the stresses of disillusion and conflicting loyalties than this portrait of Laurent Pasquier in his teens. It is simple, swift, and moving.

HAMISH MILES.

THE POACHER, by H. E. Bates. *Cape*. 7s. 6d.

FOREIGNERS, by Leo Walmesley. *Cape*. 7s. 6d.

LAND UNDER ENGLAND, by Joseph O'Neill. *Gollancz*. 7s. 6d.

No English novelist, not even D. H. Lawrence, is more sensuous than Mr. Bates. One enjoys his work with one's whole body. His qualities permeate. How can the critic find a definition for them? I can try to do it by reminding the reader of Keats's epithets and verbs; of Madeleine "unclasping her warmed jewels one by one." Mr. Bates uses such intimate devices; his work taking on a sort of passionate privacy, like the whispering of lovers. And that whispering gives birth to simple and beautiful creatures, these stories and novels that are making so much impression on an increasing number of readers.

The Poacher does not depart in any way from the tone of his work. It is an easier, lighter book than *The Fallow Land*, and perhaps it will not leave so deep an impression on the mind. Time plays a more arbitrary and less inexorable part in it. But the tale has more of the texture and lyrical clarity of Mr. Bates's short stories. It smells of rabbit's fur, and scabbled-up earth. It is tainted with this half-gypsy lust for illicit game-creatures, and the reader throws all respectability to the winds and shares in the poachers' pleasures.

We meet the young poacher in the eighties, training under his expert father. The training is severe. It means a discipline of muscle and mind in the fight against nature and society. And when the father is killed, the youth tries to forget his hero-worship and his strenuous nights by taking to the elements of scholarship. But "having lived a physical life for so long he did not know what to do with a life filled with such emotion and such quietness now that it had come." Not marriage, material advancement, patriarchal pride,

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or advancing age could quell the instinct. The smell of rabbit lured him to the end.

The "foreigners" of Mr. Walmesley's new story are an artist, his wife, and his small boy, who have come to live in the Yorkshire fishing village of Bramblewick, a place familiar to me now because I have read and enjoyed this author's previous work. In this tale he is at his best. He has discarded a certain clumsiness and "heavy jocular" amateurishness in his dialogue, and his narrative skill has become swifter and more definite.

These disciplines were necessary, for Mr. Walmesley has undertaken a treacherous task. He has written the book in the first person of the small boy. Such a course usually leads down the slippery path of sentimentality, with an elided adult view of life substituted for the real thing.

The real thing is hard, sharp, and often terrible in its nervous immediacy. Children live like wild animals, ever on the alert, looking for prey, and dodging the prey. Mr. Walmesley's boy is like that. He is a real boy, seething with the activities of his own world, and only paying an identifying lip-service to the morals and ethics of the world where his parents live and legislate. The father and mother are Wesleyans, and therefore the boy's vision is cluttered up with signs and portents of sin and drunkenness, and of a grim, forbearing sort of God who does not let His right hand know what His left hand doeth. The parents are an enigma to the violent fishing community, and accordingly the boy has to suffer. He is a courageous, curious little chap, always on the look-out for treasure-trove from the tides, always prepared to hold his own against his schoolfellows who are united against him under the leadership of the village bully.

The boy tells his story with a sort of rapt, breathless expectancy, living each

moment with all his nerves and muscles, so that the reader is spellbound too, and induced to share the miniature hopes and terrors and discoveries that emerge from contact with school, other boys, the fishermen, the boats, the country scene behind the village and the sea before it; his father and mother, the studio and the dismal, damp cottage. All the mountainous symbolism of childhood is evoked by Mr. Walmesley to build up a study of boyhood which is one of the most convincing I have ever read. It is comparable to Jefferies' *Bevis*.

Mr. O'Neill's first book about Dublin in the days of the Norsemen was a fine achievement of the imagination. His new one, another essay in the creation of Utopia, is also richly imaginative, but more lavishly diluted with fancifulness. The activities of his fancy, however, are so spacious that the reader cannot at first distinguish them from the more significant functioning of the imagination, and accordingly the book is difficult to assess.

Its first impact is overwhelming, for the world of underground mountains and seas, with all its strange flora and fauna, created by Mr. O'Neill is astonishing in its romantic grandeur. After the effect of the first contact with this scenery has worn off, however, one begins to question the coherence of it, and of the termite civilization of the sequestered Roman colony which the hero finds in the bowels of the earth.

RICHARD CHURCH.

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THE FORTNIGHTLY

APRIL, 1935

EUROPE IN THE WORLD CRISIS

BY ANDRÉ SIEGFRIED

III.—PROBLEMS THAT ARISE (*continued*)

FOR many years it has been a question whether the policy of industrialization in the colonies and in overseas countries in general should not be opposed. Europe, without a doubt, would like to oppose it, in a very human desire to consolidate her privileged position, and when she gives way it goes definitely against the grain.

England, for example, although she takes a liberal attitude towards her Dominions as a matter of political wisdom, has certainly regretted seeing them build factories of their own. All the plans of the Imperialists for the past sixty years have been based on the assumption that the Mother Country should have the right to provide for the colonial markets, and even today England has succeeded in putting this idea into effect in the Ottawa Agreements. If these measures were to be put sincerely into practice, they would act as a brake on further industrialization in the overseas parts of her Empire. Manchester still resents the competition in India of Indian-made textiles, just as our French industrialists would if Algeria were to start setting up factories and workrooms of her own.

But discussion is idle, for this movement cannot be stopped. All the colonies, one after another, would be up in arms if the Mother Country refused to admit that they have the right to develop in their own way. To restrain them is becoming more and more difficult, and eventually, in certain cases, will be impossible.

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Let us not be deceived by appearances, however, for the movement is slow, taking not years but generations to accomplish. This makes it possible to establish a new equilibrium or semi-equilibrium between the privileges of the Old World and the claims of the New by an adaptation which is both spontaneous and progressive. The new countries, having exported only raw materials in the past, are now supplying semi-finished goods and beginning to manufacture finished goods for their own current needs. The old countries, feeling this competition in ordinary goods, are tending to specialize in the finer qualities. As the Dominions, the colonies, and the reawakening countries begin to raise themselves in the industrial scale, so Europe must keep one step ahead. Thus there is always a certain distance between them, and their relationships remain virtually unchanged. As conditions are constantly changing and causing a continuous adaptation of the structure, we are really seeking not a static but a dynamic equilibrium.

The effect of these changes has long been apparent in the balances of trade and accounts of the most highly developed European countries. We have already noticed the increasingly important part played by "invisible" exports in regulating international debits and credits. The British balance of trade has never been favourable within living memory, and in future its increasing deficit will be considered normal. Britain's imports of foodstuffs and raw materials are still mainly paid for by exports of manufactured goods. Apart from this, however, the revenue from capital invested abroad, from the tourist trade, and above all from "services" of every kind, constitutes an item in the exchange balance which increases in keeping with the industrial progress of the new countries. This simply means that a highly developed country has to bring more and more technique, science, and originality into its exports to the younger communities. Quite apart from the actual goods exported, it must also be ready to furnish its efficiency, its organization, and briefly its own personality. Its exports become more refined and more intelligent. That is its instinctive reply to the world transformations which are robbing it of certain of its functions. And, moreover, its vulnerability diminishes by reason of its progress.

Britain's balance of payments is singularly interesting in this

connection. Since the nineteenth century, and especially since the war, her exports have been steadily declining in comparison with her imports as the following table shows:

<i>British Exports Compared with Imports</i>					
1913	..	..	..	..	82 per cent.
1921	..	..	..	..	74 "
1929	..	..	..	..	69 "
1931	..	..	..	..	52 "

Clearly the "invisibles" have had to compensate for a larger discrepancy, but if we are to believe the estimates of the Board of Trade, they have—at least up to the present exceptional years—been amply sufficient to do so. In 1929, for example, the trade balance showed a deficit of no less than £381 millions; and yet as the following analysis shows, Britain was still able to balance her payments in 1929:

Balance of Income and Expenditure between the United Kingdom and Other Countries in 1929
(In Millions)

Excess of imports of merchandise	..	..	£381
Net national shipping income	..	..	£130
Net income from overseas investments	..	..	270
Net receipts from insurance, commissions, etc.	..	..	65
Other receipts	..	..	30
Total credit balance	..	..	114
		£495	£495

Our table shows how the accounts have been balanced in spite of an alarming excess of imports, but it also throws into relief the changes which have taken place in the world, and particularly in the new economic relationship of the various continents.

It is now only with difficulty that Europe can manage to export as much as before. However, a certain amount of complementary trade still exists between the various continents, and each country fulfils its international engagements according to the stage of evolution it has reached. If "services" are destined to replace exports to a certain extent, with a corresponding shrinkage in exports, then dangerous social consequences are to be feared until the Old Continent has accustomed itself to these new conditions.

Under such circumstances can we even maintain our standard of living? Europe today and tomorrow depends upon her

accumulated wealth, but tomorrow she must also rely on her superiority. In the future she must justify under a regime of competition the priority she won under the previous regime of privilege and divine right.

The problem which the Old Continent has now to face, is how far she can adapt herself to present conditions in international trade. The drift of Europe in the nineteenth century now turns out to have been perilous. To use an expression from Nietzsche, she truly decided to "live dangerously". In consequence she is today burdened with an excessive industrial superstructure, too dense a population, and a social standard which is becoming increasingly difficult to maintain. Two alternatives are possible. Either she must await the return of general prosperity to set her afloat again together with the rest of the world, or accept the necessity of revising her entire position. Such revision, taking the pessimistic view, would involve sacrificing part of her equipment, giving up her high standard of living, and perhaps also reducing the number of her population. A more optimistic hypothesis, however, suggests that her industrial structure can be adapted and reorganized so that the present level may be maintained.

Industrial competition is very different today from what it was before 1914, for the war, the post-war years, and the crisis itself, have brought radical changes. The chaos which has now become general has caught us between two fires, between Asia and America, between the high wage level of the one and the low wage level of the other. No matter which way we turn our flank is exposed.

The pressure of the low wages in the East and the Far East have introduced a new factor into the situation. The full effects of the general world industrialization are only now, since the war, making themselves felt. The West has brought this on itself, for without the extraordinary progress in our technique, this Asiatic competition could never have taken place. It is the direct result of mass-production, which is the outstanding feature of our era.

During the past generation the factory has changed in character more rapidly than we realized, for it had to be adapted to another transformation peculiar to our time, the decline of the

working class. For this reason, not only during the war but afterwards as well, every effort, both in Europe and in America, has been directed towards substituting the machine for the workman, who had become expensive, scarce, exigent, and unmanageable. Mechanised workshops were needed, and simple processes which could be carried out without either the same quality or quantity of workmen as before. The factory has thus been transformed into a mechanism which is standardised, automatic, and interchangeable. The whole plant can now be shipped in numbered parts to the other side of the world, where a handful of specialists travelling along with it can put it together and start it going. The machinery is so well arranged that its output is almost constant, no matter what sort of employees are used. Owing to the lack of qualified workmen, its inventors have planned it so that it requires no initiative on the part of the operatives, and only a minimum of skill. Ford declares—and not ironically either, which makes it all the worse—that he requires no more skill from his workmen than they need to hang up their hats on a peg. Surely there is no one in the world—whether yellow, black, or brown—who cannot do that! A few engineers from the West are needed in the beginning to get things going, but even they can soon be dispensed with. Automatic machinery has thus conquered both time and space, conquered even man himself, who by his own genius has achieved the disturbing result of being able to dispense with his own skill and intelligence!

The countries of the coloured race are clearly in an advantageous position. Machinery, invented and constructed in the West where civilization and the standard of living are high, is transported to the East where civilization and the standard of living are low. In the East wages are always at a minimum—one-fifth, one-tenth, and even one-fifteenth of those in Europe or America. Even this is not the chief argument against this competition. Their main advantage lies in the fact that, being new, their industry is not fettered by embarrassing social legislation. The coloured employer makes his staff work long hours both night and day, and organizes his shifts to keep his machines going continuously. He is free to use children, young girls and women. Organization, which is the decisive factor in modern

industry, works entirely in his favour, since social considerations are not allowed to conflict with the exclusive interests of production, and the rights of the human element have to all intents and purposes been eliminated.

Meanwhile the industrialist in Manchester has become the victim of a long evolution of social progress. He is hopelessly floundering about in a network of regulations, collective contracts, labour laws, and humanitarian principles, all of which his conscience approves and which in fact are among the main bulwarks of Western civilization. When low wages are coupled, as in the case of Japan, with a technique which is often more advanced than in the West, competition is no longer possible.

In the following magnificent piece of writing, M. Paul Morand describes the agonising contrast between the lot of the white working class and the proletariat of the coloured races :

Here is a man who gets up at an hour when Nature is already awake, who finds at his door a cup of steaming hot coffee and the newspaper, who travels to work with a cheap ticket on the underground or bus, enjoys three meals a day, goes fishing on Sunday and to the cinema on Saturday night ; a man who has been educated free, insured against unemployment, old age, and sickness—such is the lot of the white workman earning a wage at the Western level. Now picture a man practically naked, in rags, subsisting on a bowl of rice and a few grilled locusts, who considers any work a windfall, and labours fifteen or eighteen hours a day for almost nothing, who has no pleasure except once and again feeling that his stomach is not aching with hunger ; who sleeps anywhere he can, in the street, or in a shed, a mere skeleton, abandoned, condemned to do the most arduous work to the end of his days ; a man who is unprotected by law, haunted by usurers, and pillaged by the military—such is the lot of the black workman, and of the coloured proletariat in general.

Conditions in Japan admittedly do not apply, but this description portrays only too truly the misery of many in both India and China.

Once the value of the individual is threatened, how can the European who is staggering beneath the weight of his standard of living, like an army with too much baggage, fight against these countless masses ? Actually we are witnessing what has been described as “ a gigantic arbitration between two labour markets ”. In the textile world, for example, Japan, India, and China are robbing Manchester of part of their former territory. Japan indeed is now so highly mechanized that she has reached the

stage where she can manufacture her own machinery ; meanwhile her wages, compared with those in England, are still at the Asiatic level.

On our western front, on the contrary, we are obliged to defend ourselves against countries with higher wages and a standard of living more pretentious than our own. The United States on the morrow of the war represented this competition. Although it has temporarily died down we shall have to face it again, for its causes are deep-seated. The conditions which gave the Americans the victory are easy to analyze : they win the day when the height of their wages can be compensated by the quantity of their output. This is due to their superior organization and their intelligently directed mechanism. High salaries and mass production only occur together when an enormous home market is available, with a sufficiently high purchasing power. Abundance of raw material on the spot, 125 million consumers forming a free trade unit surrounded by a single customs barrier—here are natural and political conditions which the Old Continent cannot hope to equal. When these conditions are fulfilled America can compete irresistibly ; but when they are not she is easily out-distanced in the international markets. The supremacy of the United States thus appears to be limited to productions which are carried out under the double sign of the machine and the mass. Otherwise they are crushed beneath their own wages, just as Europe is crushed in comparison with Asia.

In this way the trade between the two shores of the Atlantic operates as naturally as two liquids of different densities which have been superimposed in a flask. Europe, still being the Old Country so far as the New World is concerned, buys from the United States the raw materials and semi-finished goods which she needs to feed her population and supply her factories. She also buys mass-produced articles, selecting as a rule the tools and machinery which are such a perfect expression of the American temperament.

The United States, on the other hand, being still economically young in spite of her gigantic development, imports from Europe foodstuffs and manufactures of high quality, especially goods made to order. She also imports—and would import much more if her tariff would let her—the whole range of articles in

which, being only partly machine-made, the personal touch still counts. Here America's advantage diminishes and even disappears.

These three stages of industry, corresponding to three continents and their three stages of civilization, suggest an interesting discussion. The Americans boasted rather insolently during their prosperity that they feared one type of competition only, that of countries with a high wage level. This recalls Sir Charles Dilke's book, *Greater Britain*, written after his world tour in 1867 and 1868. "The lesson of my trip round the world", he wrote, "is the defeat of the cheap people by the dear people, the victory of the man whose food costs four shillings a day over the man whose food costs fourpence". Even if his conclusions are not justified, his simple statement at least has the merit of expressing the problem admirably, and of placing it upon the fundamental basis of the standard of living, for it is really this which is at stake in the rivalry between the continents.

Must we agree with Dilke that it is always the higher standard which wins? This is much too simple. We cannot admit this any more than that the competition of starvation wages is bound to be irresistible. What is much more likely is that several stages of industrial production exist, each with its own law and its own chances of success. In some cases it is the poor who survive, and in others it is the rich. The law of production is not, and cannot be the same for a cheap cotton textile, a mass-produced piece of agricultural machinery, and a costly silken fabric. How is Europe going to be situated in the midst of this international rivalry, where her very destiny is at stake?

Without a shadow of doubt, under present conditions of world competition, Europe is beaten in certain fields.

She is defeated in the East and the Far East by automatic machinery coupled with starvation wages. Add to this advanced technique in the case of Japan, and the offensive becomes irresistible. They have made use of the tools which we have been so eager to sell, never giving a thought to the ultimate consequences of what we were doing. Being now armed with this new weapon, Asia outbids us, thanks to her very misery, since she employs a veritable army of workers at infinitely low remuneration, and makes no provision against overtime.

"Asia can underlive Europe." In this terrible sentence Lafcadio Hearn expresses the tragedy of this merciless rivalry, in which the poorest comes out best. This is only too true at certain stages of production, for, like Gresham's Law that bad money drives out good, in the competition between the two races it is not the more advanced which triumphs, but the more wretched which survives. Economically—one might almost say biologically—the more skilled is not necessarily the better, for in certain branches of manufacturing the social burden of civilization becomes too heavy to bear. In this respect it is an undeniable advantage to travel light, with few requirements.

"Unfair competition", protests the workman with a high standard of living. In his case we must include in the cost of production his comfort, health, and amusements, of which no one would wish to deprive him. But international commerce does not take such matters into account. It only recognizes the pitiless force of might and possession, and that the weaker goes to the wall. During the past ten years the textile industry of Western Europe has learned this lesson only too well from the devastated areas in her export trade with India and China. It is like a gigantic landslide where the soil is giving way under our feet, and which threatens to deprive us of the markets of an entire continent. Ought we, then, to engage in battle in a field where our choice of weapons cannot be effective, and where there is always a possibility of having to rival the misery of our adversary? The countries which have depreciated the value of their currency have set out hypothetically along this road. Just as death cannot be stared in the face, so we have reached an abyss from which we must avert our eyes in spite of ourselves.

In America, at the other extremity of this immense field of battle, we are beaten for reasons which are exactly the opposite. The super-equipment, which in certain industries gives an enormous output per man and so permits a very high wage, is really just as much ours as theirs. It is our invention that created it, our genius that made it possible. White race on both sides of the Atlantic! There is nothing that America has accomplished which Europe could not also have done, had the problem been simply one of organization, technique, and ingenuity. What is new in America, but also out of our grasp,

is the size and simplicity of their theatre of operations. Within a framework of such vast geographic proportions, organization can produce results which are denied to us. The population of Europe is more numerous than that of the United States, and our natural resources are by no means negligible by comparison, but we are so divided up politically, so imbued with hatreds inherited from the past, that the possibility of turning the continent into a single unbroken market will long remain a Utopia. If she had the same start, Europe could imitate successfully the scientific way in which the United States has organized production, but geographically she is deprived of the factor of mass consumption, and by her age, of economic youth.

However, we do not always suffer defeat on this double front. We are not always on the defensive, for the causes of our former prosperity have by no means disappeared. On the East as well as on the West we have still evident advantages, but in our post-war humiliation we have lost sight of them.

Our technique is still superior to Asia's, even including Japan's. The Far East possesses an increasing number of excellent engineers and expert organisers, but difficult industries can only prosper where mechanical civilization is deeply rooted. It is easy for the Asiatics, or indeed any of our imitators, who rather naively are ready to convince themselves that they are our equals as soon as they are in possession of our tools and have learned how to use them. This is not true. Real superiority lies not in running a machine, but in creating it. What would happen if we were to stop supplying the Orient with our genius? Let us suppose that for some reason we were unable to get into touch with them for a long period. They would certainly maintain their equipment, but would they be unable to renew it? The tool and the hand which guides it count for little; it is the spirit which has created it which is significant. So long as Europe is still capable of invention, who can rob her of her superiority? The whole question resolves itself into how many difficult industries there are today, and how many there will be in the future.

With regard to the United States, we have learned from the crisis where we were exaggerating their strength. Even during the period of its amazing prosperity some of us discerned the limits

to the system, for we saw that the conditions of its success were clearly determined. Europe still has the advantage of greater individuality, and at the same time greater frugality. No one will deny that as an inventor of machinery the American is ingenious, but the European really is a more gifted creator. The shade of meaning may seem subtle, but there is a difference. The inventive genius of the New World lies above all in discovering tools and machinery, especially the machine-tool which will eliminate the human element.

When it is a question of creating, however, of making something out of nothing as artists do, the Old World has a freshness which she will never lose. She will benefit by her very difficulties, as she will be obliged to work within a narrower margin, and keep her wits as sharp as a razor. The Americans, as we know, are only interested in solving simple problems. They only mine the easiest minerals, and they avoid industries which require too close application, too great patience, and too careful calculation. We are inclined to consider the American, when he is not overwhelmed in a crisis, as a privileged person. Nevertheless, our more modest scale of living allows us to undertake certain enterprises which he does not even attempt. As a result, when we compete with him we carry the day, just as the Asiatic does when he competes with us. But there is this difference: the quality, individuality, and difficulty of our work becomes the decisive argument in our favour.

Seen from without, Europe gives the curious impression of occupying the position of intermediary between the East and the West, or if you prefer, between the Far East and the Far West. Seen from Asia, she is part of the West, and would be its perfect expression were America not further West still. From New York and still more from Chicago, she seems to be merely "a small peninsula on the continent of Asia", indissolubly bound to this massive and overwhelming geographic block. Considered from India, as I know from personal experience, she seems to be ardently pursuing her material aims, and devoured by initiative and progress. To the American, Europe with her peasants seems to share in oriental frugality and to maintain unbroken many of the oldest of Asiatic traditions, whereas the Anglo-Saxons of the New World have unmistakably broken this thread. One may

say, no doubt, that Europe embodies the weaknesses of the two systems ; but she also possesses in one way and another much of their force. We must not jump to the conclusion that her day is over.

This brings us to our conclusion—to what I more modestly prefer to call our commentary—that the present hostile attitude of the world, not only towards Europe but towards the entire white race, should be taken to heart. In so far as it was materialistic, our conquest of the globe is being turned against us. The phase of our uncontested domination is definitely over, at any rate for Europe. Our former tributaries, whether voluntary or involuntary, now refuse to serve us any longer. Meanwhile we have lost faith in our own omnipotence, and are sometimes even losing our pride, which if it did not make us loved, at least made us feared. No doubt Europe will be able to maintain her supremacy for a long time yet in Africa and even in Western Asia, but in the Far East the days of our leadership are numbered. Europe must now alter her method of influencing the world.

We have been pessimistic enough, almost too much so ; the crisis has taught us that certain non-European giants are not without their weaknesses also. Europe still retains two vital factors : her genius for creative invention, and her appreciation of spirituality, both of which are bound up with her traditional culture. We are thus forced to rely upon our own superiority, the unique stronghold into which the overseas countries can penetrate only with difficulty : quality, “ services”, international finance—this is where Europe undoubtedly excels. Although on this course the Americans are close at our heels, they have not yet caught up, because success takes the time element into consideration.

The main difficulty is that such a basis is too narrow to support a whole continent, especially on the high level which Europe has reached. Just as deep water is required to float a large ship, so the economic activity of Europe, being based upon international trade, cannot carry on with a small volume of transactions. She would pine away from lack of nourishment. If the complementary trade between the continents changes, even partially, into complementary trade within the boundaries of one continent, or one country, will that not mean stagnation for transportation,

for the great *entrepôt* markets, and for the stock exchanges ? The Old Continent would be the first to suffer. In the same way if foreign markets do continue to accept our high qualities, but shut out our ordinary goods, will Europe not be obliged to contract not only her equipment, but her population, and also her standard of living ?

Such is the peril which threatens this continent, with its audacious industrial superstructure. Like a building, this superstructure is dangerous because it is top-heavy. The peril is all the more disquieting, since in the shadow of this structure, which had always been considered safe, has grown up a population both dense and insatiable. Its standard of living, won during a long series of prosperous years, will not easily be given up. “ Men will not always die quietly”, as Keynes remarked in 1919.

Democracy is everywhere digging itself in just when the possibilities of a decline are looming up. It is determined to consolidate what it has acquired so far, even if its old basis disappears. From now on in many of the Western European countries the standard of living of the people is depending more and more upon the generosity of the State, and less on any real economic foundation. Already public budgets are overburdened, as more is being distributed than is being produced. The level of wages and social services is in many cases fixed by political reasons, and is not based on the state of the labour market. No government dares touch the standard of living which the political parties have made sacred. So the necessary money is first obtained by despoiling the wealthy classes, and then, following the line of least resistance, by inflation.

Among the many solutions that present themselves, two appear to be possible. One is to turn certain European countries into closed economic units, as was the case during the war when the Central Empires contrived to live upon their resources, without either imports or exports. Germany is trying to do the same thing again today. She is attempting to support too numerous a population on a territory which was considered almost insufficient in the past. By stamping on the ground, she is trying not merely to conjure up armies, but also wealth, especially wealth which depends less on Nature than on chemical genius and the rationalization of mankind. Life there is virtually on

a war-time basis, which has meant the loss of liberty, a reduced standard of living, a strong police, concentration camps—everything served up with a coating of mysticism to make the pill easier to swallow.

On the other hand, in England and France, owing to the standardization of life with its mass-produced houses, clothing, transportation, and even amusements, the common people are enjoying an increasing amount of cheap semi-luxury which seems to satisfy them. Such Americanization of our customs is an eventual solution, for without apparently lowering her standards, Europe can thus reduce the cost. In the operation, however, she would lose her very soul.

One wonders if such a course is absolutely necessary, but *primo vivere*. I feel that it is with undisguised sadness that the European *élite* would view such a trend. With its halo of romance and the creative power underlying it, the German solution kindles our imagination. But the Babbitt idealism of the American method terrifies us by its monotony. In any case it is not even the best that America has to offer. Europe without her individuality would be only one continent among many; she would cease to be the yeast which leavens the rest of the world. If she adopts the American solution she will lose in the economic field her superior technique, which is one of the chief reasons for her survival more or less in her present state.

We must not allow her creative genius to perish. It is born of the spirit—of the liberty of the spirit—and of disinterested culture. If Europe conforms to the present trend and sells her soul to mass production, she will undermine the foundations of the civilization on which she lives. The hero who best symbolizes our old continent is Prometheus. When he stole the fire from Jupiter to give it to man, he may have offended the gods, but he called into being that hidden soul of our Western civilization, the revolt against fatality and supine passivity. From this revolt has gushed forth our technical invention and our undisciplined creative genius.

Let us not be crushed by the American masses or the Asiatic masses. Let us remain true to the spirit of the Caucasian host, for even the most punctilious racialists cannot pretend that it was not Aryan.

MR. BALDWIN'S RESPONSIBILITY

By AUSTIN HOPKINSON, M.P.

ANY consideration of the position of political parties at the present moment is necessarily conditioned by the recognition of certain factors in the world outside which seem to make our domestic concerns of but small account. But Great Britain is so situated that she had become almost as it were the keystone of civilization and, if she fails to maintain a reasonable degree of sanity in a world manifestly mad, universal ruin appears to be inevitable. While the nations of Europe are feverishly arming and are cultivating that terror of their neighbours which is so commonly the prelude to war, Asia seems ripe for Japanese reaping, and America is endeavouring to learn some of the elementary principles of commerce and finance, hitherto without any great measure of success. Having recklessly squandered the natural wealth of a continent, the people of the United States are at last faced with the problem of earning their living.

A dissertation, therefore, on our internal political situation may be rendered worthless, almost as soon as it is emitted, by world convulsions on the largest scale. On the other hand, it is to some extent true to say that those cataclysms may be avoided or, at the least, mitigated by wise policy on the part of our statesmen. Unless, however, wise and fearless statesmanship is supported by the bulk of public opinion in the country, it may well fail to preserve the stability of our own institutions and may render them valueless as a rallying point for civilization in general. If, for example, the coming general election were to be followed by a Socialist administration, the nations might well give way to despair, knowing, as they have been taught by bitter experience, that the practice of Socialism leads inevitably to dictatorship, war, and human deterioration.

It may reasonably be said, therefore, that the issue of the election is a matter which concerns not only ourselves but the whole of humanity. If Great Britain decides to take the flowery path

of Socialism, she will in due time be embogged, like so many others, in the slough of Communism or Fascism, and new Dark Ages will confront the world. For Sir Stafford Cripps is but giving vent to a truism when he declares that a victory of the Socialists at the polls would swiftly be followed by a first-rate financial crisis. Everyone should now be aware that the whole strength of the Socialist party is to be found in the fact that it promises to its dupes a standard of living higher than current production can provide. In other words, it will use capital as if it were income, and within a few weeks of its rise to power we employers of labour will witness the materialization of the nightmare which has obsessed us ever since 1910—the vision of our clerks sent to the banks with our cheques for the week's wages, and returning without the money. That would of course mean the complete breakdown of civilization in an industrialized country such as ours, and the reduction to a state of starvation of a considerable part of our population.

A desperate, disorganized, and starving nation is the natural prey of the Fascist vultures, who cannot hope to devour a healthy and self-respecting people. For national disintegration must have gone far indeed before our fellow-countrymen will barter liberty for bread, or the promise of it.

From the above general considerations we might have deduced, even if there had been no corroborative evidence, the existence of the state of affairs in the Labour Party which is actually now in being. That party is cloven from head to foot, and the representatives of the workers, in the form of the trade union leaders, are terrified by the activities of that section which, under the leadership of Sir Stafford Cripps, is preparing the ground for a Fascist rebellion. Those who direct the General Council of the Trade Union Congress preserve a lively memory of the events of 1926; they recognise fully that Socialism is merely the first step to dictatorship, and look forward with hardly concealed horror to the possibility of a victory of the Labour Party at the general election. They are well aware that ambitious and astute lawyers would, in that event, swiftly oust trade union representatives from the key positions and gratify their hypertrophied self-appreciation by the ruin not only of the wage-earners, but of the whole nation.

The last two annual conferences of the Trades Union Congress supply ample evidence that what has been set down in the last paragraph is no exaggeration. Those Conferences were in reality the areas upon which was fought out a bitter battle between the leaders of organized labour and the parasites who wish to use, and have hitherto used, the trade union movement for the furtherance of their own selfish aims.

The time is ripe, therefore, for a definite and sustained effort to persuade the trade unions to take their true place in the national life, to abandon their sectional attitude, and to help, instead of hindering, those who really wish to see the emancipation of the workers now long overdue. The main part of the labour and sacrifice necessary for the attainment of that end must of course fall upon the directors of industry. But the latter will be slow to move unless some man, speaking for the nation, can tell them plainly and authoritatively what is expected of them, and what will be the consequences of a sulky refusal on their part to do their duty.

We can never hope to deal with the unemployment problem without the whole-hearted assistance of the trade unions. For unemployment is now recognized as the inevitable result of wage-rates fixed without any regard to the demand for the product of labour. Flexibility of wage-rates must be restored if we are ever to have appreciably less than two million people unemployed. And, in speaking of wage-rates, I include all those gratuitous additions to the workers' standard of living which go under the name of social services and constitute the very worst kind of fixed wage. Flexible wage-rates would be a grave danger to the workers in the absence of trade union control and the consequent possibility of undue depression. Trade union action can, and formerly did, secure for the workers in the various industries the highest wage-rates which can be paid without producing serious unemployment.

No one acquainted with the outstanding men in our political life today can have any doubt as to whom destiny has selected for the position of leadership in a re-united nation. We are fortunate in possessing a number of competent and experienced administrators, and a still greater number of young men already in public life who are fit to take their places. But there is

manifestly only one man whose political record is such as to give him the confidence, not only of the directors of industry and the middle classes, but also of the manual workers. Mr. Baldwin is the essential Englishman, possessing all the faults and all the virtues of our people to the fullest extent, and therefore more closely in touch than any other public man with all sections of the nation. No one but a fool imagines that he will make some dramatic and spectacular move, or indeed that he will make any move at all unless pushed. But it is clearly the duty of all who value the happiness of our people to do all they can to force him to lead the nation.

It would be well, however, first to consider some of the dangers to which the Government, of which he is the effective head, is exposed. No political enemies can weaken an administration so seriously as can its own mistakes, and no observer can doubt that the muddle connected with the relief of the unemployed has shaken the Government far more than all the subversive activities of disappointed office-seekers and snubbed newspaper-proprietors.

Only a few months ago the scandal of poor-relief—and unemployment payments beyond covenanted benefits are, of course, nothing but poor relief—had become intolerable, and it was perceived that public money would be used to a greater extent to buy votes. No remedy for this widespread corruption could be found, except the obvious one of removing all patronage from elected bodies. Very wisely the Government decided to take that step, and did so. So great a change in administrative methods could not be effected without some degree of hardship in individual cases, and about one per cent. of the unemployed could, it appears, reasonably claim that they were suffering serious privation.

Now, it is well known that some members of the House of Commons encourage their constituents to find or to invent as many grievances as they can, to write to their parliamentary representative, and subsequently to give him their votes because he makes a fuss about the matter. This is one of those little tricks of our trade which enable totally unsuitable persons to retain their seats, and in some cases it has been known to produce thousands of letters of protest from a single constituency. Any

attempt, therefore, to restore honesty in the administration of poor relief was certain to be followed by violent attacks on the Government in the House of Commons; and in the present instance such attacks developed.

To the amazement and dismay of all who value clean administration of public funds, the Government was overcome by utter panic, abandoned at least temporarily its policy of abolishing political patronage in these matters, and restored full payments, not only to those who might reasonably be considered to have suffered unjustified reductions, but also to all who have previously sold their votes in return for excessive benefits fraudulently bestowed upon them by self-seeking politicians.

The effect of this abject surrender of the Government has been devastating. Just as, in the autumn of 1931, foreign balances were hastily withdrawn from a country which appeared to have repudiated the economic and political sanity which had been the magnet attracting those deposits, so in 1935 we see the development of a minor panic which has depreciated sterling, checked the revival of industry, and brought down government securities with a rush. The attempt to banish political corruption and to control poor relief drastically has apparently been abandoned at the first sign of opposition, and a definite step toward the solution of the problem of unemployment has been hastily retraced. The National Government was given an overwhelming majority by an electorate which thus announced its desire to be saved from economic chaos and revolution at no matter what cost. And the National Government has shown itself afraid to carry out that mandate.

In passing, we may with advantage note how great a mass of misery among our people has been caused by the misplaced sentimentality of politicians, who save themselves from the trouble of thinking by accepting the current cant and acting on the assumption that every unemployed person is meritorious in the highest degree. Of the "hard core" of unemployed many are worthless persons who will always prefer a dole to honest work, many are mentally or physically unfit for any work whereby a wage higher than the dole could economically be earned, while

many are of a contented and philosophical turn of mind which causes them to doubt whether work is really a blessing if any sort of life can be maintained without it, and many have incomes sufficient to support them in the absence of relief from the public purse. By all means let us see that none, however undeserving, are left to starve. But let us cease to sentimentalize about them and keep our sympathy and our funds for those unhappy fellow citizens to whom unemployment is really a tragedy, and who can be saved from its misery only by our refusing to follow a policy which defies economic law and common sense. Every fraudulent applicant for relief detected, and every workshy parasite reduced to the barest pittance helps to find employment for one of those thousands who are tearing out their hearts because they cannot take part in the working life of the nation. But every shilling bestowed by sentimentalists upon the worthless renders more desperate the position of the deserving.

One of the factors which has maintained the stability of our institutions has been the willingness of men of wealth, brought up in the highest traditions, to assume administrative positions and thus to devote themselves whole-heartedly to the service of the nation. But, in the nature of the case, such men have had but little opportunity for coming into direct contact with the poor. Their generous minds are thus apt to be coloured by an altogether disproportionate sympathy for the indigent.

In dealing with the problem of unemployment the Government has, therefore, made a mistake which has seriously weakened its position and will be the source of much future trouble to itself and to the nation at large. Indeed, I am inclined to think that it has injured itself to an extent beyond anything which its declared enemies can do. Those enemies are numerous. But it is fortunate that their motives are obvious to the meanest intelligence. So their attacks are likely to end in ignominious failure.

In these days we are far too mealy-mouthed about our prominent politicians, and too ready to pretend that their actions are invariably guided by unselfish patriotism, when we know perfectly well that their careers give the lie to that assumption.

At the present time the state is in danger. The electorate recognized that at the last general election when it voted for the nearest thing to a dictatorship that, it is to be hoped, our people will ever endure. It returned a government without an opposition, or in other words, it set up a constitutional dictatorship. If, at the coming general election, the people return that government again, but tempered by an effective opposition, we may take it that we have passed the danger point at which so many other nations have come to grief in the last few years. But if the present Government is followed by one dominated by Sir Stafford Cripps or his like, we shall be faced with the prospect of civil war. Equally perilous would be the position of the nation if by any irony of fate it found itself saddled with a government suited to the taste of those foolish old women of both sexes who form so large a part of local Conservative Associations and now call for the restoration of "true Conservatism," for a policy of "putting the working classes in their places," and for "standing no nonsense from niggers" in India.

The leaders of organized labour, as I have already stated, see the danger clearly, and are probably praying earnestly that the political party to which they have hitherto been attached may not be successful at the polls. Is the danger entirely hidden from Mr. Winston Churchill? Does he, alone among educated Englishmen, fail to perceive that the downfall of the Government, which he is endeavouring to compass by every art known to the professional politician, would gravely imperil the happiness and indeed the livelihood of many of our fellow-countrymen? He cannot, as he might if he were a newspaper proprietor, plead lack of education or breeding as an excuse for blindness which would appear to be wilful. Nor is he so entirely deprived of the critical faculty as to be able to contemplate the sorry rabble which follows him into the division lobby without feeling that the way of those who are untrue to their salt is not always an easy one.

Fortunately, however, Mr. Churchill has shot his bolt. He can still, at by-elections, hand over a few outposts to the enemy. But, to be candid, his exertions have effected little more than to

reduce him to the position of another ambitious politician who could only

Heap on himself damnation, while he sought
Evil to others.

It is probable also that Mr. Lloyd George's present attempt to regain power will be ineffective, as the Government, as it has done before, has insisted upon having detailed particulars in writing of his proposals and refused to accept vague rhetorical generalities. Those proposals are, it is obvious, mere eye-wash and no new idea of any kind appears in them. Most have already been tried with disastrous results. They have, however, already in some measure harmed the Government. A small group of nominal Conservatives, under the leadership of Mr. Macmillan, who in his turn is unconsciously the catspaw of sundry somewhat sinister industrialists, is noisily advocating legislation designed to enable monopolistic combines in every industry to ruin their competitors. This group will, presumably, transfer its allegiance to Mr. Lloyd George, since he is likely to regard their schemes more favourably than would Mr. Baldwin. There are other Conservatives who still with longing eyes look back to the days of the post-war Coalition and are ready to follow Mr. Lloyd George once more in his triumphal progress with a view to robbing the dead.

It is at the least doubtful, however, whether any Conservative with a reputation to lose would continue to support a Government of which Mr. Lloyd George is a member; and it is certain that those Ministers who are the real strength of the present Cabinet would refuse to sit with him, although certain ex-Ministers are manifestly doing all in their power to induce the Government to take this wooden horse within its walls.

But it is an irksome task further to map out the twisted paths of intrigue pursued by professional politicians. The important lesson to be deduced from the present state of politics in Great Britain is that, as a nation, we are beginning to show that infallible symptom of degeneracy—the loss of the critical faculty. Too many of us now accept persons prominent in public life at their own valuation and, when they shout aloud that the State is

in danger because they themselves are not in office, dismiss from our minds the memory of all the troubles which, when they had the power, they brought upon the commonwealth.

Yet good may come out of ill, and the present movements in our political life appear likely to render possible the fulfilment of a policy which, for a number of years, has been pursued by many of us in the House of Commons—the policy of getting all the bad eggs into one basket. It may be that a beneficent providence is arranging matters in such a way that Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill will eventually seduce from the National Government every supporter whose support constitutes an element of weakness. God helps those who do not help themselves; and Mr. Baldwin is essentially one of these!

MODERNISM AND MODERNISMUS

BY SIR REGINALD BLOMFIELD, R.A.

ABOUT a year ago I took up the challenge of the revolutionaries in the arts and letters, and endeavoured to drive home the difference between modernism rightly understood, and its abuse and perversion. The issue has recently been raised again on the B.B.C., by Mr. Eric Newton and others, and the time has come to take stock of the situation. But before doing so, I must make it quite clear that I am not attacking that right and reasonable modernism which takes full advantage of the discoveries of science and the advance in thought, and also avails itself of the knowledge and experience accumulated in the past. Modernism in that sense starts with tradition as the link between past and present, but does not hesitate to part company with it if it blocks the way. With this I am entirely in sympathy. What I am concerned with now is not the use of modernism, but that abuse of it which on German precedents I have called "Modernismus."

The history of this movement is becoming familiar. It is now many years since the industrious German began to ruminate on art, finally arriving at conclusions quite remote from his starting point. From Germany the movement spread to France, to Spain, to Russia and, strangest of all, to Holland, that staid and sober little country by the North Sea which might have been expected to adhere to its time-honoured traditions. It was active under very different conditions in America, and since the War has appeared in a virulent form in this country. One can understand its origin in Germany and Austria, countries with loosely knit political and social traditions. What is remarkable is that it should be tolerated in France and England, countries with traditions dating back nearly a thousand years, traditions which lasted down to the latter part of the eighteenth century.

It was the break up of that tradition, and the rise of the

Romantic movement, which led to the uncertainty of purpose which has followed ever since. Mr. Herbert Furst, in a clever little book with the horrible title of *Art Debunked*, says that the failure was all due to the Renaissance, which he describes as "a blight upon European art," and the source of the posing and insincerity which he regards as inseparable from "the grand manner." This is not accurate historically, and also begs the question. Since the days of the Italian Renaissance, there have been sincere artists who cared nothing for the grand manner, and found their subjects in the life around them; Hogarth, for instance, in the "March to Finchley," Ford Madox Brown in the frescoes of the Manchester Town Hall, even some of our much condemned Academicians. From another point of view, Mr. Furst is wrong in assuming that nobody cares for the grand manner, because some of us care for it a great deal. One may admire the austere beauty of Mantegna, as I do myself, and yet find exquisite delight—I will not call it mere pleasure—in Titian's "Bacchus and Ariadne," or in his "Venus and Adonis," before it was ruined by cleaning. Why, too, should artists always have their noses kept to the grindstone? May they not from time to time be allowed to try a flight into the empyrean?

It is one of the claims of "modernismus" that it is an advance everywhere, except, I presume, in science. In architecture, modernismus had some justification in the failures of the Victorian period and indeed of the nineteenth century. A hundred years ago neo-classic architecture was sinking into decrepitude. Nash's ridiculous travesties of classical architecture were the fashion of the Regency period, and the last flicker of scholarly design died with Decimus Burton, the architect of the Athenæum. Then came the Gothic Revival which, in spite of its identification with a religious revival and Ruskin's eloquence, faded away after a disastrous reign of some fifty years. Norman Shaw, Bodley and Bentley did their part to retrieve a hopeless situation, but their influence was overwhelmed by a craze for the picturesque and the "period" fostered by the illustrated papers and the publication of interminable series of photographs of furniture and buildings. This in turn came to a dead end and our bold young men gleefully saw the chance of writing on a clean slate.

Applied science had produced all sorts of discoveries, such as new methods of lighting, reinforced concrete, and so on, and it seemed that the time had come for a short cut to professional success by eliminating all study of the past. Students were advised not to waste time on a study of its masterpieces, and to start from scratch. If a thing had been done once, it must not be done again; the Orders were never to be used; flat roofs must be substituted for the steep pitched roofs dictated by the climate of the North. Instead of windows, whole sides of rooms were to be glazed, and architects were supposed to subordinate their designs to the materials used. Reinforced concrete, for example, was supposed to dictate the form of buildings which could equally well have been built in bricks and mortar. Indeed, the use of all sorts of materials for quite unsuitable purposes is a characteristic feature of the movement, such, for example, as the casing in of entire buildings in glass and steel.

We are now told that "Functionalism" is the one and only test of art. All that architecture has to do is to comply with the barest utilitarian requirements. So we are given the packing-case building—rectangular boxes with holes punched for doors and windows, a manner suitable for factories, but applied indiscriminately to all sorts of buildings. In domestic architecture we are given houses, easily recognized by their disfigurement of the landscape, which might be possible in countries with perpetual sun, but are quite unsuited to our particular climate. In its meritorious search for simplification the new movement has mistaken stark ugliness for simplicity.

Of all theories of art, "functionalism" (what a word!) seems to me the most completely sterile. It limits the area of imagination, and deprives itself of those technical resources which skilful architects have used from time immemorial—rhythm, for example, proportion, scale and what the French used to call *ordonnance*. Our art critics are fond of writing of painting in terms of architecture, and talk of "proportions", "recessions", "balance", and so on. But the remarkable thing is that the "functionalists" ignore these essential elements of architectural design, and are content to attempt no more than could be equally well done by any intelligent builder, almost by an intelligent child with

a box of bricks. They have sold the fort to the engineer and the builder, and to add to the confusion a good deal of nonsense is talked about the relations of architects and engineers. In a reference to my share in the design of Lambeth Bridge, Mr. Furst, not being a technician, has gone all wrong in his conception of the manner in which architects and engineers can, and do, work together in actual practice. The architect does not "invest" the work of the engineer "with artistic merit", to use a phrase employed in the famous case of *Belt v. Lawes*, and as shown, let us say, in Blackfriars, the Tower and other bridges in which architectural detail is plastered on to alien construction. The architect and the engineer work hand in hand. The steel façades of the arches of Lambeth Bridge have a practical as well as an æsthetic purpose, and if Mr. Furst will examine the details, he will see that steel is the only material in which they could have been carried out.

The hand of our modernist experimenters is heavy in literature, where all sorts of pranks are being played. The theory is that the subject is immaterial, that the only thing that matters is the writer's mood at the time at which he writes, and that "if the mood reaches a point in fantasia where grammar becomes frayed out and snaps, then the writer can dispense with grammar", and apparently with sense as well. He can take words at random, and use descriptive terms which have no sort of relation to the object to which they are applied. Here is an example in a magazine entitled *New Verse*:

Her arms are like pieces of sandpaper,
Or wings of leprous birds in taxis.

A most unpleasant description, but probably the words are a mere concatenation of sounds, for it is now suggested that the appeal of poetry is made not through the content and the music of verse, but only by sounds, a string of *sesquipedalia verba*. Mr. John Sparrow, in his able study *Sense and Poetry*, calls this "the cult of unintelligibility." The idea is to dispense with any intellectual effort and consecutive thought, and to induce in oneself a state of emotional excitement about anything, no matter what, and put down the result in words which have no connected sequence.

Mr. Sparrow quotes a M. Henri Barrenger, who says that the

aim of surrealism is "to lead us to the edge of madness and make us feel what is going on in the magnificently disordered mind of those whom the community shuts up in asylums." The madhouse seems to be the ideal of the modernist in prose and verse, and there can be little doubt that in due course they will get there. Mr. Sparrow, by the way, in his *Sense and Poetry*, and Mr. Ivor Brown in his *I Commit to the Flames*, have attacked modernismus and all its theories with deadly efficiency. They have shown that it is the *reductio ad absurdum* of art and poetry.

I now come to painting, drawing, modelling and sculpture. It is here, more particularly, that the issue has to be fought. For the written word will take care of itself, and architecture is limited by practical conditions, which in the long run will keep it within the lines of sanity. In painting and sculpture there is nothing to prevent anybody putting paint on to canvas and maltreating innocent materials. No sooner is one movement under weigh than another takes its place. The Impressionists and the Luminists did at any rate hold the field for some considerable time, and they did concern themselves with the visible phenomena of nature. Since their disappearance there has been an unbroken succession of "isms," with an average life of, say, two to three years. I have before me the first number of a new quarterly magazine entitled *Axis*, devoted to the work of Arp, Gonzalez, Helion, Kandinsky, Mondrian, B. Nicholson, Moore, Hepworth, Picasso, and other exponents of the latest form of modernismus. From this journal I take a list of successive movements, as given by Mr. Herbert Read. Here it is: "Naturalism, Impressionism, Pointillism, Post-impressionism, Fauvism, Cubism, Constructivism, Super-realism. To this has now to be added abstract painting and sculpture."

The one point of agreement, in the movements that followed Cubism, is a resolute refusal to have anything to do with the object to which the work is supposed to be related. For example, Plate 129, in *Art Now* reproduces a work by Hans Arp, entitled "moustache, bottles, load, head." But all that appears is what might be a hand-glass in the upper left-hand corner, and below what might be the undersides of two unshapely sandals. Mr. Read says that by 1914 the object had "no more than a perfunctory and scarcely distinguishable existence." Super-

realism made no affectation of having anything to do with the phenomena of the world around us. The super-realists devote themselves to a consideration of their emotional and digestive states, as present in the dreams and visions of the night, and they reproduce these in weird patterns, which have actually less significance than the remains of paint on the normal painter's palette. The Abstractionists have gone a step further: they refuse any suggestion even of natural objects, and produce symbols which, I take it, are intended to give the extreme quintessence of the maker's meditation. As an example of what I suppose is super-realism I recollect one which I took to be a design for a latchkey, but the maker intended it to represent a young man in a short dinner-jacket. The latest Abstractionists have given up specific titles and subjects, and now call their works "compositions," "constructions," "constructive carving, painting or sculpture," or "*concretion humaine*" (Hans Arp).

Mr. Read says this notion has its parallel in the theory of "pure poetry," which is supposed to depend for its appeal not on its meaning, but on its "sound values." Mr. Sparrow has dealt faithfully with this theory, which reduces poetry to gibberish. Even Mr. Read admits that "this type of art, which claims to break down the barriers between the conscious and the unconscious, which uses both conscious and unconscious symbolism, can be made the foster-mother of many *enfants terribles*." It has indeed produced nothing else. One may realize that there are people who derive some distorted form of amusement from these elaborate exercises, just as there are many people who delight in solving crossword puzzles. What one objects to is that they should call it art, come before a guileless public as artists, and enjoy, at the hands of our art critics, elaborate justification and advertisement. That justification is based on dogmatic assertions and arbitrary interpretations of what its enemies call "academic art," including in "academic art" everything from the end of the Pre-Raphaelite period down, let us say, to the beginning of this century.

Writers such as Mr. Read and Mr. Wilenski, clever and ingenious men, find the most amazing parallels. Thus, when speaking of the Super-realists, and of Salvator Dali, the advocate

of "the systematization of confusion, the total discrediting of the world of reality," Mr. Read finds himself able to refer to Breughel, Van Eyck, and Rembrandt. Mr. Wilenski, who is fond of talking about painting in terms of architecture, is able to relate the Abstractionists to painters such as Chardin, by assuring his readers that Chardin was concerned "not with apples and dead rabbits, but with problems which occupy the attention of architects: proportions, recessions, volumes, balance, and so on." Modern painters, he says, have adopted Chardin's attitude, "the objects which they assemble before them are used primarily as a jumping-off point for a composition which is to have the emotional appeal of architecture." So, having laid down this erroneous and arbitrary premiss, he is able to associate Mr. Paul Nash and Mr. Ben Nicholson with Chardin. Yet if there ever was a painter who dealt faithfully and lovingly with the objects before him, it was Chardin. These others have placed themselves at the very opposite pole, as anyone can see who studies the illustrations given in Mr. Read's *Art Now*, in *Axis*, or in an amazing series of completely unintelligible diagrams, with letterpress by Mr. Anatole Jakovski, devoted to the works of Messrs. Erni, Schiess, Seligmann, Tueber, Arp, and Vulliamy. These men have definitely and deliberately parted company with all visible objects, and make no attempt to get on to any sort of terms with the spectator, or give any indication of what they are driving at.

But I have discovered in M. Jakovski's series what Vulliamy sets out to do in such works as that which I illustrated in my *Modernismus*. It appears from this that Vulliamy was fascinated by primitive negroid art, hoping in this way to recover "la genèse de chaque art, . . . langage primaire, et secret sorti des ténèbres de l'inconscient—l'écriture des sécrétions artistiques, qui verse l'homme dans la nature." And having, with the help of Freud's analysis, penetrated, as he thought, to the unconscious, M. Vulliamy reproduces his meditations in these unconscionable diagrams. M. Jakovski says that Vulliamy is solely preoccupied with sex: "Il trace tout simplement les cartes de la volupté, . . . un réseau des vecteurs d'attraction charnelle, un moulage d'une jouissance." So these hideous nightmares are, in the eloquent words of M. Jakovski, to lead to dreams of "amours

exotiques, à la force brutale et colorée . . . excursions aux Cythères océaniques." I would draw the attention of Sir Michael Sadler and admirers of negroid art to this passage. It may also enable Mr. Wilenski to find a parallel between the works of M. Vulliamy and Watteau's "Embarquement pour l'Île de Cythère." The description I have quoted goes far to justify a charge that I made some time ago against modernismus, that it has a definite and deliberate slant to evil, and I must quote Mr. Ivor Brown: "There is far more of this Calibanic wallowing than people suspect. . . . The popular word 'thrill' may seem harmless enough, but covers often a sadistic impulse, and a pandering to sheer brutality of taste." If one may accept the description given by their admirers, these modernist painters and sculptors are unpleasant persons. The critics and writers who devote their energies to the advertisement of such people must have hypnotized themselves. It is possible, by persistence in one direction and slackening of all control, to think oneself into anything; and it is only in this way that one can explain these frenzied efforts to justify what to any sane person must be almost incredibly morbid.

The meaning of art, and what part it plays in the life of civilized man, are questions still at issue. The modernist painter and sculptor definitely divorce art from life and the visible phenomena of the world around us. They have worked themselves into a position of mysterious isolation, remote from common life, and hope by delving in the subconscious to produce a new world, partly emotional, partly physiological, but entirely remote from what the civilized world has hitherto always supposed to be art. Hitherto the appeal of art has always been through the sense of sight, and the associations of things seen; it is now to be made through symbols, bearing no resemblance to anything seen, but supposed to reveal emotional convolutions below the level of waking consciousness. An apple, to a modernist painter, is not an apple but a "jumping-off point" for the expression of what he supposes he is feeling at the moment when he looks at the apple. A teapot or a turnip would do just as well. It has been stated that colour is everything for the painter, and also that it is wholly immaterial; and again, that the artist's creation is determined by the material in which

he is working—stone or bronze, wood or concrete—while, on the other hand, we are told that the artist is there to express himself, no matter what effect that may have on anybody else or on the material he uses. The modernists have thought themselves into impossible positions, from which all the ingenuity of Mr. Herbert Read, Mr. Wilenski, and most of our art critics are unable to rescue them.

Dr. Thompson, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, some sixty years ago used to say that he noted, in the young men of his time, "a prodigious capacity for tossing about huge masses of thought," and this seems a characteristic of the younger generation at this moment. For example, the volume of essays by young people under twenty-five, and the sudden enthusiasm for drawings by children under ten, included in publications supposed to represent contemporary art. Yet, after all, there is a past, and experience and knowledge do exist. Is it wise or necessary to treat them as if there were no such things and as if it were possible to start again with a clean slate? Art is not an omnibus, nor is it a dustbin into which any sort of motive can be thrown in the hope that when the dustbin is emptied something startling will result. Our critics might do worse than correct their studies of German æsthetics by a return, however brief, to Aristotle's Poetics, and to Lessing's Laocoön. Indeed, it would be well if the critics would for a time transfer their energies elsewhere, and leave the artists alone.

What has now to be done is to stop the rot and prevent our young men, from sheer ignorance, meeting the fate of the Gadarene swine. There is plenty of ability. If only they would turn their heads the right way, they may yet do great things; but modernismus is not the right way. "As a movement it is not confined to the plastic arts, but includes poetry, drama, and even psychology and philosophy; it has somewhat unreciprocated affinities with Communism in politics." So Mr. Herbert Read on Super-realism. I say in answer that modernismus must be fought all along the line.

THE TREND TOWARDS COLLECTIVISM

Two Years of the New Deal

BY STUART CHASE

THE public interest and traditional rights of private property are locked in gigantic combat of which no man can see the end, certainly not in the immediate future. The New Deal is a single engagement on a world-wide battle front. In Russia the forces of private property have been defeated, but in all other industrial nations the struggle is grim and unrelenting. Fascism in Italy and Germany is a compromise, and an unstable one, between State control and private rights. Traditional capitalism and the free market are in eclipse, but many vested interests are still protected. In Great Britain, Sweden, Poland, Canada, Japan, Australia, Mexico, Argentina—wherever you choose to look—collectivism, with its centralized credit policies, arbitrary control of exports and imports, public works, relief programmes, social insurance, is making heavy inroads upon the cherished freedoms of private business.

Up to the World War, particularly in the United States, there were few harrowing decisions to make between public interest and private. Private property could look over its great realm without a shudder. Its way of life was bitterly criticized by Socialists and humanitarians, but the system met the pragmatic test.

Then came the War. It was found, to the considerable astonishment of the several general staffs, that war in the machine age meant the husbanding and control of nearly every variety of raw material, the planned direction of the bulk of agriculture, industry, and transport. Private business could not meet this pragmatic test. The State took over the economic complex. If collectivism was an effective way to wage wars, why not to abolish poverty? In Europe the lesson was driven home to a

degree; the State never went back to the *status quo ante*. In the United States private business resumed its economic supremacy, and from 1920 to 1929 touched heights hitherto undreamed of, both physical and spiritual.

But something was out of gear. The uprush was too dizzy; the close of the New Era and its fantastic stock market were like the world of a fever patient. Suddenly the end came. Revivals have been announced for six long years, one after another, but none has come as I write. Little consumer goods boomlets, then little cascades. Some 20,000,000 Americans are still on public relief. Private business has retreated over a vast front, leaving the State in possession of the assets or deficits, as the case might be, and the sole provider for upwards of a quarter of the whole population, including those on relief and on all government payrolls.

This control is neither so complete nor so dramatic as in 1918, but it is in a way more significant. How long is it to last? Is the State in for good and all? What is the function of the State, of collectivism generally, in respect of economic activity in the power age? Where is the line between public business and private, not so much in wars or in the troughs of business cycles, but permanently, functionally? All Europeans and most Americans are now prepared to admit that the line that ran in 1912 has gone for ever.

The growth of the motor car alone has forced the government into vast new functions of highway building and traffic control, and so driven the line to the left—if you please to call government activity leftward. This is now no parlour debate. Socialization is upon us, horse, foot, and guns. Today we have no time to waste on dreary arguments as to whether municipal power plants lose more money than private plants. There is no economic activity in America which the New Deal does not touch. Upward of 70 per cent. of all Europeans are now living in the shadow of the totalitarian State.

What constitutes public business as distinct from private business?

From the larger point of view, that of a planetary visitor, for instance, there is little difference. The State, the co-operative association or any other collective organization employs labour,

raw materials, and technical skill to produce goods and services; which output is distributed to the community, exactly as the output of private business, also produced by labour, raw materials and technical skill, is distributed to the community. Modern specialization of labour applies in both cases. Certain workers feed, clothe, or shelter other workers in exchange for motor cars, highroads, permanent waves, fire protection, newspapers, water supply, gramophones, public school education, golf balls, public health service, and so on. In the United States today the private area is larger than the public area both in man power and investment, but the output is no more important and no less. The public sector runs more to services than goods, but services are as mandatory as goods under power-age conditions.

Apart from the time-honoured functions of national defence, the safeguarding of property and persons, and the guarantee of the medium of exchange—war, law, and money—we may distinguish four general types of government activity:

(1) Petty regulation of private business: legislation covering factory inspection, sanitary conditions and the like.

(2) Major regulation of business: the concept of utilities as “affected with a public interest” and the regulation thereof; anti-trust legislation, tariffs, minimum wages, maximum hours, child labour provisions, price fixing, excess profits taxes.

(3) The control of private business, without ownership of the underlying property. In this case administrative decisions pass to the State. Today large sections of German industry and Italian industry are under this form of control-without-ownership.

(4) Outright government ownership. This may take various forms: ownership and public operation; ownership and private operation under a limited dividend or profit-sharing scheme; direct ownership like the Post Office; ownership through corporate device.

Petty regulation is an old story and does not come into our picture. Private business has chafed under it, but has become resigned in the last half century. Major regulation is old in principle. The three chief applications have been in the fields of protective tariffs, “public” utilities and anti-trust legislation.

Many of the activities of the New Deal fall under the head of major regulation. State control, as we have seen, was general during the War, and it is evident in the largest private business under the New Deal: the Agricultural Adjustment Administration has taken over the control though not the ownership of agriculture. Outright government ownership is growing steadily. The Reconstruction Finance Corporation is the largest financial institution on earth. Its common stock is owned by the Federal Government.

Major regulation and control-without-ownership may vitally affect the profits of private enterprise. Either can be applied to socialize the profits, but this has not happened often as yet. The threat, however, remains. A government which has invaded private territory to this extent can sequester the profit if it chooses. But usually the government socializes the surplus either by selling at cost or by taking the profit into the national treasury.

Here is perhaps the cardinal distinction between the two sectors, a distinction which our planetary visitor with his merely physical telescope could hardly see. A given activity becomes public business when the public takes, or has power to take, its profit. The activity thus tends to fall out of the category that Veblen has called "vendibility" into serviceability. Its chief function is no longer to make profitable sales for private owners, but to render useful service for the community.

What forces are encouraging collectivism so that it grows remorselessly whether we like it or approve it or not?

One major force is encouraging it: the pressure of the technical arts. A swelling stream of inanimate energy, focussed by a growing multitude of inventions, has driven in upon accepted institutions like a rotary plough upon a Western snowdrift.

Specifically, modern technology has bound us into one network of interlocked activities; it has hammered down costs of production in terms of man-hours, threatening unnumbered vested interests in high relative prices; it has shrunk the map by high-speed transport and communication; it has reduced the working population through technological unemployment, with a consequent decrease in purchasing power; it has reared the fantastic towers and piled up the fantastic congestion of Megapolis; it has spewed upon the roads 25,000,000 motor cars

for the State to direct as best it may, while 20,000,000 radio sets demand a policing of air waves; it has equipped backward nations with energy systems of their own and thus has encouraged economic nationalism; it has speeded up the business cycle; it has unbalanced the whole price structure to the particular disadvantage of the business of farming; it has created a production plant far in excess of market demand—though not of human needs; it has upset the moralities of thrift; it has divorced ownership from industrial control; it has placed the consumer above the producer in economic importance, while "sound" finance knows no way adequately to finance the consumer; and, perhaps most devastating of all, it has reduced great blocks of property to impotence, failing mass consumption.

Energy and invention are undermining traditional finance by pushing commodities from scarcity to abundance. Obviously, few commodities will ever reach a complete abundance, where cost is zero, but all quantity production is moving steadily in that general direction.

There comes a point, long before zero cost is reached, where financial institutions based on scarcity become undermined. The present difficulties of the power companies, of the railroads, of soft coal mining, of petroleum production, of the textile industry, of farm surpluses—all these are cases in point. Only where a business-like monopoly is powerful enough to enforce artificial scarcity by severely restricting production to market demand can the march be checked, and even there the check will be only temporary.

Modern methods of production are thus a major agent in the spread of collectivism.

Recent Social Trends states the case thus: Government is being forced into economic activity because of technological progress; the growing tension between urban and rural areas, especially as affects the great city; the growing helplessness of the individual.

It is possible to measure the trend toward collectivism both quantitatively and qualitatively. Taxes, government expenditures, the creation of new government agencies, new functions, new controls, all indicate it. In 1912, in the United States, about the only camel's nose visible under the sturdy tent of private

enterprise was government operation of the Panama Canal. This was viewed with alarm in some quarters, but it was admitted that the military aspects of the canal furnished an extenuating circumstance. The country was accustomed to government interference in the form of protective tariffs, the Inter-State Commerce Commission and the anti-trust laws. Nobody ever thought of the regulation of public utilities, major regulation as in theory it was, as dangerous interference. The disregard was well founded. The "public" utilities generally regulated the sundry State commissions.

The trend is shown clearly enough in the following table :

FEDERAL, STATE AND LOCAL GOVERNMENT EXPENDITURES.					
				Per cent. Increase.	
				Current	1915
				Dollar	Dollar
	1915	1929			
Federal	\$719,200,000	\$2,779,700,000	289	125	
State	489,500,000	1,954,200,000	299	135	
Cities over 300,000 ..	1,048,300,000	3,307,500,000	216	85	
Other local	1,122,600,000	3,410,800,000	205	80	
Grand total	\$3,379,600,000	\$11,452,200,000	239	100	
Grand total, <i>per capita</i>	—	—	179	65	

Measured in 1915 dollars, total government expenditures increased 100 per cent. The *per capita* increase in expenditure for all government, in 1915 dollars, was 65 per cent.

Where did these increased expenditures go ?

The ratio of government outlays to the national income was 9.17 per cent. in 1915, 12.08 per cent. in 1923, 12.44 per cent. in 1928, and by way of contrast 20 per cent. in 1933.

Observe the new institutions founded after 1912. The list is not complete and does not include the War Boards of 1917 and 1918 :

1913	Income Tax legislation.
1914	Federal Reserve Board.
	Federal Trade Commission.
	The Alaska Railroad (government owned and operated).
1915	Bureau of Efficiency.
1916	United States Shipping Board and Merchant Fleet Corporation.
	Federal Farm Loan Bureau.
	United States Tariff Commission.
1917	Inland Waterways Corporation (government barge line on the Mississippi).
	United States Employment Service.

1917	Federal Board for Vocational Education.
1920	Federal Power Commission.
1921	Bureau of the Budget.
1922	Grain Futures Administration.
1923	Personnel Classification Board.
1924	Federal Oil Conservation Board.
1926	Aeronautics Branch, Department of Commerce.
1927	Federal Radio Commission.
1928	Federal Farm Board.

We cannot fail to note that most of the new agencies and new expenditures were not "frills and furbelows", but answers to stark demands. Nearly every activity listed above has a direct bearing on the developing power age—education, highways, radio, and aeroplane control, the Federal Power Commission, conservation, aids to agriculture, and the rest. Here, fundamentally, is no wanton extravagance such as keeps the economy leagues awake at night, but public business of the most urgent kind.

How far do these new agencies actually transfer control to the State? How far has potential control gone? To what degree is the government now responsible for economic policy for the nation at large? How far have profits—or losses—been socialized actually or potentially? Let us now describe the animals.

The Reconstruction Finance Corporation is at once the oldest agency inspired by the depression, the most massive financially and a government-owned corporation which, like the German railroads, maintains a degree of independence and initiative on its own account. In three years (February, 1932, to January, 1935) it has spent or allocated just short of \$9,000,000,000, a sum which makes it the largest financial corporation ever heard of. Its capital stock of \$500,000,000 was contributed by the United States Treasury ; the balance of its capital has come from the sale of its own notes to a total of almost \$4,000,000,000.

Who was credited with the \$9,000,000,000 ?

Banks—loans, aid to depositors, preferred stocks purchased, etc.	\$3,628,000,000
Farmers—crop loans, mortgage help, land banks, etc.	2,127,000,000
Unemployed—advances or allocations for relief	1,300,000,000
Railroads—Loans	465,000,000
Mortgage companies—loans	360,000,000
Home owners—advances to home loan banks.	325,000,000
Public works—self-liquidating projects	258,000,000
Building and loan associations—loans	143,000,000

Insurance companies—loans and preferred stocks purchased	139,000,000
Drainage and irrigation companies—loans	83,000,000
Securities purchased from the P.W.A.	44,000,000
Business men—direct loans to general business.. ..	35,000,000
U.S. Housing Corporation—capital advanced	25,000,000
Chicago teachers—loans to pay accrued salaries	23,000,000
Federal credit banks	9,000,000
Credit unions	1,000,000
Total as above	\$8,965,000,000

This classification is mine, built up in round numbers, from Mr. Jesse Jones's more detailed figures. Banks, farmers, and the unemployed are the three major beneficiaries. Then come railroads, mortgage companies, and home owners.

Is this a business or a community chest? It has a balance sheet and a profit and loss account which look like those of a private corporation, but it has a remarkable assortment of financial traffic—drainage companies, insolvent farmers, insolvent banks, home owners, railroads, Chicago teachers, insurance companies. A "safe and sane" banker would retire to his sanctum and shoot himself when the examiners arrived if they were to find such loans and advances on his balance sheet. And yet we all know that little of this stupendous outlay could have been avoided without bankrupting more companies and more individuals than our economy could stand.

If the banks and the farmers and mortgage companies could never repay, they could never repay. The Spring of 1933 was no time to speculate on good and bad financial risks; it was a time to keep our system of production from cracking up; \$9,000,000,000 of collectivism helped to mend the crack. One would be foolish to look at the Reconstruction Finance Corporation (R.F.C.) as a business proposition, as an income-producing mechanism. It is an emergency repair squad.

Its activities have centred upon relief for capital and relief for the wayfaring man. Capital received first attention under Mr. Hoover, while under Mr. Roosevelt the common man has done better. But the two are not altogether separate and distinct. In a high energy economy, capital and the common man are tangled up together. Relief to banks and insurance companies has prevented millions of common men from losing

their savings. Relief to farmers and home owners has prevented the destruction of creditors who held the mortgages. Capital has undoubtedly had the lion's share, but the price of taking it has been to make the State a partner, silent or vociferous as the case may be, of unnumbered business enterprises. The R.F.C. is deep in the vaults of the banks, deep in agricultural credit, deep in the real estate business, in railroads, insurance companies. It has insured the bank accounts of upwards of 90 per cent. of us who have bank deposits. It is so deep in the economic structure that one wonders whether it can get out, or if it could, whether it would dare. Taken together with the growing powers of the Federal Reserve Board, the R.F.C. may eventually provide a public alternative to private banking. Nine billion dollars is a fifth of the national income.

To my mind, the most immediately significant of the New Deal controls is its control over agriculture. What, basically, has the Agricultural Adjustment Administration (A.A.A.) done? It is in the process of collectivizing the largest private business in the nation, composed of 6,000,000 farm units. This business has been in the red since 1921. Many farmers have made money, but agricultural prices as a whole have not been adequate to cover costs. Even in such a prosperous year as 1927, *Recent Economic Changes* shows a net loss of \$1,717,000,000 to farmers as a class, a loss enormously accelerated by the depression. Agriculture has failed as a self-sustaining sector of private business. Meanwhile the farmer feeds the nation and furnishes many important raw materials, such as cotton and tobacco. One cannot throw agriculture into bankruptcy as one throws a Main Street haberdasher. Finance is important, but food is more important. So farming had to be extricated from purely private business and somehow established as a quasi-public business. The A.A.A. did not buy the farmer out, or set up giant farms and village collectives like the Russians. It offered to pay farmers for restricting their crops, to the end that their prices might be raised. This was admittedly a retreat to scarcity, but it had at least the virtue of partially righting the balance between agriculture and industry, a balance which had been going against the farmer for a generation.

More than half the farmers of the republic have already

signed individual contracts with the Federal Government—3,000,000 contracts. Most rugged of individuals, they are perforce becoming component parts of a vast collective machine. As such they will remain, presently to be joined by most of their fellow-farmers until and unless farming as a private business can show a profit. In an economy of abundance, with agricultural productivity well in advance of market demand, that profit appears remote. Food is one of those commodities, unfortunate from the commercial point of view, which economists call inelastic. Profits always depend on relative scarcity. Probably half the present number of farmers, aided by agro-biology and up-to-date machinery, could keep the national stomach filled. There is little hope, in my opinion, for agriculture as a profitable private business. It is destined to stay indefinitely in the area of public business, where, with wise administration, ability, and luck, it may have a great and prosperous future. The A.A.A. has begun the task of socializing agriculture, and there is, for the discernible future, no turning back.

The government is obviously not socializing the profits of the farmers, for there are none. For the moment it is socializing their losses, passing part of the costs on to other sections of the community through the processing taxes. Following J. M. Keynes's definition of the *Agenda* of the State—the things that ought to be done by the State—the government is seeking to do what private business will not and cannot do. In times past the definition has covered relatively small enterprises like parks, playgrounds, and lighthouses. It is ominous to find the *Agenda* spreading to the 30,000,000 persons, more or less, dependent upon American agriculture.

The National Recovery Administration started as an adventure in the collective control of industry, but has become lost in the woods. Industry, or at least a large section of it, was still making profits in normal times. Not until the depression did it follow agriculture into default. Then its losses were appalling—probably not less than \$8,000,000,000 net for all industries in 1932. By 1933, industry, thoroughly frightened, was ready to try anything short of nationalization. So the N.R.A. was formulated by the United States Chamber of Commerce. Business men were to get together with their fellows in the same

industry and plan for the good of all; they were to get together with the government and plan for the good of the nation. Charming but impracticable. Nine business men out of ten distrusted their competitors, and ninety-nine out of a hundred distrusted the government. Seeds of co-operation, no matter how thickly showered, could not grow on such ground. Industry, unlike the farmer, may not be ripe for mass collectivization. If it is, voluntary co-operation is too mild a method for making the transition.

Meanwhile the N.R.A. has inaugurated three principles of the first importance for social control—universal minimum wages, maximum hours, the abolition of child labour. For the first time the State is charged with the safeguarding of workers everywhere from rates of pay below a minimum standard of living, and from excessive and brutal hours of labour. I say charged. Results to date have again been disappointing. The State steps into private industry at the bottom and says: Below this line exploitation shall not go. You must build competition above the prescribed base. If the cost is too great for Company A or Company Z, they must go to the wall. Society cannot tolerate those marginal, ill-managed concerns which cannot afford decent wages and civilized hours.

Three years ago the word "dole" had an obscene flavour in the United States. Most business men held that the unemployed could get themselves jobs, and where they could not, worthy cases should be salvaged by private charity. Today, the Federal Government is keeping nearly 20,000,000 Americans alive on the dole, at a cost of about \$2,000,000,000 a year.

Harry Hopkins, whose Federal Emergency Relief Administration (F.E.R.A.) has been operating the dole, prefers work relief. In the Fall of 1933 Mr. Hopkins accomplished what no other administrator, public or private, has ever done in industrial history—he put 4,000,000 men to work in three weeks' time. Up to June 30th, 1934, the F.E.R.A., through its Federal Emergency Relief Corporation, had broken another record. It had purchased 500,000,000 pounds of foodstuffs from farmers, mostly surplus stocks, for distribution to the unemployed. The corporation was a short circuit for the so-called paradox of plenty. Although it seems merely common sense to take surplus crops

before they rot and deliver them to hungry men, such common sense is rare and difficult to apply.

The F.E.R.A. is also putting the unemployed to work producing commodities for barter among themselves—mattresses, canned goods, overalls, and the like. It is reported that more than 300,000 persons are so employed, using idle shops and factories. This is a cheap and sensible way to preserve morale while raising relief standards, but it admits the State into areas heretofore sacred to private business and so is regarded as a very dangerous camel's nose indeed.

Between February, 1932, and June, 1935, the Federal Government, according to *Barron's Weekly*, will have expended on account of the emergency the sum of \$16,837,000,000. Of this, \$6,557,000,000 will have gone for purposes upon which private capital would not normally embark—relief, conservation, and public works; and the far greater balance, \$10,280,000,000, for purposes upon which private capital would normally embark—loans to banks, railroads, mortgage companies, farmers, home owners' power development, etc. Of this latter amount, no less than \$9,722,000,000 is in long-term financing. In effect, the government has superseded the investment banker in the capital market. In effect, it had to, for excess capacity had all but destroyed the traditional capital market. The private investment reservoir, into which \$10,000,000,000 or so had flowed in 1929, fell to \$644,000,000 in 1932 and to \$381,000,000 in 1933.

Along with the above specific penetration in sectors ranging from agriculture to transportation has gone a general penetration over the whole economic front. The N.R.A. codes have given pause to every business man in the country. They have forced him to take action—compliance or evasion as the case might be. Economic power has been flowing from private business, from local governments, from the State governments, to Washington. In Washington it has flowed from Congress to the President. For the emergency at least the initiative for spending money rests in the President, contrary to American practice in the past. In a pecuniary civilization, power of the purse is the most important function extant. Congress retains veto power, but initiative has been taken by the executive arm.

It is not too much to say that at the present time, and for the

past two years, the executive arm, including President Roosevelt and his administrative staff, has had direct responsibility for all business, whether nominally public or private. When it was agreed almost unanimously that "natural forces" could not be permitted to continue deflation to the bitter end as they had in all earlier depressions, the State stepped in and assumed control. The nation in effect transferred economic power to the President. If there was a pump to prime, he must do the priming; if conditions were beyond pumping back to normalcy, his was the responsibility for finding a new economic system.

Broadly speaking, the executive arm of the Federal Government has been formulating the policies and making the decisions that have bound all American industry during the recent past. True, it has been done more by default than by positive intention. True, it has not been done very well. The American Government had hardly more enthusiasm for collectivism than the American people. Both were pitched into it.

It is obvious that there has been a tumultuous advance in public business under the New Deal, an advance that dwarfs the very considerable march from 1912 to 1930. Government has stepped into all kinds of activities neglected during the depression by private business, like the capital market, agriculture, housing; it has invaded other activities in an attempt to stabilize them and prevent further deflation, like banks and railroads; it has been forced to assume responsibility, in default of jobs in private business, for upward of a fifth of the whole population.

Today, the State controls the economic mechanism, and the executive arm has developed beyond all precedent in trying to wield that control. No major undertakings in construction, housing, mining, transportation, agriculture, manufacturing, communications, power, shipping are being made without the permission or encouragement of the State. It is highly probable, though not accurately demonstrable, that without the billions of dollars which the government is pouring out, private business would be at a standstill, or even in actual recession.

"The steel industry, the automobile industry, every industry that has been boasting about its better business in 1934 got that better business out of Federal funds paid out to its customers", says John T. Flynn. "These industries are on the dole. Their

employees are on the dole. . . . The stockholders who have been getting the rising dividends and the bondholders who have been getting their continuing interest are on the dole, too." This is putting the case dramatically, but there is profound truth in it. If the government should step from under, the economic structure would fall on its façade.

New Deal collectivism has socialized some losses like those of the farmers and the railroads, but it has not socialized profits to any marked degree. Industries have not been taken over bodily; income and profit taxes have not been severely applied; interest rates have not been arbitrarily set except in a few cases. The power to socialize profits is an obvious corollary of the undertaking to socialize losses. (Fundamentally, private business is not a profit system, but a profit-and-loss system, as every general ledger demonstrates.) The machinery has been created to socialize either.

One gets the impression of a gigantic breakdown car, hastily assembled, painfully lifting the economic mechanism out of a ditch into which, at eighty miles an hour, it had fallen. The mechanism is no longer mired, but is still badly damaged. The wrecking crew have got it out, but they have not got it going. If they retire while it moves off under its own power, collectivism will be postponed. At present, it seems more likely that a long towing job is in prospect.

In 1926 J. A. Hobson said: "Apart from all theories of socialism and individualism, a general tendency is seen in civilized countries toward the assertion of public ownership, operation and control of land [natural resources and agriculture], power, transport, money, insurance, education, hygiene, and justice, regarded as necessary prerequisites of liberty and equality of opportunity." The stoppage of these services "inflicts intolerable injuries upon the community", and the State is bound to intervene. Such intervention, Hobson believed, must be permanent. Under the clutter of hastily improvised controls we find this pattern strongly marked in the New Deal, tending to give it sense and direction. The agencies cluster about the functions Hobson mentions. This fact argues with some force for their permanence.

Finally, to tilt the problem at a somewhat different angle, the

New Deal may be called collectivism rampant. It has underwritten the livelihood of every American, a totally unprecedented thing. Heretofore the frontier has underwritten our livelihood. The last family can eat, if it is not too proud to ask for relief. Beyond this base of security—humble in amount, important in principle—the administration purposes that the State shall find everybody who can work a job, if not in the private sector then in the public. Beyond this the administration proposes a universal programme of economic security by means of unemployment, old age, and other forms of insurance. Legislation to this end is now before Congress, and in one form or another will undoubtedly be enacted.

It is impossible to over-emphasize the ultimate significance of collectivism in this form. If economic security for all becomes the objective of the State, private business will have to fight for its profits—*über-alles* or clear the track. It will be a hard fight to win, for the mass of the people is militantly aroused on behalf of security. Whatever vested interests block, obstruct, or delay the programme must show good cause why they should exist; traditional property rights may not be good enough. Here, in embryo, is a new test for every economic activity, private and public: Is this business consistent with economic security, or is it not? No such yardstick has ever appeared in America before. Not even during the World War was collectivism in this sense contemplated. Yet in a high energy culture, the underwriting of the last family is perfectly feasible technologically. The National Survey of Potential Product Capacity computes a living standard of \$4,400 per family in 1929, based on the physical plant in that year. It is probably mandatory from the standpoint of supplying adequate purchasing power to keep the plant operating at something near capacity. From the point of view of traditional finance, however, the security programme is a shattering if not a revolutionary innovation.

One would be rash to hold that the New Deal will carry the principle through to its logical conclusion. But one can say that an impressive beginning has been made in the specific actions and policies above recited. And one can say that the wayfaring citizens of America, something over 100,000,000 of them, are solidly massed in favour of an extension of that beginning.

ACCESSION YEAR : A SURVEY

BY HORACE THOROGOOD

KING GEORGE came to the throne during the most passionate period of domestic politics that this century has known. It is easy, idling through one's diary for 1910 and turning over the pages of contemporary newspapers, to recapture the excitement of that time, although without the aid of personal memory how incredible it must seem ! For the issues that were fought with such verbal and physical ferocity—the Peers' Veto, the Land Budget, Tariff Reform, Home Rule, Votes for Women—have all been disposed of long ago. But in 1910, the different interests struggling for or against one or other of those causes turned the English scene into a battlefield.

Into this mêlée, the news of King Edward's serious illness came like a thunderbolt. Who, having been in London on that May evening, can forget the shock of meeting, as he left the theatre, the newsboys running up the Strand with their special editions, shouting "Serious Illness of the King" ? There is a sinister avidity about the voice of the London paper-seller crying bad news which seems to fill the air with menace. He did good business that night. The West End pavements were full of people reading the brief bulletin which announced that the King was suffering from an attack of bronchitis and that his condition caused "some anxiety".

Everyone understood the grave significance of the words. Nevertheless, the King's death on the following evening was a great shock. I remember the numbed incomprehension with which we, waiting in the rain outside Buckingham Palace, heard the Household official who had walked over to us announce, "The King is dead". He turned at once and walked back, but few of us stirred. We stood as if rooted there, staring at the Palace.

The same hush that fell upon us abruptly silenced the political

clamour. It was raging at the time round the intention of Mr. Asquith to advise the King to create 500 new Peers to overcome the Lords' power to defeat House of Commons Bills. The Lords had refused to pass Mr. Lloyd George's Land Budget in the previous year, and the General Election in January, having returned an almost equal number of Unionists and Liberals, had made Mr. Redmond with his 71 Irish Nationalists master of the situation. Mr. Asquith had obtained his Veto Bill from the House of Commons with the aid of the Irish vote, but without specifying the steps by which he proposed to force it through the Lords. "The hon. member had better wait and see", was his repeated reply to questions, and the "'Wait and See' Government" became the nickname of his administration and a catchword in the country. The suspended Finance Bill, reluctantly accepted by the Peers, received the Royal Assent on April 29th, and all parties began sparring for position before coming to final grips over the "Peers v. People" issue.

This was the position seven days later when the King died as the result of a chill caught in Paris, where he had gone from Biarritz for the first night of Rostand's *Chantecler*.

The new King could hardly have succeeded to a more desperate situation. His two Houses of Parliament appeared to be irreconcilably at loggerheads, and he was faced with the imminent demand of his Prime Minister to make a wholesale creation of Peers which even its author and most of his followers disliked. A preliminary list of those to be ennobled was already drawn up—it leaked out after the bother was all over, causing much innocent merriment.

But King George had the advantage of being the son of his father. Edward VII, beloved by his people for his *bonhomie* and his democratic sympathies, had gained their respect also by his conscientious sense of duty and meticulous regard for the Constitution. In the annals of the British monarchy there are few stories so moving as that of King Edward's last hours. Unable to breathe lying down, and too ill to dress, he insisted on working at his desk in his dressing-gown till he could hold a pen no longer.

"No, I shall not give in ! I shall go on ; I shall work to the end", he replied to the prayers of his doctors that he should

rest. That was soon after noon on May 6th; a few minutes later he fell into a coma; before midnight he was dead. The queue of people who came to see him as he lay in state in Westminster Hall was sometimes five miles long. The Kaiser, who interrupted it when he came to pay formal homage, must have looked on that great demonstration of public affection with wonder.

King George inherited his father's sagacity with his father's problems. His first speech to his Privy Council we read at the time with moved hearts; we can look back to it now, with the knowledge of all that happened to try him in the twenty-five years that followed, and praise him for the dignity and consistency with which he has kept to the straight line of his resolve.

"I have lost", he said, "not only a father's love, but the affectionate and intimate relations of a dear friend and adviser. Standing here a little more than nine years ago, our beloved King declared that as long as there was breath in his body he would work for the good and amelioration of his people. To endeavour to follow in his footsteps, and at the same time to uphold the constitutional government of these realms will be the earnest object of my life".

A few days later, in a message to the people, he concluded: "With such thoughts I take courage, and hopefully look into the future; strong in my faith in God, trusting my people, and cherishing the Laws and Constitution of my beloved country."

The first political outcome of the national mourning was an attempt to reconcile the differences of the two parties by means of a Buckingham Palace Conference. Two members of it survive today—Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Austen Chamberlain. It dragged on until the second week of November and then broke down in total failure. Few expected any other result. It was not only that the language used by both sides had been too bitter to be so soon forgotten, but it was too sincerely felt. There was all the difference in the world between ordinary political fencing and this unbuttoned fighting. The Conservative Peers were defending themselves against an anticipated campaign of spoliation, and the Liberals were infuriated by the

implacable "No!" which the Upper House returned to their most cherished pieces of legislation. Mr. Balfour accused Mr. Asquith to his face in the House of Commons of "buying the Irish vote for the Budget at the price of the dignity of his office". "F. E.", whom we knew later as Lord Birkenhead, invented the taunting phrase, "The Toe-the-Line Government" in allusion to the bargain with Mr. Redmond's followers. Lord George Hamilton demanded why Englishmen should tolerate "this Welshman" as their tyrant. Mr. Lloyd George retorted that his lordship was "probably, like most aristocrats, something of a mongrel". In that class of word-warfare, Mr. Lloyd George, having the least fastidious tongue, stood at a towering advantage. The only requisite which a Peer needed for membership of the House of Lords, he declared, was "a certificate of birth to prove that he was the first of the litter".

Mixed up with the battle over the Lords were the tariff reform controversy, the demand for more Dreadnoughts, and the suffragette rioting. Joseph Chamberlain was near his end. Elected unopposed in January, he had to be assisted into the House by his son and Lord Morpeth, and his son signed his name for him on the Roll. His fiscal doctrine seemed to be sinking, too, under the weight of ridicule heaped on it by Free Trade speakers holding up loaves of "black bread" and lumps of horseflesh as examples of the alleged common diet in protected Germany. Unionist meetings all over the country were broken up by youths singing—

Tariff Reform means Work for All,
Chopping up wood in the workhouse.

The policy, even to the private minds of many of its supporters, seemed to be proceeding to political "death and damnation", and dragging them to the same destination. Certainly, no one during that campaign would have entertained a forecast of the chastened resignation with which the country was to accept it under the stress of a world crisis twenty-one years later.

Meanwhile, Lord Charles Beresford was campaigning for more Dreadnoughts with his cry of "We want eight and we won't wait". That year, more than any other, fixed Germany in the eyes of the British public as the inevitable foe. Urged by Mr. Haldane, whose prescient wisdom as War Minister

only the future could reveal, the County Associations were busy filling up the Territorial ranks. The Kaiser's celebrated claim to be Emperor by divine right did not ease our anxiety, though large numbers of people who were then reading Norman Angell's famous book, *The Great Illusion*, preferred to believe that war for England was a thing of the past.

In the middle of the rough-and-tumble were the suffragettes, interrupting meetings, dragged from under platforms, fished out of roof timbers, storming the House of Commons, congesting the police courts, and in every constituency facing open-air crowds of very precarious humour. That was the year in which Lady Constance Lytton, bravely concealing her identity as "Jane Warton", was discharged from prison nearly dead after hunger-striking. They were gallant women, whatever one thought of their methods. Many a dear old lady of today, with a vote that she probably does not bother to use, would hardly recognize herself if she could see what she looked like with bashed hat and torn clothes fighting the police in Palace Yard twenty-five years ago! How obstinate appeared that problem, which was nevertheless to be settled a few years later, almost casually in the press of greater problems created by the war.

It all ended, for that year, in another General Election in which the parties were returned practically as they were; while, in the hidden future of 1911, anti-climax was to come in the shape of the surrender of the Peers—though that was not by any means to solve their problem. Mr. Asquith was to get his Parliament Bill without recourse to the odious device of creating puppet Peers, and the Lords were to accept the elaborate provisions for delaying the final rejection of a Bill persistently approved by the Commons. But the more important question of altering the constitution of Parliament by reforming the House of Lords—the question which, in Mr. Asquith's words, "brooked no delay"—is still a vexation to all parties, even to the Lords themselves. It is the sole problem, of all those which inflamed the country in Accession Year, that remains active twenty-five years later. Even the Irish question, which seemed eternal, has been disposed of, leaving England in dubious enjoyment of the spectacle of Ireland attempting to govern the ungovernable.

Such was the political background of King George's Accession Year. Most of the principal actors in it are dead—Asquith, Balfour, Morley, Bonar Law, F. E. Smith, Lansdowne, Haldane, Grey, Walter Long, Redmond. Two or three of today's high lights were just appearing above the horizon. Ramsay MacDonald, M.P. for Leicester, published in that year his book, *The Awakening of India*. Churchill was at the Home Office and Sir Herbert Samuel at the Post Office. Mr. Simon became Sir John on accepting the Solicitor-Generalship vacated by Sir Rufus Isaacs (Lord Reading), who became Attorney-General. The germ of the Indian constitutional controversy had started to grow with young Mr. E. L. Montagu at the India Office under Lord Morley. Figures since vanished from the House included Horatio Bottomley, Keir Hardie, Victor Grayson, Hilaire Belloc (accusing the Lords of being a "committee for the protection of the Anglo-Judaic plutocracy") and John Burns, whose salary was raised from £2,000 to £5,000 in that year.

In directions other than political, it was also a year of excitement and adventure. This was particularly true of aviation. We had already seen, in the previous summer, M. Blériot's crossing of the Channel. This famous event enormously stimulated aerial activity. The Government were becoming impressed, and Lord Lucas, on their behalf, publicly promised to "develop their policy considerably when it is established that aviation is of practical use in war". (He was to be killed during the War while fighting the enemy in the air.) But the Government's faith was more in the airship than in the aeroplane. It was noted that the latest Zeppelin, flying at 40 miles per hour, was capable of carrying thirty-four men, of whom only four were needed to navigate it; the weight represented by the other thirty could be apportioned to explosives and "a newly-designed pneumatic gun which could hit buildings with considerable accuracy from above". In June, an Army dirigible flew from Farnborough to London and circled St. Paul's, causing great enthusiasm in the streets. Not for another twenty years, when R101 fell in flames in France and Lord Thomson, the Air Minister, and over forty other passengers lost their lives, did the Government drop their costly experiments with airships.

The official scepticism about the aeroplane was perhaps not

unnatural. Whereas, up to 1909, nine airmen had been killed since the beginning of aviation, the number rose to forty-two in 1910. The deaths included that of the Hon. C. S. Rolls at the Bournemouth aviation meeting in July, a little more than a month after he had been the first to make the double crossing of the Channel. Most of the tragedies occurred through the machines collapsing while at very low heights—between twenty and one hundred feet. But considerable progress was won at this costly expense. In April, M. Paulhan gained the *Daily Mail* £10,000 prize for the first flight from London to Manchester—I remember the thrill of seeing him pass over Crewe about five o'clock in the morning, not knowing then whether it was he or his English pursuer, Grahame White. M. Leblanc covered 500 miles in just over twelve hours. Robert Loraine, the actor airman, attempted the Irish Sea crossing from Holyhead, but fell into the sea sixty yards from Howth. First flights over the sea to France and Belgium were made by E. T. Willows and T. Sopwith, and M. Chavez crossed the Alps in an hour but broke both legs in alighting and died from the injuries. By the end of the year, the conquest of the air had come definitely within sight.

Polar exploration was attracting other bold adventurers. Peary had already reached the North Pole, and was lecturing in London on his achievement; and now Captain Scott began the dash for the South Pole in the *Terra Nova* which was to end so tragically in 1912. Captain Amundsen started in the *Fram* about the same time for the Arctic, but changed his plan and forestalled Scott at the South Pole (in 1911) by a few weeks.

Turning from the world of politics and action to that of science and the arts is to change from a scene of fierce activity to one of something like stagnation. It was a singularly unproductive year for all arts except music. This may have been due to a certain characteristic of the time. The circumstances of the general life were rapidly changing, and no one could foretell into what new shape things were hurrying. The old comfortable society was threatened by the growing power of democracy, talk of war was in the air, Lloyd George oratory and Bernard Shaw had set a fashion of reviling established institutions, including marriage (the Royal Commission on Divorce began

its sittings in that year), religion, law, and censorship ; and new ways of travel and communication were altering the conceptions of time and space. The motor car had arrived, but roads were still as in the days of the horse, and hansoms and horse-buses mingled in the streets with taxis and motor-buses, the latter still boggling badly at the steeper London inclines. In the whole kingdom the number of motor vehicles only amounted to 180,000. The linking up of Glasgow and Paris was acclaimed as "the greatest achievement in modern telephony", which at that time was in the hands of the National Telephone Company. Marconi's trans-Atlantic wireless service was set up in April, but the general public hardly realized the potentialities of this new medium until, in July, the identification by its means of the fugitive murderer Crippen while on board a liner on the Atlantic gave it a worldwide advertisement.

And it was a world without radio. Of all the marvels that were to come, that, the most wonderful, was the least foreseen.

Neither the stage nor literature thrived in this restless, uncertain atmosphere. The theatre was itself experiencing transition, for although the great actor-managers who had survived Irving's death and Hare's retirement were still carrying on—George Alexander at the St. James's, Tree at His Majesty's, Wyndham at the Criterion, Maude at the Playhouse, and Hawtrey here and there—their rule was perishing before the attacks of critics who complained that the play of ideas had no chance against the made-to-order play that provided them with "fat" acting parts and saved the audience the trouble of thinking. The charge could be well substantiated by the record of 1910. The only new plays produced in that year which were not quickly forgotten for the rubbish they were, were Galsworthy's *Justice*, Shaw's *Misalliance*, Barrie's *The Twelve Pound Look*, and Granville Barker's *Madras House* ; and these were all put on by Charles Frohmann, a non-acting manager, in a single season of repertoire.

Musical comedy at the Gaiety, Daly's, and the Shaftesbury—*The Arcadians* was produced at the latter—was in a much healthier condition, and the brilliant "Follies," under Pelissier, were still flourishing. The star of Mr. C. B. Cochran had not yet risen. In the music-hall, too, there were vigour and pros-

perity. Five great Russian dancers were distributed among the Palace, Empire, Coliseum, and Hippodrome—Pavlova, Mordkin, Lydia Kyasht, Adolf Bolm, and Karsavina. The traditional native ballet for which the Leicester Square houses had been famous was dying, but most of the popular favourites associated with the Edwardian "Halls" could be seen in their familiar homes—Marie Lloyd, Robey, Little Tich, Chirgwin, Gus Elen, T. E. Dunville, Joe Elvin, Vesta Tilley, and the rest. Those names suffice to conjure up again to the mind of anyone who lived through it a phase of London life that has completely vanished—a London much more drunken (the public-houses were open till 12.30 a.m.), much more dangerous to youth (the continued toleration of the Empire "Promenade" typified the vicious carelessness that prevailed about public morality), but superficially much gayer than it is today.

The cinema was in its childhood. Londoners knew it chiefly as a short turn, variously called the Bioscope or Jury's Pictures, sandwiched between two halves of the programmes at the Empire and the Alhambra, and giving flickering representations of current events and comic trick-scenes. It was a toy. The "Electric theatres", as they were called, which were already springing up all over the country gave no hint of its tremendous development. No one conceived what a power it was to be in multiplying the alternatives of innocent and cheap amusement among the youth of the cities, or in revolutionizing theatrical conditions.

Literature, which lost Tolstoy and Mark Twain in that year, produced few outstanding English works, but Lord Rosebery's *Chatham* and Monypenny's *Life of Disraeli* (Vol. I) retain their distinction, and Younghusband's *India and Tibet*, Ronald Ross's *Prevention of Malaria*, and Grenfell's *Labrador* have honourably survived. Professor Saintsbury finished his *History of English Prosody*, and Kipling contributed *Rewards and Fairies*. Fiction showed scarcely any sign of that torrent of revolt against restraint and convention which was to come. That, of course, awaited the release of the war, and most of the novelists who

were to express it had not yet begun to write. D. H. Lawrence was attracting attention, largely hostile, but his most characteristic work had not yet emerged; in any case he was a product of himself more than of the times. Wells, with his eyes searching the past and present for news of the future, was the most stimulating novelist, a true forerunner. Much of the post-war crop was of his sowing. He published in 1910 *The History of Mr. Polly*, which lives today with vigour unimpaired. Nothing else of that year compares with it, though Bennett's *Clayhanger*, Hichens' *Bella Donna*, Mason's *At the Villa Rose*, and Rider Haggard's *Queen Sheba's Ring*, were notable books. The women novelists were an almost negligible quantity, offering no promise of the independent power in fiction which they were to become.

Poetry was passing through a barren period. No year could have more fitly framed the astonishing badness of the verses with which Alfred Austin, the Poet Laureate, rushed into print on the death of King Edward. They included the following stanza :

Thrones there have been of hateful fame,
Reared upon wanton war;
He we have lost still linked his name
With peace, at home, afar.
For peace he wrought,
His constant thought
Being how to shield his Realm against strife's baleful star.

For music alone among the arts, 1910 was a fruitful year. Three important new works were introduced to London. One was Richard Strauss's *Elektra*, which, in the presence of King Edward, opened the first of two Covent Garden Grand Opera seasons under Mr. Thomas Beecham's direction. Beecham conducted on this occasion, Strauss himself taking the baton at subsequent performances. The work was received politely, but was not enjoyed. Nor did the first production of Delius's opera, *A Village Romeo and Juliet*, excite either the critics or the public. The beauty of the orchestral music was recognized, but the voice parts were pronounced undramatic and the plot

stupid. The third new work was Elgar's Violin Concerto, played by Kreisler, and this was an immediate success.

Grand Opera flourished. Melba, Tetrazzini, Destinn and John McCormack were all heard in London, and Beecham was encouraged to publish a scheme for a permanent London opera house to cost £500,000. Meanwhile, the Promenade Concerts at the Queen's Hall were steadily educating the English taste for good music, and were on much the same lines as today, except that they were financed by Mr. Robert Newman. Mr. Henry J. Wood had already made his name as their conductor, and received his knighthood later in the year.

The true significance of any period can only be observed in retrospect. Mr. H. G. Wells, midway in 1910, thought that the country was passing through "a second-rate era". But we see now that behind the second-rate appearance many developments of first-rate importance were preparing, and in the light of that perception Accession Year is a study full of instruction.

THE FOUNDER OF NIGERIA

BY R. S. RATTRAY

TWO important claims have been made for the late Sir George Taubman Goldie: first, that he was the founder of modern Nigeria; second, that he inaugurated there the system of native administration which is now everywhere known as "Indirect Rule". Any finding against both or either of these very considerable claims to distinction would, no doubt, partly account for the comparative obscurity into which his name and life's work seem to have sunk. On the other hand, to show that these contentions of his admirers are well founded, would seem to offer good grounds why—as Major Leonard Darwin recently advocated in a letter to *The Times*—steps should be taken to ensure commemoration of an approaching date, the fiftieth anniversary since the territories which came under the Royal Niger Company were secured to Great Britain "as the result of the almost single-handed efforts" of one man.

Houghton, Park, Clapperton, Lander, Laird, and, finally, Goldie; the first five are names selected from among other equally brave pioneers and explorers of the then mysterious Niger. To the last in the list would appear to have been granted the privilege of consummating what the others had striven and died for.

How many of us, one wonders, could write off-hand half a dozen lines of accurate biography concerning any of these great men? "Sir George Goldie? Don't seem to 'ave 'eard of 'im some'ow", was the comment of his custodian in Brompton Cemetery when Lady Dorothy Wellesley, his very latest—which is another way of saying his only—historian, went there in search of his somewhat incongruous tomb. A certain gentleman, "aged forty", who worked in the Foreign Office, was no better informed. At the time of the death of the "Old Coaster", this person asked Lady Wellesley whether she "had ever heard of a man called Sir George Goldie".

A recent writer on Mungo Park has stated: "His main

purpose and the purpose of those who sent him had been to establish a road for English commerce." There thus seems a resemblance between the ostensible motives which urged Park forward, and the objects which to the uninitiated might appear to have been Sir George Goldie's chief concern. The expansion of British commerce appears to have been the objective which both had in view. I do not feel at all convinced, however, especially after reading the saga of *Mungo Park and the Niger*, that Park drew his highest inspiration from a dream of great markets.

The whole world today—including its Kings and Queens and Princes—seems rapidly becoming so shop-minded that it might not seem necessary to apologize for Goldie's connection with commerce. But we now know that the successful role of managing director and company promoter was only a cloak to disguise the international diplomat and soldier-statesman, already determined long before he had turned "trader" to acquire a new African empire for his country.

There is another parallel between the careers of Park and Goldie. In a sense, both left the tasks which they had set out to perform only partially completed. If, however, the foundations which were laid by them and the plans upon which they built were wisely conceived, this fact must greatly have eased the task of those who had to complete the work. While this circumstance need not detract one whit from the honour which we give to those who followed on, it seems at least fitting that a world which may know how Lander sailed triumphant down the Niger to the sea should also be aware how near another man came to steering his frail craft to that same tidal basin, after navigating its inland waters for a thousand miles of its course which Lander had never seen. It must also be of uncommon interest that all of us who have heard of Nigeria and of Indirect Rule, and instantly associate both with the name of Lugard, should know if there was another man who acquired this great territory and there inaugurated that system of Native Administration which has since become the classical example of how backward peoples should govern themselves rather than be governed.

To appreciate fully anything that Goldie may have achieved between the years 1877, when he first went to Nigeria, and

1900, when the Crown took over from the Royal Niger Company, it is necessary to understand something of the spirit of that time with regard to all things pertaining to West Africa. His "dreams" were not a reflection of any picture of his own generation. At that time neither public opinion nor Government was in any way interested in expansion in that part of the World. Goldie was not following in the immediate footsteps of others who had lately achieved fame or recognition, for which, therefore, he might also hope. Laird was dead and was to be almost forgotten for more than half a century. Nor was this indifference merely passive. Government was openly hostile, and had proclaimed by the House of Commons resolution of 1865 its intention of leaving the people of West Africa to manage their own affairs. This, in the light of future happenings, would inevitably have resulted in these very races coming under the dominion of foreign Powers. All this is history.

To the ordinary man, such opposition—coupled with the easily unappreciated circumstance that the work had to be carried out in an enervating climate—might have been fatal to success. To one of Goldie's tempestuous spirit these adverse factors only served as a stimulant.

It was under such auspices as these that in 1877 Goldie first embarked on his West African career. Why did he go there? Were his schemes for acquiring an Empire a mere after-thought, the later expansion of the more narrow vision of the man who was originally the adventurer or successful business man, only concerned at the outset with making money?

We know that Goldie went to West Africa in 1877 with some idea of crossing from the Niger to the Nile. We also know that he had relatives who had business interests in the Niger area. At the very earliest, then, it might be surmised that his ambition to acquire African territory for the Crown dated from this time. But it went back much farther. The chief charm and, to my mind, the great value of Lady Wellesley's biography of Sir George Goldie* is that it enables us to answer such questions as these with some certainty. "All achievement begins with a dream. My dream as a child was to colour the map red", he told her, recalling a child's dream, spoken in the language of a

*Sir George Goldie: The Founder of Nigeria, by Dorothy Wellesley (Macmillan)

child to a child ; but the revelation immediately stamps Goldie in his youth as the ambitious Empire-maker, not as the would-be merchant prince.

Indifference from the public and expressed opposition from his own Government were not the only obstacles which he had to surmount. This period of apathy on the part of his countrymen corresponded in a large measure with a time of marked activity on the part of other Continental Powers desirous of acquiring these very regions which England had decided to leave to manage their own affairs. The breathing-space afforded by the distraction caused by the Franco-Prussian War was more than counterbalanced by France's subsequent redoubled efforts to acquire territory in Africa as a set-off against her territorial losses in Europe. We are thus confronted with the really astonishing spectacle of this solitary Englishman facing the combined plotting and scheming of two great Powers—France and Germany—both eager to acquire a territory which Goldie had set his heart on securing for his own country, which on her part wanted none of it.

We have seen that Goldie's life's work was to realize the dreams of his childhood. Again we have his own words. This time it is the man speaking : " On the journey back (i.e., in 1877) I conceived the ambition of adding the region of the Niger to the British Empire." For a solitary individual to envisage such an undertaking under the circumstances here briefly outlined seems almost as fantastic as his earlier childhood's dreams. Not so to Goldie. He saw that there was one way which offered a chance of success. This was to create and then to build up vested British interests in West Africa on such a scale that a nation of shopkeepers would compel any Government in office to give its official backing to an enterprise involving so much good British capital.

Thus it was that Goldie, the dreamer of Empire expansion, became Goldie the trader and company promoter. He became managing director of an undertaking upon the success of which depended not so much dividends as the realization of dreams in which money played no part.

The modern " Merchant Adventurer " was ready to employ his capital in the development of these regions and to accept the responsibility which the

Government shunned, provided that he was allowed to monopolize the trade, to exercise rights of taxation direct and indirect, and to acquire rights in lands and minerals which would not only afford a revenue for administration and defence, but also a prospect of profit. The Government of the day, ignoring the dictum of Adam Smith that " the Government of an exclusive Company of Merchants is perhaps the worst of all forms of Government ", found an escape from its dilemma. Royal Charters on the Elizabethan model were granted to three Companies : to the Royal Niger Company in the West, the Imperial British East Africa Company in the East, and the British South Africa Company in the South, with Mr. (now Sir G.) Goldie, Sir W. Mackinnon, and Mr. Cecil Rhodes as their founders. They were overwhelmed with volunteers eager for adventure. To protect them from foreign encroachments, the British Government soon found itself compelled to declare the greater part of its sphere of influence to be Protectorates, and the other nations did the same.

The above is the only reference which I can find to Goldie by name in *The Dual Mandate in British Tropical Africa*. It is true that this somewhat ambiguous association of Sir George Goldie's name with such terms as " Merchant Adventurers " and the " worst of all forms of Government " is discounted by other—but impersonal—tributes to the good work of the Company of which Goldie was the head. Yet one cannot help feeling that such a passage may have led to a misunderstanding of Lord Lugard's predecessor.

Goldie's first step to further the ends which he had in view was to unite already existing independent trading interests. His plans were laid with the consideration and skill of an expert chess-player. His next step was the formation of one great company with the idea of eventually obtaining a charter. Amalgamation, sufficiently imposing to command a hearing, was the lever which he foresaw could alone be used to jolt an apathetic Government into a position which it did not wish to take up, but from which, once occupied, there could be no retreat.

These moves were countered by France, whose trading interests, often subsidized by the French Government, were rapidly obtaining a firm footing in the Niger delta. These companies had to be bought out. Next, Germany entered this West Coast arena, and Goldie had to meet and out-manœuvre the great Bismarck himself. He even arrested, tried, and deported the German Chancellor's own nephew.

Goldie had applied for his Charter in 1881, but was sent about his business by the Government Department concerned

and told he need not approach it again until the capital involved in his concern amounted to a million sterling. Five years later the money had been raised. The Government of the day, still vacillating between annexation and their unrescinded declaration of 1865—a policy, which if persisted in, would for ever have lost England a chance of gaining a footing for trade in these parts—decided on a compromise and granted Goldie his charter. The National African Company became the Royal Niger Company (July, 1886), with powers to acquire new territories, and rights to enter into sovereign treaties with native chiefs and to undertake the administration of the territories involved.

The next phase exhibits even more clearly the extraordinary versatility of the man. Goldie had now to occupy two distinct roles. He must play the part of managing director of a gigantic business concern from which dividends were expected; he had to administer a government to which the trading half of his concern paid duties like any other merchant, British or foreign. That the trading branch paid a steady dividend, and that the administrative side set up a standard of fair government which won for it the following, among many other eulogies, is some proof of Goldie's outstanding ability. Lord Lugard writes:

The Niger Company may honourably claim that the natives were not subjected to any form of forced labour or even to any direct tax, while the introduction of spirits into the North, from which a large revenue would have accrued, was prohibited. The rights of the native to the land and produce was not interfered with. He received a fair price, albeit the market was practically limited to the Company's depots.

Mary Kingsley makes the full significance of the above tribute even clearer because she has not hesitated to make it less impersonal. She writes: "The Royal Niger Company shows how great England can be when she is incarnate in a great man, for the Royal Niger Company is so far Sir George Taubman Goldie". Many other witnesses could be quoted for testimony to the fact that Goldie was a managing director who was both scrupulous and far-sighted. Incidentally, the respect for the British flag which the Royal Niger Company's policy created was a priceless asset of good will, which it passed on to those who later took the reins of Government from its hands.

The Royal Niger Company was assailed at home with hostile criticism both in and out of Parliament. Liverpool "hated it

like the devil"—to use Miss Kingsley's picturesque phraseology. That a Chartered Company could be anything else but "the worst of all forms of Government" seemed unlikely to smaller-minded men, who felt that if they had been in a position of "almost unlimited, uncontrolled powers" (to use the words in which he himself described his position), they would at least have been tempted to make it so.

Some of the mud-slinging which bespattered Goldie at this time may possibly have stuck even to this day, in spite of the complete vindication he received from two Commissions appointed to investigate charges against the Company of monopoly and the imposition of unfair dues. The latter (its detractors forgot) could not have been imposed without the express approval of the Secretary of State, and such charges when levied fell equally heavily on the Royal Niger Company's trade as on that of any other trading concern, whether British or foreign. None of the taxes which the Company levied could be transferred to the profit-making side of the concern, but had to be used wholly for the expenses of governing the Company's territory.

"The administration of the Royal Niger Company"—so ran the finding of the investigating Commission—"is in the main highly satisfactory as to progress, system, and observance of the Charter."

Some measure of the success of such vast undertakings as that of which Goldie was the head must, of course, have depended on the ability of its head to select the right type of men to work under him, and the choice of Joseph Thomson to make treaties with the Northern Fulani states, which expedition was Goldie's planning, eventually secured two Fulani Empires for England. This fact seems to be overlooked today by those who would seek to belittle Goldie's work by implying that he gained for England the control of the lower Niger alone. Nothing could be further from the real facts. The whole of Goldie's policy hinged on the fundamental necessity for acquiring the Northern Hinterland. In fact, the acquisition of this territory was one of the determining considerations in the demand for and granting of the Charter.

"We can hardly impress too strongly on our shareholders",

said Lord Aberdare, Chairman and Governor of the Royal Niger Company, "the fact that our hopes of future prosperity rest far less on the lower regions of the Niger which first attracted British enterprise, and which even now yield the greater part of our trade, than on the higher and inner, and recently explored regions acquired at great expense of money and energy".

Indeed the true estimate of this question would appear to be that of Captain Orr, who in his work called *The Making of Northern Nigeria* states that

... it was unquestionably its (i.e., the Royal Niger Company's) action in securing the rich territories at the back of its Coastal regions which gave an impetus to other British West African Colonies and thereby saved them from becoming completely hemmed in by foreign powers . . . This alone will always constitute a sufficient claim for the Royal Niger Company to be remembered in connection with the modern history of Africa.

Moreover, any attempt to deny the claim made for Goldie that he won the United Nigerias for the Crown, takes no note of the further fact that with only a skeleton force at his command he routed 80,000 men who took the field against him, risking at the psychological moment all he had planned and worked for during the preceding twenty years. He won, and in so doing not only saved his own fortunes but thereby largely decided the course of England's fortunes all over British West Africa. This final and spectacular victory of Goldie's in 1896 heralded, as he well knew, the approaching end of his personal and individual control, the reins of which, however, he was not to hand over until December 31st, 1900, when the process which he had contemplated when applying for the Charter was completed.

I think that no one who has studied the course of the events thus very briefly outlined but will agree that Lord Scarbrough's statement that "Nigeria was founded by one man" is literally true.

Having followed Goldie's career so far as the highly successful "trader", as the astute diplomat, pitting his wits against the greatest of foreign statesmen "out to burst up his Charter", as the soldier in a campaign the strategy and tactics of which were largely his own, awaiting, in the centre of his square, the charge of horsemen clad in chain armour—let us consider him now in the field of colonial administration.

To anyone with any experience of West African politics

during the last thirty years, no better example of the striking character of this man could be afforded than the uncompromising attitude he adopted towards the liquor question. Merchants will always cry out that they cannot make profits if they are not allowed to sell trade spirits, and Colonial Governors, faced with depleted treasuries and heavy recurrent commitments, and largely dependent on import duties derived from the duty on spirits, are loath to advocate its entire prohibition. Goldie, in his twin capacity of merchant, bound almost by honour to make his trading a commercial success, and Administrator, compelled to find from indirect taxation and other sources of revenue the means required to pay for a costly administration, refused to be influenced either by consideration of profit, or ambition for schemes still nearer to his heart. In his anti-gin policy he remained adamant and unrelenting. This attitude, as we know, greatly aggravated the difficulties with which he had to contend. At a time when French intrigues on the lower Niger were threatening to baulk his schemes he was in violent conflict with Liverpool merchants who, with considerable political influence behind them, were arrayed against him as a direct consequence of his attitude to this question. A British public that is easily roused to indignation when the word "slavery" is mentioned, perhaps hardly yet realizes what the removal of the prohibition of spirits into the densely populated northern provinces of Nigeria would have entailed. It must be remembered that, though theoretically we are dealing with a race professing Mohammedanism, where the tenets of the Prophet might be considered a sufficient deterrent to temptation of this kind, the great majority of these people practise a somewhat laxer form of Islam intermingled with West African customs and beliefs. This would in all probability not have been proof against a vice which is doing so much harm in many other parts of West Africa today. It is perhaps hardly necessary to state that the policy laid down by Goldie in respect to this important question has never been departed from.

When we come to investigate Goldie's work in connection with the abolition of slavery, we find this man, usually so tolerant of native institutions, unrelenting in his advocacy of its ruthless suppression. He was fully aware that by stamping out "slave-

raiding " (the italics are his own) he would thereby put an end to those wars which in Africa were then waged almost wholly to obtain slaves. It would, of course, be very easy to argue that had Goldie not taken the steps he did to abolish slavery, someone else would have done so. It would not be so easy, however, to prove that any other person, or even any other Power, could have achieved what he did in this respect with so minute an expenditure of lives or money.

We come now to the last claim made for Goldie in connection with the introduction of what is now known as Indirect Rule into Nigeria.

The late Lady Lugard, in an article in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, once wrote as follows :—" The administrative control of the territories was from first to last vested in the person of Sir George Goldie. . . . On the surrender of the Charter . . . no administrative records were handed over and very little machinery remained." She then proceeds to give Goldie the fullest possible credit for the two measures already referred to, i.e., the abolition of the legal status of slavery and the absolute prohibition of the trade in spirits beyond the 7th parallel N. But her article does not help us much to appraise Goldie's policy with regard to native administration. It leaves, indeed, the somewhat erroneous impression that whatever that policy may have been, very little can ever be known about it. Lady Lugard had apparently the greatest admiration for Sir George Goldie, and never hesitated to give the Royal Niger Company unstinted praise. Somewhere she even uses the significant phrase : " under the inspiration of Mr. Taubman Goldie " when writing of its head. It must also be remembered that *A Tropical Dependency* was penned only a few years after the Royal Niger Company had ceased to function, and that the phrase " Indirect Rule " was then possibly unknown.

The student of Goldie's career will turn naturally from Lady Lugard's book to that of her husband. In *The Dual Mandate in British Tropical Africa* the only reference to be found to Goldie by name was that given earlier in this paper. There seems nothing in Lord Lugard's work from which any person could assume that " the present Government of Nigeria was based on Goldie's original scheme ", to quote a claim which

Lord Scarbrough has vouched for as being thoroughly justified.

Elsewhere, however, we find Sir Frederick (now Lord) Lugard stating this view in what appear to be quite unequivocal terms. In his 1913 report on Nigeria appears the following :—

Since the date (January 1st, 1900) on which the administration of these territories was taken over from the Royal Niger Company and assumed by the Crown, a settled policy introduced by Sir Frederick Lugard,* the first High Commissioner, has been adhered to in regard to native affairs. This policy is generally described by the expression " Indirect Rule ". By this expression is meant a policy which has for its object the education of the native to take an effective and responsible share in the government of the country. All such laws and customs as were found to be enforced in the various native communities and were not oppressive to the individual, were retained, and the introduction was avoided, as far as possible, of laws and executive procedure which, though suitable to the mode of thought of Europeans, are not indispensable to the welfare of the native.

Yet, fifteen years before the above was written, Goldie had penned the following statement regarding his Administrative policy. It is an extract from his preface to Lieutenant Seymour Vandeleur's book *Campaigning on the Upper Nile and Niger*, and it affords a clear exposition of what had been Goldie's policy in dealing with the native populations in the areas administered by the Royal Niger Company, and that policy is what would now be called " Indirect Rule ".

Commencing with an expression of his well-known views on " slave-raiding ", he passes on to describe the peoples of the northern provinces of Nigeria as contrasted with those of the Guinea coastline, and he then proceeds thus :—

Central African races and tribes have, broadly speaking, no sentiment of patriotism, as understood in Europe. There is therefore little difficulty in inducing them to accept what German jurisconsults term " *Ober-Hoheit* ", which corresponds with one interpretation of our vague term, " Protectorate ". But when complete sovereignty, or " *Landes-Hoheit* ", is concerned, they invariably stipulate that their local customs and systems of government shall be respected. On this point they are, perhaps, more tenacious than most subject races with whom the British Empire has had to deal. . . . It is therefore certain that even an imperfect and tyrannical native African administration, if its extreme excesses are controlled by European supervision, would be, in the early stages, productive of far less discomfort to its subjects than well-intentioned but ill-directed efforts of European magistrates, often young and headstrong, and not invariably gifted with sympathy and introspective powers. *If the welfare of the native races is to be considered, if dangerous revolts are to be obviated, the general policy of ruling on*

*African principles through native rulers must be followed for the present.**
Yet it is desirable that considerable districts in suitable localities should be administered on European principles by European officials, *partly to serve as types to which the native governments may gradually approximate.*

These words are as true today as when they were written; they are indeed almost prophetic in view of the more recent policy in Nigeria under Sir Donald Cameron, whereby the somewhat stereotyped application of the original principles of Indirect Rule is being given new life by the widening of the conceptions regarding it. The passage would appear to offer complete proof that Sir George Goldie, without precedents to guide him—and whether his successors were aware of the fact or not—was here the pioneer in that form of Government which later came to be called “Indirect Rule”.

Little space is left here for an estimate of the character of this extraordinary man. That matters little, for all who are anxious to learn more about him can turn to the delightful memoir by Lady Wellesley. Goldie never had any illusions concerning his chances of a certain kind of immortality. “Probably my name will be forgotten in connection with Nigeria; to this I am indifferent”, he told her. Like Othello, his motto might well be “I have done the state some service, and they know it, no more of that”; or to use his own words, “*L'œuvre c'est tout; l'homme c'est rien.*”

He was an idealist with enough practical genius to carry his idealism through—indeed a rare combination. The cheapest of all attacks on his name and memory are those which hint at lack of rectitude. His was too great—and I should like to say after reading Lady Wellesley's book—too beautiful a character ever to be besmirched in such a manner. He will surely find an honoured place among such as are portrayed in Blake's *Vision of the Last Judgment* where the elect “are admitted into heaven not because they have curbed their passions, but because they have cultivated their understandings”, and because “the treasures of heaven are not negations of passions but realities of intellect, from which all the passions emanate uncurbed in their eternal glory”.

* The italics are mine.

THE INDIAN PRINCES' DOUBTS

BY STANLEY RICE

WHEN the Princes first announced through their representatives that they were prepared to enter a Federation of All-India, they only gave final expression to an idea which had long been in the air. Many years ago, before the Montagu-Chelmsford Reforms were in being, a brother Prince—I think it was the Maharaja of Dholpur—wrote to the Maharaja of Baroda, himself a strong advocate of Indian advance on national lines, and submitted an outline scheme for a federated India. The reply was not encouraging. He was told that the Princes have, or should have, their hands full in governing and developing their own States, and that it was better to leave such matters as federation to be worked out by those who were more adept at constitution-making.

When, therefore, the Simon Commission (which had nothing to do with the States) looked forward to federation as a distant ideal, the time seemed to have arrived to put into action that of which they had hitherto only dreamed. Accordingly, with the help of eminent English counsel the bearings of federation, as well as the possible reactions of changes in British India, so far as they could be forecast, on the position of the States, were carefully examined, and a movement was set on foot by the more enthusiastic of the Princes to sound their brethren and to obtain their support. I was in Baroda when the late Prince Ranjitsinhji, the Jam Sahib of Nawanagar, came on this mission, and though the subject and the results of the conversations were not disclosed even to the members of the Government, they could only have related to the forthcoming Reforms and the possibility of federation. It is, of course, quite possible that other influences were brought to bear, including that of the Congress leaders who now reject an All-India Federation, but in my view the famous declaration was not sudden or impulsive, nor was it the

outcome of persuasion from wire-pullers ; it had its origin in an idea that was born long ago, and the final decision was based upon legal advice rather than upon the arguments of outside politicians, British or Indian.

Now in thus declaring for federation the Princes were actuated mainly by two motives, and were deterred mainly by two dangers. They were anxious to see India unified, and they were anxious to obtain a real voice in the questions of policy which hitherto they had had to accept at the dictation of the Government of India. On the other hand, they ran a considerable risk lest a zeal for democracy, which already shows itself owing to infiltration from British India, should from closer contact invade their dominions, to the gradual undermining of their authority, and they foresaw that under any form of federation they would have to surrender sovereign powers.

These points require further explanation, but before we enter upon it let us be quite clear what the States are. In exchange for the conduct of foreign policy and of external and internal defence, the Princes have already parted with a portion of their sovereignty, especially in what are called matters of common concern, such as Posts and Telegraphs, Railways, and, above all, Customs, in which continuity of policy is not only desirable but practically imperative. Otherwise they are independent and can govern their States in such manner and under such systems as they please, subject only to the intervention of the Paramount Power in case of serious and flagrant misgovernment.

It is necessary to say this much because there have been indications of an idea that certain measures can be forced upon the Princes from without. Any such attempt would be strongly resented, and any encroachment or suspicion of encroachment upon their internal autonomy, by making federal a subject which they consider their own, would probably have the effect of shattering to bits the whole conception of a Federal India. The Princes of India are intensely jealous of their position as independent sovereigns ; they are not subjects but allies within the orbit of the Indian Empire, and in that capacity they, or some of them, have entered into treaties and engagements on which they have always laid great stress. Such a resolution as that moved by Sir Henry Page Croft in Committee, that an antecedent

condition of Federation must be acceptance of British citizenship, would, if seriously meant, be rejected by the Princes without a second thought.

It is this position of independence coupled with limitations which makes Federation so difficult. Much was at one time made of the stupendous task of federating 350,000,000 people. But numbers alone do not constitute any great difficulty, except in the detail of the franchise. India, it is true, has complexities of her own, but they do not consist in mere numbers. Nor is there any formidable obstacle in the fact that the States have a different form of government, or rather different forms according to the will of the particular ruler. Each State is self-contained in its internal administration ; the fact that one has a High Court and a system of appeal and another has not makes no more difference than the fact that the judicial systems of England and France differ. It is only on those subjects of common concern where the two blocks of British India and the States make contact that any difficulty arises, and then it is mainly a difficulty of the machinery of election and of choosing which subjects are to be made federal. It is impossible for human wisdom to devise a scheme which is so perfect that the wheels will run smoothly in every part and at all times, but if there is the will to federate these are not difficulties which cannot be surmounted.

The motives and the dangers mentioned earlier may be briefly dealt with. They run in pairs. On the one hand, the Princes, having seen examples of the impulse which unity gives to the achievement of nationality, are prepared to face the possible reactions upon their own systems of democracy in being. They believe themselves to be strong enough to resist subversive tendencies, and they recognize that, whatever they do, they cannot prevent the invasion of their dominions by democratic ideas. In this they are fortified by the attitude of the people. It is quite wrong to suppose that the subjects of a State are all yearning to leave it for the Elysian fields of British India. All States, it is true, are not alike ; in the larger and better governed there is certainly no such desire. When I accompanied the Maharaja of Baroda on one of his tours, the crowds at the railway stations and in the streets, the shouts of " Maharaj-ki-jai " and the floral offerings, often obtained with difficulty and at a sacrifice,

were eloquent testimony to the enthusiasm and affection of the people for their Ruler.

Secondly, the Princes want an effective voice in the policies which affect British India and their States alike ; but to achieve this end they must sacrifice a portion of their sovereignty, inasmuch as, on accepting the Instrument of Accession, they engage to adopt federal laws so far as they concern the items agreed upon, to the exclusion of their own powers of legislation. This, however, does not mean that administration will be reduced to a dead level of uniformity ; it does not appear that every State will necessarily accept a common list of Federal subjects, and of course internal administration is unaffected. In many items, however, the loss of sovereignty will be very little felt, for the more advanced States have often adopted British Indian legislation, either as it stood or in some modified form.

It is the knowledge that some sacrifice is entailed which would make the idea of an advisory Council unacceptable, however it were constituted. The ultimate authority would still be in the hands of the Viceroy and his irresponsible Executive, and the Princes would be no better off than they are now. This idea of an advisory Council was no doubt suggested by the Simon Commission. When the position of the States is seriously considered it becomes ridiculous, and in any case it was only conceived as a temporary expedient—the tarpaulin, as a member of the Commission put it, dragged over the structure till the roof could be put on. The sacrifice which the Princes make may be a sacrifice of prestige, but they value that for more reasons than one, and they want an adequate return for it.

It will be seen that the scheme is to the Princes a balance of advantages. They, like every one else who counts in India are Nationalist, though naturally not of the extreme type. But the position and privileges of themselves and their States must come first, and no arguments based upon the advantages to British India are likely to have any weight in their decision. It does not seem that the scales are heavily weighted in favour of Federation. The risks are considerable ; the fear that their position will be compromised cannot but be present to the minds of the Princes, and the danger of democratic ideas may well loom larger as the proposals are examined in greater detail

On the other hand, the “ escape from the thralldom of the Political Department ” may turn out to be illusory, inasmuch as the Legislative Assembly which will contain their representatives will only deal with Federal subjects, so that the small disputes, which often assume a disproportionate importance, will still be settled with the Government of India. At the same time the rumour, which seems to have been begotten by the wish, that the Princes are willing to take but not to give, cannot have much substance, for from the nature of the case they cannot avoid giving if they are to take, and the question is at bottom whether the price to be paid is not too high. It is for the Princes to choose ; the scales seem to be rather nicely balanced, but the idealism which is such a marked characteristic of the Indian make-up may very well turn them in favour of Federation.

In accepting the idea of Federation in principle the Princes stipulated that there must be a responsible Government at the Centre. From what has been already said, the reason is not far to seek. In a responsible government they themselves would have a share in proportion to their numbers and importance in the whole Indian polity. An irresponsible Government would leave them just where they are, for even if they were admitted to a share in the Legislative Assembly, that body would from their point of view be little better than a debating society, outside which the Executive Government would work. Whether or no their hopes that a minority block of seats will eventually give them the effective voice which they desire, only experience can show. If the States were to form themselves into a bloc *vis-à-vis* the larger bloc of British Indian opinion, and so divide the Assembly into two camps, they could hardly hope to carry any measure, since they must always be in a minority.

That extreme position is, however, no more likely to happen in India than anywhere else. The States no doubt are counting upon at least a measure of support and a fair hearing from those who are not blinded by political passion nor obsessed by a single idea. India would indeed be unfit for self-government if the reasonable arguments of the States were to be brushed aside upon some political theory that they are an anachronism, and that it is the duty of “ patriots ” to oppose anything they say, good or bad.

There is no part of the federal scheme on which the British Government has been working in such an atmosphere of good will as in the negotiations with the Princes. The Princes, unlike the leaders in British India, are not concerned with obtaining political power, but with retaining what is already theirs. The British Government is well aware of the position of the States, and it may be inferred that they are prepared to go a long way to meet their wishes. They have adopted the recommendation that an All-India Federation is the only real solution of the Indian problem, and they have thereby incurred the criticism that they have put pressure upon the Princes without whose aid their darling baby cannot be born. It must be noted that the main reason why the Select Committee declared a purely British Indian Federation to be unacceptable was this very one that such a solution could not in any way satisfy the reasonable demands of the States. When it is argued that no one wants this particular measure—neither the Princes, nor the Moderates, nor the Congress, nor the Mussulmans—it seems to be forgotten that everyone really wants all that is in principle contained in the Bill, provided that it be so altered as to suit the views or the interests of the particular objectors. In a Bill of this kind, where some compromise is essential, it is impossible so to frame it as to please at the same time critics whose views are diametrically opposed.

If, then, there was this atmosphere of good will in which both parties were working towards the same end, why did the Princes issue the resolution which so startled everybody and surprised even the Secretary of State? The wording was not altogether happy, and the various opposition parties in England and in India put their own interpretation upon it. It seems to have been supposed in some quarters in India that the Princes have misled the British Government and the Select Committee into a long and arduous inquiry regarding a federation which they had no intention of accepting; or that they are now yielding to the pressure of Nationalist opinion. In England the resolution was hailed as the "death-blow" to Federation; the Princes, it was triumphantly assumed, were at last awake to the danger to themselves and to their States.

It may be suggested that both these views are inspired by dislike of the Bill so far as it concerns British India, and that

the concern for the Princes is real only so far as it can be used for propaganda against the Bill. Neither view seems to me accurate. Sir Samuel Hoare declared that the Bill was unacceptable to the Princes in matters of detail which can be adjusted; the principle remains unaffected. This view seems to be much nearer the mark; the question is how far adjustment can be made without the surrender of what each party believes to be vital.

We do not know, and have no right to know, what took place at the confidential meeting in Bombay, and consequently can only reason from the rather meagre information supplied by the Press. Now if we may take the list supplied by *The Times* as including, but not exhausting, the points of objection, there emerges one clear, underlying principle. It is not the fear of Nationalism or of any democratic attack upon themselves which has influenced the Princes; the advantages and disadvantages of Federation have been fully discussed, and each side of the question has been fully weighed. It seems inconceivable that the Princes, having decided four years ago in favour of Federation, and having in the interval shown no sign that they wished to go back upon that decision, should now, at the eleventh hour and in one day, have been so stricken with panic that they have repudiated the whole idea. It is not, then, fear of democracy, but fear of the Government of India, which inspired the objections. The general charge of breach of faith probably only means that the Princes do not interpret certain details in the sense which they understood to have been agreed upon.

It would be wearisome to analyze all the clauses of the Bill relevant to the published list of objections. As an example we may take the "enforcement of federal laws and the powers vested in the Governor-General to give directions to the Rulers of States" and "the administration of federal Acts in Indian States." By Clause 124 "agreement may, and if provision has been made in that behalf by the Instrument of Accession shall, be made . . . for entrusting to the Ruler the administration of federal laws applicable to the State"; but "any such agreement shall contain provisions enabling the Governor-General in his discretion to satisfy himself, by inspection or otherwise, that the administration of that law is properly carried out". This

looks suspiciously like interference in the internal affairs of a State and the planting of a Political Officer upon the State for purposes of inspection—a proceeding which certain Princes view with intense dislike. There is also a certain ambiguity in the clause, for no Prince would willingly admit the inquisition contemplated and yet this is to be made a condition of “entrusting to the Ruler or to his officers functions in relation to the administration in his State” of federal laws. If there is no such agreement—we must note the word “may”—what is to happen? Are these “functions”, whatever they may be, to be in abeyance, or are they to be “entrusted” to a British Indian officer?

Again, Clause 127 (2) reads:—

If it appears to the Governor-General that the Ruler of any federated State has in any way failed to fulfil his obligations under the preceding subsection or has failed to maintain a system of administration adequate for the purposes of any Act of the Federal Legislature, the administration of which has been entrusted to him or his officers, the Governor-General, acting in his discretion, may issue such directions to the Ruler as he thinks fit.

Now if we realize the intense nervousness, at any rate in the larger States, with which the powers of interference by the Paramount Power are viewed, and the intense jealousy of any extension of those powers, we shall, I think, understand the attitude of the Princes, which at first sight may seem to be hypercritical. The powers of inquisition conferred by the first clause, and the discretionary powers in the second—which, it will be observed, are very wide and extend to the system of administration—may well arouse fears of unforeseen encroachment which would send up the price of Federation beyond its value to the Princes. The objection taken to the omission of any reference to treaties and engagements seems further to bear out this view. We in England know that the whole Bill is subject to such treaties, wherever they exist, and that as between the Government and the States, should there be any clash between them and the Bill, they must prevail. But the Princes may reasonably think that, without specific mention of them, it might be possible to argue that the Bill abrogates previously existing arrangements. “Interpretation,” as Lord Lloyd has said in *Egypt after Cromer*, is a fruitful source of friction and dispute.

The Princes’ intention, therefore, has not been to seize upon

points in the Bill which seem to offer a loophole of escape from their entanglement; they wished to be satisfied that all doors which might offer a way of “interpretation” prejudicial to them were barred and bolted. How far this can be done to the satisfaction of both parties is still an open question. To appreciate the Princes’ attitude to the full one ought to have worked with them, to have so identified oneself with them as to view everything from their angle, and to be able to estimate the position of an independent sovereign who is yet subject to the supervision of the Paramount Power.

“THE CHANGED MOOD OF INDIA.”

To the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY.

SIR,

Having lived in India off and on for over twenty years, I was extremely interested to read Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge’s article on “The changed Mood of India”, in your January issue. I am neither a Government servant, nor a missionary, nor in commerce, and for all the time I have been in this country I have associated intimately with Indians—with the inevitable consequence that my European acquaintances in India are “few and far between”. With politics I have nothing to do, but undoubtedly the changes in the political situation have wrought changes in the attitude of the Indian people towards their administrators. Time does not stand still. But I doubt very much whether the “myth” of the European’s “innate superiority” is quite as exploded as Mr. Muggeridge would have it—from the Indian point of view. Even if it be so, I doubt whether the Europeans have abandoned it in reality, however much they may appear to have done so on the surface. Mr. Muggeridge says of the Europeans:—

They have as little to do with India as they can; and perhaps they are right in so doing, because thereby they save themselves from being perpetually reminded of the precariousness of their situation, of the whole unreality of their relationship with the country wherein they live, and the people amongst whom they live.

A disastrous confession of the gulf between East and West!

Mr. Muggeridge senses “beneath the sound and fury of political agitation a deeper reality, a deeper antagonism—racial antagonism”, and “as long as it exists no constitutional change, however far-reaching, will quieten discontent and bring peace”.

But it is surely rather late in the day to realize this. The situation was summed up nearly fifty-five years ago in a private letter from an Oriental to the editor of a prominent newspaper in India :—

The white race must be the first to stretch out the hand of fellowship to the dark nations—to call the poor despised "nigger" brother. This prospect may not smile to all. . . .

Then the matter could have been more easily settled. Now the Europeans have a harder task. They must be prepared to cast off the "superiority" armour in which they have up to now encased themselves, and meet Indians on terms of absolute equality as friends. So many caste barriers have been broken in recent years that social intercourse is much more possible than it was. And yet the Europeans make little advance in that direction. Mr. Muggeridge seems to imply that they secretly fear the treatment which they may receive now from Indian hands at the eleventh hour. They need not really ; but they will have to make the first approach. If that were necessary in 1881, it is far more necessary in 1935. But there is no need for fear. A homely analogy suggests itself. The first Indian meal that was set before me frankly appalled me. I wondered how any one could eat such food. More experience taught me the excellence of Indian cooking. What I was once afraid to eat, I now can eat with relish.

Racial antagonism would quickly die (on the Indian side it is not so deeply rooted) if the European approach were heartfelt and sincere. And the Europeans must not be discouraged if the first reaction of the Indians be one of suspicion. It is only natural that they should fear the Greeks, even though they bear gifts.

Yours faithfully,

THEODORE L. CROMBIE.

Bombay.

IS FRENCH POLICY CHANGING ?

BY PHILIP CARR

IF by French foreign policy is meant the action on the international stage of the politicians and diplomatists of France, it would be untrue, or at least premature, to say that there has been any change. Nine out of ten normally intelligent Frenchmen, if they were asked what was the objective of the foreign policy of their country, would either reply that it was the pursuit of a European combination which should maintain European peace ; or, if they were rather more frank and sincere, would confess that it was the pursuit of a combination which should secure France against the always dreaded onslaught of Germany.

On the surface there has been no fundamental change from this policy. While there is still in some quarters a hope that arrangements will be made with Germany which will at least postpone, if they will not rule out, such an onslaught, they do not inspire much confidence in their future efficacy ; and the eyes of the French people have been turned, first to the tightening up of the bonds with the Little Entente, then to the *rapprochement* with Russia, then to the increased cordiality of the relations with Italy, and finally to the conversations with Great Britain, with the frank intention that each of these countries in turn shall be definitely enrolled in the French bodyguard. The possibility of another German invasion is still the ruling obsession, and the only variations in foreign policy have been concerned with the means of obtaining protection against that invasion, or better still, such a promise of protection that the invader will not dare to take the field.

Below the surface, however, there is another movement, and it will perhaps show its head before very long. Briand has been dead just three years, and it has been the fashion since his death to look upon his ideas of European confederation as the senti-

and discovered the use of iron, glass, and paper, says M. Decugis. Is it now our turn to hand the torch of progress back to her?

He does not answer his question, but presents in his book a powerful array of statistics concerned with the industrial, commercial, agricultural, political, economic, intellectual, financial, and demographic aspects of national life, which all point to the most pessimistic conclusion.

M. André Siegfried gives us more hope, both in his own book and in the introduction which he has written to that of M. Decugis. It is unnecessary to quote here at any length the views of this eminent economist on the crisis, for readers of *THE FORTNIGHTLY* are familiar with them from the series of articles now being published. Suffice it to say that he believes the present wave of pessimism in Europe to be exaggerated because we are at present not only passing through the crisis of the shifting of the economic centre of gravity of the world, but through two other economic crises at the same time. The first of these is the final liquidation of the loss and disturbance caused by the war. The second is the world economic depression, which appears always to arrive every fifty years, to last half that time and to be followed by a period of economic prosperity. There was such a period of depression from 1873 to 1894, and a period of prosperity from then until the end of the war. The passing of the world's economic centre from Europe is only the third of these three simultaneous crises. We need therefore attribute only a third of our troubles to it, and can hope that those arising from the other two will pass.

But if it is essential for the countries of Europe to stand together and to act together in order to save whatever can be saved, how is that necessary co-operation to be achieved?

It is here that some of those who see the danger think that France will have a great part to play. It is, they say, because international trade has become impossible that there is a danger of conflict in Europe. Trade has become impossible because there is no stable relation of the European currencies to each other. France is the only country which can restore that relation, for France is the only country with a sufficient reserve of gold to enable her to do it.

But that, you will say, means the devaluation of the franc, and the most solemn official assurances have been given that the value of the franc will be maintained.

Nevertheless, it may yet be that the official view will change—is perhaps already changing.

There are already certain slight indications of a crack in the hitherto unbroken orthodox front. One of these indications might almost be said to be the insistence with which the champions of the franc proclaim the entire absence of any excuse for its devaluation. They protest too much.

Signs of a more direct nature are, however, not wanting. Early in the month of March, the Radical daily, *La République*, published an article which not only admitted that the stable base of world prices today is sterling and not gold, but added that as France could not reduce her production costs, as expressed in gold francs, to a point which would enable her to enter the international commercial market with countries whose costs are calculated in sterling, the only solution was to “modify” the franc so as to bring it into line with sterling, “this new and temporary universal currency”, until the day when all national currencies shall become gold currencies based on sterling. Meanwhile, the writer regretted to remark that France, recoiling from the difficulties of such a course, was resorting to the easier, but inevitably ineffective, expedient of isolation.

This article, remarkable enough in itself, was all the more so because its author, M. Edouard Giscard d'Estaing, until recently held the high office of Inspecteur des Finances, and therefore belongs to the higher ranks of the official hierarchy.

A similar weight attaches to the opinion of M. Henri Clerc, who formerly occupied an important post in the Ministry of Finance, in which capacity he acted as expert adviser to various Ministers, and is now Radical Deputy for Annecy. For some time he has hesitated to take a definite line, but he has now associated himself wholeheartedly with the campaign in favour of devaluation which is being waged by M. Paul Reynaud, formerly Minister of Finance. He has declared that France, and France

alone, with her 82,000,000,000 francs worth of gold reserve, can put an end to the absurd chaos of isolated national currencies which in general is killing international trade, and in particular is destroying the export of artistic and luxury products in which France has always excelled. France can do this by recovering her old generous spirit of initiative, he says, and by boldly making what at first may seem a sacrifice. And he calls on the Prime Minister, M. Flandin, to translate into action his words at a public dinner a little time ago: "Our pressing duty is to revive the international exchange of commodities. If this is not done, each national economic unit, confined to the limited opportunities of its internal market, will become more and more anaemic".

IN A GRITH FYRD CAMP

BY GEORGE GODWIN

AT Godshill, near Fordingbridge, the meadowlands watered by the Avon meet upon the east the fringe of the New Forest. Here Godshill rises from the fertile plain so little changed since the days of the Conqueror that to take the leafy trail beneath the trees is to tread an England untouched by ten long centuries. Where the wooded hill slopes steeply to the river the trail brought me to a clearing and a small forest community, the first of the Grith Fyrd Camps, a rough arrangement of hutments about a central clearing that is walled upon three sides by trees, on one by Avon river.

I had come to see something of an experiment which began three years ago, when six or seven men, without other resources than simple tools, felled the first tree, pegged the first tent shelter, and thus laid the foundation of the small, primitive, but organized forest community in which I now found myself. The name Grith Fyrd may sound a trifle precious, though actually it fits, for the word "grith" is Old English for peace, and "fyrd" was the name given by King Alfred to his citizen army. The men of the Godshill Camp have exchanged the numbing experience of prolonged unemployment for an experiment that demands of them the fundamental civic virtues of self-help, co-operation, and service. The name of the movement therefore seems appropriate enough. The camp in which I found myself had been brought into being to give young unemployed men a chance to convert the disaster of unemployment into a gain. A single man, doomed to empty days in dismal urban surroundings, can do little to stay the inevitable process of physical and mental deterioration: but a number of such men, their benefit pooled, may become a social unit capable of living a full and constructive life. The Grith Fyrd scheme offered no ultimate solution to the problem of unemployment, but it did suggest a way of negating its paralysing effects upon its victims.

I went to Godshill to get some first-hand knowledge of the value of this experiment. I wanted to see for myself how men drawn from all parts of the country, men unskilled, semi-skilled, and skilled, could contrive a communal life. But, most of all, I wanted to hear from them of their experiences before entering the camp, and their reactions to this new way of life. The camp is very primitive, indeed, I doubt whether the men of King Alfred's citizen army lived more simply than do the men of Godshill. Yet there could be no mistaking the atmosphere of happy comradeship which proclaimed itself to me, first as singing voices heard among the trees, and presently, after nightfall, in the main hut, one small room of which serves as camp library. It was then that the inhibition which makes mute men who have suffered was slowly overcome: the ice was broken, my hosts began to talk.

We hear so much of unemployment that we weary of the word; but now a political and social problem was made suddenly vivid by the personal experience of some of its victims. I was learning, for the first time, what unemployment means to young men who have, in a sense, escaped it. But these men are not out of the economic storm; they are only reprieved for a time from its violence.

We were seated on benches about a book-littered table in a hutment room lined with books and lit by an inadequate oil lamp. Tea, the last meal, had been served and the day's orderlies had washed up. In the hall itself men were playing ping-pong and darts. The camp, I was told, was quieter than usual, as a party of men had gone into Southampton to take part in the Morris dancing festival there. Then, too, several men were busy learning their parts for a play in rehearsal to be given in the camp hall before an audience drawn from the neighbourhood.

I will call the Grith Fyrd playwright Norman. A slight man with the face of a dreamer, about thirty years of age, diffident and reticent, he spends much of his time in his study, that study being his bunk in a bunk-house which consists of a pole-frame erection walled with sacking. Norman is, or was, a clerk. From Birmingham he came to London, and in London his luck went against him. He ended in a Rowton House which is, one is taught to think, the last refuge of those whom

irretrievable disaster has overtaken. There, using his eyes, he began to study the men about him, and what he saw went into his note book in a beautiful script. He wrote sketches, short stories, tried his hand at verse. In the camp he has turned to play writing, and already several of his plays have been produced by himself.

Norman edited the school magazine as a boy: now he edits the camp magazine, typing its contents, since hand-setting for the camp press has proved too big a job for the amateur compositors who run that machine. From the current issue I take the following sketch by its editor. It is entitled "Gandhi", and is a study of a Rowton House type.

"Like Kipps, he is a simple soul. He is also an idealist and a hero-worshipper, therefore, in this age of unbelief, something of an anachronism, and, according to its judgments, something of a fool. He has three gods. One, the dimly-discerned but magnificent conception, the essence of all his dreams of beauty, thwarted aspirations, and that peace and happiness which life has withheld from him. His other gods are Charles Dickens and Mahatma Gandhi—wherefore his pseudonym. . . . Needless to say, he is a rebel. Capitalism, he says, is doomed. It is not certain that he knows exactly what capitalism implies, but I think that for him it includes all the disorder and ugliness of a disorderly and ugly world. With the naïveté so characteristic of many rebels and would-be reformers, he seems to believe that a change in the world's routine will necessarily uplift the heart of man. . . . Poorly dressed, he looks exactly what he is—a dilapidated artisan for whom society has no further use. There are thousands of such in this country today. . . . Class consciousness was never so personified as in him. The black choker he wears so jauntily is not a symbol of servitude but a badge of honour, the tilt of his cheap cloth cap and the independent swaggering of his walk betray the caste snob as effectively as the immaculate perfection of any Mayfair exquisite. . . ."

One day Norman, who does not care to contemplate a return to the office desk, hopes to make his living with his pen. Meanwhile, after nearly a year of it, he prefers the camp to either Rowton House or some mean street in the capital. The camp has provided him with all he asks for at the moment—the opportunity to learn the craft of writing.

Bob is an utterly different type and only twenty years of age. He has a real tale to tell, and he tells it without self-dramatization. He has been swimming in the Avon, but he wears nothing but a pull-over above his belt. He is lithe, dark-eyed, mobile of mouth and with that self-assurance which is sometimes the

mask thrown over deep-seated self-mistrust. The son of a working-class family, he had to start work at fourteen as an errand boy. In his spare time, true child of the machine age, he read all that he could on electricity. At seventeen he was earning nearly four pounds a week charging batteries. "I saw one or two of my mates develop symptoms of lead-poisoning", he said, "so I watched for signs in myself. Then my wrist went and, looking at my gums, I saw they were blue. So I left and got a job in a cycle factory. Then some men came from the North and undercut me and my mates tuppence an hour, and I was on the street again".

By this time, Bob had left home, for he was unhappy there. Many of the men in this camp revealed the fact that there had been between them and their fathers deep-rooted animosity, amounting in two cases to great bitterness.

Many odd jobs followed for Bob, and then the inevitable spell without work, followed by the decision to find adventure. With seven shillings Bob set out to walk from Nottingham to Bristol. At this point in his narrative, Joe cuts in and remarks: "You kin git all over the blooming country working the spikes (casual wards) and by begging. I know. I done it." Joe is eighteen with a childhood background of drunken father, workhouse, boys' home. His cheerfulness is invincible. But Bob is a man with a trade, much private education, fruit of reading, and a well-defined political creed. "I never begged", he protests, and, looking at him, it is easy enough to believe.

In Bristol this boy found himself stranded, without money, work, or friends. The hope of a ship had faded, but his fund of optimism still held. He walked from Bristol to London. His narrative made one aware that there is as much difference between the casual wards of the country's workhouses as there is between its hotels. In London he found no work, save on odd days when he carried sandwich boards for two shillings a day, or distributed handbills for a trifle more. But he found many charities and much kindness, and thus, through the S O S organization heard of the Grith Fyrd camps and took train for the New Forest.

Bill is a ship's trimmer. He is big and strong and has the gentle eye of such men. Before he came into the camp he had

fifteen months of unemployment in the East End, the latter part in a charitable organization where discipline was severe. When Bill came to Godshill he would speak to no one, for he seemed cowed by ill-luck and had, in extreme form, what Norman refers to as the worst disease of unemployment—the sense of isolation from one's fellows, from the normal life of the community. Then one day Norman suggested that Bill should take a part in a forthcoming production and, to his surprise, the big fellow agreed. He proved to possess a certain ability as an actor and, some time after that, surprised his fellows by revealing a secret passion—the cinema, not merely as picture-goer, but as technician. A ship's trimmer with one single passion—the technical side of film-making.

Harry is a builder's labourer, a Midlander. He is bright and alert and has a great sense of humour, ambition too. Every aspect of the camp life interests him, and he is always a willing volunteer for any job. From Nottingham, his native town, he drifted, as so many do, to London. There he spent his spare time studying at the working men's college in Crowndale Road. Life in the camp has roused in him a hitherto unrecognized land hunger. Harry wants to get on the land. Until he does he will remain in the camp. One learns from someone else that this quiet and attractive man has a silver life-saving medal and a first-class St. John first-aid certificate.

Henry comes from Bethnal Green, and is a pastry cook who drifted from that trade to become a layer-on in a printing works. He is a well-spoken and robust man of twenty-four, a member of the Territorial Army. When he fell out of employment he divided his time between the public library where he read economic books, and the speakers in Victoria Park. He tried his own hand at speaking, too. But in the camp he is now more occupied with the use of his newly-discovered talent. Henry took to weaving, and so was sent to Southampton for a course. He is now the weaving expert of the community and the maker of its socks. Henry has no intention of returning to city life: he means to go on the land. Indeed, only one man in the camp expressed any desire to return to his original city trade: a youngster from the East End whose sole desire appeared to be to get back to the Mile End Road before the Easter trade

rush. But he is a new-comer. Most of these men, merely put in a position where opportunity exists, reacted to the latent urge to do creative work. For example, one man, a moulder, became a very keen carpenter. He showed me with pride the boat he has made, upon which he intends to paddle on the Avon.

In its organization the Grith Fyrd camp is a free community. There are very few rules, very little direct guidance. The essential work of the camp, such as the care of the goats, pigs and garden, the domestic work and sanitary fatigues, is shared by all. The basic idea is self-development through self-discovery, and, wisely, those who are directing this movement—at present but two camps, the other being in Derbyshire—have abstained from imposing upon the men any rigid discipline. The three years that have passed since the inauguration of the first camp have proved that this free association of men of many types united by the common bond of poverty, has been wisely planned. There has developed in them the sense of social service, and this much as one saw it develop in the Army during the War. Where they were isolated and single units in a world that had no place for them, they are now in a single category of their own kind. Out of this shared rough life has grown a fine spirit, out of it has come new hope, better health, a wider, saner outlook.

Even so, there still faces these men, whose term of camp life is limited to fifteen months, the problem which brought them there. They are still without jobs. This is an ever-present thought in the minds of all of them. Grith Fyrd did not offer them jobs, but merely showed a way of making the period of unemployment an opportunity for constructive living. The basic problem remains: at the end of the road there is want once more.

In the camp I heard talk of an extension of the movement that will solve for many the problem of employment permanently—that is, the mooted scheme for extending the Grith Fyrd idea to land settlement. At present the camps are restricted to young single men: the land settlement scheme would make the family the normal unit.

Put at its lowest, the Grith Fyrd idea in practice is achieving on a small scale a valuable piece of social salvage: put at its highest, it suggests a possible remedy for a condition that may

well prove to be a chronic element of modern industrial life: a movement back to the land for those whom industry cannot absorb in communities whose ultimate objective would be the production of all essentials.

On the psychological side, it has made abundantly clear the fact that the average specialized industrial worker has within him latent creative abilities of which he has remained completely unaware, and that by providing an outlet for this latent talent he becomes a happier and better man.

The system of camp government, with its Camp Chief and camp council of all members, has worked smoothly from the first, fostering in men demoralized by economic hardship self-respect and the desire to play an active part in the life and government of their little community. The pooling of unemployment benefit has shown the value of co-operation and, I was assured, has produced a fine spirit of willingness to share.

There are today only two Grith Fyrd camps in operation, yet there must be, up and down the country, many thousands of unemployed young men who would gladly follow this new way of life and exchange the empty, soul-destroying days of urban idleness for the full and varied life of the open air. In their wisdom, the promoters of Grith Fyrd have elected to proceed slowly; but the scheme may now be said to have emerged from the experimental stage.

It is only a dead end, some may say. This is true enough, but it is for those who govern our destinies to shape the means that will put these victims of our economic system in the way of a profitable and useful life. I have described the scheme as I found it in being, and I have shown that it offers a practical way out of the waste of human happiness that is the darkest aspect of the unemployment of young men, many as yet without the habit of work. It is not a spectacular way, it is not revolutionary: on the contrary, it is merely a return to simple things. Indeed, the idea behind Grith Fyrd is so simple, and it can so easily be put into practical operation that it seems little less than a tragedy that there remains in England one able-bodied young man to suffer the inevitable process of deterioration of body and mind that must follow upon the prolonged disuse of both.

DEATH ON THE LINE

(A True Story of Honduras)

BY RAWDON HOARE

IT WAS the fourth of July, the anniversary of American Independence. In Honduras, as in other places, the American colony had been celebrating the day. In the morning, general jollification; a little drinking, then visiting from house to house, followed by a huge lunch—fried Maryland chicken and all kinds of excellent dishes, cooked as they only can be cooked by housewives from the United States. In the afternoon a baseball match had been the chief excitement, and in the evening there would be a dance. From the outside districts, some ninety or so miles from Tela, many had been brought in for the events, others had remained on their plantations to celebrate alone. In all, some fifty men, women and children had expressed their desire for a day's enjoyment, and in the early hours of the morning Motor car No. 99, a large coach that ran on the railway line, had been sent up to collect its human freight. In the evening, after the dance, it would take them back, arriving at their houses in the early hours of the morning.

The dance was being held in a large central hall, generally used as a club, built only a few yards from the Caribbean Sea. Over two hundred people were dancing to the strains of a Guatemalan marimba. It was a perfect night outside, a full moon shone down on the sandy beach fringed with tall cocoanut palms of the Caribbean. The sea was placid and only the dreamy sound of breaking waves broke the stillness of the night. The tropics seemed at their best, the moon, the sea and the distant marimba made a perfect setting such as might be read about in any story book.

Inside all was merry. A potent punch had just been served, and whisky for those who preferred it, together with excellent sandwiches, pastries and other good things, all prepared by the American women of this small colony on foreign shores. The marimba played a last fox trot, a gay one just sent from the United States, and then, after a pause, the notes of the "Star-Spangled Banner" gradually increasing in volume flooded the tropical night. Men jumped to attention, women stood up; an enjoyable day had come to an end.

A few yards away on the railway line, Motor car No. 99 waited to convey its passengers home. Friends escorted friends to the waiting car. "Good-night, good-night everybody; it sure has been a day!"

"You're right there—not too much to drink, just enough. Probably a thick head in the morning, but what does it matter!"

"Now where is that child? Come along, honey. Poor little thing, she's half asleep! Well, good-night, Cora dear; thanks for the candies. Good-night, good-night."

In the small telephone booth the conductor repeated his orders:—

Order No. 1. (It was the first order of a new day.)

To Motor car No. 99 at Tela.

Run to Progresso.

Call Urraco.

E. F. G. (Initial of Chief Engineer).

Glanfield (Conductor's name).

"Clear line to Urraco," he cried.

"Hurry now, we're just off, and you can all sleep on the bus."

"Wal, I guess we'll do that all right!"

"Good-night again, good-night."

Into the moonlit night Motor car 99 slid away. The group of well-wishers walked back along the sea front towards their homes listening to the waves lapping softly on the beach.

"I don't envy the others their long ride", someone murmured sleepily. "Loading fruit to-morrow on the English boat. She's due at five o'clock, so I'll have to be out in a couple of hours' time", said another.

Upstairs in a tower over the engineer's office sat the night despatcher. Before him were the train sheets with little flags denoting the first place of call for all traffic on the line. It had been a busy evening—no celebration for him; on the morrow a boat had to be loaded with one hundred thousand stems of fruit, and fruit trains had been working on the line throughout the night. Three of the trains had already arrived and there were two more to come, including Engine No. 44, the most powerful on the line, capable of hauling eighty fruit cars from the districts to the coast. For a few moments he dozed, then a voice sounding in his ear-phones woke him up.

"Engine No. 44 at Urraco."

As is sometimes the case with reliable conductors the proceeding of giving the full order was dispensed with.

"All right, Simpson, call me La Fragua where you'll have to meet the 99", replied the despatcher.

He reached for his order book and entered the order in full: "Order No. 2," etc. Then he turned again to the train sheet to adjust the flag. He moved No. 44 to La Fragua. "Funny", he reflected. I've forgotten No. 99—No, there it is at Urraco. Stupid, I must have made a mistake and put it to Urraco instead of La Fragua according to the order. Then instinctively, he glanced at the book—"God! what was that word? Urraco? No, surely not; there must have been a mistake, I couldn't have been such a fool. The order I gave 99 was 'Call La Fragua, *not* Urraco!' No, there it is 'Call Urraco' as plain as day. What *was* the other order to engine 44? 'Call La Fragua'."

For a moment he felt dazed, for it was a single line and the engine, with its eighty heavily laden cars of fruit, travelling at fifty miles an hour, would meet in a head-on collision with the motor-coach, filled with men, women and children, somewhere between La Fragua and Urraco, unless the 44 could reach La Fragua first. Again he looked at the sheet. "No, impossible; even now the 99 would have passed the box."

His hand shook with fear. Desperately he shouted down the mouthpiece. "Anybody there?" he asked; "for God's sake, answer". But no answer came. The despatcher's line was silent. He switched a handle and pressed a nob on another line. At last a sleepy voice replied.

"Hello! Is that you, Exchange? Get me the chief despatcher's house and go on ringing until you get an answer. Hurry now, for the love of heaven." An answer came.

"Yes, what the hell do you want at this time of night?"

"Brown, the night despatcher, speaking. There has been a mistake. I've let the 44 loose against the 99. Come round at once."

He came running in pyjamas and no coat. The telephone to the houses was a party line and the insistent ringing had woken others up. Only the last few words had been heard, but it was enough. Figures were already collecting on the verandah as the chief despatcher rushed by.

Two grey heads pored over the sheets and order book. No, there could be no mistake, nothing but a miracle could prevent a most terrible collision and probably a tremendous loss of human life.

"Hello, Exchange!" called the chief despatcher. "Keep on the line—ring all the houses between La Fragua and Urraco, and if you get an answer, put them through to me at once."

"How many houses are there?"

He turned to the broken figure by his side. There was a pause.

"Two only, I think; Franks at Buena Vista and old man Cook at Birichichi."

"God! it's the only chance, we might stop one of them."

"Hello, Exchange! Can't you get anybody? Go on ringing, man—you must get them . . . don't be a b—— fool . . . go on ringing".

He switched another handle.

"Hello, hello! Is that the hospital? Well, get me Doctor James—quick."

"Is that you, doctor? I haven't time to explain, but there may be a serious accident between La Fragua and Urraco, so send a doctor and an ambulance up the line at once." It's the 44 against the 99."

He switched again on to the other line.

"I'm ringing, sir, but I can't get no answer", came the voice of the terrified negro operator.

"Go on ringing—on—on——" The last words were almost hysterical.

So helpless they felt with disaster drawing nearer as the minutes sped on.

But at last a sleepy voice answered.

"Is that you, Cook? For heaven's sake, stop the 44. Flag her—anything, quick, quick, I'll explain later."

"I can't", came the quiet reply. "It was the 44 passing that woke me up and then I heard the 'phone bell—she's well down the line by now."

"Can we get Franks?"

"No, he's on the 99 and nobody else sleeps in the house."

"All right." He put down the receiver.

There was a silence as the two men stared at each other, both haggard, one distraught.

On rushed the 99 into the gorgeous night at a good forty-five miles an hour. Inside was darkness, only the head lights shone on the line in front; through plantations, jungle, crossing bridges, she glided smoothly, except for an occasional jolt when passing over sidings. Small animals of many kinds scuttled out of danger, but some, mesmerized by the light, were caught and instantly destroyed. Onwards raced the car towards her doom. Inside silence reigned. It had been a long day, and a tiring one for the women and children; many slept, the children's heads on their mother's laps. The men lolled across one another with their revolvers buckled up, for no one travels in Honduras without his gun.

Emerging from the thick cover of the jungle, the car raced on over a wide expanse of swamp, probably six or eight miles wide. On the right were the high artificial banks of the river, and then the river itself glistening in the moonlight; on the left, the open space. Far across the waste a faint beam of light could be seen like some very distant lighthouse out at sea.

"That's extraordinary", contemplated the conductor. "We're too far from Urraco to see the light of any fruit train yet."

"Say, Bill", he turned to the driver. "Do you see that light over there? It's gone out now—there it is—look?"

"Um—fruit train, I suppose, probably waiting for us."

"Don't talk silly; how could we see a light at Urraco from here, and that's our first call? Wait a sec. and I'll verify the order again. Yes, that's right—'Call Urraco,' there's no mistake."

"I tell you what it is", said the driver, "a pick-up train on the Birichichi line".

"May be—but it's funny!"

"What's this about a light?" asked somebody. "Made a mistake in the orders? Shouldn't be surprised at anything you guys did!"

"Oh, you go to hell and get off to sleep, you great boob."

"All right, all right—keep your hair on." The voice subsided.

"I say, Bill, there's that light again, it certainly is coming nearer", the conductor nudged him in the side.

"Well, I dunno—it may be that a fruit train has orders to flag against us", replied the puzzled driver.

"No, that's not it; why, it takes over a mile to stop an engine with seventy or eighty fruit cars; besides, it *must* be the 44, and they'd never let her flag." There was a pause. The conductor looked anxiously ahead.

"You're dog garn right, brother. That light is moving—look at it now—why, it's quite distinct. I'll back my bottom dollar that it's on the main line." Bill half rose in his seat, and strained his eyes into the night. From inside came signs of movement, snatches of the conversation had been overheard, curious eyes were scanning the line in front.

"Well, I hope we don't have no collision, the 44 would make a fine mess of us", said some wag.

"Don't you fear", replied the conductor; "there'll be no collision on my bus. Perhaps you'd like to get out and walk over the swamp?"

"I say, Bill", he whispered to the driver; "I don't like it. Where's the next siding, do you know?"

"Yes, there's a fruit spur after we get away from this swamp." Bill hesitated. "But there's nothing to worry about, old man Brown is the most careful despatcher we've got."

"Maybe, but it looks mighty odd, and soon we shall be going round the worst curve on the line."

"We shall look a fine pair of fools if we sit in a spur half the night and hold up all the fruit trains", laughed Bill.

"Maybe you're right", answered the conductor.

"I'm right tired, Ma", came a child's voice from the back.

"Well, go to sleep, honey; we'll soon be home now".

Towards Urraco the 99 kept moving. Away from Urraco thundered the 44. The swamp had now been covered and again the dense jungle closed in the line on either side. Round the beginning of the five-mile curve swung the 99.

"Hark! What was that?" whispered the conductor.

"The whistle of an engine at the other end of curve it sounded like", answered Bill

"Here, you guys, let's stop a minute, then we can listen. We can't see a damned thing round this curve", said one of the men passengers.

"All right; that's just what we're going to do."

"Hi, Bill! pull up here—then we can get into that spur, if need be."

They listened. From the distance there came a low rumble, increasing as the moments sped on. Then a whistle sounded shrill through the silence and the reflection of a searchlight shone on the trees.

"God!" shouted Bill, "swing the switch, she's almost on us".

The conductor was already fumbling for his keys. Those few seconds seemed like eternity, but at last the switch swung over. Round the curve, the light came nearer, the sound of the engine could now be heard. Back went the 99 into safety. The switch again was swung into place.

Almost at once, the powerful fruit train crashed towards them. Sparks flying—whistle blowing—hurtling with its eighty fruit cars towards the coast.

"Well! I'll be dog garn", thought the conductor of the train. "I'll sure ask old man Brown what the 99 is doing at kilo 74 instead of being at La Fragua where she had a meet."

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

MR. BALDWIN'S speech concerning the White Paper on armament, and the moment of its publication, were a welcome blast of common sense. It had been arranged that Sir John Simon was to discuss personally with Herr Hitler in Berlin the proposed pact for mutual guarantees of assistance by air force in case of a sudden air attack. Germany was invited to share its responsibilities and its advantages, and England at large desired that Germany should do so. But the framing of the pact marked a new departure in British policy, since under it in a certain case Britain would be committed automatically to immediate military action on the Continent. Now, the reason for this departure was undoubtedly apprehension as to what Germany might do. A further step in the same departure was marked by the White Paper, since it renounced the attempt to produce general disarmament by setting an example, and made provision that Great Britain should be able to fulfil the obligations to which she was committed in certain eventualities. It was necessary that a reason should be given for this change, not only to Parliament but to Europe. Mr. Baldwin held that it was franker to give the reason before the Foreign Secretary entered into personal negotiations with the Leader whose utterances and actions have created the state of mind that determined the new departure. And further, in the opinion of other European states, such a course as England proposed in the White Paper was overdue, and urgently needed. It was too much to expect that the Power whose attitude was responsible for the urgency should be allowed to impose delay.

The Berlin Visit

There has been criticism of lack of tact. Tact, especially in dealing with an attitude of menace, may easily pass into timidity; and timidity, to put it no higher, does not pay. Nothing has been lost by the temporary wound to German sensibility. Probably no statesman in Europe can be less suspect of militarism than Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, and such a document as was published over his signature must have been wrung from him by an urgent sense of necessity. His action, for it does not stand alone, falls into line with that of those other nations whose conception of civilization has most in common with that of England. Czechoslovakia, a country of freedom, has felt it necessary to impose on all its citizens an extra period of military service. France, another country of freedom, is being driven to the same sacrifice. Italy, much more fully militarized, has thought it advisable to proclaim the extent of her preparedness. The reason for all these demonstrations is that the nations of Europe feel peace endangered by one powerful and discontented nation. England has at last realized its solidarity with Europe and joins in a widespread preparation to prevent war.

Those who believe that such things happen without cause must be singularly deaf and blind. Last summer the organization, of which Herr Hitler is the inspiring head, took action in Austria which would at the very least have meant civil war there, had it not been for the prompt display of force by Italy on the border. In face of that, activities on the Austrian front have been to some extent suspended; yet propaganda by broadcasting continues there, and in what was the Austrian but is now the Italian Tirol. There is no indication that Herr Hitler has renounced his repeatedly declared purpose of bringing under the Third Reich all those Europeans who are, or whom he considers to be, of German race. It is true, he has declared publicly that since the Saar has been returned, no question remains open between France and Germany. This announcement might be construed as a pledge: yet it is not very cynical to suppose that if Herr Hitler saw himself with the power to bring back Alsace and Lorraine, he would prefer to keep the pledge made to his own people at the expense of that made to France.

In spite of his pledge France remains apprehensive, at least during her lean years. It is possible, however, that on the West obstacles appear too strong, and that for the present at least the eyes of Germany are turned elsewhere—to the East. Poland has, for ten years, been ruled out as a field for expansion, and in that period the traditional attitude of Poland, which regards Russia as the permanent menace, makes a shield for Germany in that quarter. But in Czechoslovakia there are chances open to the enterprise of the one great Power in Europe which maintains unabated the old cult of war as a people's highest national energy. In Czechoslovakia constant propaganda by a powerful broadcasting station at Königsberg maintains agitation among the three million German-speaking citizens in the north of Bohemia. That in itself is not reassuring. But the Czechs speak of concentration of troops along their frontier and the construction of roads and railways that indicate a strategic purpose. That is the easiest point for a German push.

If it comes, both France and England will be in a painful situation. Neither of these countries has directed education to create a spirit which glorifies war; rather the contrary! Ask any Frenchman what is the tendency of French schoolmasters. Yet France is pledged to assist these newly-created states. She would find it difficult to induce her men to march unless her own territory were attacked. The one argument that would move them would be a promise to leave Germany in such case that she could never again disturb Europe.

England might for a period stand apart, as America did: it is hard to say for how long. Italy might be in the same position—but not for long. The question is, how to prevent the will to war, where it exists, if it exists, from becoming effective. All the nations in Europe appear to be of the same mind that the key rests with England: in short, that England, and only England, can organize the Continent against war, because England is not suspect of ambitious designs. If one state, and one state only, refuses to enter into any such organization, the presumption is clear. That state has a purpose of acquisition by force.

At present the circle appears ready to be closed on the West by England, Belgium, France, and Italy. The danger and the difficulty are not there. On the East, Poland **The Opportunity of Statesmanship** feels secure towards Germany and has no friendly disposition towards Czechoslovakia. But there seems to be a further difficulty that Poland, with her population equal to that of France, demands to rank as a Great Power and thinks it a better assertion of dignity to make compacts direct between nation and nation. This is a temperamental problem which English influence might help to solve: the French must approach it with embarrassment, having long been considered in a sense the patrons of liberties which Poland feels well able to guard. Hungary, the most unhappily placed of all European states, will also be hard to connect with any system; but with Hungary Italy carries great weight. Yet of all difficulties the greatest would be to unite the purposes of France and Italy—even in an effort to fend off European war. Here is where British statesmanship might achieve its greatest result.

The one thing certain is that nothing will be achieved in any quarter if Germany is allowed to dictate the pace of progress. The more rapidly alliances are linked up on a common footing of mutual defence within certain geographic limits, backed by economic support from the more distant Powers, the less likely it is that any state will desire to be excluded. Russia in face of the menace on her eastern front would certainly be willing to co-operate. But each and every co-operating state would necessarily surrender its free choice to act or not act in a given emergency. If sovereignty means complete freedom of action in all circumstances, then the price of sovereignty in a world so equipped as this Europe is the perpetuation of chaos.

Briefly, there is a new Europe since the War, and unless all signs are misleading, its stability is threatened in a manner whose seriousness is indicated by Mr. MacDonald's recent White Paper. **Danger Zones of Europe** The point of danger seems to lie in precisely that country of which those who made the new Europe have best right to feel proud—the Czechoslovakian Republic. Celebrations of Masaryk's eighty-fifth birthday have had a special significance. A strong people stand behind a President whose achievement has been

among the most honourable in European history. There should be no need for Europe to help in protecting it; but if there is assurance that help will be prompt at need, that need will scarcely arise.

In the new Baltic States is another danger-zone for which precautions should be taken. But away to the South, on Europe's Mediterranean boundary, fires were lighted near a powder magazine. M. Venizelos, one of Europe's Elder Statesmen and most eloquent advocate for organization to avoid the curse of war, apparently does not extend his abhorrence to civil war. It was quickly ended; M. Venizelos's action is still perplexing and unexplained. But what stands out already is that a regional pact for mutual assistance against aggression rapidly localized and checked the fire. Turkey—such is the singular alteration of roles in the New Europe—moved up troops to protect the Greek frontier in accordance with her duty under an agreement—for which M. Venizelos was largely responsible. There was naturally a fear lest Bulgaria should snatch a chance to obtain what she has always desired: an access to the Ægean. But her representatives at Geneva immediately disavowed any such purpose. The value of Geneva as a kind of permanent conference-room was never better seen. Here, without any need for diplomatic preparation, representatives of all the Balkan Powers found themselves immediately in contact with each other in an atmosphere sterilized against mob infection, and having at hand, if they were needed, representatives of other Powers whose only interest was to preserve peace. It may well be that for a generation Geneva will be confined to this comparatively passive role, and that the positive duty to show force, where force is necessary to keep the peace, will be left to separate sovereign states. Yet unless these separate sovereignties are pledged in advance, as the Balkan States have been, to active intervention on the show of danger, the Geneva conference room will be a futile talking shop. Peace is worth keeping, even at the cost of maintaining armaments equal to any need within view, and also even at the sacrifice of that isolation which is called splendid and sovereign. The news of Germany's final overt challenge to the Treaty of Versailles makes it plainer than ever that peace of Europe cannot be left to lie at Herr Hitler's disc-

How far beyond Europe a real organization to render effective the principles affirmed at Geneva can extend, it is hard to decide. For the lack of it, Geneva's declared verdict was important in the Far East.

**Italy and
Abyssinia**

China counted unwisely on her membership of the League, and, I think, presumed unfairly on it. That is of the past. But within the last few months a member of the League, a state which was part of Christendom when Great Britain and Germany were pagan, has felt its existence threatened by a great European power. Abyssinia has at once made appeal to Geneva, and so far as is at present seen, effectively. Here again there is a marked change. Had the disposition of civilized Europe been what it was even forty years ago, Italy would certainly have seized the pretext offered to attempt conquest in a region tempting to her ambitions, and would not have been blamed by any public opinion in Europe. Now, concession of a voice in the forum of the nations to small nationalities has enforced a regard for their rights. Italy will be fully supported by European opinion in claiming reasonable satisfaction for wrongs that can be proved. But she will no longer be sole judge in her cause, nor sole judge of the penalty that may be exacted. Forty years ago, no European Power would have held that Abyssinia legally could claim rights against Italy. Force was the only measure. And European opinion would then have seen a certain justification for any action taken by Italy to wipe out the memory of a great defeat inflicted on a European Power by a wholly African people. Today, it is to be hoped that European opinion will give full credit to Italy's forbearance, and only those can measure it who recall what happened no longer ago than 1896. In March of that year, an Italian force of 14,000 attacked Menelik's army, six times as numerous, and was utterly defeated. Then, as on former occasions, the Abyssinians, according to what was then their horrible custom, mutilated the dead. It needs little imagination to realize how such a memory lasts. Beyond question, a conquest of Abyssinia would be difficult to effect; and after the victory of Adowa, other European Powers, especially the French, showed great zeal in assisting the victors to complete their military equipment. Menelik had a long span of power in which to consolidate his sovereignty. His successor, Räs

Makonnen, was also a notable ruler. Yet the country is probably still an ill-cemented feudal state in which ill-paid and ill-controlled soldiery inflict great hardships on the peasantry; and if things stood (morally speaking) as they did before the Great War, an attempt at conquest would be almost indicated as a natural enterprize for Mussolini's new military strength. The northern provinces, it is said, have almost an Italian climate, and soil rich both for grain crops and for pasturage.

We may be thankful for the moral change. It would be a savage irony if a Christian people which alone maintained itself in Africa, though surrounded by Islam, throughout the whole Mohammedan era, should lose its national distinctness by conquest from a Power whose capital is Rome. England has a special concern. John, the Negus who was set up by English power after Napier's victorious march to Magdala, proved a great king, and in the days when Gordon was in the Sudan he rendered noble service in relieving Egyptian garrisons threatened by the dervishes. Five stations were saved. On the other hand, Great Britain guaranteed to Abyssinia free passage for all goods, including munitions, from Massowah. In 1885 she allowed Italy to replace Egypt at Massowah and to cut off the supply—or direct it to vassals in revolt against the Negus. It is not surprising that Menelik's first inclination, when on John's death in battle he succeeded to power, was to make common cause with the French—who then sought to establish an eastern terminus for their project of a dominion running east and west from Atlantic to Red Sea. Yet later, after Kitchener's victory at Omdurman had ended that dream, Menelik entered into relations of real friendliness with Great Britain. Both Powers thought it wise to delimit and actually demarcate the frontier between them—a work of great difficulty. Neglect to do this on the Italian boundary, where it would have been easy, has been responsible for the present trouble; and it should be promptly remedied. The Abyssinian desire to use European officers for this purpose seems in good faith, for they have probably no native technically qualified to direct or check a survey. This difficulty was got over thirty years ago, because there was goodwill: and it is one of the cases in which English

**England
Concerned**

assistance might be usefully given. England owes to Abyssinia on many grounds the best that she can do ; and a part of this is the recognition that, for three generations at least, Abyssinia has produced a series of remarkably gifted rulers who have steadily advanced their country out of barbarism, and yet avoided any such plunge into ill-fitting European methods as has been seen elsewhere among the non-European races.

Sincere gratitude, I hope of many thousands, goes out to Mr. Sydney Carroll for presenting the First Part of *Henry IV* at His Majesty's, with Mr. George Robey as *Henry IV* Falstaff. My own obligation is unusual because, owing to limitations in my literary taste, I should, but for Mr. Carroll, probably have lived and died without seeing this astonishing actor, who is, as Shakespeare meant the character to be, the main feature of an evening's entertainment. And so good an entertainment ! I have not gone back to my book to see how exactly the management rearranged the play ; but my last reading of it was within this year, and certainly nothing in Mr. Carroll's version shocked me, while I was continually delighted by the speed which was given to the whole movement. Even the most devoted cinema-goers had nothing to grumble at concerning interruptions of the story ; but for two short intervals, it went almost like a film. Mr. Drinkwater (whom we had here playing the King) was, I think, the first to make me realize by his *Abraham Lincoln*, how much likeness there is between the Shakespearean drama and the screen play with its brief, rapidly succeeding scenes, telling a popular story. But Lord ! how much better the stage play is than even the best film. You can "can" most things but you cannot "can" life. The actors were, in the varying degrees of their capacity, alive as nothing can be on the screen. Mr. Edward Willard was very much alive as Hotspur, a big part in which he did not come short ; Mr. John Laurie, in a small part as Douglas, contrived really to suggest the "hot termagant Scot." Miss Sanchia Robertson and Miss Nora Colton as the Ladies Percy and Mortimer were charmingly alive ; and, to come to the hero himself, Mr. Patrick Waddington gave a new colour to my notion of the madcap Prince of Wales. He capered round

Falstaff like a colt in a meadow, with infectious gaiety—though I could have wished his movement more restrained in other scenes.

But in the tavern scenes he made a perfect foil to the central figure. Nothing about Mr. Robey's Falstaff moves quickly, except his mind. In fact, even that, when it *George Robey* has to take some of its more surprising leaps, is just the least degree rheumatic. Mr. Robey lets you see it moving slowly—but once it has got its weigh on, how it goes ! There is just a perceptible check when the Prince demands "Your reason—what sayest thou to this ?" But indeed the halt is indicated, for Poins has time to repeat the question. "Come, your reason, Jack, your reason." And then Mr. Robey's lamps switch on inside, the twinkling eye lights up, and out comes the rejoinder : "What ! upon compulsion ?" and away he sails, like a Thames barge catching the wind. I find some difficulty in distinguishing here between actor and playwright ; for to my mind Mr. Robey's was the most truly Shakespearean performance I have ever had the fortune to see, except perhaps Ellen Terry's *Rosalind*—but that is another matter. Falstaff and Hamlet are the two characters in which it has always seemed to me that Shakespeare was not going outside himself, but simply giving full expression to one side of his own nature, the man who loved to juggle with words and build up a commentary on life. Yet *Hamlet* is remoter ; for in *Hamlet* Shakespeare is forced to imagine himself faced with the need for desperate action ; in Falstaff he can simply give his humour vein to pelt the company with a Rabelasian shower of sappy words and images. I cannot but believe we saw Falstaff played as Shakespeare meant him to be. When there was dialogue or action, Mr. Robey apparently knew nothing of anything but the people to whom he was speaking : the audience did not exist. But if he had an aside or a soliloquy to deliver, he came down to the front and took the house broadly into his confidence. I have never heard words that I knew by heart become so new to me as that monologue on Honour : "Can honour set a leg ? No." To hear that delivered was a lesson in the art of speech, and the infinite variety of possible inflections.

Mr. Robey, on the occasion when I had the fortune to hear

him, complained (when responding to a call) that he had been made nervous by the sight of school children following his words with a text before them. They should be taught better by those responsible ; for it is only by listening and watching that they will learn the fineness of an art which conceals all hint of recitation. Again and again the actor contrived to deliver Falstaff's words as if he had just thought of them—a feat most difficult in these long elaborate improvizations. Every sentence got some small individual twist. It is no discredit to the other players, who mostly had to speak blank verse, to say that his delivery stood out from theirs. But there was an enchanting example at the close of the battle scene when the Prince, having killed Hotspur, sees Falstaff also prone, and delivers himself of rhyming couplets such as Shakespeare often employed to mark an exit: bad couplets (not to voice it profanely), with a paltry pun answering to "Death hath not struck so fat a deer today". But then the sportsman, never far to seek in Shakespeare, grasps at the appropriate word :

"Embowell'd will I see thee by and by:
Till then in blood by noble Percy lie."

The Prince goes off, slowly, as the prostrate bulk stirs ; and Mr. Falstaff-Robey rising to his knees repeats that word, "Embowelled !" He translates it from jargon into reality : and the resentment and disgust with which he charges it are past description.

We are to have the chance, it is well to hear, of seeing the Second Part at the "Old Vic". But having heard Mr. Robey make his adieu in this part : "I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do" (he had a little gesture of goodbye as he went off), how I should like to hear him say that tragic sentence ! "Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound".

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

THE PHILOSOPHY OF BERGSON

By DEAN MATTHEWS.

THE TWO SOURCES OF MORALITY AND RELIGION, by Henri Bergson, translated by R. Ashley Andra and Cloudesley Brereton, with the assistance of W. Horsfall Carter. *Macmillan*. 10s.

To translate Bergson is a difficult task because, as the authors of this excellent translation point out, the thought and language are so intimately woven together that a mere transposition into another language must leave out no small part of the significance. This difficulty has been surmounted and we have the assurance of the translators that passages which depart widely from a literal rendering of the original have been approved by Professor Bergson. Professed philosophers have no doubt made acquaintance with this work already in the French, but we welcome this English version because Bergson writes for the cultivated inquirer no less than for the expert.

This book presents the long-meditated conclusions of the great French philosopher on morality and religion. The thought and style are worthy of the series of distinguished books with which he has stimulated reflection ; there is no decline from the level of *Matter and Memory* or *Creative Evolution*. Indeed this book may be regarded as a fitting crown to a life of strenuous intellectual work. There has been much discussion of the bearing of Bergson's philosophy on religious faith and ethics, and we are familiar with the view that Creative Evolution is opposed to Christian belief

or an alternative to it. We have now a clear statement from Professor Bergson that, in his opinion, no such applications of his thought are justified, though his interpretation of Christianity would doubtless be questioned in part by orthodox theologians.

It would be unfair to pretend to give a summary of what is, in spite of the wonderful clarity of the exposition, a complex and delicately adjusted theory. The author works it out against the background of his fundamental doctrines. He has not surrendered to Platonism and has no place in his thought for the Closed Universe. There is still the anti-intellectualist presupposition and the sharp distinction between intellect and instinct. Bergson distinguishes two types of morality and two types of religion, which he calls the "closed" and the "open" respectively. The closed type is concerned wholly with a definite social group. The feeling of moral obligation arises out of the social instinct, which is analogous to that of the ant. It comes from a source which is deeper than "reason" and owes its compelling power to the necessity of group solidarity in social evolution. We should be grievously mistaken, however, if we supposed that this is the whole of moral experience, for beyond this closed morality is "open" or "absolute" morality. The higher moral life does not arise out of the lower ; it is different in kind, though the sense of obligation is

carried over from the one to the other. The peculiar characteristic of this higher morality is that it cannot be expressed or summed up in laws, maxims or precepts, nor is it to be explained as the development of a "principle" which can be intellectually grasped. It is manifested in "privileged persons," saints and heroes, who have arisen in all ages, "incarnating" the "open" morality. "Whereas the former (the closed type) is all the more unalloyed and perfect precisely as it is the more readily reduced to impersonal formulæ, the second (the open type), in order to be fully itself, must be incarnate in a privileged person who becomes an example. The generality of the one consists in the universal acceptance of a law, that of the other in a common imitation of a model."

In the same way Bergson recognizes two types of religion—the "natural" or

"static" and the dynamic. He has some interesting discussion of anthropological theories of the origin of magic and religion. The main thesis which he defends is that religion of the lower kind is not primarily a belief in gods or spirits but a "defence reaction", against the depressing effects of a "rational" view of the dangers to which the individual is liable; it is not so much a fear as a reaction against fear. Religion of this kind has never been the source of progress. To find that we have to turn to dynamic religion. Society tends to become "poisoned by the products of its indolence" and the inertia of humanity has never given way except before the impulse of genius. The exposition of "dynamic religion" leads the author to a discussion of mystical experience in which he shows that the traditional alliance of mysticism with a Plutonic type of philosophy is by no means a necessity. We are bidden to approach the problem of the existence of God "as it were experimentally" and the conclusions which we find suggested by such a method of inquiry are not always in accord with the tenets of a theology based on Plato or Aristotle. "The mystics unanimously bear witness that God needs us, just as we need God. Why should He need us unless it be to love us? And it is to this very conclusion that the philosopher who holds to the mystical experience must come. Creation will appear to him as God undertaking to create creators, that He may have, besides himself, beings worthy of his love."

Any criticism which would be worth making must involve an examination of the whole basis of Bergson's philosophy; no useful purpose would be served by trying to pick holes in the details of his argument. Such a task would be distasteful when we are dealing with a really great book, and this is certainly a great book.

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THE NORTHAMPTONSHIRE PEASANT

By EDMUND BLUNDEN.

THE POEMS OF JOHN CLARE, Edited with an Introduction by J. W. Tibble. 2 vols. Dent, 25s.

BETWEEN 1820 and 1835 "the Northamptonshire Peasant"—that title was topical when Burns was still a recent memory—published four works, none of them free from editorial help. Much that John Taylor did was well designed to make the publications of his second best bard (for Taylor had Keats also) easier for general reception. Taylor's later duty was less to his liking; he arranged that Clare should go to Dr. Allen's private asylum in Epping Forest, in 1837. There, and at Northampton, Clare survived until 1864, and a selection of his later poems came out with another editor's manipulations in 1873. Fifteen years ago the first effective use of Clare's actual manuscripts was made; and, in the department of his asylum poems, what could be done with the extant transcripts was attempted.

The volume of 1920, and another a little later, had the aim of showing what Clare's poetry was when mainly free from editorial tactics suited to past times, and of indicating the fine quality as well as the great abundance of the unpublished poems. Clare has often, in life and posthumously, suffered general neglect; but he has never been without particular devotees. The 1920 volume brought him a new audience and presently a pair of inquiring spirits, Mr. and Mrs. Tibble, who have shown him all the studious diligence demanded by his genius and his case. To their beautiful biography of Clare Mr. Tibble now adds an edition of the poems on a

scale not previously attempted; and the publishers have seen to it that the form is worthy of the contents. It is possible that a little more of annotation would strengthen this noble work. For example, some of Clare's verses on birds seem to have been meant for a natural history book which his publisher suggested to him, rather than for independent poetry. The ordinary reader may misjudge them without this hint. But one would not have one's poets swamped in scholarship, and Mr. Tibble has handled notes and glossary with laudable conciseness.

The principal complaint against Clare has been combined with his main praise. He has been summed up as a nature poet—and only a nature poet. The intellectual element, the sustained high argument, has been denied him; and accordingly it has been urged that we wanted no edition of him beyond that of 1920, or even Mr. Arthur Symonds's delightful pocket-volume of 1908. Such persuasions appear to me to fail on a reading of the new volumes, which contain some 860 poems (several of them extensive ones), 300 appearing in print for the first time. Where Clare was writing under the deflection of another's taste—he did so sometimes in order that his pieces might be published and paid for by the *Annals*,—the verse bears traces of the interference. But altogether, while his work affords no chop-logic and tries no contortions, it is rich enough in thought to give fresh pleasure throughout its countless beauties of observation.

His business was instinctively the

he overvalued Mr. Oswald Mosley. Practical judgment is not his strong suit. But he has written a more interesting and ingenious interpretation of current tendencies than British Communists usually achieve. His book, indeed, reads rather like a thesis for a doctorate in Communist theology, composed by a recent convert, eager to "make good" in the faith. The Marxian writings are expounded, with profuse quotation, as a final revelation of truth. All who do not accept, in full, these orthodox dogmas, even if, as Mr. Strachey puts it, "they hold Socialist opinions", are lumped together as "capitalist economists", and it is apparently regarded as an argument in favour of Communism that "capitalist economists", thus defined, differ among themselves! Similarly the programme of the British Labour Party, "the professed pro-

gramme of all Fascist parties", "the official policy of the American Brain Trust, and . . . of the American Socialist Party", as of "'progressive' Conservatives and 'modern minded' Liberals, who believe in what is called 'planning' . . . will be found on examination" to be "all attempts to describe the same thing". I confess that I find Mr. Strachey's view of the world a little *simpliste*. It is a bird's-eye view from a very high altitude. His central argument is that, under capitalism, the rate of profit continually tends to fall; but that the system can only go on working if the total amount of profit continually increases; that this involves so high a rate of accumulation that gluts of commodities, relatively to purchasing power, are inevitable; that "a comprehension" of these tendencies "enables us to predict with certainty that another imperialist war is coming, and that once again it will be interrupted, and this time in almost any of the great cities of the world, by a workers' revolution"; and that no better monetary system, no growth of social controls, no peaceful development of Socialist planning, no peaceful measures of international co-operation, can possibly avail to check this historically predetermined slide through capitalist catastrophe to Communist triumph. This vision of the world has the dramatic appeal of a work of art. But not, in my judgment, of a work of reason. I find neither the economic analysis nor the political prophecy convincing. Least of all, beyond the unimaginable horrors of another war, do I see the certitude of a glorious revolutionary dawn. More likely a long chapter of foul reactionary darkness.

Mr. Strachey, since ten years ago, has lost both his political idols and his political insight. He has gained, instead, a political theory which superbly simplifies but deeply misconceives reality.

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A DISTINGUISHED ESSAYIST

By GERALD BULLETT.

EXPERIENCE, by Desmond MacCarthy.
Putnam. 7s. 6d.

ONCE he has mastered the more technical elements of his craft, the chief problem that remains to be solved by the apprentice to literary journalism is that of finding a tone of voice, a personal manner, or, what comes to the same thing, an impersonal manner. Just as the young actor or actress needs to be taught how to move naturally about the stage, so, by arduous self-discipline, the literary journalist must learn how to behave naturally in his column. Naturalness in writing does not come by nature: self-conscious artifice is always breaking in. In one's prentice days, writing an article is something in the nature of a dramatic performance. "In what character shall I appear today?" the young gentleman asks himself: "Shall I be dryly sardonic? Sparkling? Pugnacious? Whimsical? Gracefully sportive? Or gravely academic?" Sometimes he rings the changes, exhibiting all the attitudes and disguises he has in stock; but more often he decides on a particular character and works it until it has become, to all intents and purposes, his own.

Now if we examine Mr. MacCarthy's writing as a whole, comparing the earliest specimens with the later and the latest, we shall no doubt find evidence of a maturing judgment and a growing mastery of expression, but we shall be driven, nevertheless, to the surprising conclusion that this problem of what character to write in, what manner to assume, is one that he has never been troubled by. The very first

time he handled a pen, I fancy, he hit on the excellent plan of writing like Desmond MacCarthy. It was an inspiration, and he has always, whether as dramatic critic, literary critic, or essayist at large, remained faithful to it. His writing has the ease and quality of good talk, for the simple reason that it *is* good talk. It has intimacy and range, and it reflects the varying colours of a personality that is candidly revealed but never self-consciously obtruded. Its most artful effects have the air of being unstudied; and its literary agility is a lubricant that makes for smooth running, not a brilliance to dazzle and distract. Mr. MacCarthy is a born *causeur*: if the discursive essay had not already existed he would certainly have invented it. Because he is serenely at home with himself, because he is ceaselessly interested in human nature and tolerant of human weaknesses, he can take his ease with us and discourse at leisure upon any subject that happens to turn up. He confesses himself a highbrow, in the only reasonable sense of that term (a highbrow is one who cares for the things of the mind), but he has not an ounce in his make-up of that intellectual snobbery that goes with highbrowism in the bad (and, as I hold, illegitimate) sense. "I am often entertained", he says, "by commonplace reflections, provided they are my own; an idea which, imparted by another, might possibly provoke from me a somewhat hasty assent, can, fortunately, beguile my solitude". Such a remark puts you at once on happy terms with your author; and it is Mr. MacCarthy's

him it was not possible that the two should be compatible. Thus he seems to have written poetry almost in spite of himself and to have acknowledged with something like regret the passionate sensitiveness to humankind which is the bedrock of a poet's art. To Bridges he wrote: "I think then no one can admire beauty of the body more than I do, and it is, of course, a comfort to find beauty in a friend or a friend in beauty. But this kind of beauty is dangerous. . . ." And this fear, this shrinking from the fulness of acceptance, appears again even in his comments upon Whitman: "I always knew in my heart Walt Whitman's mind to be more like my own than any other man's living. As he is a very great scoundrel this is not a pleasant confession. And this also makes me the more desirous to read him and the more determined that I will not." Such a duality unresolved to the end could only produce a bitterness and pain at the root of the man and it is this pain, this bitterness which cries out of these austere letters to his friends and dictates the "terrible" sonnets at the close of his life. That fame which he must have known he deserved and which he held to be "the true and appointed air, element and setting of genius and its works," could never be his. Resigned to this denial he yet complains, "If I could but get on, if I could but produce work I should not mind its being buried, silenced and going no further; but it kills me to be time's eunuch and never to beget."

But these Letters have a further interest to us. Of all poets, Hopkins is the most admired and studied by the younger, contemporary school, and these pages make the reason abundantly clear. His attitude to nature (and he is one of the finest nature poets our literature has produced) is completely after the heart of the poets of today. It is unsentimental, never a mere background

woven into the theme for the sake of effect, and it is informed with a quite astonishing exactitude. "By *moon-marks* I mean crescent-shaped markings on the quill feathers, either in the colouring of the feather or made by the overlapping of one on another." Or this, on the note of the cuckoo:

In particular they sing lower in flying and the interval is then also least, it being an effort to them to strike the higher note, which is therefore more variable than the other. When they perch they sing wrong at first—I mean they correct their first try, raising the upper note. The interval varies as much as from less than a minor third to nearly as much as a common fourth and this last is the tune when the bird is in loud and good song."

There is also in Hopkins more than a suggestion that, in his attitude to his fellow-men, he something anticipated the attitude of today. As far back as 1871 we find him writing: "In a manner I am a Communist. . . . It is a dreadful thing for the greatest and most necessary part of a very rich nation to live a hard life without dignity, knowledge, comforts, delight, or hopes in the midst of plenty—which plenty they make." And then, lastly, there is the bond in his constant concern with the techniques of poetry, his determination to hammer out a medium which should make all forms of insincerity impossible. His famous "Sprung Rhythm," here meticulously defined, he stoutly defends as "the nearest to the rhythm of prose, that is the native and natural rhythm of speech," and protests more than once that his poems are meant "less to be read than heard." Himself a poet working largely in the dark (his poems were not published until nearly thirty years after his death) he was yet marvellously destined to be the one Victorian poet who should anticipate the modern poetic mind.

C. HENRY WARREN.

THE GREAT TUDORS, edited by Katharine Garvin. Ivor Nicholson & Watson. 10s. 6d.

PERHAPS the modern literary omnibus is a little too carefully edited. In a collection of literary or historical essays by various hands, for instance, we are so anxious to secure some appearance of unity—to "make a book of it"—that we possibly cramp our authors' styles by insisting too much upon some common theme, or—which is even more difficult—upon a common agreement in matters of fact. Miss Garvin, in getting together this remarkable collection of essays on the "great Tudors," has triumphed over these editorial difficulties by cooling ignoring them. In her frank and very interesting introduction she says that she insisted upon only one similarity—that of length. Otherwise the authors did much as they pleased, writing "each in his individual mood."

That was a brave, even a reckless policy. But it has justified itself, for it has resulted in yet one more similarity—a bold, outspoken manner, an easy freedom of speech, and a welcome avoidance in nearly every case of those verbal reservations and hesitations which are so specially undesirable when the writer has limited space.

Miss Garvin's forty authors are divided, in about equal parts, into university dons, schoolmasters, journalists, and men of letters. Mr. Belloc and Professor A. F. Pollard appear close together in the same list. Miss Marjorie Bowen and Sir Nigel Playfair (on Burbage) are there; so are Mr. J. A. Williamson and Professor A. P. Newton. Enthusiastic Puritans like Mr. Hugh Massingham and Mr. Hugh Ross Williamson confront Mr. Douglas Woodruff (on Fisher) and Mr. Ellis Roberts on Cranmer. There is complete disagreement on point after point; the villain of one chapter is the hero of the next; but the general effect is undeniably stimulating, and no single chapter can fairly be described as dull.

To come down to details, Mr. Belloc is exceptional in having chosen as his subject a statesman—William Cecil—whose moral and political outlook is almost entirely repulsive to him personally. But he achieves a magnificent detachment, and indicates Cecil's policy and place in history with bold, unerring strokes of the brush, and with an air of finality which is immensely satisfying. He is, of course, a master of the essay form. Professor Pollard's chapter on Henry VIII, the man who may be said to have set the pace for this whole period, is one of the most vigorous in the book. "His bluff and hearty appearance," says Professor Pollard, "concealed an intellect as subtle as Machiavelli's and as lithe as a panther's body."

Miss Marjorie Bowen's sketch of Mary Queen of Scots is individual, rather hostile, brilliantly written. Mr. J. A. Williamson gets more out of Sir Richard Grenville than an amateur would have supposed possible. Mr. Hugh Massingham approaches Foxe (of the *Book of Martyrs*) as a "journalist," likening him to the late W. T. Stead (who might not have been flattered by this comparison with a confessed liar), and remarking that Foxe's hatred of the Church was like what "we" feel towards Hitlerism. This is one of the most controversial chapters—and one of the liveliest too. Mr. Hugh Ross Williamson, on the Puritan M.P., Peter Wentworth, is much more reasonable and persuasive. He makes a living and sympathetic figure of this violent person, with his headlong oratory and his silver tongue. Wentworth's pluck and honesty were entirely admirable. He was a great Parliamentarian, an "earlier Sir John Eliot," as Mr. Williamson says. And his opposition was always useful to the Protestant Queen (who hated him all the same), much as Tory criticism of the India Bill today might be held to be use-

ful to the moderate National Government.

On the literary history of the period there are many delightful chapters, including essays on Shakespeare and Marlowe. Special mention should be made of Mr. C. Henry Warren's sympathetic sketch of the gentle Sir Philip Sidney. He handles an attractive subject—which would, none the less, have been very easy to mismanage—with sensitive skill. There are no essays on Hakluyt, nor on Byrd, nor on—but we can't have everything.

CLENNELL WILKINSON.

NEWSPAPER HEADLINES, by Heinrich Straumann. *Allen and Unwin*. 10s.

It was no part of the purpose of this assiduous foreign student of English newspapers to discuss the question of taste in headlines. The composition of these pithy titles is the highest art of the newspaper man, an art exercised with a very exact appreciation of the psychology and intelligence of his particular paper's readers. If, then, we sometimes deplore their flamboyancy and sensationalism it is because we have strayed into the wrong market. We can go back to *The Times*, with its reticent and somewhat parsimonious headlines—the one paper, as the author observes, where you cannot in case of need dispense altogether with reading the text—and avoid those public prints in which the news of the day seems, with singular frequency, to fall under the heading either of a "crash," a "smash" or a "dash." But the prevalence of these words in our newspapers is no coincidence. The evolution of the headline itself corresponds closely with the coming of the age of speed. It developed with amazing exuberance during the War, when the excitement of the times swept all considerations of reserve away. In a historical chapter Mr. Straumann shows also that every war in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries gave a similar

impulse to the growth of picturesque headlines. Thus in 1813 the *Morning Post* breaks out in this expansive style "Most Glorious News: Bonaparte in Full Retreat, Cutting his way towards the Rhine—a Series of Sanguinary Battles." The same news, however, was given to the world by *The Times* with no headlines whatever. It was natural that the national characteristic of reserve should linger longest in Printing House Square, and even the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny was announced under the bare formula: "Latest Intelligence: India and China." This masterly restraint is surely one of the greatest triumphs of the phlegmatic British character.

The rest of the Press had, however already come under the stimulating influence of American innovators. The pioneer was Charles A. Dana of the New York *Sun*, who for the first time made use of what the author calls the verbal s-form, or, as we should say, the present indicative. This technicality may be illustrated by such a headline as "The King Dissolves Parliament." This form was taboo in most British newspapers before the war, and in *The Times* as late as 1932; the rigid sub-editorial rule required the passive form "Parliament Dissolved by the King." Unconsciously we became used to a kind of special language, which would have been incomprehensible had the headline never been invented, so divorced was it from ordinary usage. "Motorist refused a Licence" is an instance which Mr. Straumann gives. In spite of the plain statement of fact, no one accepts the incredible implication of a self-denying ordinance by the motorist; it is realized at once that Mr. Hore-Belisha's tests for drivers have kept another danger to humanity off the roads. If this instance does not carry conviction, we have only to be confronted with an unfamiliar American usage in the headline "Oyster

Starts Jam Probe" which has been quoted in the Press. This mysterious announcement, which sadly puzzled the late Lord Balfour during the Washington Conference, and which might have driven even a Torquemada crossword solver to despair, was clear as daylight to every Washingtonian, the clue lying in the name of a certain Police Commissioner Oyster who made an inquiry into a traffic block on the opening day of the Conference. The curious field of linguistics covered by such usages is explored by the author with much ingenuity, though, to prevent misconception, it should be added that the result of his inquiries is of interest rather to the grammarian than to the newspaper reader, or even the journalist. H. R. WESTWOOD.

JOHN BRIGHT AND THE QUAKERS, by J. Travis Mills. Two Volumes. *Methuen*. 25s.

JOHN BRIGHT died more than forty-five years ago. Within a few years of his death there appeared the usual biographies. The lively pages of Trevelyan should have galvanized this strange political Quaker into life. Yet he has not greatly impressed posterity. He never became an eminent Victorian, though the young Georgian still reads his speeches for their style. Young writers seeking a new victim for their biographies prefer to leave Bright alone. It may be that they choose men with whose lives love threatened to play havoc. John Ruskin can still endear himself to this age because he fell in love at least three times—once with a prim and tuberculous maiden-lady, who refused to marry him because of his avowed inability to love God more than he loved her.

And yet the comparatively few industrious readers who are willing to plod through nearly nine hundred pages of *John Bright and the Quakers* will find the barest reference to his attachment to a young Quaker in Wales.

"When a young man [writes a son of John Bright], my father was very much in love with a Welsh girl, a schoolfellow of some of his sisters, but she had some objectionable relatives, and he did not like to saddle his family with these people. He was in great trouble about it, and the matter fell through for this reason". There is a further report that "much against her will Gwen Morgan was afterwards compelled to marry the young squire of Llanfair Isaf near Harlech, and for five tragic years she lived with this drunken and dissolute husband, counting it a happiness in the end to die at the age of twenty-seven. She was buried in the little Quakers' garden at Llwyngwrl. . . . John Bright never forgot Gwen Morgan, and when quite advanced in years he would make a pilgrimage to her grave. . . . There are several people still alive who remember his familiar figure during those days of memories and regrets."

Here, in fact, is the material which would attract the young writer to a life of Bright. Since objectionable relatives are by no means an uncommon possession, they can hardly explain why John Bright should have turned away from Gwen Morgan. Quaker was expected to attract Quaker: "flagrant immorality and the marriage of a member with a religious person not a member are visited with the same condemnation". It was not until 1859—long after the death of Gwen Morgan—that Joseph Rowntree of York finally persuaded the Friends' Yearly Meeting to sanction the marriage of members to non-members. If John Bright had married Gwen Morgan the condemnation visited upon flagrant immorality could scarcely have come his way. Perhaps the objectionable relatives were retail tradesmen, and so unacceptable to the wealthy manufacturing Brights.

It is possible to attach to these visits to the grave at Llwyngwrl an importance that they did not deserve. To judge from the pages of this work John Bright shared to the full his generation's enthusiasm for funerals. The Victorians believed in placing one foot on the grave, and we who treat lightly even the com-

plementary duty of calling upon the living should not underestimate the consolations of the graveyard. It is enough that John Bright's early love was decently shrouded. The story occupies little space in this large and unwieldy biography. "Gwen's story may be told without fear of indiscretion at the distance of a hundred years". Mr. Travis Mills then proceeds to give most of the relevant details in a footnote. Yet Gibbon deserves to be read for his footnotes alone.

United with this fear of indiscretion has been the desire to throw into stronger relief "the authentic portrait of Bright". Every available document has been made to serve the portrait. Even the death certificate is given prominence. And so the portrait, too authentic to be true, is blurred. It is well to see in John Bright a fine specimen of the political Quaker. To show the importance of the political Quaker Mr. Travis Mills repeats at great

length the history of the Society of Friends. But if this work is a study of the political Quaker, why stop with John Bright? Since his day a Quaker has been President of the United States. Within the last fifteen years the Quakers have written a new chapter in the international organization of relief. They have overcome many of the limitations of outlook which crippled them when John Bright was their most conspicuous political leader.

Mr. Travis Mills has written primarily for the Quakers. Quaker historical literature tends to be antiquarian and to resemble family history. This is natural. Quaker married Quaker for two hundred years, and when George Fox married the widow of Judge Fell he set the example of marrying well. But Bright was very much more than a family figure, and there is room for a more critical and detached study.

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SELECTED FICTION

SARABAND FOR DEAD LOVERS,
by Helen Simpson. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

THE ROOT AND THE FLOWER,
by L. H. Myers. Cape. 8s. 6d.

IN a classification of novels, such as is made in publishers' and booksellers' catalogues, both these books would appear, no doubt, together as "historical fiction." The first, a story of Sophia-Dorothea, the child-wife of George-Louis, afterwards George I of England; the second, a trilogy of novels set in the India of Akbar the Great. A particular interest in one or other of these subjects might excite our curiosity; but merely by seeing the titles, side by side, we should get no hint of the immense distance which separates their contents.

At a first glance, a reader might be inclined to select *Saraband for Dead Lovers*. By ruffling over the pages we can see at once that it is a better specimen of the historical tales now in fashion. It is competently and brightly written; the characters talk naturally with a flavour of their period, the accents being reflected by the dresses, the furniture and manners of the Court; and our sensibility is directed at times to the grossness which has become a necessary ingredient of "historical romance." On his wedding-night, the future George I stands by the fire in his nightshirt, helping himself to a plate of meat and extending lumpy legs towards the blaze; afterwards, his wife is goaded into biting him. *Saraband for Dead Lovers* runs true to type, convincing so far as it goes, without surprises and enforcing our first impression of it.

The Root and the Flower, on the other hand is a book as difficult to get into as Miss Simpson's is easy; I can imagine that most people, picking it up on a library shelf and looking inside for a

clue, would find it puzzling and move on to something else. It is, in fact, an exceedingly good book, which any sensitive reader will find absorbing. Two of the novels contained in it have already appeared; the third, *Rajah Amar*, is new. As the publishers say, "it is not an historical novel in the common sense, nor is it an attempt to portray specifically oriental modes of life and thought . . . the remoter scene is chosen with a view to obtaining certain fundamentals in human nature." It is, then, that rare thing a "philosophical" novel—but how admirably the background, true or fictitious, has been conveyed! We are listening, say, to the conversation between a Buddhist rajah and an English traveller. They discuss religion and art; the argument in itself is fascinating, the characters of the two men are portrayed exactly in their ways of thought, in an impatient gesture or raising of the voice; and through the window come the sounds of a flute, played by a leper who sits outside the temple, and the tapping of sticks as people walk along a snake-infested path. It is a landscape curiously remote and real; at night, for example, the lightning which cuts shapes in the distance is without thunder—silent. We feel vividly, too, the presence of the characters, they are flesh and blood, yet detached from us as in a painting.

I have given a very inadequate account of this book, which cannot in fact be reviewed in a brief space. Mr. Myers is as difficult to appraise as he is to place among contemporary novelists. Where does he stand? I don't know; but having read *The Root and the Flower*, I shall get hold of his earlier novels as soon as I can.

G. W. STONIER.

THE DUBLIN REVIEW

A QUARTERLY & CRITICAL JOURNAL

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THE APPLE OF CONCORD, by
Richard Church. *Dent.* 7s. 6d.

THIS is a beautiful example of the modern fairy-tale novel, which has arisen, resplendent and unexpected, from the troubled seas of psycho-analysis. I fear that the late D. H. Lawrence had some share in its begetting, but for all that may be said, Lawrence was more light-hearted and less solemn about the re-making of a man than are any of the later practitioners. A fine example of what I mean was Mr. Morgan's novel *The Fountain*, which people loved because it outlined with skill and considerable literary beauty the regeneration of a man who felt himself to be a muddle or a failure or both. We are presented with the hero undone by life. The stage is carefully set. We leave him at the end, not only braced and potent, but united to the one woman in the world who will keep him so. It is all very comforting. But there never was any happy ending in any fairy tale so happy as this one which invites and perhaps obtains our credulity.

When first we meet Gregory Wade he is on a Channel boat leaving failure in England but taking his wrecked nerves with him. We are asked to believe that he is finished and thinks so. But we know better. Gregory is in luck. "The madness and misery were already dying out of his soul." Not only is he going to one of those jobs we are all desperately hunting for (that of a private secretary to a rich eccentric at a salary of £500 per annum and plenty of time off), but he has scarcely landed in France before adventures promising interesting developments begin to happen. In Paris he is immediately beloved by three good-looking, wise and tolerant young women, and befriended by several highly civilized men. Not only this, but when one of the aforesaid women has ministered to his disused body and looks like becoming a barrier to the completion of his healing by another who can satisfy body, soul

and spirit all at once she gets conveniently murdered. If every psycho-analyst had such machinery at his disposal, cures of those afflicted with inferiority complexes and "frozen wills" would be more frequent and more spectacular than they actually are.

For the rest, this newest psychological thriller leaves nothing to be desired. From the description of a studio party in Paris (not the conventionally unconventional London studio party of the novelists, but a beautifully formal French one) we have scene after scene presented so poetically that we surrender with joy to our surroundings, undergo with the fortunate Gregory a charmed restoration of frayed nerves, and only awake to harsh realities for a moment now and again to wish despairingly that such a programme might ever be our own lot. The pictures of country places in France, of meals eaten in the open, and of delicate love scenes are entirely exquisite. We are content to be vicariously lulled. There are well-drawn characters too—particularly the whole household of Farthing, with its shocked etcher of genius and its crazy, murderous son. We believe, alas, in Lincoln Farthing, even as we believe in the unlucky elder sons in the fairy stories. The world, which longs for such comforting tales, and perhaps needs them, will love this one. All the same I cannot help regretting that to complete Gregory's regeneration the handsome Josephine has to die such an unpleasant death.

CATHERINE CARSWELL.

THE FURYS, by James Hanley. *Chatto and Windus.* 10s. 6d.

A CLERGYMAN'S DAUGHTER, by George Orwell. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.

WHEN I have won the first prize in the Irish Sweepstake I intend to found a literary periodical in which honest practitioners (and there is a surprisingly large number of them) will be asked to

review their own books. Under the present system they are allowed only a small section of the dust-wrapper in which their intentions may be hinted at beneath the superlatives required by the publisher and expected by the public. Mr. James Hanley, for instance, has set himself a task which obviously demanded a great deal of careful preliminary thought. *The Furies* is a very bulky novel about a working-class family in a city which is presumably Liverpool, and it seems that it is but the first volume of a trilogy. "Never before in the history of modern letters has such a saga of the working classes been attempted". Quite. But just what is Mr. Hanley attempting?

There are hunger and poverty, hardship and injustice in *The Furies*, but the book is not in itself a protest against these social diseases. There are vivid descriptions of rioting in which the behaviour of the police is by no means above reproach, but no clarion-call for reform is sounded. Yet we have become so accustomed to the exploitation of the depressed classes for political propaganda on the one hand and for the nauseating facetiousness of the "Notebook Round the Courts" type of journalism on the other, that judgment of such a novel as *The Furies* is only too apt to be clouded. Mr. Hanley is a novelist, and I take it that his purposes are literary. All that matters greatly to me in his book are the characters of the Fury family and their friends, and the continual interplay of these is so very well contrived that the setting loses all independent importance. These Irish emigrants are naturally moulded by circumstances, but Mr. Hanley never makes the mistake of exalting the circumstances at the expense of his literary pattern. Galsworthy chose one social level, Mr. Hanley chooses another. But neither produces "class-sagas". As a stylist Mr. Hanley occasionally seems to feel that solecisms

contribute to "powerful" writing, and for a book of this length many readers might prefer a rather more varied technique than he provides. But he has made his family so excitingly alive that one looks forward keenly to future volumes.

Mr. George Orwell, who wrote a successful book called *Down and Out in Paris and London*, has a first-hand acquaintance with the kind of life led by Mr. Hanley's Furies, and with rigours worse than those. In *A Clergyman's Daughter* he turns some of his experiences to the account of fiction, and allows a rector's daughter to lose her memory, join the Kentish "hoppers", reach the depths of poverty represented by a bench in Trafalgar Square, and return thence by way of a job in an iniquitous private school to her old life in a country town. The style, for the most part, is chatty but overworked, though sometimes it achieves humour. The description of the hop-fields is expert, and the conversation of the Trafalgar Square "down-and-outs" is vividly presented, but to lapse for the latter purpose into the form of stage-dialogue seems simply to shirk the technical difficulties of a novelist. Mr. Orwell was certainly better with fact than he shows himself with fiction.

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THE FORTNIGHTLY

MAY, 1935

THE MOVEMENT OF NATIONAL LIFE : 1910-1935

BY PROFESSOR ERNEST BARKER

A CENTRE of calm in a blowing wind of change—a signal of comfort and assurance on a ship driving rapidly forward—that is how we think of the King, when we listen to his voice diffused through all the airs of the world, as we did last Christmas. He has seen great changes unrolled before his eyes in the last quarter of a century, as he has stood on the bridge and watched the voyage of his people into a new age and a new temper of life. What stock can we take of the course we have traversed during his reign and under his flag?

I

A gust of mechanical changes has produced a revolution in our material way of life. There has been a great age of applied physics. Perhaps it will be succeeded by a great age of applied biology, which will breed a new race of men, new stocks of animals, new crops of plants and all the kindly fruits of the earth. But we are still in the age of applied physics and all its marvels. The pace of life has been quickened by the motor-car, the aeroplane, the telephone, wireless. We live at a different tempo. We can move more quickly by land, sea and air; we can communicate thoughts and visual images far more rapidly, by new methods of diffusing sound and sight.

A world in which transport, and all other means of communication, have been quickened from *andante* to *presto*, is also a world which is far more interconnected. Not only do things move faster and further than they used to do, men are also brought more together. than they used to be, and they share more together

CXXXVII

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in hearing and seeing the same thing. The same film is shown in London and Florence. The same music is heard on the wireless in Cambridge and Stockholm. Our minds are driven to a new rapidity and a new catholicity. More psychological elasticity is demanded of us. We have to stretch our faculties to a quicker exercise and a wider reach. It is a question whether we can keep pace with the pace of our own inventions. But they will not stop. And we, too, cannot stop.

Perhaps some of the social and political movements of our time on the continent of Europe are connected with the physical revolution through which we are going. They tend towards an idolization of the group—the race, the nation, the class. They use the new physical means of mass-propaganda—the staged demonstration of masses of men brought together by new and quicker means of transport: the film, the wireless—to produce the temper and feeling of the group. But perhaps we may also say that the new means use them, or at any rate help to produce them. Physics affects politics: physical inventions which make men move quicker, and in closer connection, tend to produce political movements of a rapid *élan* and a gregarious or collectivist temper. It is not clear, however, that such consequences have yet ensued, or are likely to ensue, in Great Britain. We are not easily stampeded, and we still have a certain phlegm. But the new physical changes have changed us; and they have changed us in a number of ways.

There has been a movement into new industries. From the building of ships, for example, we have turned to the making of gramophones and wireless sets. The change is simple in itself: it is more complicated, and more serious, when we look at its consequences. One consequence is that the responsible work of a craftsman, whose mistake might cost his employer hundreds of pounds, has become repetitive work which follows an un-deviating rule. Another consequence, not less serious than the change in technique and the nature of workmanship, is geographical. Changing its character, industry has also changed its residence. Its chosen home is the Midlands and the South. A process of “industrial transference” is automatically at work; and statesmanship has even addressed itself to the problem of directing and guiding this transference by schemes of internal

migration. Along with this change in the character and the residence of industry there has also gone a change of commerce. Publicity and salesmanship have become major commercial arts. The uses of advertisement, never unknown, have been explored and extended. We have perhaps become more suggestible; we have certainly been exposed to a greater pressure and blare of suggestion. The development is not peculiar to us. But it is at work among us—in our politics as well as in our economics; in our newspapers as well as on our hoardings. It is helping to make us a different people from what we were a quarter of a century ago.

There has been a movement of tastes as well as a movement of industry and commerce. Here the shock of the War has collaborated with the physical revolution and its gust of mechanical change to alter our ways of living. We have become more experimental in our clothes, our food and our habits. Old and set ways were cracked by the War and the years of experimentation which followed the end of the War. But there have also been many changes in the mechanism of our enjoyments, which have had nothing to do with the War. The cinema has become a common possession of all classes. It is a leveller within; it is also a link with the world without. The same is true of broadcasting; the same—at any rate in the matter of levelling, and of giving a new access for all into fresh fields of experience and appreciation—is also true of the growth of motor-transport. Joy has been spread in a wider commonalty; a new understanding of one another, and a new feeling for the aspect and the beauty of our country, have been gained.

In particular, we are perhaps less urban in spirit than we used to be. We have discovered that there is an English countryside which is worthy of being kept in its native beauty as our common heritage. We have begun to feel that there is a biological call in our blood which summons us back to the soil in which our life is rooted. Not only is the town-dweller moving back into the country for residence. That, in itself, would be little gain and a dubious benefit. He is also beginning to realize that the country-dweller has to be helped and encouraged in the old country callings which alone make the countryside a real and living thing—the rearing of stock, the growing of crops, the marketing of

produce. All this helps to make our nation better balanced than it was some twenty-five years ago. We may see this better balance even in the love of sport, which is one of our national obsessions. There is more sport and more games than there ever were; but it is less of a tyranny. Sport has fallen into a better proportion in our lives. There is so much else of which we can think, and so many other things for which we have now to find time.

In many ways we have progressed in the art of life since 1910. Not only have we found new tastes; we have also tried to give a new security, by schemes of insurance and pensions and other means, to those who walk on the verge between livelihood and starvation. But there is still a black shadow which attends on all our progress in the art of life; and it is greater now than it was in 1910. This is the shadow of unemployment. A revolution of technique has altered the conditions of production: the political revolutions and perturbations which followed the War have altered the markets for products. We are paying the price of both alterations—or rather the unemployed are paying it for us, and we are paying them back, in benefit and assistance, some of the price which they are vicariously paying in their own persons.

That is one shadow on the last twenty-five years. Is it also a shadow, or is it a cloud with a silver lining, that our country has begun to live more to itself than it did when the King ascended the throne? There is less emigration than there was. In 1913 about 320,000 persons emigrated to the British Dominions; in 1933 the emigrants were fewer than 90,000. The causes are external as well as internal; they depend on the Dominions as well as upon ourselves. But it is the internal causes which illustrate the movement of our national life; and among them we may count partly a greater framework of security, which makes men and women less anxious to leave its shelter, and partly a large provision of amenities and amusements, which acts as a home-keeping magnet. Not only is there less emigration of persons; there is also less export and import of goods to connect us with the world outside. The old England of Free Trade, which depended on the markets of the world, began to be modified after the War, when the policy of safeguarding in-

dustries was introduced in 1921; it has been modified still more drastically during the last few years. We can never be a self-sufficing country, with a purely national economy; but we have moved some stages in that direction during the last fifteen years.

We have not, however, developed any exclusive type of nationalism. Toleration (sometimes based on a healthy spirit of sympathy and compromise, but sometimes resting on mere acquiescence and apathy) has long been one of our qualities; but we have learned to practise the quality in new forms and new directions. Old religious differences have lost their edge. The various branches of Scottish Presbyterianism were united in 1929; the different bodies of the Wesleyan confession became a single Methodist Church in 1932. The people of the Irish Free State, long divided from us in feeling, and dividing us acutely among ourselves by the profound cleavage of Unionists and Home Rulers, has acquired Dominion status with general consent; and if there are still disagreements between its Government and the Government of Great Britain, they do not involve the old cleavage of parties in Great Britain, nor are they conducted with the old rancour between the Irish and the British side. Scotland has bred a new nationalism in the last few years; but no Englishman would ever say "Nay" to its demands if they were pressed with a general ardour and conviction.

Our nationalism in Great Britain, such as it is, is a federal nationalism; it has no unitarian zeal; it will tolerate, and even respect, the claims of its different branches and the feelings of its different nationalities. The same spirit of toleration is abroad in the Commonwealth. Few of us to-day would press the claims of Westminster; all of us would subscribe to the spirit of the Statute of Westminster, which gives legal force to Lord Balfour's definition, in 1926, of the nature of Dominion autonomy; most of us welcome the progressive devolution upon India of the responsibility for carrying the vast orb of her fate. Signor Mussolini has said that "peoples that rise, or re-arise, are imperialistic; peoples that die are renouncers". If it be a sign of death to renounce power, and to be content with the voluntary bonds of free association, the British people is a dying people. But the renunciation of power may well be the most signal proof of strength and vitality.

The second great change has been the increase of the electorate, under the Representation of the People Act of 1918 and the subsequent Act of 1928. Under these Acts men and women count alike, and (save that a second vote can still be exercised by those who possess the necessary qualification) each citizen counts as equal to every other. The number of the electorate, which in 1910 was 7,700,000 for the whole of the United Kingdom, is now over 30,000,000 for Great Britain and Northern Ireland ; it has been more than quadrupled. It is one of the problems of the future to shape this vast electorate into an organ of political discussion and decision which shall be at least as effective, and as stable, as the smaller electorate of a quarter of a century ago.

The third great change, in addition to the changes in Parliament and the electorate, has been a change in the party system. The Liberal party, which had been triumphant in the election of 1906, and was still the largest single party in the two elections of 1910, has dwindled and dwindled since 1918 until it has sunk to a tenth, or less, of the House of Commons. The Labour Party, which in 1910 numbered only some 40 members, has grown till its normal strength may be said to vary between one-third and one-half of the House. The strength of the Conservative party has remained tolerably constant ; but the changes in the two other parties have profoundly affected the general working of the whole party system. There has been a tendency, since 1918, towards coalition ministries and formal or informal working agreements between different parties. What the eventual issue will be ; whether the Liberal party, after nearly 300 years of history, will disappear ; whether we shall have a system of two parties, each widened in scope and altered in character by the absorption of the Right and the Left wings of the old Liberal party—these are questions we have still to solve.

There are other changes in the world of politics since 1910 which might be chronicled, and not least the reform of Local Government in 1929. But politics, for many years past, has seemed to many to be *vieux jeu*. There has been a shifting of the centre of gravity, and a change in the balance of human interest. Economics has advanced into the foreground : “ economics ”, as it was being said in Germany in 1920, “ is destiny ”. For some

fifteen years now there has been the temporary problem (so long protracted that it may almost be called permanent) of the crisis of unemployment ; but over and above that there is the enduring problem, which is destined long to engage our thought, of the proper economic basis of our general society—capitalist, socialist, syndicalist, or some form of mixture and compromise. Guild Socialism was the new gospel about 1910 ; the Liberal party suggested a new eirenicon or *via media* in “ Britain’s Industrial Future ” in 1928 : the great and cardinal issue still remains.

Meanwhile the immediate and urgent problem of maintaining a stable and decent standard of life for the people, in a period of bewilderingly swift transition, has controlled our actual policies. It has controlled the policy and legislation of the State ; it has controlled the policy and the efforts of the Trade Unions. The State, in the last 25 years, has moved towards the fixing of standard wages in unorganized industries ; it has developed schemes of insurance against invalidity and unemployment ; it has introduced new methods of pensions and new provision for housing ; it has, in a word, guaranteed, by a variety of social services, new rights to security of life and health and livelihood. Public expenditure upon these purposes has been multiplied, and again multiplied ; taxation has risen to meet the expenditure ; and there has been achieved, in the course of social legislation and in the process of financing such legislation, no inconsiderable redistribution of wealth. The convinced Socialist feels that all these measures are, at the most, palliatives offered by a desperate capitalism ; but it may at least be said, in answer, that for our day, and in our circumstances, they are indispensable, and they serve the cause of general human welfare.

Meanwhile the policy and efforts of the Trade Unions, which in our country, for the last hundred years, have always run parallel with the policy and legislation of the State, have been concentrated on defending, by the force of voluntary combination, the vital and “ key ” position of the wage-standard. The great question arose which here agitated Great Britain at the end of the war. It was a question of the extent to which the force of voluntary combination could be pushed. Was each Trade Union to fight its own

battle, or might a number of great Trade Unions combine in alliance to fight a joint battle? The threat to the level of wages, particularly in the mining industry, impelled the Trade Unions towards the policy of the great combination. First, there was the Triple Alliance of the miners, railwaymen and transport workers. That alliance, powerful as it seemed, led to no actual result. But the mantle of the Triple Alliance was taken over by the Trades Union Council, acting as the directorate of the general Trades Union Congress in which the Trade Unions are all combined.

The Trades Union Council acted in 1926, and used the policy of the great combination in a general strike intended to protect the wages of the miners. The policy was a natural extension of the scope of Trade Union efforts; but it was dubious whether it was legal, and it was certain that its execution disorganized the general life of the community and tended to coerce the Government into the adoption of measures which it would not otherwise, and apart from such coercion, choose to adopt. The policy failed; the rest of the community carried on, behaving—as did also the part of the community which had gone on strike—with good temper and restraint; the Government organized the necessary services; and nine days saw the beginning and end of the General Strike. In 1927 there followed the Trade Unions and Trade Disputes Act, which declared illegal the policy of the great combination, limiting strikes to the furtherance of a dispute in a particular trade or industry, and proscribing them if they tended “to coerce the Government either directly or by inflicting hardship upon the community”.

So ended, at any rate for the time being, one of the many crises which have marked the reign of the King. How numerous they have been! It would be idle to enumerate them. It is sufficient to remember the years 1910, 1914, 1926, and 1931—and that does not end the list. The prayer for peace comes naturally to the lips. But we live in an age of change; and such an age must, ever and again, rise to some great crescendo.

There has been change in our Churches as well as in our politics and economics. Mention has already been made of the new unions which have been achieved in Scottish Presbyterianism and English Wesleyanism. There has also been change and movement in the Church of England. An Enabling Act of 1919

prepared the way for a new National Assembly of the Church, including a new House of Laity as well as the two clerical Houses drawn from the old Convocations, and empowered the Assembly to prepare and pass measures subject to a veto of either House of Parliament.

The Church was thus equipped with a fresh ecclesiastical parliament; and that parliament set to work to overhaul the Church. Its main measure, introducing a new Book of Common Prayer, was twice rejected, in 1927 and 1928, by the House of Commons. A new question has thus been written across the future of the Church of England. What are to be its relations to the State? Is it to exercise its own independent spiritual authority, free from political control, in questions of doctrine, ritual and discipline; or is it to remain, as of old, in partnership with the State, and limited by its partner? That is a question which was raised when the two Archbishops appointed a Committee on Church and State in the year before the War, and it is a question which still waits for an answer.

In the general movement of national life the growth of national education has been an important factor. The great Education Act of 1902 has gradually matured its consequences. It has issued in powerful and progressive local education authorities; it has issued in a large extension of secondary education, which has opened new opportunities of development to tens of thousands of boys and girls; it has issued, ultimately, in a new entry of students into the Universities, which have grown apace both in numbers and in resources, and have come to play a far larger part in the life of the nation.

III

There are two great developments of our national life which look outward beyond the seas. One is the development of our relations with the British Commonwealth to which we belong, and of which we are part. The other is the development of our relations with the new system of international organization which issued from the War.

In 1910 there were many thinkers who looked forward to a new integration of the Commonwealth under a new Imperial

Parliament representative of all its parts. The actual development has followed another and different line. The Commonwealth has evolved, by a process of devolution, into a body of autonomous States or Dominions, connected by the link of common allegiance to the King. It is not a parliament, or the legislative authority of a parliament, which holds the Commonwealth together ; it is the King, and the common and voluntary recognition of a unity of spirit and purpose symbolized in the King's person. The Commonwealth is now a body of nations which have become nation-States as well as nations, but which can combine a general federal nationalism with their own particular nationalisms.

A federal nationalism on this scale, linking together nations so physically distant, and with such different traditions, is something hitherto unknown, and something unpredictable in its future growth and tendencies. It is showing itself capable, in this year 1935, of fostering the growth of a united India, with a system of responsible central government, as one of its integral parts. If the Commonwealth can achieve the inclusion of India, on equal terms, within its system, and if it can reconcile the national feeling of India with its own spirit of federal nationalism, it will have celebrated a triumph which may well be its permanent consolidation.

But we have also to recognize, as we have already had reason to note, that the volume of migration between the parts of the Commonwealth is slackening. Each part tends more and more to settle in its own tradition, and to follow its own goal of autonomy and autarchy. Yet the King remains. The common tradition of the common law of England remains. The sense of the fraternity of different nations in a common federal nationalism remains. It is a great thing that the movement of our national life should thus be interconnected and interfolded with the movement of the lives of other and cognate nations. It gives us more balance, and it gives us more width. They are both precious gifts.

Behind all that has hitherto been said about the last twenty-five years there stands the fact—the sombre and profound fact—of the Great War. It has not been the only cause of change ; but it has conspired with and accentuated every other cause. War,

said a Greek writer, is a violent teacher. One lesson which the War has taught us is that we belong to the Continent of Europe, as well as to the British Commonwealth ; that we are vitally concerned and profoundly interested in the development of Europe ; that we have to collaborate, day by day, in the settlement of its destinies. To look back to 1910 is to realize that we were still, at that time, in the main, an insular people. To-day we know that we are drawn into the life of the Continent ; we follow, with a far deeper attention, the progress of its life ; we know that we are able, and that we are bound, to aid in its progress.

The entry of Great Britain into Europe is one of the permanent results of the War, and our duty to Europe is one of the permanent lessons which we have learned from it. Another lesson, or another aspect of the same lesson, is our duty to the cause of the organization of peace—the peace of Europe ; the peace of the world. Perhaps there is no point on which our system of life in 1935 differs more from the system of 1910 than it does in our new and grave preoccupation with the cause of peace. We sought peace twenty-five years ago : we ensue it with all our hearts to-day. Our nation is now part of a League of Nations—the greatest of all the new things which have come to birth in the King's reign. We are involved in a common effort of the nations to provide a general framework of collective security in the shelter of which each can develop its life, unfold its talent, and pursue its mission. The movement of our national life has interlocked us in this common effort. No cause stands closer to the heart of youth, in our British Universities, than this cause. And it is the young who carry in their hands the keys of the future.

It is a stirring age through which we have travelled ; it is a stirring age that lies ahead. The aim of any organized society of men is justice—social justice within, which is fair to all classes and persons ; international justice without, which is fair to all States and nations. Can we say of our country, in these last twenty-five years, that it has helped to advance the cause of social and international justice ? That is our ultimate criterion. If we apply it, we may fairly say that there has been progress. There is more social justice than there was—more recognition of the just claims of different classes, different sexes, different ages. There is more international justice than there was—more of an

organized system for appraising, in terms of justice and not in terms of power, the claims of the different nations.

But the establishment of justice is a never-ending movement, which will last as long as the life of humanity. The fundamental thing is that the thought of each nation should be exercised by its problems, and should direct itself in free and patient discussion to their solution. It is the comfort and hope of our age that thought is at work on the problems of justice in our country. Public opinion is more frank and outspoken; any threat to freedom of the expression of thought is quickly resented: the tolerance which is necessary to free discussion of the problems of justice is in the air.

There is no need to be alarmed about this new liberty: it is a necessity of our salvation. But there is also another thing which is necessary; and that, too, we are beginning to do. We have not only to think out the demands of justice by a process of social thought; we have also to realize those demands for ourselves, as far as we can, by a process of voluntary social co-operation. The State is the great organ of justice; but voluntary societies and voluntary effort can also help to build Jerusalem. That is an old English method; but the Prince of Wales, in recent years, has drawn our attention again to its value. Voluntary social effort and social service—in helping the unemployed to help themselves; in promoting community associations, for the betterment of social life, on the great new housing estates which our municipalities have recently built; in every field in which we can freely serve social purposes—these are the needs, and their increasing fulfilment is the promise of our times.

Our country is being rebuilt. The rebuilding was already at work in 1910: it has gone further, much further, in 1935; it has still to go on, and to go still further. The scope of State action has widened, and is likely to widen still more. But if we are true to our old tradition and our present temper, we shall all seek to join in thinking freely together about the plan of the rebuilding, and we shall all work together, in the free company of voluntary society, to aid in its realization. The State is not all.

THE KING'S TUTOR

BY HECTOR BOLITHO

IN February of 1877, the young curate of Whippingham drove over to Osborne to see Queen Victoria. His later story makes one feel certain that he was neither shy nor callow, as novelists so often describe their curates. He was James Neale Dalton, who was destined to be tutor to King George and, when the curriculum of the schoolroom was over, to assume the deeper relationship of a friend. Queen Victoria had been walking in the garden and she came in to interview the curate. When the interview was over, she declared herself satisfied to observe "what a fearless, honest man" he was.

The description must stir faint smiles in all who knew Canon Dalton in later years, for in his ninetieth year he was as fearless as he was fifty-three years before. Court life did not intimidate him nor prevent him from outbursts of honest indignation at the foolishness of the world.

James Neale Dalton toured the world with the young Princes in the *Britannia* and the *Ophir*. His sturdy character and his mind, as human as it was scholarly, were a strong influence in building up the character of King George: a character which has slowly impressed itself upon a troubled Empire as the ideal of what a constitutional ruler should be. During the months of Jubilee celebration the eyes of all the world are upon King George. But we may allow ourselves to glance aside from the central figure for a moment and observe the story of the wonderful old man who was his tutor.

Only a few years have passed since Canon Dalton stamped through the Cloisters of Windsor, a loud-voiced veteran, striking terror and awe in all who beheld him. I like to recall my first meeting with him, since it opened the richest chapter of my life.

He asked me to stay with him at Windsor in April of 1924.

I walked in under the arch of the Henry the Eighth Gate, and then to the Cloisters. I was to drink tea with Canon Dalton, a dear, unreasonable tyrant stumbling through his early eighties, whom I was to know better, to walk with and to talk with many times in the years that followed. I remember that the Cloisters were gay with flowers. The Chapter Clerk bent over them, a trowel in his hand, as I walked towards the door. There was no alarming electric bell to press. A rusted chain hung upon the right-hand side. The brass plate was so worn with the rubbing of forty years that the name of my host could barely be read upon it. I pulled the rusted chain and a bell shattered the silence within.

I found the Canon in a study at the top of the house. From here I could see Eton and the Thames, green, winding and tranquil. But I turned from the window. Beyond the piles of newspapers, the tables heaped with books, the bronze figures of Victorian princes and the untidy desk, there sat an old, old man. When one is a writer, desperate over the inadequacy of words, one often falls into the habit of choosing the painters who might have made portraits of one's friends. May I say that Canon Dalton was waiting for Rembrandt to paint him, for only Rembrandt could have revealed the fire behind the lined, pale face. Only Rembrandt could have told you what you could not see at first: that the crinkled hands were mighty with energy and that the bent back was capable of straightening to fine indignation and pride: that the tempests of an old man's resolution lay within the withered frame and that although there was kindness for all poor or suffering creatures there was also, in the face of frustration, a ruthlessness which smacked of the Middle Ages. Over all there was a charity and goodness and humour which will make him one of the most disturbing, but one of the best-loved of God's angels. All these qualities were not apparent as he rose from the depths of his chair, as his bony hand extended towards me, in unison with the kindly smile and the humorous eyes.

"Welcome to Windsor, my boy. I went to New Zealand—to your country—with the young Princes in the *Ophir*, and they were very kind to me there. So now I must welcome you in return. Sit down and have some tea."

And this is how I first came to Windsor. In the afternoon we walked in the Park. Canon Dalton had lived in the Castle for very many years. We walked where Elizabeth had walked, and we picked lilies of the valley in a garden where Chaucer may have strayed. As we strolled back from Frogmore in the cool of the evening, we came upon a bronze dog, standing upon his hind legs. He was a Dachshund, and his name, on the plate beneath him, was *Dacko*. Canon Dalton paused. "You see", he said, "I am a very old man and you are a very young one. I used to feed that dog with buns, and now" (he moved forward and touched a place where the bronze tail was decayed and broken), "and now, he is dead and even his memorial is rotting away". He seemed so old then that he was barely alive.

We went back to the cloisters and we climbed the stairs to his high study again. Upon the staircase were two pictures, one of a stalwart sailor, glowing with health; the other was of Chatterton, dying in his garret. "There's an object lesson for you", the Canon said, as we climbed past the two pictures. "I have had those two pictures by me for many years. If you are going to be a writer, remember them."

That night I slept in Windsor Castle for the first time. Five years passed before I went to live in the cloisters. I travelled to Africa and to Germany and wherever I went Canon Dalton's letters gave me glimpses of his home in the Castle and of the great park beside the Thames. They were dry, matter-of-fact letters when they touched on worldly affairs, but his little expressions of friendship were infinitely tender. In 1926, when I returned to England and made my home in the Cloisters, I came to know the fierce old veteran better. The nearer view was full of surprises. Canon Dalton had been tutor to King George and to the Duke of Clarence, but he had eluded the traditional suavity of the courtier. We used to walk together in the summer evenings, down past Queen Adelaide's cottage, or beneath the cedars at Frogmore. Canon Dalton stumbled as he walked, as if his head, thrown forward, must at any moment cause him to over-balance. His hands were clasped behind his back and his eyes were fixed upon the earth. His voice, which was famous for its range of two octaves, would grumble like the deepest note of a bass violin. Then it

would leap skywards, into a shrill soprano. The low notes were for his cynical pooh-poohing of all mankind. His high notes were for tirades of indignation. The Gospel had not softened him, and sometimes his was the Christianity of the clenched hand.

Life at Windsor was much like life at Barchester Towers. Trollope's "gentlemanlike clerical doctors" were there, and if the Minor Canons were not as "happy, well-used and well-fed" as they were at Barchester, it was because Canon Dalton looked upon Minor Canons as a sergeant-major looks upon corporals. He treated them accordingly.

Even those of us who were young walked with a hush, intimidated by the Victorian shadows of Windsor. One felt one's own energy and individuality to be rather futile, locked within the walls of the Castle, where every King had lived, since the Norman Conqueror. The weight of the past was smothering. One never seemed to live there, separately and clearly, as an entity. One was conscious of this oppression on the warm summer evenings, when the lofty Round Tower was pale as ivory, in the moonlight.

The great gates were closed on the world outside. A thousand years filled the Castle with spectres: they pressed in, so that one was almost conscious of their shape and breath and movement. There had been so much life in ten centuries that one's own existence was a mere joke. One drew back, barely daring to breathe, as the procession of ghosts walked past. The Confessor, who "lisp'd his prayers, and cured the halt and blind"; the Conqueror, hunting in the Great Park, and John, returning from Runnymede, gnashing his teeth, rolling his eyes and "gnawing sticks and straws" as he "gave vent to rage and curses against the Charter". Chaucer, the father of English poetry, walking in the Chapter garden; James the First of Scotland, seeing the fair Joan Beaufort from his prison window, and Shakespeare, scribbling long into the night to present the *Merry Wives* for Elizabeth. The procession was almost too magnificent for me to dare to raise my voice or write anything of my own.

But there was life in the Castle, for all its weight of history: the Canons and their wives and the choristers meandering through the Cloisters on the way to Evensong. The kindly gossip of a

small community added its spice to life at Windsor and, among these, his frailer neighbours, Canon Dalton moved like a Juggernaut.

When the present Dean of Windsor was installed, in 1917, Canon Dalton arranged the elaborate and beautiful service. There is no more noble setting for a ceremony than St. George's Chapel, and Canon Dalton guarded its traditions zealously, but in his own way. At one point in the service the Canons were to advance in the procession and bow three times towards the King's stall in the choir, and three times towards the altar. Canon Dalton was so impatient that he took two of them by the scruff of the neck and forced them to bow. The remainder of the service proceeded in peace, until the reading of the special prayer by one of the Canons. The installation service had not been held since Queen Victoria's time and the printed form included her name. Instead of substituting "King George" for "Queen Victoria", the Canon who was reading followed the printed word rather than his reason. Suddenly, Canon Dalton stirred in his stall and muttered, "Silly old fool", loud enough to be heard all over the choir.

Among his colleagues, the Canon was a firebrand, but he was tender with humble or suffering people. He would abandon his breakfast, in his nineteenth year (the day having begun with a cold bath, even in winter), to visit some sickly creature. He once knelt, on his old knees, to make the fires and clean the grates for a man and his wife who were too sick to fend for themselves. A recalcitrant servant, a working man tempted through poverty to commit a petty crime, a fool or a knavish boy were all certain of his help and his sympathy, but let an equal thwart him or seek his tolerance and he rose to destroy. Yet some quality in him, a quality which made his sins seem like mere naughtiness, endeared him to one so that only the memory of his chuckle and the history of his kindness remained after he died.

Sometimes he would waylay me in the cloisters. His noisy stumbling over the flagstones announced him long before he appeared around a corner. The old bent figure would pause. The old bent hand would be raised and he would dig me in the ribs so that I was almost winded. "Come to tea this afternoon.

Not much of a tea. But I can put a spoonful of coal on the fire to keep us warm."

When my books were published, when the awkward colonial youngster to whom he had been so kind had made his own life, Canon Dalton scoffed at everything I did.

"I see you have written another bad novel. Never read novels myself, except the Bible, and I suppose that is looked upon as a work of fiction nowadays. I don't read your novels", he would say.

The scorn in his voice might have withered me if it were not for the friend who told me, on the sly, that he read everything I wrote and spoke with kindness of me. In later years, these afternoons in his attic would have been tiring if I had not loved him. It was almost as if he had made up his mind that his dying breath should be a protest against mankind. "Fools, all fools", he would say, crushing the pages of *The Times* into a bundle and throwing them on the floor. "All sham and humbug", he would say when somebody admired the Round Tower. The top had been added by George the Third and it was dismissed as "A modern contraption, a lie, a damned lie". Canon Dalton had learned some hearty adjectives from the wardroom when he was at sea with the Princes, and these gave a strange vigour to his otherwise rather Biblical English. It might have seemed incongruous to those who did not know him, to hear him stamping along the cloisters after Evensong, the phrases of the Benediction barely dead upon his tongue, storming against "Those damned Minor Canons—all fools"! The old saw fitted him. His bark was worse than his bite.

One channel of his naughtiness, still strong in his eighties, was a wish to make his guests what one might describe as "comfortable with wine". Canon Dalton was Chaplain to the Drapers' Company, and although he was rigid in his notion that all schoolmasters and officials of the Company should retire when they were sixty ("worn-out old fossils, ought to be dead!"), he never applied the unkindly law to his own office. Now and then he would take his friends to a Drapers' dinner. His most beloved memory was of a certain contractor who once accompanied him to dine. At the end, the contractor fell back in his car and muttered to his chauffeur: "You know where I live."

In June of 1926, I went up to London with Canon Dalton to dine with him. As we passed out of the Castle gate he summoned the policeman on duty and said: "Have a wheelbarrow here when we come back. Mr. Bolitho will need it. We can wheel him home from here." The policeman tried not to smile as he said: "Yes, sir."

The dinner was, of course, quite excellent. Such turtle soup, such asparagus, such duckling and such strawberries! The first wonder was to see this old man of eighty-seven eating ice-cream. No mere nibbling satisfied his appetite. The wine was worthy of the occasion. Rüdesheimer Hinterhaus, 1900, preceded by Madeira. Then came Pol Roger 1915 and 1820 brandy which, as the Canon roared at me, was "smooth as mother's milk". As he bent over his plate he kept one eye on my glass. When it was barely half empty, the waiter was summoned. The gentle calm of sane intoxication came to me. "Good wine never does you any harm. Drink up, my boy. Fine old institutions, these City Companies. Umph. See that nude statue in the corner?"

I followed his eyes and saw a marble figure.

"Well, that's why we need Drapers. Come on, drink up. You'll never taste better hock than this."

We came to the Castle about midnight. The Canon battered on the oak gates with his stick. They were opened by the policeman. The wheelbarrow was not there. We walked up towards the Cloisters, past St. George's Chapel, with its heraldic pinnacles standing against the sky. I went to his door with him and waited while he fumbled for his key. He opened the door and grunted: "Good-night. Never refuse a glass of good wine. It's sacrilege, Sir, sacrilege." Then he banged the door and left me to walk into the next Cloister, where I lived.

When Canon Dalton died, in his ninety-third year, some of his most personal possessions were sold in a Bond Street auction room. It is waste of time and smacks of false feeling to sentimentalize over inanimate objects. But most of us have the sin in us. I felt deeply melancholy as I saw strange hands mauling the Canon's miniatures and his watch, his books and his pictures. I like the gipsy notion which demands that a man's caravan and possessions should be burned, entirely, after he is dead.

WORLD MONETARY CHAOS

A Plea for International Discussion

BY PROFESSOR T. E. GREGORY

I

TO understand the present international monetary situation—which the recent devaluation of the Belgian franc, with its implied threat to the remaining countries of the “gold bloc” makes more complicated than ever—it is necessary to go back to the conditions prevailing before the collapse of the stock market boom in the United States in the autumn of 1929. At that time the greater part of the world was upon one form or other of the gold standard, and this circumstance in itself represented practically a decade of intensive co-operative effort in the field of monetary reform. For the end of the War was characterized by currency chaos: by 1919 there was scarcely a country, whether a belligerent state or not, which had not abandoned gold. Not only so, the existence of paper standards was accompanied by the use of the printing press over a large part of Europe as the instrument of budgetary policy: France, Central Europe, and Russia only too well appreciated the maxim that though a weak government cannot tax its subjects directly, it can easily tax them indirectly by means of inflation.

This state of affairs could not possibly continue. Inflation was practised on a scale so great as not only to threaten to make various currencies valueless, but to dissolve economic society itself. As a natural reaction, the first wish of Europeans became the possession of a money with a fixed international value, and in accordance with traditional teaching this money was thought of as only possible if linked with a metal, and this metal again could only be gold. The reform movement began with Austria, Germany, and Russia. It was followed by Great Britain, Scandinavia and Holland, and finally by France.

Each successive stabilization was accompanied by the grant of “stabilization-credits”, partly representing long-term loans floated on the great capital markets, partly representing short-term credits granted by groups of central banks (including the Federal Reserve Bank) to the central banks of the area directly concerned. Partly because of these loans themselves, partly because the restoration of “sound” currency conditions encouraged the feeling that the War was being finally liquidated and it was therefore safe to lend abroad, the period covered by these successive restorations of the gold standard was also a period of industrial and trade expansion. The principal direct beneficiaries of the lending operations of the capital markets were Central Europe, South America, and Australasia; but the indirect benefits from expansion were enjoyed by industry all over the world. The gold standard was popular because it was associated with recovery from the economic miseries of the chaotic period which had preceded it.

Every period of boom contains hidden the seeds of its own destruction, and the boom period of 1928–1929 was no exception. But this time there were further factors not previously present, to the same extent at any rate in some cases in the booms of the nineteenth century, and some which were quite unique. Central Bank leadership was divided owing to the rise of the Federal Reserve System. As the boom developed, the U.S.A. gradually diverted her attention to her internal market, and the long-term loans which it was no longer possible to float so easily in New York began to be replaced by short-term credits from one group of bankers to another, so that the continuance of expansion in borrowing countries rested on an essentially weak basis; whilst credit conditions in the lending countries could easily break down if—as the event proved to be the case—the theoretically short-term loans could not be repaid on demand.

These banking features of the boom did not *cause* the depression: they were elements of danger accentuating the difficulties of the situation once the boom threatened to come to an end. Inter-bank loans prolonged the boom, which rested on the one hand on the stimulus given to overseas areas by borrowing, and on the other, on the artificially high prices of certain raw materials due to the popularity of valorization and stabilization schemes and

on the high profits to be earned by exploiting the new "consumers' goods" industries—primarily the motor car, artificial silk, the radio—and by exploiting the shortages in housing and capital equipment left by the War. But the form which the closing stages of the boom took reacted disastrously upon the popularity of the gold standard itself. Gold flowed to America because the cessation of lending, coupled with the high level of interest rates and an extraordinary rate of appreciation on equity shares, as well as the continuance of Reparations and inter-Allied debt payments, left the U.S.A. a creditor on short-term account. These gold-flows naturally led to defensive measures on the part of the European central banks affected.

These facts are the basis of the allegation that the "gold standard" broke down because of "gold mal-distribution", though this charge was reinforced by a misunderstanding of the credit policies actually pursued by the Central Banks of France and the United States. At the same time the popularity of the gold standard was being undermined in another way. The professional economic world was at that time obsessed by the danger that the world price level would fall; in point of fact, despite the influence of the vast technological changes taking place, the monetary authorities, particularly in the U.S.A., were successful in preventing, before the 1929 collapse, any decided fall of prices. Nevertheless, the view that supplies of gold would one day be insufficient to prevent prices from falling was widely popularized and applied to a situation to which, in fact, it had no relevance—for was not the boom taking place?

Thus, even before the depression "gold mal-distribution" and "gold shortage" were slogans undermining the popularity of the gold standard, whilst the existence of the gold standard itself was imperilled by the technical form taken by international lending in the later stages. For short-term loans were capable, if withdrawn, of causing vast gold movements, and, if they were not paid, could undermine the "liquidity" of one centre after another.

II

The collapse of the gold standard began with the debtor states, in particular with the difficulties of Australia. From the stand-

point of a *single* debtor country, a depreciation of the external value of its currency is a means of meeting the intolerable difficulties of a depression—a circumstance which explains the chronic difficulties of South America in the nineteenth century. For, if a debtor state is to pay its debts during a depression, it must either be in a position to borrow afresh or sell a greater absolute amount of raw produce to enable it to meet a given amount of indebtedness. If it depreciates its currency it need not at once reduce the level of domestic money incomes—in terms of local currency. Though world prices of raw materials may be falling the return is maintained, and therefore local taxable capacity is maintained—and it is out of local incomes that the state debts must be met.

Whilst the difficulties of the debtor states might have been foreseen, nevertheless the world collapse of the gold standard must be associated with the British position and the special difficulties arising out of it. For in the case of Great Britain economic and financial factors were inextricably intertwined. The shifting nature of world demands was in any case working to the disadvantage of this country: the process of re-adaptation was made more difficult by rigidity of costs and by the choice of a relationship with gold which made sterling costs—in the absence of deflation of wage-levels—too high. The monetary authorities were driven to the expedient of checking the unfavourable tendency of the balance of payments by borrowing on short-term in order that long-term lending might simultaneously continue—or rather, it is better to say, perhaps, that all these various elements could be kept even in temporary equilibrium only so long as nothing happened to destroy international confidence in London. In the summer of 1931 that confidence was temporarily destroyed; short-term deposits were withdrawn in great volume, in such volume that—in spite of large borrowings in New York and Paris—the monetary authorities threw up the sponge. A new era in the world's currency history had opened.

III

Great Britain is the great market for a whole series of countries. A depreciation of her currency could not leave them

indifferent. Unless they followed suit, the income to be earned by exporting to Great Britain would fall in terms of local currency—in the absence, at any rate, of a marked rise of prices in Great Britain. Great Britain, again, is the centre to which Colonial (as distinct from Dominion) currencies are pegged; a departure from gold automatically involved India and East and West Africa, the West Indies being off gold also. Great Britain too, is a powerful competitor with other countries in overseas areas. Neither the countries interested in exports to Great Britain nor those competing with her could remain indifferent to the abandonment of gold by this country. Response was in fact almost immediate. Scandinavia, as the leading representative of the first group of countries, and Japan, as the leading representative of the second group of countries, had abandoned gold by the end of 1931.

The resulting situation was paradoxical. Great Britain lost some of the advantages which she might otherwise have gained as an exporter, but suffered less of the disadvantages which she might have experienced as an importer. Moreover, simultaneously with the abandonment of gold, Great Britain abandoned Free Trade. A falling currency in any case tends to check imports—and therefore in the absence of alternative markets (not easy to find in a period of world depression) comes a fall of prices in exporting areas. This tendency is naturally accentuated by tariffs and quotas. Thus, Great Britain's actions, however necessary in her own interest, set up a series of repercussions all over the world. First, a powerful pressure on exporters and competitors to follow her example; secondly, a pressure on world prices; thirdly, a tendency to protection elsewhere as a safeguard against the increased severity of competition, due to exports from Great Britain and other countries off gold now having the advantage of a lower price in terms of those currencies which had not depreciated to the same extent.

The international situation was greatly affected in another way by another aspect of British policy: the creation of the Exchange Equalization Fund. From the British standpoint, the object of the fund may be primarily conceived of as a means of preventing an undue appreciation of sterling as a consequence of the vast movements of funds which currency instability in

itself brings with it (*i.e.*, the so-called "flight" from a currency). In the eyes of foreigners it is easy to twist the purpose into something rather more sinister—an (unavowed) intention to depreciate sterling in order to steal a march on competitors.

Unfortunately, it was precisely this view of the purpose of the French which gained ground in the United States. When purely internal banking difficulties assailed that country in March, 1933, the opportunity was taken to abandon gold. A wild period of experimentation followed, during which it was hoped to force up the internal price level by raising the buying price of gold. Finally, in 1934, the dollar was devalued: it now contains only sixty per cent. of its old gold content. But the steady inflow of gold into the United States ever since, coupled with the fact that prices have not risen in proportion to dollar devaluation (any more than our own prices have corresponded closely to sterling depreciation), proves that the dollar is under-valued, and at its present level it constitutes a menace to the remaining gold standard countries. In any case, the President retains the power to reduce the gold content of the dollar by a further ten per cent. Any decided further fall of sterling would almost certainly drive him in that direction.

IV

What of the countries outside the dollar and the sterling group? Germany has attempted to meet the situation by means of drastic exchange control, combined with the sale at less than nominal gold equivalents of certain mark balances, representing "blocked" transactions of various kinds. France, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland and Italy—the "Western" members of the gold *bloc*—have tried to meet the pressure of the dollar and of sterling by means of a deflation of costs and in part by a stiffening of tariff policy. Their populations have (with the exception of the Dutch) suffered severe losses from the previous period of inflation. They are afraid of the psychological and political consequences (especially to be dreaded in France) of an open defeat. That all of these countries have interests which would benefit, at least in the short run, from devaluation is clear. Dutch shipping, Dutch rubber, tea, and coffee growers, Dutch tin producers; the French tourist and textile industries;

the Swiss hotel industry—all these would improve their competitive position.

In the case of Belgium, considerations such as these have already triumphed. The recent renewed fall of sterling, coupled with the new level of duties on iron and steel imports imposed by this country have led to a devaluation of the Belgian franc by nearly one-third. Belgium is now a more serious competitor than she was. But if other countries meet the Belgian challenge with an all-round increase in the duties on her goods, she gains nothing—it may of course force her to a further devaluation. If the rest of the world submits to increased Belgian competition, that means a further contraction of the advantage which we have hitherto derived from depreciation. If the rest of the “gold bloc” were to follow Belgium’s example, any ultimate all-round approach to equilibrium could only be attained at the expense of some of the advantages we have hitherto tried to retain for ourselves.

As it is, the situation is rapidly approaching the impossible: each country, as it goes off gold, sets up an exchange equalization fund to prevent too rapid an appreciation of its currency and to defeat the “machinations” of the others. In the end the absurd situation might easily be reached that the dollars sold by the American fund would be bought by the British (so that the American fund holds sterling), the Belgian fund would hold sterling and dollars, and the British and American funds sterling, dollars and francs. In fact the only reason why this absurd situation is not reached is that the dethroned monarch gold is more powerful than he ever was before: gold is hoarded not only by private individuals, but by these new-fangled “funds” as well.

V

The whole situation as it is at present is full of paradoxes. Currency devaluation has not resulted in a rise of prices anywhere equivalent to the fall in the external value of the currencies concerned. The world depression and the official “degradation” of gold have not prevented a boom in gold mining shares, and that for very good reasons. South African mining costs are no longer gold costs, but sterling costs. That means that the

increased sterling price of gold is no longer offset by a discount on sterling in South Africa. Apart from that, the fact that gold can still be sold at a fixed price to France and the United States means that every fall in the value of sterling in terms of these currencies raises the London price. Still more significantly, so alarmed are the public and the governments at the outlook, that they are buying gold at prices *above* the “parity” given by the London-Paris and London-New York exchange rates. Whilst the East is selling its immemorial hoards (needless to say, at a fine profit) at the rate of about a million pounds a week, the West is buying gold at an even faster rate. Even a year ago the Bank for International Settlements estimated the amount of gold hoarded as the equivalent of two and a-half years’ supply of new gold. Meanwhile, the supply of new gold itself is increasing. The output, which had fallen to 19,585 thousand fine ounces in 1929 had already risen to 24,920 thousand fine ounces in 1933.

To estimate the effect of all these factors is not difficult. If and when stabilization agreements are arrived at by the leading Powers, the “visible” supply of gold will be greatly increased in consequence of dishoarding. Further, no one proposes that stabilization should involve, nor is it even thought of in terms of, the old pre-depression ratio between gold and currency. Thus stabilization necessarily involves devaluation and a very considerable increase in the nominal value of the gold stocks of the world. The danger attendant on stabilization is thus not a shortage, but a superfluity of the basis of credit. For the time being, there is no gold shortage—on the contrary, it might be found that there is too much gold.

VI

Serious discussion of the problems of the future began at the ill-fated World Economic Conference of 1933. That conference was in fact wrecked by the inability of the government of the United States to assent even to a provisional stabilization agreement. The President pinned his faith to internal “reflation” rather than to external stabilization. This attitude is not, to be frank, substantially different from the official attitude of the British Treasury. Successive official statements in this country have always made it a prior condition of any return to the gold

standard on our part that prices should first have risen. But how are prices to rise? Even a mildly unbalanced Budget, accompanied by public works on a grotesque scale, seems to be unable to work the oracle in the United States. The truth is that currency uncertainty involves the continuance of an absence of international lending and a strangulation of international trade through the mechanism of tariff protection, tuned up to resist the snatching of particular short-run advantages of individual states.

In other words, the existing currency chaos is a *direct* cause of lack of confidence (as evidenced by gold hoarding), tariff barriers of a grotesque kind, the cessation of international trade, the failure of international investment to revive—and, as a social counterpart of all this, the maintenance in every industrial country of an appalling volume of unemployment. Particular countries may continue to benefit in the short run by depreciating their currencies: the general interest seems to me to demand that an end be put to the business of competitive exchange depreciation. Currency depreciation has *not* cured the world depression. Is not that a sufficient reason for thinking the whole problem through afresh?

VII

It would be idle to pretend that there are not immense technical difficulties in the way of stabilization. Every country is suspicious of every other. It will pay every country to fix its own future currency at a low ratio to gold, and insist upon every other country fixing a higher ratio—for that would mean a temporary advantage in the struggle for external markets. Every country, so long as it refuses to stabilize, retains in its hand the trump card of further depreciation in the future: over all of them, if they decide to stabilize, hangs the danger that with increasing rigidity of costs (due to “planning”, trade unionism, and the general lust for “security”) the next crisis will see them knocked off the gold standard perch again. From the narrower technical standpoint again, there is the danger that so long as the problem of international floating balances is not solved, a sudden withdrawal of funds from a given money market may wreck the

standard again, even though the level of costs and the position of the “balance of payments” does not involve any such catastrophic result.

What is there to do, it may be asked, under these circumstances, except to wait and see? Wait till the fog lifts and then act with a full knowledge of the surrounding country. Alas for analogies! If a mountaineering party is in danger of freezing to death while it waits for the fog to lift, prudence may dictate action which, though not free from risk absolutely considered, is yet less risky than the alternative policy.

No sane supporter of the policy of stabilization at this stage asks for “definite” action. What he does ask for is the inauguration of international discussion: for a consideration of these problems from a world standpoint rather than from the standpoint of individual interests and countries. He asks that these international discussions should result in the fixing of provisional rates of exchange coupled with the right to vary these rates *by consent*. He asks also that statesmen should recognize that for all practical purposes the price level of 1929 is just as remote as the price level of 1913 was in 1919, and that action should not be postponed in the hope that somehow and somewhere the world price level will be restored to what it was six years ago. It is not restoring the price-level that will save the world: what is required is confidence, the revival of international trade, and the re-employment of the population. When these things have taken place, prices will probably rise of themselves. Even if they do not, that would not be disastrous. What is absolutely fatal is a continuance of the present policy of drift.

MR. ELLIOT'S BEEF PROBLEM

BY L. F. EASTERBROOK

OF all the farm products which the Minister of Agriculture has tried to control, none has proved more unruly than beef. In spite of "gentlemen's agreements" at Ottawa, "cuts" in Argentine supplies, and tariffs and prohibition for Irish Free State supplies, the price of prime quality beef has moved steadily downwards until now it is about 36s. per live hundredweight. The fall since the beef subsidy was introduced last July is almost equal to the amount of the subsidy, namely, 5s. per live hundredweight, and fat cattle today are only 88 per cent. of the price before the War, when production costs were considerably less. Beef, with the subsidy, is no more than paying the cost of producing it, and many skilled feeders would say they are losing about £3 on every beast they sell. In 1930 the average price was 46s. 2d. per live hundredweight.

The matter is an important one, because the value of our beef production is about £27,000,000 yearly; it is the next most important branch of agriculture to dairying. A large amount of agricultural capital is sunk in it, and for three years now it has been slowly dwindling away, so that, if revival in prices does come, there will soon be many who are not in a position to take advantage of it, and their experience will become a lost asset to the industry.

But beef has far wider implications than this. Although it is true that agriculture is a collection of industries, yet most of them are interwoven. Unprofitable beef has been driving more and more men into dairy farming. The firm ground on which beef once stood is subsiding in a sea of milk, and the immediate result has been to add about 10 million surplus gallons of milk every month to the Milk Board's problems, so that the milk producer is beginning to slip also from the secure perch on which his Marketing Board had placed him. Last summer I met the

gent of a West Midlands estate where the farms used to produce much beef. He told me the estate was spending £5,000 in the coming autumn in turning the beef farms into dairy farms. 'Heaven knows where the money is coming from', he said, 'but the truth is we can't afford not to do it. It is our only hope of letting the farms'. That is happening all the way down the western side of England.

Low beef prices are also making it difficult for the East Anglian corn-grower, who grows roots for yard-fed cattle in winter, to adjust his farm economy to avoid the loss on this expensive method of beef production. He must grow roots or sugar beet as part of his arable rotation, and he needs cattle to eat the roots or the sugar beet tops. If sugar beet came to an end, as there is a chance of its doing, the East Anglian arable farmers would be driven back upon growing roots at a heavy cost for beef cattle that are produced at a loss as well. Low beef prices mean low prices for "store" (*i.e.* unfattened) cattle, and so the South Western farmers are giving up the butter-making that gave them a by-product for calf-rearing, and they, too, are entering the liquid milk market.

There is, it will be seen, considerable truth in the dictum that beef is the keystone of farming. So the problem of beef must be solved. But why has it defied every attempt of so resolute a man as Mr. Walter Elliot to bring it to hand? It is not really so very surprising when the situation is examined closely.

In the first place, the net effect of all our attempts to reduce imports of beef has worked out at almost precisely nothing. The Minister himself has lately stated that the net decrease of all beef imports was only 150,000 cwt. New Zealand celebrated the "gentlemen's agreement" at Ottawa (under which it was understood that supplies should not be increased) by immediately increasing her export of frozen beef to us by 266,750 cwt., or over 60 per cent. Between 1932 and 1934 Australian frozen beef exports to us rose from 814,362 cwt. to 1,323,061 cwt., and total supplies of frozen beef rose from 1,451,849 cwt. in 1932 to 2,168,769 in 1934. It is a startling fact that between 1929 and 1934 Dominion exports of frozen beef to this country have approximately doubled, while the price has been approximately halved. These are the figures :

1929.						Quantities	Value
						cwt.	£
Australia	..	..	..	..	..	926,569	2,114,268
New Zealand	..	..	..	..	..	125,271	298,093
Other British Countries	..	..	..	..	..	—	—
						1,051,840	2,412,361
1934.							
Australia	..	..	..	..	..	1,323,061	£1,660,948
New Zealand	..	..	..	..	..	697,259	824,770
Other British Countries	..	..	..	..	..	4,848	5,560
						2,025,168	£2,491,278

This great increase in the cheapest quality beef at continually falling prices could not fail to affect the price of better quality beef also, and the quantity of beef imported since pre-war days has increased in greater proportion than the population. According to the Reorganization Commission's report, total meat supplies increased by 17 per cent. between 1909-13 and 1927-31, whereas the population increased only by about 8.9 per cent. in the same period. Beef has been the variety of meat that has suffered in the process, and it is interesting to note how closely prices have followed the downward trend in consumption, according to the following table quoted from the Commission's report :

		Total Supply.	Consumption.	Price per cwt.	
		Million cwt.	lb. per head	s.	d.
1928		26.9	67-68	48	1
1930		26.2	66-67	46	2
1932		24.4	60-61	39	1

Why are we eating less beef? It is a question to which there are many answers. Some believe there is a beef and mutton cycle, in which, for a number of years, mutton will be more popular than beef, and then beef will return to favour again. There seems no reason whatever for this, but it may be so. Others consider that the tendency of modern diet towards lighter foods is responsible, and mutton is less ponderous than beef. This seems more likely. Then there is the familiar fact of the harmful effect of motoring and other open-air pursuits upon the

Sunday joint. The time-honoured ritual of the family sirloin, consumed after Church, has given place in many households to a scrambled breakfast and a picnic luncheon on sandwiches or something out of a tin.

But in addition to this there is surely another influence that has depressed the price and lowered the consumption of beef, particularly English beef; and because it is more within our control than many of the other causes that have been mentioned, it is not a very popular thing to record. It is the high proportion of cow beef that is placed upon the English market. The report of the Economic Advisory Council on the Slaughtering of Live-stock (1933) revealed the alarming fact that quite 30 per cent. of our home supplies are made up of low-grade cow and bull beef, chiefly the "throw-outs" of the dairying industry. With dairy farming so much on the increase and high-class beef production so unattractive, it is naturally the tendency for this type of beef to increase, and it is thrown on to the market in an entirely unregulated manner and with nothing to distinguish it from the best maiden heifer beef finished in Aberdeen. It is easy to imagine the rage of the housewife who has paid a substantial premium for a nice piece of English beef for Sunday, only to find she has acquired part of the carcase of an elderly cow grown tough as leather with long service in the dairy.

But it is not only the irresponsible producer and the expanding dairying industry that are to blame for so much bad English beef. Our white elephants of municipal abattoirs and our absurd collection of 16,000 privately owned slaughterhouses are far more guilty than most people imagine. For the municipal abattoirs are, in practice, no more than a common roof over a muddle of private slaughtering pens. Individual butchers use these pens often to kill only a bullock or two or three sheep. Some days of the week are more popular than others, and so there are periods when the abattoir staff are working overtime, but other periods when they have nothing to do. Sometimes the cattle are flayed by experts, sometimes the inexperienced spoil the hides; some dress the carcase in one way, some in another; some do this well, others badly. By-products, of course, are thrown away, for it is impossible to collect and use them on such a small scale. The result of all this is a costly and inefficient

service for processing meat, which fails to give a uniform product to compete with the unvarying quality of imported chilled beef. There is not a single establishment in this country that could be termed a "meat factory".

But perhaps the worst feature of this system is the lack of facilities, in many instances, for hanging the meat. The best heifer will be tough if it is consumed within a day or two of slaughter, and the home farmer is continually being blamed for this failure on the part of the butcher to hang the meat long enough before it is eaten. Last year I found a firm in East Anglia who specialize in selling steaks in their restaurants. For long they sold imported beef, then they tried English. Immediately they were deluged with complaints from their clients. So they installed their own conditioning plant (which really meant that they provided themselves with facilities for hanging meat) and the complaints stopped at once. They consider now that they are selling better meat than they have ever sold. Yet the opponents of central slaughter have the effrontery to say that it will rob English beef of its superiority over imported, that by being hung for a time in cooling chambers it will become like chilled beef! The chilling and hanging processes are quite different, and are carried out at different temperatures.

Let us summarize the causes that have depressed beef prices. They are: (1) increasing imports of all meat and a large increase in cheap frozen beef, which must affect the prices of both chilled and home-killed beef; (2) falling consumption of beef; (3) too much low-grade English beef, partly the result of the expansion in dairy farming; (4) an inefficient abattoir system.

How are these things to be remedied?

As regards imports, we have tried to deal with the situation by quantitative regulation. It is said to have failed, but the truth is it has never been given a fair trial, as the increased importations of frozen beef indicate. In the case of mutton and lamb, where the regulation has been observed, it has not failed, and there have been no complaints from our sheep farmers, while New Zealand flockmasters have received £1,000,000 more in 1934 for 9,000 tons less than they sent us in 1933. Similar action with bacon has stabilized the price of bacon pigs at a figure that leaves a modest margin for profit, yet last year gave the consumer

cheaper bacon than in 1930, the last normal year of Free Trade.

The difficulty of the Dominions is that they are anxious to expand their meat production rather than decrease it, and it is a difficulty with which we should have every sympathy, especially now that science is making it possible to send chilled meat as well as frozen from the farthest corners of the earth. Restriction of activity in the Dominions means a blocking of the channels of emigration from the home country and so adds to our unemployment problem. It should be remembered that Great Britain has virtually become the only market for exported meat. But the fact remains that an increase of production in the Dominions can now only be absorbed in two ways: (a) by displacing meat we now produce at home or import from other countries, or (b) by becoming so much cheaper in price that consumption increases. As regards (a), we are naturally not anxious to see the falling proportion of our supplies to our own market fall any further, nor should we be much better off economically in the end if we put an Argentine customer out of a job in order to give it to an extra man we may send out to Australia.

We shall also not arrive at any very satisfactory conclusions by adding up our exports from and imports to the Argentine, striking the balance and saying that trade with her does or does not pay us. For so much international trade is triangular or even quadrilateral. Even in the United States, that citadel of high protection, this is now realized, and their Department of Agriculture have issued a memorandum that states that it might well pay the United States to make tariff concessions to England, for example, in return for concessions made by England to the Argentine to enable South America to buy U.S.A. exports.

So far as (b) is concerned, already it might be shown that Dominion producers are worse off with a greater volume of exports to Britain and better off with a smaller volume. In 1928, for instance, New Zealand shipped us 140,000 tons of mutton and lamb valued at £10,659,000. In 1933 she shipped us 187,000 tons valued at only £9,050,000. In the same period her butter shipments more than doubled, while the price was halved. This expansion of the volume of production has not been attended by increasing prosperity. On the contrary, the

Dominion producers of beef and dairy products are at their wits' ends. They are unable to pay interest on the money borrowed to carry on their industry, they are working longer hours for less money, and their capacity to buy imported goods has decreased.

Now, however, a new method has been suggested by the Government for helping the home beef producer. Encouraged by the success and popularity with farmers of the Wheat Scheme (it would be strange if it were not popular, since it guarantees double the world price of wheat), it is proposed to try something similar with meat. Supplies would be unrestricted, but a levy on all imports of meat would be imposed to raise a fund to subsidize the home beef industry. Foreign suppliers would pay 1d. per lb., Empire suppliers $\frac{1}{2}$ d. Levied on beef alone, the fund so raised would be just sufficient to pay the present subsidy of 5s. per live hundredweight or 9s. 4d. per hundredweight deadweight. But if, as a result of releasing all restrictions on quantities supplied, the price of beef cattle fell even lower, it might become necessary to gamble on mutton and lamb prices remaining steady and extend the levy to all meat, which would provide enough to increase the beef subsidy by about fifty per cent. The position at the moment of writing is that Australia and New Zealand are prepared to accept the principle, provided that quantitative restriction remains upon Argentine supplies, but South Africa has indicated that her acceptance would be conditional upon regulation to raise wholesale prices. But the restriction of Argentine supplies in addition to double the levy on Argentine meat would mean giving the Dominions a double preference, which is unlikely to be practical politics, and some of the Australian flockmasters are already beginning to question the advisability, from their own point of view, of abandoning all quantitative control, especially if it means giving back to the Argentine the thirty per cent. "cuts" in meat supplies she suffered after Ottawa.

It is by no means impossible that, in the end, the Argentine may be found to be the only country overseas in favour of the levy without restriction of quantity. How the scheme would work must remain a matter of conjecture until we try it. In many respects beef is in no way comparable with wheat, par-

ticularly in that home-produced wheat represents but a small proportion of our total consumption, whereas we produce nearly half our beef. More money is therefore required to subsidize a home beef price. Also wheat, for practical purposes, is of only two qualities—millable and unmillable—but beef is of many grades, and grading with accuracy on the hoof is barely possible. The levy-subsidy method also implies a guaranteed home price. These guaranteed prices have a way of coming to be regarded as minimum prices for all time to which the producer has a right.

But the experiment is an interesting one, and it is quite a new departure for this country for a duty to be earmarked for a special purpose. Yet much of the success of this new levy-subsidy method would depend upon overseas producers arranging for themselves some regulation of their exports to us. Otherwise there might be a scramble for the market, which would spell disaster in the end for everyone concerned. The advantage of leaving to the overseas suppliers the invidious task of regulating the quantities of beef they send us has much to recommend it. One can only hope that the beef exporting countries would display a sanity in this respect that has so far not been very evident in the case of other food commodities.

The second cause of depressed beef prices, namely, lower consumption, is more difficult to deal with. The popular remedy is advertising. But already we are being exhorted to eat more bread, fruit, fish, and potatoes, to drink more milk and beer, and there is a limit to the capacity of the public's purse and the human stomach. We certainly might do much to proclaim the higher intrinsic value of fresh beef, and we come back to the fact that a revival in international trade would give more people the means to buy beef as an addition to bread and cheese.

But a large part of the answer to increasing consumption lies in the answer to the third cause—too much low-grade beef. At present we have the National Mark method for distinguishing our good quality home-killed beef, and it has been successful so far as it goes. But it only deals with a fraction of our output. We mark frozen beef and we mark chilled beef (a free advertisement for this excellent article, for which Argentine producers are no doubt very grateful), and we mark a little of our best beef. The only beef that has no mark at all is our cow and bull beef

and our better quality beef that is not National Mark. This is an intolerable situation. The interests of both consumers and producers coincide in the necessity for enabling low-grade English beef to be distinguished from the high-quality product of our best feeders. The trouble is that it is exceedingly difficult to grade on the hoof, and our 16,000 slaughterhouses make it almost impossible to organize the grading and marking of all beef after slaughter.

In any case the housewife is given no means of distinguishing by any mark cow beef from prime Scotch beef not sold under the National Mark. The broad necessity is that first and second quality English and Scottish beef should be distinguishable at the place where the consumer buys it. If the difficulties of grading on the hoof are so great that this is impossible, then there is no alternative but to set about establishing meat factories and central slaughtering at once and to insist that (1) no beef be eligible for any subsidy unless it be of first or second quality, and (2) all home-killed beef must bear a grade mark or be sold under the name "Ungraded".

Point 3 in our Catalogue of depressing influences upon beef prices has involved us, it will be seen, in Point 4: our inefficient slaughtering system. Both the Reorganization Commission and the De La Warr Committee on the Slaughtering of Livestock have reported strongly in favour of centralized slaughter, and although it is neither likely nor desirable that central abattoirs should entirely supersede the auction mart, yet few disinterested people could doubt that the beef industry would be immensely better off if many of the small private abattoirs were closed and meat factories erected in place of the municipal white elephants.

If we find that the change over to central slaughter is an inevitable necessity, money will be required for compensating private slaughterhouses closed down. Many of the 16,000 licensed are very little used, and compensation in such cases need only be nominal. But in some instances closure would entail real loss to their owners. It is here that part of the money from a levy on imports would be useful, and it would be both in the producers' and consumers' interests that it should thus be applied to improving our equipment for producing good quality beef. It is possible also that it would pay the beef industry to

subsidize, from the levy fund, the processing of cow beef in cooked or canned form. But it would naturally be best if the market were embarrassed as little as possible with cow beef, and that is where the breeders and feeders need to come more closely together and understand better each other's needs.

The fact that milk has paid and beef has not has been a strong factor in undermining the whole "dual purpose" theory, by which certain breeds are supposed to be suitable for producing both milk and beef progeny. The better demand of the dairying industry has influenced dual purpose breeders to think too much of milk and too little of beef. Good dairy cows are being served by second-rate bulls, and their progeny are being sent from the dairying areas into the store-raising areas, to be returned later to the pasture areas for fattening. This is not the way to produce good beef cattle, and there is a growing section of agricultural opinion which believes that the dual purpose theory is retarding progress in both dairying and beef production.

To summarize these reflections on possible remedies for falling beef prices, the imports question might be dealt with by quantitative regulation of supplies—which has not failed where it has been properly applied—or it might be dealt with by the levy-subsidy method, by which a modest levy on imported meat would be used to subsidize the home industry. Or we might have a mixture of both—a levy used for subsidizing, improving, and developing the home industry and regulation of maximum quantity to make sure that the home market will not be swamped with unexpectedly large imports. This regulation might be reconsidered and re-applied, say, every twelve months.

The best way to arrest the fall in consumption of beef is to encourage a revival in international trade and so to give people more money with which to buy it (which implies, of course, that increasing the price of beef unduly would not be a remedy but another depressing factor upon beef consumption); also to offer the public a higher quality home-produced article, distinguishable by the consumer from cow beef. Cattle breeders can help in this by breeding more specifically either for beef or milk and by closer co-operation with the cattle feeders. We need a better and more uniform product from our abattoirs, and their centralization seems both inevitable and desirable.

IMAGINATION IN ARCHÆOLOGY

BY STANLEY CASSON

IN a recent review of an archæological book I read the strange criticism of the author that "it is perhaps too much to ask of a professional archæologist that his record of the past should be illuminated by imaginative perception". The author of that book should be as pleased as he should be piqued. For restraint in the use of the imagination in archæological research is just as important as a proper application of it. After all, imagination must always be the mainspring of sound interpretation; indeed, without it a scholar or a researcher in any branch of art, science, or literature may as well resign himself to being a maker of card-indexes or a plain bibliographer or tabulator of records.

But what the reviewer of that book meant, I think, is that the writer was constitutionally incapable of applying his imagination to any archæological topic, and that he was afraid to plunge into that glorious world of conjecture and generalization which is the playground of all who come fresh and enthusiastic to the study of archæology, as well as of some who are old enough and should be learned enough to know better. Such use of the imagination is hardly above the level of guesswork, and guesswork is a weapon safe only in the hands of those few rare minds who can venture guesses on a basis of a lifetime of research. Yet guesswork, after all, lies at the back of every kind of inductive science. Guesswork enabled Newton to tell why the apple fell downwards and to explain what caused it to fall; guesswork enabled Stephenson to tell what would happen to a piston when steam was conveyed into the cylinder; guesswork was the means by which Sir Arthur Evans knew that the site called Cnossos would contain the history of several thousand years of the prehistory of Greece, and the means by which Howard Carter ultimately hit upon the entrance to the tomb of Tutankhamen. Guesswork, behind which is a long and patient

history of study, research, and comparison, is the conclusion of a process, not its inception, and guesswork becomes as illicit as it becomes improper when the guesser is not so equipped or when the hypothesis on which his guesswork is based is not founded on a proper knowledge and arrangement of the facts.

Now it is guesswork of this second order that delights the audience most, for by gloriously disregarding the facts the most magnificent guesses of all can be made, and it is always the most magnificent guesses which most delight the public. The little humble guesses that work slowly to a great final conclusion are dull and tedious; they exhibit the machinery of sober thought too clearly—and internal mechanisms revealed to the public gaze are always disconcerting. "Bairns should not see things half done" is a sound maxim, and so the bairns clamour for something grand and great and swift and simple. All the world loves simplification, whether in the form of Herr Hitler and his *Gleichschaltung* or in the thesis that the British Empire has come down to us in direct descent from the Lost Ten Tribes. In recent years the tendency to Unify has become almost one of the scourges of Egypt; it is the power behind the throne of a dozen dictators and a hundred politicians. For it makes this various and composite world into a neat pattern which simple minds can appreciate, and it gallantly ignores a thousand difficulties and suppresses a myriad of variations from the normal. In effect it is really a subject for theology rather than for political economy or sociology; least of all is it the mainspring of archæology. The kaleidoscope of archæological research contains a thousand different fragments of coloured glass, but only very rarely will they move themselves into convenient or beautiful patterns. For archæology is a youthful study, half a century old, and, fortunately for itself, it has not yet learned how to arrange its material so as to produce startling results. It still has to plod along the early stages of a homely career, and the more it finds out the less easy it discovers it to be to say blithely, "All A is B" or "No As are ever Bs".

The archæologist is told in particular that the study of Prehistory has now advanced so far and prospered so exceedingly that it is clamouring for the "interpretative powers of the prehistorian". That, of course, is the trouble. The archæologist

is always being asked for a sign before he has barely laid down his tools and washed his hands of the dust and grime of excavation. Those who answer the clamour live to regret it. Only a few weeks ago the front pages of our most respected journals were enlivened with news of the discovery of a fossil "Pygmy Man, 15 inches high", together with his fossil walking-stick and a fossil cow of similar dimensions. One eminent expert, asked urgently for information by an evening paper, stated with ponderous wisdom that "such a fossil would be that of the smallest example of *Homo Sapiens* yet discovered". That, I fear, was a hypothesis based on facts which were not only dubious but distinctly ephemeral, for two days later the whole affair was announced as a hoax. The eminent authority would have been better advised to reply briefly with the word "balderdash" to all requests as to the nature of this discovery. But there must have been many sore hearts among the amateur enthusiasts for anthropology and archæology when they learned that some ingenious Indian villager had invented the whole story for "good luck". For the uncritical lack that sense of humour which serves as a sound defence against nonsense. Yet I have no doubt that those who derided the affair from its start must have laid themselves open to the charge of "lacking imaginative perception".

The trouble with sound archæological research is that the researchers are not allowed to confine their energy solely to the pursuit of knowledge according to their own properly organized methods. They have to divert an enormous amount of spare time and energy to dispelling the clouds of ignorance and obscurity which the winds of irresponsible speculation drive upon them. No sooner is one baseless theory scotched than another takes its place, and the sound archæologist is compelled to devote much care and trouble to disposing of the fabrications made by others out of his evidence. Nothing can be more galling than to find the results of one's own patient excavations utilized by some wild theorist to support views which seem hardly even to bear the scrutiny of elementary logic, let alone showing any true connection with the original facts. A notable tragedy of this kind is seen in the astonishing farrago of fantastic speculation which has been built up around those very solid

acts—the Egyptian pyramids. In the middle of last century a book was published called *Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid*, by Piazzzi Smyth. It sought to show how all Biblical prophecy or all time was somehow enshrined in the measurements and dimensions of the Great Pyramid. Whatever other purposes it served, the book at least stimulated interest in these monuments and led Sir Flinders Petrie to embark on the first of his great contributions to Egyptology, a survey of the Pyramids, accurately and scientifically carried out. The results showed that the actual dimensions were not those required for the theory of Smyth. In Sir Flinders Petrie's own words,* "All theorizing about the lays of the year being represented (in the dimensions) was entirely erroneous. . . . The theories as to the size of the pyramid are thus proved entirely impossible, and this is confirmed by later details of survey made by the Egyptian Government. The fantastic theories are, however, still poured out, and the theorists still assert that the facts correspond to their requirements. It is useless to state the real truth of the matter, as it has no effect on those who are subject to this type of hallucination. They can be left with the flat-earth believers and other such people to whom a theory is dearer than a fact". And there is a further stage to which such theorists will go when pressed; Petrie tells us how one of the "theorists" who was working on the Pyramid while Petrie was carrying out his survey, found that his measurements did not conform as he had wished to his theory, so he "filed down the granite boss in the antechamber to the size required for the theory". For that is the inevitable *eductio ad absurdum* of those who find facts disagreeing with their hypotheses. And yet in these days, when "unification" has become a popular pastime, the Pyramid theorists still thrive and prosper. The discovery that the past can reveal the future must naturally be as comforting as it is intriguing, and the added consolation that All is One is, and always has been, a satisfaction to untrained minds. But the only connection which the theories of the Pyramidists have to the pyramids is that the theories themselves are like inverted pyramids—they are vast structures of unsupported hypothesis marvellously balanced on an apex which just touches the facts of archæology at one infinitesimal

* *Seventy Years in Archæology*, p. 34 (1932).

point! That such views can still be current suggests that, mentally, we have not emerged from the Palæolithic age.

Time and time again the archæologist has to abandon his more profitable labours to clear away the encumbrances which litter his path. Today it may be one thing, tomorrow another. The Hydra of imaginative theorizing raises a new head. Take the case of the Phœnicians. Never was a people to whom so many achievements have been given. Not merely were they a Semitic people trading quietly in the Orient, famed for their fine seamanship and their skill at trade, they have been hailed as the forefathers of Greek culture, as the immediate heirs of the Minoans and Mycenæans and, last but not least, as the only foreign traders who ever reached our shores and brought to Britain some mysterious gift of culture and advancement. But what are the true facts?

For Phœnician enterprise in the Mediterranean on any scale which took them away from their own immediate shores there is no evidence of a date earlier than 850 B.C., and that is perhaps too early. There is no single Phœnician object in Greece of Phœnician workmanship which is earlier than the eighth century. Consequently from the fall of the Mycenæan world in 1150 B.C. to that time, whatever ships there were in the Mediterranean must have been manned by other folk. Nor can it be possible for them even to have known the Ægean while the Minoans and Mycenæans ruled the seas. In consequence the learned and attractive theories elaborated a generation ago by M. Victor Bérard, to explain how the Homeric Greeks were following in the footsteps of Phœnicians who had sailed the Ægean for many centuries, must all pass into the limbo of disproved hypotheses.

So, too, with the Phœnicians who visited Britain. How often do we not dream of those strange dusky men who beached their ships at the Lizard or in Mounts Bay and bartered with the woad-painted Britons for tin? There is just a chance that a ship did actually reach our shores from Carthage on very rare occasions. The famous passage of the historian, Strabo, tells how Roman sailors shadowed a Phœnician ship and followed it on its way to the Tin Islands, the Cassiterides; the Phœnician captain, rather than give away his secret voyage, ran his ship

deliberately on a shoal. That, substantially, is exactly all we have to suggest Phœnician trade with Britain. Not one single object of Phœnician manufacture has ever been found in the soil of Britain. And yet immense volumes have been written and endless time wasted in showing how this, that, or the other place-name in Southern England is of pure Phœnician origin; how this, that, or the other local cult or custom is derived from the worship of Baal or connected with the fires of Moloch. In fact, we have no archæological evidence at all, and only a scrap of literature to support the view. On the other hand, we do know for certain that a Greek captain called Pytheas, circumnavigated Britain in the fourth century B.C., and sailed from Land's End round Scotland via the North Sea back to Land's End and so to Marseilles again. Of that most famous of voyages literature is full. And archæologically there are some few scraps of evidence that suggest Greek trade with Britain. But the "Mirage Oriental" has long held us in its grip, and because the Phœnicians by race and origin connected Britain with Biblical studies, they obtained a kudos which they in no way deserved. As long ago as 1896 Sir Arthur Evans launched his attack on the Phœnician heresy in the Ægean. The theory is virtually scotched, and the Phœnicians have lost their supremacy both in the imaginative history of Britain and in that of Greece. But it has taken nearly half a century to dislodge them.

It is often the wilder theories that provoke the most trouble. "Mummy Wheat" is a fine journalistic draw. It would seem that the claims of these miraculous grains were finally exploded only in 1934 by conclusive experiments. But I have no doubt at all that there are still hundreds of people who shake their heads wisely and say: "Ah! you never know."

Druids are, of course, a very ancient dish. There is no stone circle and no dolmen or menhir in Britain which is not widely thought to be Druidical, and yet even the theories about Druids are no older than the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The chief protagonist for a Druidic interpretation of megalithic monuments was William Stukely, who may well be considered as the founder of field archæology. His actual field work, carried out in the early eighteenth century, is admirable, and without his plans of Avebury and Stonehenge we should be much more

ignorant about those monuments than, in fact, we are. But he lived in a theological age when orthodox believers had to combat Deists and Sceptics. His religious nature soon led him to produce a theory to explain the very accurate facts that he recorded, and he decided that the religion of the Druids foreshadowed not only Christianity as a whole, but the doctrine of the Trinity in particular. With this weapon he set forth to do battle with what he called "this age of epidemical infidelity".* But of Druids, in fact, all we know for certain is that they were the priests of the early Britons in the time of the Greeks of the Hellenistic age and of the Romans. Above all, they were the priests of the Britons of the Iron Age, of Britons who had not arrived in Britain much before 300 B.C. And since we know for certain that the megalithic monuments of Britain mostly fall into the period 2000-1500 B.C., whatever priests there were in those remote times bore no relation at all to the Druids of whom we get such full accounts in the works of late Roman and Greek authors. Consequently those enthusiastic performers of "Druidic" ceremonies who march in procession round ancient stone circles in Cornwall and Wales are carrying out rites (mostly of their own invention) at places where we can be quite certain the real Druids of antiquity never performed at all, for in the Early Iron Age in Britain almost all the stone circles were forgotten and unrecognized monuments! There is just a possibility that Stonehenge itself, by virtue of its obvious sanctity, was taken over into the Druidic cult, but for whatever purpose it was originally built we can be quite certain that it was built neither by nor for Druids.

So it is clear that there has been plenty of "imaginative interpretation" of our own prehistory; and it has taken a generation to clear most of it away. The clearance has hardly been completed yet.

But there is, after all, a solid background of complaint against those archæologists who never let the light of imagination play on their work. Imagination there must be, and guesswork, or their work will be sterile. Indeed, the older generation of British archæologists failed mostly by the misuse of imagination. It is the things they never imagined that are now the imaginative

* See *Antiquity*, March, 1935, p. 30.

additions of the modern workers. Piece by piece the map of prehistoric Britain has been reconstructed by a lively use of all sources of information. Geology, literary, and historical record and excavation have combined to show us a Britain where passage and traffic was confined to downland and ridgeway. We know where man could and could not pass, and so we can trace the movements of invaders and natives accurately. The maps compiled by the ordnance survey of prehistoric Britain and Roman Britain rank among the finest and most accurate information produced by any body of research workers in the world. Here is a vast store of knowledge and research comprised on one sheet of fine cartography. Here is definite knowledge at last. A recently founded branch of speculative research of essentially amateur origin proposed the theory that the trackways of prehistoric man could be traced along very straight lines across wide stretches of countryside. The trackways were to be identified by the mounds and "leys" and sighting points of primitive surveyors. But, alas, the reconstructed maps of prehistoric Britain produced by the ordnance survey show that many, if not most of these supposititious tracks would have had to pass through land which then was as impossible of transit and as dangerous as a Brazilian jungle. And prehistoric man just did not pass through jungles if he could keep to downs and hills.

The imagination that went to the construction of those fine maps is the true archæological imagination. The association of apparently unrelated scraps of evidence into an organic whole is precisely the proper field for sound speculation. Yet even in this legitimate field the wisest can make mistakes. One of the most interesting of all recent imaginative studies belongs to a group of researchers whose mainspring is another of these popular and recent developments towards unification. What is called the "Diffusionist" school of thought in archæological speculation represents a very real attempt to solve difficult problems.

"Diffusionism" in recent research is a bold and wide attempt to bring unity into a mass of material which at present defies orderly arrangement. The occurrence of megalithic monuments such as dolmens and stone circles, not only in Britain but in

most of Western Europe, in the Baltic, in Bulgaria, in Sardinia and Italy, in the Caucasus and finally in India and in Japan, is one instance of a problem that seems to defy solution. It raises the question of the very origin of civilization itself. The answer is provided by the "Diffusionists" by the attribution to Egypt of this origin of civilization, thus providing an explanation of many secondary problems such as that of the megalithic monuments. In effect this is a properly stated and controlled reissue of the purely fantastic interpretation of the Pyramids in terms of Biblical prophecy. At any rate it provides the same sense of gratification and comes as manna both to those who crave a unification of as much as possible in the world, and to those who feel that *somehow* Egypt must be at the bottom of everything; a feeling, after all, as old as Herodotus! The fascination of Egypt is a factor which is purely psychological; it is comparable to the fascination of the Phœnicians which in a previous generation put a spell on researchers. It must be taken into account as an element in the theory in question. In the Middle Ages there were other spells and similar fascinations: then it was Virgil and Troy, and so Brutus of Troy was made the first king of Britain! Today it is Egypt who gave us our dolmens and menhirs and all the complex culture of our Bronze Age.

So in this diffusionist explanation of the origin of civilization we must discount the particular prejudice in favour of Egypt. Allowing for this we can examine the theory on its merits. As an anthropological theory it is perhaps the widest and most comprehensive ever propounded, for it covers the entire habitable globe. It postulates the diffusion of culture and knowledge from the starting point of the valley of the Nile to Western and Northern Europe, to Western and Central Asia, to India and to Ceylon via Madagascar, from India to Indonesia and Indo-China, and so to the Melanesian Islands and so:

"At the commencement of the Christian era Polynesian sailors distributed some of the elements of this ancient civilization, which in its long journey had suffered much from decay and degradation, to the far-flung isles of the Pacific Ocean and to Central America and Peru, where it took on for a time a new and luxuriant growth and assumed strangely exotic forms."*

No lack of imagination here; indeed this is a cogent and well thought-out theory. The "Children of the Sun" purveyed

* G. Elliot Smith: *The Ancient Egyptians*, p. 200 (1923).

or conveyed throughout the habitable globe the essentials of civilization. Diffusion of ideas must not be confused with diffusion of race. All that is suggested is that Egypt, by her fertility of invention, and by the priority accorded to her in all the essential inventions of a civilized life, spread those inventions around the earth.

But the theory rests on presuppositions, and those presuppositions are dependent upon facts. Further, the theory assumes that mankind can never make the same invention twice or in two places simultaneously. Indeed, it makes many disputable claims.

I suppose that, in the long run, all men are psychologically divided into two main classes: those who believe that man is essentially imitative and those who believe that he is essentially inventive and individual. The former have to admit that it is improbable that man will ever make a striking invention or discovery twice; the latter that man's resource is infinite.

There are, of course, many notable examples of the diffusion of knowledge. The growing and smoking of tobacco, a remarkable enough habit when you consider it dispassionately, spread from America to Europe and so slowly to Turkey and the East, and so the circle was completed round the globe. But tobacco-smoking is an unusual and exceptional custom. It is improbable that it would be thought of twice. But smoking has been invented at various ages and places. It is the use of tobacco that is the unusual thing. So with coffee and tea and other commodities the use of which is complicated and difficult. But the elements of civilization are all too simple, and the occurrence of domesticated animals at various places and periods, the habits that arise from the solution of urgent domestic problems are much the same wherever man tackles his daily problems. The chimpanzee, when given a certain problem to solve, such as the grasping of a bunch of bananas placed just outside his reach, invariably tries to solve his problem in one or two simple ways. His mind reacts along the same channels, and if the results are strangely similar in all experiments, we know for certain that we cannot presume the diffusion of ideas among a number of chimpanzees who are severally incarcerated in separate cages in various zoological institutes. So it was, too, during

the War. I was immensely struck by the fact that two opposing armies, facing identical conditions, but rigidly and deliberately segregated from all possible diffusion of ideas, solved their problems with a similarity which suggested that the mechanism of the human mind runs along very well-worn grooves. It was always a surprise to find, when one reached the trenches of the enemy, that he lived, not in a strange world filled with sinister devices and strange inventions, but in a world which bore a monotonously exact resemblance to our own. He made his dugouts in exactly the same way; he built his defences on almost the same plan; his entertainments were lugubriously parallel to our own. In a word, he solved the same problems we had to face with the same ingenuity. But, every now and then, he made some very unusual invention, which, as soon as it was discovered, spread round the various armies like lightning. Here were the forces of diffusion and individual invention working at high pressure and clearly visible to the naked eye.

That is why I am led to think that much of the general diffusionist thesis is based on bad psychology. It is so easy to make a glorious generalization and then collect the evidence to prove it. Much is diffused in the course of the growth of civilization; but more is discovered separately in different places either simultaneously or in succession. The particular claim of the Diffusionists that Egypt was the fountain-head of all things is slowly but inevitably being whittled away by the increase of knowledge. "Agriculture and irrigation, the working of metals, the kingship, religious beliefs and ritual", and a score of other things are among the gifts to civilization said to have been presented by Egypt. Alas, the excavations in Sumeria, carried out after this theory was first elaborated, tell another story. And recent investigation in India suggests that the newly discovered sites of Mohenjodaro and Harappa belong to the end of a long period of development that may ultimately prove to antedate all culture in Egypt. Sumeria certainly can claim priority over Egypt in the use of metal, in kingship, in religious belief and ritual and in various other matters. Egypt led in many things but not in all. And if the diffusion of the ideas attributed to the Egyptian Children of the Sun must now be attributed to Sumerian equivalents, we are left with the difficulty

that the Sumerians were not a seafaring folk and so could not diffuse what they invented.

So much has been proved untenable in this vast structure of theory that we should be wiser to await events before accepting it as a whole. It has been rightly said that "we must not give to prehistory a precision which it lacks". One of the curses of imaginative speculation is that it always tends both to simplification and to precision. And, once one has started along the straight and easy track of Unification, it is impossible to turn back—*vestigia nulla retrorsum*.

GOOD SAMARITANS

BY A. E. COPPARD

GODLEY and Tollright were at loggerheads again, and when they were at loggerheads the firmament caved in and hell yawned wide. At such times the buttons burst right and left off Tollright's shirts, his very hair went uncombed, while Godley also suffered from the intolerable neglect of his housekeeper. Both were in the middle fifties, but while Ambrose Godley was short and dark, Hippisley Tollright was tall and fair; thus, as a couple, they were admirably balanced although so unhappily diverse. These two spoilt bachelors were dilettanti in the most beautiful sense of that word; that is to say, each lived in chambers, each had more income than he could usefully spend, either was generous, and neither was wise. They went to concerts together, to art expositions together, in fact, to every manifestation of culture that the metropolis could provide they ministered by their presence and, if need be, by their money. They wandered in search of the picturesque; when found, it made them blush with emotion. And yet, in his secret heart, Godley had a contempt amounting almost to nausea for Tollright's notions of holy beauty, while Tollright in similar secrecy bewailed Godley's infallible selection of the wrong things.

The ground of their present quarrel was the unhappy plight of a young man, by name Basil Clouting, who had been educated at Rugby. Now both Godley and Tollright had learnt the ways of the world at that very seminary. It was there that the joys of youth had been shared by them, and attachments formed that could never be forgone, and although the final veneer of Oxford had been omitted in the case of young Clouting, both Godley and Tollright none the less felt the pull of that mystical desire to *do* something for a most deserving young man. It appeared that he was married, quite recently married,

and that an interesting event hovered in the offing. Clouting had no position, no income, nothing but prospects, while his wife—by name Julietta, daughter of a defunct Italian nobleman—was dependent upon Basil even for her prospects.

The two friends conferred as to the best means of putting the young fellow on his feet. It was agreed between them that Godley should speak to the director of a company he was interested in and procure for Clouting some sort of position in the business world. By the malice of fortune Tollright almost at once met a director of a company *he* was interested in, who was in want of a clerk. Not a very good position, possibly not quite worthy of a Clouting who had been to Rugby, but still it was a beginning, it meant an income sufficient to keep him out of the gutter, it would introduce him to the sterner virtues of the world—in short, it would serve to keep some sort of a roof over the heads of Basil and Julietta until the worst (that is, the happy event) had been serenely completed. Without notifying Godley, Tollright clinched the matter, and in a couple of days Basil Clouting was installed in the offices of a firm devoted to the production of cutlery. Unhappily, Godley's efforts too met with quick success, but on referring to Clouting he found that the protégé was already, through the exertions of Tollright, engaged to another company. This put Godley into a mood which, on due reflection, raged into fury. Off he went to Tollright and protested:

"Here I've been cap in hand to that humbug Rackmanovitch—by no means a friend of mine—begging a job for this Clouting, and all the time, without a word to me, you had popped in your infernal nose and hooked him into a job that's a disgrace, a disgrace!"

"A disgrace?"

"For a person of any breeding— isn't it? Cooped up in an office like a jackanapes from morning to night for two pounds a week! Good God, Tollright! have you no imagination? And, what's more, I've had to go and tell Rackmanovitch that his job's not wanted. I looked a pretty fool. I don't like looking a fool. I don't like throwing a good friendly offer back in a friend's face. When I am asked to interest myself in a person I don't want anybody else to come butting in with a

clout over the head like this. It was hard enough work to get the offer—it seems impossible to get anyone to move at all in anything nowadays. . . .”

“ But Ambrose. . . .”

“ It’s like walking in the bottomless pit. There’s no limit, no limit at all to the inertia of these busybodies nowadays. But I do my best, I go and grovel at the feet of Rackmanovitch—and this is how I am served ! ”

“ But Ambrose, what are you kicking up all this dust for ? I’ve got the boy a job, haven’t I ? If Rackmanovitch’s job is open let the poor boy take it. By all means. It is certainly a much superior job. I’ll explain matters to the cutlery company.”

“ Bah ! ” snarled Godley. “ For what do you take me ! Certainly not ! You’ve made a hash of it all. I mean to say, you’ve made a bed for Clouting and now the fellow must lie on it. I won’t stir another inch, I tell you ; I won’t lift a finger.”

Tollright was greatly perturbed by his friend’s seeming heartlessness. It looked as though Godley was determined that the innocent Clouting should suffer through Tollright’s well-meaning but miswrought energy. They quarrelled, they swore, and finally they quite uncontrollably insulted each other.

They parted. Nothing is more deadly than a rebuff to a good action, and so, although both their intentions had been kindly, the gulf became unbridgeable. Gone the good old days. They neither met nor communicated. Concerts, shows and occasions were avoided by both, and their entire dissolution might have been completed had it not been for an incident, or an accident rather, that posed the problem of Clouting for them once again.

It appears that despite his obvious and undoubted gifts Clouting was not quite at home in the offices of the cutlery company. His sense of decorum and inferiority was not very well marked. One day he was hurriedly summoned from the office below to attend a director in his room upstairs. Pulling out his handkerchief on his way up he unluckily allowed a coin to slip from his pocket. It went rolling down the stairs. The stairs were dark, they were often in use by strangers, the coin was the only one at that time in the possession of Mr. Clouting, and he was not in the least inclined to relinquish the precious

piece of property. This entailed a somewhat protracted search. At length a fellow-clerk came and peered up the stairs.

“ I say, the director is waiting for you ! ”

“ I’ve just dropped a shilling ”, Clouting answered.

“ He’s in a hurry—don’t you understand ! ”

“ All right. All right.”

“ He’s got a train to catch ! ”

“ Let him catch it—I’ve got to find this bob.”

Now all this was overheard by the director who had come out glowering to the head of the stairs.

“ Clouting ! Clouting ! ” he roared.

“ I’m coming ”, said the imperturbable one, without advancing a single step.

“ You’re going. Throw him out ! ” yelled the director. And, metaphorically speaking, they did so.

It was with some indignation that young Clouting informed his benefactor of this dire conclusion to his appointment. Tollright was sympathetic. He reflected that he would again have to ask Godley to appeal to Rackmanovitch on Clouting’s behalf, and, to do him justice, he rather welcomed the opening it gave him to approach his old friend once more. But he realized it was no good doing a thing by halves ; Amby was a queer, cantankerous old dog, full of prancing bow-wows, so he wrote him a letter of explanation and of humble apology. Being, in his own conceit, a man anxious to atone, to let bygones be bygones, he made, as he thought, every submission of friendly penitence that the occasion could demand.

There was no immediate reply—indeed, it was three days before he got a rather formal invitation to go to lunch at Godley’s. It sounded slightly grudging, and Tollright went off to his old friend in an apprehensive state of mind.

“ I can only give you ”, announced Godley, greeting him frigidly, “ a little cold mutton for lunch ”.

“ But cold mutton is charming ” ; said the affable Tollright, “ do you have many varieties ? ”

“ As many as I find necessary for a sheep ”, retorted Godley.

Well, that was not too nice to begin with, but the cold mutton was nicer ; it seemed to propitiate Godley, and over the cigars he blew out a cloud, posed the cigar in his right hand for

attentive scrutiny, and suddenly said: "Well, Hippisley?"

And Tollright said: "Well." He sat up and added: "You got my letter?"

"I got"—Godley was grim and succinct—"your mass of verbiage."

That nettled Tollright straightaway, and he said hotly that the letter was easy enough to understand provided a little good will was imported.

"Understand! No!" shouted Godley. "As for the goodwill, well, it might have been written by a Chinese youth to a person of bad quality!"

"It was intended", Tollright replied, "to be an apology, though I must say, now, that I hardly know what for."

"D'ye call that an apology! Good heavens, man! It's an argument, it's a justification of what can't possibly *be* justified. You know that well enough."

"I said I was sorry."

"I should think you jolly well ought to be!"

"Well, I am, am I not? Do you expect me to abase myself?"

"Don't be a noodle."

"And crawl round in sackcloth and ashes?"

"Nothing of the kind. I'm not asking that, and I don't want it."

"Then what *are* you asking?"

Godley threw up his arms with the despairing air of a man who knows everything, everything, and is merely amazed at the obtuseness of others.

"I'm asking you, my good chap, to behave as a gentleman—that's all."

"Well, how? Just tell me how, Ambrose? Be good enough to inform me, will you? I've done wrong—I know it, I know!—I lose my temper and get hot and haughty, I admit that. Then I write you a letter of apology, say I'm sorry—and I *am*—what more can I do?"

"O", groaned Godley, "if you were a gentleman, you'd *know*!"

"If you were a friend, you'd *tell* me."

"I reckon I *am* your friend, or I thought I was; as good a friend as *you'll* ever find."

"Certainly", cried Tollright with great heartiness. "And very well then. It's settled, it's all over, it's finished, it's done with! Hooray! Ambrose, what the deuce have we been trying to quarrel about?"

"I've not quarrelled. Don't go making any mistake. It's not me."

"Pooh, now, pooh! You said I was no gentleman."

"You said I was no friend."

"Well, once for all, Ambrose, *are* you?"

Godley gazed sternly at his friend: "Look here. I'm the culprit, I'm the sinner, I'm the low-class blackguard—I know all that!—but I'm dashed if I'm going to be gored and maimed. . . ."

"O no! Ambrose!"

"And spat upon. . . ."

"O no, no, no, no!"

"I've got a temper, I own to that, I was *born* with a temper. . . ."

"You've a right to it, then", said his friend placably.

"Yes, and I'll do as I damn well please with it, you see! So now then, Hippisley, out with it—friend or foe?"

Tollright's face broke into a radiant smile. "Ah, go on with you! Have it your own way, you always do! Say no more about it." And he got up, shook Ambrose warmly by the hand, beamed at him, and murmured: "You old dog, you!" Then, settling himself down again, he said: "Now we can discuss what's to be done about poor Basil."

"Done!" grunted Godley. "I can do nothing, Hippisley. You've taken the matter out of my hands, it *is* done, it's finished. That's me!"

"O, gracious!" cried the confounded Tollright. "Don't let's begin all over again—how have I taken him out of your hands, Ambrose; how have I?"

"How? How?"

"Yes, how?"

"O damnation, have I got to parse and analyse it for you! When analysing a thing, anything at all, it is necessary—is it not, Hippisley?—to distinguish?"

"To distinguish?" echoed Tollright.

"Yes, between one thing and another, isn't it?"

"O, I agree with you, I agree—but what does it *mean*?"

"Let me tell you, I will tell you what it means. . . ."

"No, but I want to know. . . ."

"Will you let me tell you! Will you let me tell you!"

"O, damn it, go on!"

"Bah! What is the use of talking to you, Hippisley. But listen; I've been to see Rackmanovitch. . . ."

"O, you have! Already?"

"Of course. And the job's filled, it's taken, it's gone. Clouting ought to have snapped it when it was offered."

"Yes, yes", Tollright mournfully conceded; "and he'd have been all right by now".

"Not he. I don't think so. He's an idiot, I could see that at a glance. One of these helpless fools who want pushing and pushing and pushing—and then they can't do a thing. I tell you, Hippisley, there is no limit to the nullity of being which this world is peopled with. He's well educated, of course, but that isn't any use to him. What's the good of education?—the standards are all false."

"Not false, Ambrose; I shouldn't say that!"

"Well, absurd then."

"Not absurd, either!"

"Well, they're no good, no good at all."

"Ah, that doesn't matter a bit, Ambrose, not one bit."

"But I tell you", said Godley, "what I *will* do. I will see if anything can be done for him if you leave it to *me* this time".

Tollright promised to leave the matter entirely and absolutely in the hands of his friend, and so, in due course, they parted genially.

After Tollright had gone Godley lit a second cigar and tramped about his room puffing silent salvoes of smoke, ruminating, sniffing, grimacing and smiling, but in the end he only sat down and wrote out a cheque for £20 payable to Basil Clouting, Esquire. From the way he sighed and shrugged on addressing the envelope it could be gathered that he feared this young man was in lamentable case.

And yet it was, naturally, disconcerting for him to learn a few days later that the irresponsible Tollright had also sent a

cheque, and for more than twice that amount—for fifty pounds in fact.

Godley immediately despatched a letter to his friend, beginning with:

"Dear Tollright. I am astounded beyond measure by your intolerable interference."

To which Tollright replied with a brief note:

"Sir. You may go to the devil.

P.S.—This is final and for ever."

Alas! In all probability this was merely because young Clouting—who was *not* married, who knew *no* Julietta, who proved indeed to be an altogether undesirable young ruffian—had cashed both cheques and bolted clean away to the Azores with the wife of an undertaker.

ENGLAND'S AGE OF COLLECTIVISM

BY LORD ELTON

IN the last issue of this review, Mr. Stuart Chase made an interesting analysis of "The Trend Towards Collectivism" in the United States. This is probably the most significant aspect of the New Deal, and not the least element in its significance is that it comes a couple of generations later in America than in Great Britain. "Up to the World War", says Mr. Chase of the U.S.A., "there were few harrowing decisions to make between public interest and private". And since the War, he suggests, modern methods of production have been the principal agency in the trend (or drift, as others have, less accurately, called it) towards Collectivism.

Neither of these statements could be made by a British historian. In this country the harrowing decisions were taken—unconsciously, for the most part, as was their wont—by our grandparents.

Towards the end of Gladstone's great Ministry of 1868-1874, Disraeli, in a famous simile, likened the Front Bench of Liberal Ministers to a row of exhausted volcanoes. There was a profounder significance in the taunt than met the eye. For Gladstone's Government had been the epilogue of Benthamite Individualism. He had, it has been said, placed John Stuart Mill upon the Statute Book. As a source of constructive legislation *laissez faire* was exhausted. Yet the social problem remained unsolved and the lately enfranchised working-class was beginning to clamour for social reform. Inevitably England passed into the great age of Collectivism. From now on an immense and complicated code of Collectivist legislation was steadily placed upon the Statute Book. It would be superfluous, and impossible, to tabulate these measures here. It will be sufficient to recall such important enactments as the Combination Act of 1875 and the Trade Union Acts, 1871-6, which trans-

formed the position of Trade Unions; the Arbitration Acts, which began in 1867; the Employers' Liability Acts from 1880; the measures which legalised municipal activities of so many different kinds; the complex sanitary code, largely founded on the Public Health Act of 1875, and the various Housing of the Working Classes Acts of 1890 to 1900.

In all this complex of measures two characteristics may be observed. They include a good deal of the social legislation which has been enacted during the last three years in the U.S.A.; and it would have been quite impossible, from a mere perusal of the Statute Book, to deduce which of the two political parties was in power and had been responsible for them. Already, in other words, Collectivism was intellectually and politically all-pervasive. And already in the 'nineties Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Sidney Webb were able to proclaim the arrival of what inaccurately, as I propose to explain, they both described as Socialism.

It has been necessary to show how deeply the present trend to Collectivism is rooted in our past, partly because it profoundly differentiates our present situation from that which Mr. Chase describes in America, but partly also because in this country we are liable to a peculiar confusion, not yet prevalent in America, where Socialism is not yet a formidable political force. What, it must now be asked, is the distinction between Collectivism and Socialism? This is a particularly difficult question to answer in a country where the Left has always preferred to label itself Labour rather than Socialist, and is supported by hundreds of thousands of voters who are not in any genuine sense Socialist at all. None the less, the political significance of Collectivism was at once increased and confused by the revival in 1885 of British Socialism by H. M. Hyndman's Marxian Social Democratic Federation and the formation in 1900 of a Labour Party, based, it is true, upon the financial and voting power of the Trade Unions, which care much for labour conditions and little for Socialism, but inspired, none the less, by the leaders of a new Independent Labour Party whose aims were avowedly Socialist.

This meant that in the twentieth century, while all parties have been Collectivist, one party has demanded more rapid Collectivist changes, and has gradually come to regard Collectivism as (1) a universal panacea for every ill; as (2) an instrument

not merely for a general increase of national prosperity, but for promoting the political and social domination of the wage-earning class ; and, increasingly during the last few years, as (3) only obtainable by methods which must amount at best to a dictatorship, and at worst to a revolution. This would perhaps hardly pass as a definition of Socialism in other countries, but I think that it may serve to differentiate contemporary British Socialism from the Collectivism which has long been accepted by all parties in the State.

The same all-pervasive and now accelerated tendencies towards Collectivism were to be observed during the first quarter of the present century. Again an exhaustive list would be superfluous ; it will be sufficient to recall from that remote pre-War decade the Old Age Pensions Act of 1908, and the National Insurance Act of 1911, which together laid the basis of that insurance system, since enormously developed, which the United States still hesitates to imitate. By these measures, it may be added, Mr. Lloyd George expressly aimed to steal the thunders of the Labour Party. The new Liberalism, whatever else it might be, was certainly not to be Individualist.

The Great War brought unexampled demands upon the national economy. Very early in the struggle it was recognized that these could only be met by an immense extension of national control. The result was the national organization of munitions supply, the nationalization of shipping, the national control of our food supply, our railways, and our coal. There can be no doubt that without this unparalleled intrusion of the State into virtually every nook and cranny of the economic structure, we must have lost the War. Indeed, before shipping was placed under national control, and while the nation was already almost beaten to its knees by the rapidly growing submarine threat to its food supplies in home waters, British ships were still plying between North and South America and earning a fortune for their owners at every voyage. It is not surprising that many observers drew from this war-time experiment the most far-reaching deductions as to the necessity of continuing and extending the principle of nationalization in time of peace. Thus the national Ministry of Munitions had reduced the cost of the 18-pounder shell from 22s. 6d. to 12s., of the Lewis gun from

£165 to £35, while considerably improving the working conditions of the producers. Mr. Winston Churchill had himself been Minister of Munitions, and in 1919 he went so far as to say : " I have not been quite convinced by my experience at the Ministry of Munitions that Socialism is possible, but I have been very nearly convinced. I am bound to say I consider, on the whole, the achievements of the Ministry of Munitions constitute the greatest argument for State Socialism that has ever been produced."

Since the War public control in various forms, though not public ownership, has steadily invaded the domain of those public services in which a monopoly is natural, or in which private enterprise is inevitably backward. The Coalition Government in 1919 was responsible for the Forestry Commission, a statutory corporation which creates state forests and makes grants to local authorities and landowners. It was the Coalition Government, too, which, in 1920, set up the Electricity Commission, which has specified powers of control over electricity undertakings. A Conservative Government in 1927 created the Central Electricity Board which supplies electricity in bulk to distributors, and the British Broadcasting Corporation, probably the best-known model of what has come to be known as a public utility corporation, controlling a monopoly. A Labour Government in 1931 set up the Traffic Commissioners, who license public passenger vehicles on the roads and eliminate redundant services ; and in the same year the Coal Mines Reorganization Commission, whose object was to promote amalgamation among coalowners.

The National Government in 1933 created the London Passenger Transport Board in very much the same form as it had been projected by the preceding Labour Government—for it is significant that in these matters there has hitherto been a conspicuous continuity of policy between professedly Socialist, and ostensibly anti-Socialist, administrations. It is the National Government also which has set up the Hops, Milk, Pigs, and Bacon Marketing Boards.

To this brief résumé of the principal agencies created since the War upon orthodox Collectivist principles to substitute public for private activity, immense additions would, of course, need to be made if anything like an exhaustive list of collectivist

legislation were desired. In the first place would come all the growing host of Wage Boards, Tariff Advisory Commissions, conditional subsidies, Town Planning Acts and their like which, without replacing individual ownership, have been superimposed upon it and subject it to every variety and degree of supervision and control. To these would have to be added all the numerous enlargements of our social insurance system, such as widows' pensions; the enormous increase since the War in the rates of unemployment benefit, and its extension far beyond the limit of those who have contractually qualified for it; as well as the constant expansion in our social services, such as free meals and cheap milk for school-children or free milk for mothers.

What is the nature of the picture of the social structure which emerges? Certainly it is not a Socialist state. But equally certainly it is not that favourite target of denunciation, a capitalist system. Manifestly it is a system in transition. In the sphere of public utilities, the provision of gas, water, electricity, transport and many other services, we see Collectivism triumphant all along the line. Here the old Individualism is dead, unwept and all but forgotten. But what has replaced it is far from being exclusively the straightforward state, or municipal, ownership and management which constituted the simple creed of Victorian Collectivists. The modern model is rather the public corporation, which sometimes, as with the B.B.C., involves public ownership and sometimes, as with the London Transport Board, does not, but which in every case means management, not by the State but by a publicly appointed corporation, theoretically and in the last resort responsible to Parliament, but normally completely independent. Clearly in this quarter of the economic landscape there are fields—electricity distribution, for example—into which the principle of the public corporation has probably yet to extend, but equally clearly no fundamental issue of Party principle can be said to be involved in any such future extension.

When, however, we turn to the still larger domain of industries in which a monopoly service is not the natural form; when, in other words, we come to the core of the so-called Capitalist system, the picture wears a different aspect. Here there has been no sweeping inundation by Collectivist principles; at most we detect erosion. Here Collectivism fumbles, less

certain of its way. It experiments ceaselessly with ever new varieties of counter-check and control. At one end of the scale we see Tariff Advisory Committees rather half-heartedly threatening private steel concerns with the withdrawal of their tariff privileges if they do not contrive reorganization, or a Reorganization Commission plaintively urging coal owners to amalgamate; at the other our greatest industry, agriculture, is visible, already bound hand and foot in an intricate network of Boards—Boards which here control sales, there effect bulk purchases, and there fix selling prices. In other words, at one end of the scale we find a highly individual non-monopoly industry already transformed by Collectivism; at the other, Individualist capitalism coerced, supervised or perhaps only mildly threatened. And between these two extremes there exists, of course, a wide range of intermediate varieties.

And, third of the outstanding features in the economic landscape of today, there is the elaborate social ambulance work which in so many directions mitigates the rigours of the industrial system and makes a wage-earner's effective income so much larger than his real wages. Here again, it is clear that while in this field, as recent events have shown, there is still ample room for controversy, all parties are by now so deeply committed to this philanthropic Collectivism that, although it is less than a quarter of a century since fashionable dames were angrily refusing to "lick stamps for Lloyd George", no pitched battle of principle between Collectivist and anti-Collectivist is ever again likely to be waged. Technical controversy—as distinct from the controversy of sentiment, prejudice, and tradition—centres upon the domain of non-monopoly industries. Shall these, too, be transformed? And if so, into what? Into state-owned bureaucracies? Into public corporations? Or into some as yet unprecedented hybrid between Collectivism and Individualism?

Here we look into the future, and I do not wish this article to follow the too familiar model of pseudo-prophetic propaganda. There is, however, something that can be said without either limning yet another dreary dream-Utopia or discreetly grinding a theoretic axe. Indeed, it so happens that within the past month two debates, one in the House of Lords and the other in the

Commons, have shed a great deal of light upon the present state of opinion—confused yet steadily, I think, clarifying towards an immediate future which can be outlined with some confidence.

In the House of Lords on March 20th last, Lord Sanderson introduced a motion to the effect that "in view of the failure of the capitalist system . . . legislative effort should be directed to the gradual supervision of the capitalist system by an industrial and social order based on the public ownership and democratic control of the instruments of production and distribution". It is surely significant that, with the solitary exception of a split infinitive which its original author had permitted himself, this motion was an exact reproduction of a resolution introduced in the House of Commons by the then Mr. Philip Snowden exactly twelve years previously. That highly symbolical correction is a measure of the advance registered by purely controversial Socialism during twelve years of unexampled change. During those twelve years all over the world economic and political crises have followed each other hard and fast, a score of economic problems undreamed of in the philosophy of 1923 beset us, the economic structure of society has been profoundly modified in a Collectivist direction—and the Socialism of the debating-room corrects a split infinitive! To such an outlook we appear still to live under a "Capitalist system", the words chosen by Marx to describe the undiluted Individualism of the eighteen-fifties, and salvation is apparently only to be achieved by rigid state-ownership of everything.

During the last twelve years Socialist theorists have themselves espoused the public corporation, and Socialist politicians themselves, in the last Labour Government's Agricultural Marketing Act, laid the foundation of all Mr. Walter Elliot's elaborate agricultural legislation. But still, for purposes of political controversy, state-ownership rules supreme and sole, and it seems to be supposed that mere repetition of the word "nationalization" will stake a claim in the van of economic progress. Nor need it be assumed that this temper of mind is not widespread among sound party men; for after all it is a natural reaction among those who, consciously or unconsciously, recoil from recognizing the wide consensus of support to be found in

all parties for Collectivism expressed in more varied and less doctrinaire forms.

Naturally, however, an offensive couched in such unrealistic terms made inevitable an equally unrealistic defence, and Lord Mount Temple's amendment appeared, equally with Lord Sanderson's motion, to assume the existence in all its pristine integrity of the mid-Victorian capitalist system. The discussion which followed, however, contrived to a surprising degree to shake off the unreality of these rival texts. The discussion in fact centred round the problem posed by Mr. Chase: "Where is the line between public business and private, not so much in wars or in the troughs of business cycles, but permanently, functionally?" How far shall Collectivism, that is, already unquestioned in the other two spheres, extend into the non-monopoly industry? And, despite the wording of their motion, even the Labour peers hardly appeared to contend that there must not be *some* line, or that public ownership and management is destined to become ubiquitous. With a natural variety of emphasis, spokesmen of all parties appeared to agree that Collectivism must go further, but that (a) there are many industries in which state-ownership would benefit neither consumer, producer, nor taxpayer; that (b) only experiment and experience can decide at what point the line of compromise between Collectivism and Individualism is best to be drawn; that (c) Collectivism, albeit the most powerful force now making for economic progress, is by no means a universal panacea; and that (d) just as the public corporation has replaced rigid state-ownership as the accepted Collectivist technique within the field of the monopoly industry, so there are already many invaluable Collectivist devices, applicable to the sphere of non-monopoly industries, which are not state ownership at all.

Those who continue to ingeminate the word "nationalization" may still perhaps succeed in placing themselves, for the purposes of controversy, "on the Left", since Marx and the early Socialists contrived to "associate" state-ownership with the widespread dreams of a brighter future for the wage-earner, and the psychological "dissociation" of these two quite disparate conceptions has not yet been effected. But scientifically we have said good-bye to all that. And consequently the debate, a week later, in the

BRITAIN AND A FRANCO-RUSSIAN ALLIANCE

BY MAURICE A. GEROTHWOHL.

THERE is to-day but one sane foreign policy for any nation—the avoidance of any and every avoidable war, that is, of any war not forced upon it by a direct attack or by a flagrant and wholesale denial of its national independence and international liberties. This is only common sense, although the European madhouse, as Mr. Baldwin has so aptly described it, either does not realize it, or, whilst realizing it, yet hesitates to proclaim it from the roof-tops. For there are exacerbated popular opinions; there is the personal prestige of the Dictators to be reckoned with. Diplomats still speculate and advise in bygone values; politicians still discourse in hollow slogans, borrowed from electioneering or internationalist terminology. Yet the one fact that matters is that the penalty of modern war, which may be common to both the conquered and conqueror, is no longer the mere amputation of a province or a colony, or the exaction of a financial levy, but complete submergence and ruin, if not national extinction.

This being so, there is for Great Britain and the Empire only one sound line of foreign policy. This policy I hesitate to describe as either "Isolation" or "Isolationism", because these terms have been sorely abused and misused in a part of our Press. The policy I have in mind is perhaps most fittingly expressed as the largest measure of detachment from the quarrels of other Powers commensurate with our own safety, as conditioned by the particular circumstances of a specific period; which period, in this fast changing world, I would not care to compute at more than ten years. It is argued by the present opponents of such detachment that a perusal of our past history attests that Great Britain has never been able to avoid active intervention in

European conflicts. Thus, Mr. Baldwin in a speech delivered last summer. This argument, however, is indefensible. For 99 years, from Waterloo to Mons, we actually enjoyed an almost unbroken period of really "splendid" isolation, the only European war in which we took part, omitting the Navarino naval demonstration, being the Crimean. Despite strong popular sympathies with one side or the other, we remained equally aloof from the various Italian wars of Liberation, from the Danish-Prussian War, from the Austro-Prussian war, from the Franco-German war of 1870, from the Turko-Russian war, from the Spanish-American war, and from the Russo-Japanese war.

During this wonderful century of *Pax Britannica* our international prestige stood supreme. Not a Power but was anxious, if not for our alliance (which was unobtainable), at any rate for our friendship, and, more especially, for our neutrality in its quarrels. Our influence, indeed, never counted for so much in the Councils of Europe and of the World.

Great Britain utilized to the full this century of peace for the development of her colonies and her international trade. This is seen in the pacification and unification under British rule of India, and our penetration and consolidation of vast and fruitful areas in South and Central Africa, as in Egypt and the Sudan. But for our refusal to intervene in European wars this task could never have been undertaken; still less could it have been completed.

That a policy of reasonable detachment is still possible at this date is further evidenced by the conviction and example of other Powers, less fortunately situated than Great Britain, from what is generally labelled the strategic-geographical standpoint. The recent conversion of Poland to the doctrine of detachment in her international relationships, and to the principle of neutrality between her two powerful neighbours—a conversion so strikingly shown by her rejection of the Eastern Locarno and the grounds of that rejection—is a concrete instance. It should give pause to those of our own statesmen who are either hankering after more continental entanglements or in perpetual danger of drifting into such commitments. Now Poland, unlike Great Britain, is not an island. She is not even a peninsula on the European periphery, like Scandinavia. She occupies a central and highly

dangerous position on the Continent, surrounded by neighbours with virtually every one of whom—whether Germany, Czechoslovakia, Soviet Russia, or Lithuania—she has a serious territorial quarrel, either actual or potential. She lacks even the Swiss protection of an Alpine belt. This grave disadvantage, however, has failed to prevent Marshal Pilsudski from abandoning Poland's erstwhile policy of alliances for one of neutrality, which prohibits equally her offer and her acceptance of any military guarantees. Both he and Colonel Beck seem confident that such neutrality implies for the Polish people the surest prospect of freedom from external molestation or attack.

This Polish initiative may serve to draw attention to the number of Powers in Europe which have consistently and successfully pursued, some for over a century, others for several decades, a similar policy. Strange to say, most of these Powers are, in a military sense, by no means strong. The most remarkable instance is that of Holland. This small and wealthy, but militarily weak, State, lacking any mountain or other natural frontier, might be more vulnerable than even Denmark to a combined attack by air, sea, or land. Yet, because Holland had been so careful to avoid all entanglements before 1914, she escaped being drawn into the vortex, and remained neutral throughout the War, with most profitable results for herself, comparable only to those reaped by Scandinavia. So Holland has persisted until to-day, despite frequent pressure from Great Britain, France, and Belgium, in her refusal to become involved in the potential quarrels of her neighbours. No more than Poland will she either give or accept any so-called guarantees of security. Nor, in Holland's case, can we overlook the consideration, one to be reckoned with in any comparison between her position and our own, that she possesses a great Colonial Empire overseas, the riches of which are bound to excite the cupidity of stronger Powers.

If a weak state such as Holland, with pre-eminently vulnerable frontiers and communications, or a stronger State, like Poland, although dangerously exposed to invasion from two or three sides, has found security and peace in detachment from the quarrels of their neighbours, it should be far easier for Great Britain, with her still privileged insular position and with an air force and a navy brought up to their proper levels, to find

her own security and peace by similar methods. Indeed, subject to our retention of a navy with an adequate margin of superiority over any other but America's, and subject to our establishment of an air force equal to the strongest on the European continent, the suggestion that any European Power would venture to attack us may be readily dismissed.

Let us assume, as against this enviable position, that we enter into war commitments with any Power or Group of Powers. This is, or would be, to incur grave and unnecessary perils. If we pledge ourselves unilaterally to the defence of one Power or Group of Powers against another, we at once arouse the latter's hostility, and prompt it to build up a counter-alliance or Coalition, primarily directed against ourselves, as the strongest member of the opposing Group. Even when, as under Locarno, we assume an obligation to defend whichever Power or Group is the victim of an unprovoked aggression by the other, we may still be encouraging rather than discouraging war. For in connection with such a bilateral pledge, either side will usually claim to be, and may often genuinely believe itself to be, in the right, and therefore entitled to our backing. Thus, each side being more or less confident of our assistance, may be tempted to show itself uncompromising in controversy and negotiation.

Does this imply that Great Britain must needs shut herself off completely from Europe, give notice of withdrawal from the League, and denounce Locarno and all other existing international treaties, as the wilder isolationists propose? Such an attitude would be neither necessary nor sane, or even practicable.

There is no reason why we should withdraw from Geneva. There is, on the contrary, every reason why this country, in close collaboration with other countries, more or less similarly situated and inclined, like Scandinavia and Holland, should endeavour to give to the League Covenant that kind of backing of which it stands in the acutest need—the backing of disinterested and impartial members, of whom it numbers all too few. It is for such States as these, uncommitted by any outside or inside military alliances to the maintenance of selfish influence or power, to work for that equality in status and security which the original framers of the Covenant had in mind.

"Collective security" is a deceptive and dangerous term.

So is the new motto, "Peace is indivisible!" ingeniously devised by M. Litvinov's all-too-diplomatic *chef* on the occasion of the banquet offered by the Soviet Foreign Minister in honour of Mr. Eden.

If, by "collective security" is meant the just and reasonable demand made by the Covenant on all its members to refrain from giving any assistance or comfort to a designated aggressor State, and to afford all reasonable assistance and comfort to the victim, short of armed intervention, no civilized Power could demur. If, on the other hand, "collective security" is to entail the conversion into a categorical obligation of the option, hitherto enjoyed by League members, of accepting or discarding a recommendation for military assistance by the League Council, then all Powers, save those with some special battle-axe to grind, and Great Britain in particular, should frankly and steadfastly object. For, since participation in any modern war involves, as I remarked above, the risk of total destruction to the participating State, it is asking too much of human nature and of any nation, when two of their fellows are engaged in deadly conflict, to expect it to rush in and add its contribution to the original two-sided slaughter. Let us beware lest this "indivisible Peace" should be perverted into the madhouse slogan that war must be, not localized, but generalized.

The further question may be asked: does the policy of detachment or neutrality imply that at no time and in no circumstances should Great Britain give a specific guarantee to a certain Power or group of Powers? Of course not. But it does mean that such a guarantee should be given but rarely, and then only within clearly-defined limits for a clearly-defined defensive purpose, and that a paramount consideration should be a far-sighted determination of the risks involved, and the limitation of those risks to an absolute minimum. One might take as a concrete and topical illustration the present proposal for a renewed and extended British guarantee to France or Belgium, and perhaps—if she were willing to accept—Holland, against a direct and unprovoked attack by Germany. On the traditional assumption that such a guarantee, whether in the form of a modified Locarno or in some other shape, should be continued at all, given the present European outlook, under

what conditions should it be so continued? This, to me, is perhaps the most vital question of the hour.

My conviction is absolute that neither the Nazi rulers of Germany nor the Reichswehr Generals have the remotest intention or desire to attack this country. They could have no interest in harnessing British might to that of any Power or group of Powers with whom they either desired or feared a conflict. For this very reason they have no intention or desire to attack France. They would also respect the neutrality of both Belgium and Holland, lest any violation of the territory of either should cause us to rush to their support and that of France. Moreover, under Locarno, France has hitherto received, and considering the present harmony of Franco-Italian relations, would receive from Italy, in any reinforcement of Locarno, e.g. in the Air, at least as far-reaching a guarantee as she would receive from us. This being so, I consider that France would be absolutely secure against any direct and unprovoked attack by Germany. Therefore, although a firm believer in the policy of isolation for this country in the general way I have indicated, I would not disapprove of our giving an extended guarantee to France, making it perfectly clear to Germany what an attack by her on France or the Low Countries would inevitably portend. We could speak to the Germans as equals without fear, favour, or offence. They are a great and manly people. They would understand this language.

On the other hand, I would not approve of any security guarantee to France, except on two conditions: (1) her assent to the abolition of the submarine, and (2) a solemn undertaking on her part to enter into no commitments beyond those which existed at the time the original Locarno was concluded in 1925. At that date these commitments comprised her alliance with Poland and her alliance with Czechoslovakia. We were loth to acquiesce in these Eastern complications, and made no secret of our misgivings on the point; but we could not in decency require her to denounce them. However, the Franco-Polish Alliance is, for all practical purposes, now dead; and, thanks to Poland's courage and wisdom, which France would have done well to imitate, in nailing down Herr Hitler's pacific assurances to the diplomatic board, France finds herself relieved of the

irksome and dangerous duty of defending the Corridor. A normally sensible France would have hailed this German-Polish agreement as glad tidings. Instead of which she now contemplates interposing her own flesh and blood between the Nazi and Bolshevik hosts. Even assuming Bolshevik good faith and Bolshevik efficiency could be depended on, France would be making the worst possible of military bargains. For, if Germany attacked Russia, France, who has a common frontier with Germany, would certainly bleed for her. But, if Germany attacked France, Russia could only render the latter a limited assistance so long as Russia respected Poland's neutrality; or, should she violate it, she would provide Germany with a powerful ally and an extended manœuvring ground.

But that, after all, is France's concern. This is ours. By entering into so vast, hazardous, not to say desperate a commitment, France would completely alter, and thus invalidate both morally and juridically, the basic structure and balance—of power as of risks—on which the Locarno contract, with its British guarantee to France (and incidentally to Germany), was originally reared. For France to do this without British sanction—Germany's would also be a pre-requisite, but Germany may be left to look after herself—would be in effect to tear up the 1925 contract. Has France asked, has she obtained, the sanction of her British guarantor before committing herself, and indirectly ourselves, to these fresh and incalculable risks, thereby immeasurably increasing our original load of liabilities as her guarantor?

The hour has come for plain speaking on this subject of relations between Great Britain as the guarantor and France as a guaranteed party under Locarno. For such at this moment is still the relative position between us. Ever since Locarno, as before, France has consistently and persistently sought to dictate the foreign policy of this country, and no British Government has had the courage to remind her that, if dictation there must be, it would be for the guarantor, and not the guaranteed party, to dictate. This should now be said without hesitation before Paris has committed itself irrevocably to Moscow.

I am not suggesting any sort of quarrel with the Soviet Union, or a European crusade against it. We are told that the Soviet

leaders are moving, indeed, "evolving" rapidly towards bourgeois government. No doubt there are within the Soviet Government careerists who would hold office as willingly under a Tsar or a Liberal President as under the Third International. But the big men who really rule at Moscow can rule only by virtue of a fanatical belief both in themselves and in the creed which they embody. Now the fundamental tenets of the Soviet creed are those of the Third International—world revolution and bolshevisation. The masters of the Kremlin may feel tempted or constrained at times of dangerous external pressure to temporize and compromise, but the aim endures. It cannot vary because, if it did, the whole system, having lost faith in itself, would soon collapse.

Moscow's overtures during the past two years to capitalist Powers and the bourgeois League are easily explained: first, by the Japanese, and then the Nazi menace. But Moscow, none the less, is hoping and scheming to capitalize its fears and those of certain democratic and Fascist Powers, in order to create with such Powers a Coalition strong enough to crush at least one of the objects of its own tremors—Germany. It has found in the present neurosis of the French a ready listener. It is even finding one in the hitherto rugged Colossus of Fascist Rome, exasperated, on the one hand, by the Nazi claim to Austria, which might so easily extend to South Tirol; rendered desperate, on the other, by the financial and economic stringency which is slowly sapping the foundations of Signor Mussolini's personal prestige. Great Britain has still to be converted. For, without the British fiat, France would certainly not join in the supreme adventure of a Coalition war against Nazi Germany, side by side with Fascist Italy and Soviet Russia. The Government of this country has but to speak an incautious word, and the French Democracy, sandwiched between the Red shirts and the Black, would move against the Brown. The incautious word must not be spoken. France must be told that she cannot have both the Soviet Union and Great Britain as guarantors. She must choose between them. Of France's answer, in these circumstances, there need be neither doubt nor apprehension. She would remain with us.

A WAR AVERTED

Evidence of the New British Documents

BY R. B. MOWAT

THERE is a tendency among the younger generation in this country and in the United States to regard all the belligerent Great Powers of 1914 as equally responsible for the World War; they incline to believe that all the Powers were equally imperialistic and chauvinistic, or else that they blindly "stumbled into the War". The new volume (No. IX, Part II) of the *British Documents on the Origins of the War*, which deals with the years 1912-13, shows that the Great Powers were not, at that time, uncompromisingly imperialistic and chauvinistic; that they were not blind to the possibilities of war; and that they could avert it if they, or a certain number of them, wished resolutely to do so.

From a reading of the documents contained in this volume certain conclusions can be drawn. The first is that the situation of 1909 (in regard to the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina) could never be re-enacted: that is, that Russia would never again give way in a Serbian question before German and Austrian threats; and the statesmen of Europe knew this. Secondly, a Conference of the Powers was the most potent means for solving any international crisis. Thirdly, if Great Britain and Germany were in agreement in working for peace, a Conference was fairly sure of being successful.

The crisis of 1909 was in everybody's mind during the negotiations which were being carried on concurrently with the Balkan Wars. In that year Austria-Hungary had annexed Bosnia-Herzegovina. Serbia had protested against this and mobilized her army. The Austro-Hungarian army was also mobilized. The Russian Government at first supported the Serbian protest with a vigorous diplomacy, but in the end

yielded to the Austrian point of view when faced with what practically amounted to an ultimatum from Germany. Although this German message to Russia (contained in an instruction from Prince Bülow to Count Pourtalés, dated March 21, 1909) was not made public, the fact that Russia had given way before a German threat was advertised to the whole world by the Kaiser's speech, delivered at Vienna, eighteen months later (September 21, 1910), in which he declared: "Methinks I read in your resolve the agreement of the city of Vienna with the action of an ally in taking his stand in shining armour at a grave moment by the side of your most gracious sovereign."

In the last months of the year 1912 and in the first half of 1913, something very like the international crisis of 1909 occurred. Italy had gone to war with Turkey for the possession of Tripoli; and the Balkan States had seized this opportunity to join against Turkey, regarded then as their common foe (although, as the far-seeing British Dragoman at Constantinople, Mr. G. F. Fitzmaurice pointed out, once they had gained the Macedonian and the Slavonic parts of Thrace from Turkey, there would no longer be anything to divide them from her). They formed the Balkan League in 1912; and in the autumn of that year, after demanding reforms in Macedonia which Turkey refused to carry out, they opened war. The Turks made an unexpectedly poor resistance (unexpected among the Great Powers at any rate), and Bulgarian troops advanced victoriously to the Chataldja Heights (about fifteen miles from Constantinople); the Greeks occupied Salonika; the Montenegrins invested, and ultimately captured, Scutari in Albania; and the Serbs advanced westwards to the coast of Albania and occupied Durazzo.

All these achievements created "questions" for the Great Powers. But it was the Serbian claim for access to the Adriatic which gave rise to the crisis of 1912-13 and seemed likely to repeat, but with infinitely more serious results, the situation of 1909. For the liquidation of the Balkan Wars of 1912-13 involved two things: the partition of Macedonia and the fate of Albania. Macedonia and Albania were both Turkish provinces conquered by the Balkan states. The Powers were not especially interested in the partition of Macedonia among the Balkan states; at any rate they were not prepared to risk precipitating

a European War over this affair. But for various reasons they were determined that Albania should not be partitioned, but that it should be set up as an independent kingdom. The chief reason for this was, of course, that neither Austria nor Italy could allow one or the other to have it, while they were agreed in being unable to see the Serbs in possession. The Serbs, in fact, did not claim Albania, but they did claim access to the Adriatic, and by this they meant possession of an Adriatic port—for instance, Durazzo, which they occupied in December, 1912. The Russian Government, by tradition, by what it believed to be its interest, by previous declarations, and by force of its public opinion, was bound to support the Serbs. The Austro-Hungarian Foreign Office, under the unintelligent direction of the obstinate and reckless Berchtold, was equally determined to oppose Serb claims on the Adriatic littoral. So here was the material for a first class European crisis.

The Tsar was reported to have said in September, 1912 (that is, before the Balkan Wars had begun), that "he would not submit to a second humiliation like that of 1909" (No. 227). Whether the report was accurate or not, the idea behind it was a fact and was perfectly well-known in the foreign offices of Europe. Grey pointed this out in definite language to the German ambassador at London, and reported to Goschen at Berlin on December 4th, 1912, "that if the situation of 1909 was reproduced, Russia would go to war" (No. 327). Cartwright, British ambassador at Vienna (who was perhaps a little impulsive in his statements), reported: "If Russia officially comes forward as protector of Serbia . . . I do not see how war is to be avoided" (No. 241). The German Chancellor, Bethmann-Hollweg, made a speech in the Reichstag on December 2nd, 1912, which was explained by the German ambassador in London as being, in effect, a warning to Russia (No. 327); and Kiderlen-Waechter, the German Secretary of State (who used the word "war" more freely than was then customary among statesmen), told the British ambassador in Berlin quite plainly that if Russia and Austria were involved in war over the Serbian question Germany, "however she might regret going to war", would support Austria. To make the infernal circle complete, in Austrian military circles the unhappy Berchtold was being

violently accused of weakness on account of his moderation in handling the Serbian question (No. 233). A few weeks after this was reported, the retirement of General von Schemua from the position of Chief of the Austro-Hungarian General Staff, and the reinstatement of the very bellicose Conrad von Hötzendorff as Chief of Staff, was regarded as something significant and, in peaceful quarters, alarming (No. 384).

The *British Documents* thus make possible an interesting, and possibly even now useful, comparison between the crises of 1909, 1912-13, and July, 1914. In 1909 war was avoided, although Austria was uncompromising and Germany was supporting Austria, because Russia was in the last resort prepared to compromise and give way—a thing which no Great Power can, or at any rate will, do twice within living memory. In 1914 war was not avoided, through a combination of circumstances. In 1913 neither Austria nor Russia was absolutely uncompromising—Austria being willing to allow Serbia an Albanian town (Djakova), although not on the coast; Russia being prepared to support certain strictly limited Serbian claims but no more ("Instructions" in No. 378). Germany, though prepared to go to the help of Austria in the event of an Austro-Russian war, was nevertheless all the time recommending moderation to Austria, and, in doing this, was working in agreement and in co-operation with Great Britain. Lastly, a Conference of the Powers met well before the crisis was fully developed and remained continuously in session until it was solved. In effect, all this simply means that in 1912-13 the statesmen of all the Powers, starting from a basis which was not absolutely uncompromising, were in agreement to exhaust all the resources of diplomacy before any one of them would go to war. The editors of *British Documents* regard the occasion or conjunction of circumstances as momentous: "During the Balkan Wars the Concert of Europe became a real thing"; and "For once Europe was a reality".

The task of resolving the crisis was a very long drawn-out affair. The process may be said definitely to have begun when Germany, on December 6th, 1912, accepted Grey's proposal for a Conference of Ambassadors, to meet in "one of the European capitals", authorized to engage in "unbinding conversations

on several of the most important questions connected with the Balkan problem" (No. 338). M. Poincaré, who was Premier and Minister of Foreign Affairs at this time, had all along supported the suggestions for a Conference. The other Powers made no difficulty, and the first meeting (called a "Reunion of Ambassadors", as some states were sensitive about the implications of a formal "Conference of the Powers") took place at the Foreign Office on December 17th, 1912. A Peace Conference of the Balkan States and Turkey was in session at St. James's Palace at the same time. Armistice terms had been signed between Bulgaria and Turkey on December 2nd, 1912; and in effect there was a general armistice from this date down to February 3rd, 1913. The resumption of hostilities, however, did not prevent the Balkan Peace Conference from continuing in session and going on with its work; and the Conference (or Reunion) of Ambassadors at the Foreign Office likewise remained in being, and in fact went on after the Balkan States had quarrelled and gone into a fratricidal war with each other and then had entered into an unsatisfactory peace (Treaty of Bucharest, August 10th, 1913). The last session of the Conference of Ambassadors was held on August 11th, 1913.

The Conference was certainly needed from December, 1912, for already Austria-Hungary was mobilizing, and by the end of the month appears to have had about 775,000 men under arms (No. 442). Russia, naturally, felt bound to take precautions and to retain under arms classes of conscripts (reservists) who would normally have been released from service. But the Conference of Ambassadors was able to go forward and to adopt a resolution (the Ambassadors, of course, acting under instructions from their Governments) to the effect that Serbia should have commercial access to the Adriatic through an Albanian free port (No. 404B, December 20th, 1912).

This troublesome question being disposed of to the satisfaction of Austria and Russia (if not entirely to the satisfaction of Serbia), the Conference could turn to the question of the Albanian frontier. Here great, sometimes it seemed, insuperable, difficulties were encountered. Lord Grey has told something about them in *Twenty-five Years*. The *British Documents* are able to reproduce the Conference history session by session. The ambassadors

had to agree among themselves upon definite terms of territorial settlement which they would by *démarches collectives* advise Turkey to accept; upon others which they should advise the Balkan States to accept as between themselves; and all these terms had to be such as, on balance, would reconcile the various interests not only of Turkey with regard to the Balkan states, of the Balkan States among themselves, but also of the Great Powers as regards each other. For instance, not only were the interests of Austria and Russia involved over the question of the size of an independent Albania (as well as the interests of Serbia and Montenegro directly, and also of the other Balkan States indirectly, on account of the Balkan balance of power), but also the interests of Italy as against Austria were directly involved. The delicacy and complexity of the work of the Conference of Ambassadors may easily be imagined.

The appointment in January, 1913, of the amiable and moderate, if not very resolute, Herr von Jagow as German Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in place of Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter, deceased, helped further to promote the existing Anglo-German co-operation. Sir Arthur Nicolson, Permanent Under-Secretary of State, even wrote to the British Ambassador at Berlin: "I trust that he will not desire to embrace us too warmly, as I do not wish that we should be too closely enfolded in the German arms." Kiderlen-Waechter, on the other hand, who, though not so friendly as Jagow, was a much stronger man, disliked "all the hot-headed warriors who surround the Emperor", as Sir Edward Goschen wrote from Berlin, and his death probably weakened the power of resistance of the Chancellor Bethmann-Hollweg (No. 536).

After the end of 1912, the international situation deteriorated. On January 18th, 1913, it was announced at the eleventh meeting of the Conference of Ambassadors that the Balkan Peace Conference (at St. James's Palace) had failed. The Turks, since they repulsed the Bulgarian attack on the Chataldja Heights in November, had been growing intransigent. They refused to consider the cession of Adrianople to the Bulgarians. On January 30th, 1913, the Bulgarians denounced the Armistice, and hostilities were resumed, called by the editors of *British Documents* the Second Balkan War. The Serb claims in regard

to the Albanian frontier remained a difficulty; and with this the relations between Russia and Austria-Hungary (Cartwright reported from Vienna on January 31st, 1913) "are growing worse from day to day"; he added: "Serbia will some day set Europe by the ears and bring about a universal war on the Continent" (No. 582). Sir George Buchanan reported from St. Petersburg on February 5th that the *Novoe Vremya* newspaper was discussing the possibility of a general war.

At the eighteenth meeting of the Conference of Ambassadors, Sir Edward Grey, admitting that Dibra and Djakova (which the Serbs insisted upon having) appeared to be really Albanian towns, pointed out also that Russia could not be expected to make *all* the concessions—she had given way on the subject of an Adriatic port for Serbia. Austria, on the other hand, had made a big concession in allowing Serbia and Montenegro to take the Sanjak of Novi Bazar, which barred the way between Austria and Salonika. The Emperor Francis Joseph was very much depressed (No. 618), "worrying himself over the possibility of his coming death in the midst of a universal war" (as actually happened, though not in 1913); and he sent an autograph letter of friendship to the Tsar. The Tsar's reply was also very friendly. Nevertheless, on February 14th, 1913, M. Sazonov sounded Sir George Buchanan at St. Petersburg on the attitude which Great Britain might be expected to take in case of a war of Russia against Austria and Germany (No. 622).

The Serbs continued to declare the "impossibility" of giving up Dibra and Djakova; and the Russian Government declared that though it might be able to concede Dibra to Albania, it could not, for "ecclesiastical and other reasons", yield in regard to Djakova. General Sir Henry Wilson, who had been passing through Paris, reported to Grey the opinion of "the soldiers" there that "it would be far better for France if a conflict were not too long postponed" (No. 656). Just about this time Delcassé (whom we now know from M. Paléologue's revelations to have been a firebrand and *revanchiste*) replaced the pacific Georges Louis as Ambassador at St. Petersburg (February 21st, 1913). Sir Arthur Nicolson was of opinion that Great Britain might have to fight (No. 650); and Grey (No. 625) said that

in the event of an Austro-Russian war, he would do his best to secure the neutrality of Germany, Great Britain, and France, which we now know to have been a practical impossibility.

Obviously Djakova was the critical point, Austria insisting that it should be included in Albania and Russia that it should be included in Serbia. To prevent a breakdown of the Conference of Ambassadors, Grey proposed that an international Commission be sent to Djakova to make investigations (No. 679, March 4th, 1913). Although this proposal was not then accepted, a few days later a semi-official communiqué, issued in St. Petersburg and Vienna, stated that the Russian and Austrian forces were being reduced to a normal footing (No. 708, March 13th, 1913). On March 21st, the Austrian Government informed Sir Edward Grey that it was prepared "to give up Djakova" on certain conditions concerning the protection of minorities and on the understanding that the Austrian view should be accepted regarding another sector of the Albanian frontier (No. 742). The proposal was approved and elucidated in the thirtieth meeting of the Conference of Ambassadors on March 22nd (No. 747).

The *dénouement* concerning Djakova had come quickly, and the main question dividing Austria and Russia was thus settled by the end of March, 1913, although the fall of Scutari and its occupation by the Montenegrins on April 23rd nearly precipitated another Austro-Russian crisis. There still remained the arduous negotiations in the Conference of Ambassadors, leading to the Peace Treaty of London, accepted by Balkan plenipotentiaries and signed by them and Turkey on May 30th, after an international squadron had occupied Scutari on behalf of the Powers.

The Peace Treaty of London, which reduced Turkey-in-Europe to little more than Constantinople, Gallipoli and the immediate foreground (the Enos-Midia line) was nullified by the attack of Bulgaria on the Serbs and Greeks, on June 30th. This precipitated the terrible inter-Balkan war (called by the editors of *British Documents* the Third Balkan War), which enabled the Turks to recover Adrianople and a good deal more of their lost territory, and which ended, after the military intervention of Rumania, in a very unsatisfactory peace treaty among the Balkan former allies. War between the Great Powers,

however, had been out of the question since May 7th, when the arrangements were made for the international squadron to occupy Scutari, which was to be included in Albania.

A reading of the *British Documents* on the Balkan crisis of 1912-13 as it affected the relations between the Great Powers inevitably brings up comparison of this with the crisis of July 1914. An outstanding difference is, of course, that in 1912-13 the disputing Powers did not in their demands from the first absolutely exclude the possibility of compromise. The Russian and Austrian Governments made concessions to each other in regard to the Albanian frontier, concessions which were a considerable modification of their original demands. It cannot be proved, however, that in July, 1914, Austria and Russia were absolutely uncompromising, because they had not time or opportunity to show whether, in the last resort, they were prepared to compromise or not. In 1912-13 a Conference of the Powers was sitting all through the crisis, and because the Conference was in session the crisis developed slowly, and time was obtained for discussion and for the making of adjustments among the Powers. The crisis of July, 1914, developed intensively in twelve days (from the presentation of the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia, on June 23rd, to the invasion of Belgium by Germany on August 3rd); and no Conference met, though Sir Edward Grey asked for one by circular telegram on July 26th.

It appears, accordingly, that the essential thing in an international crisis, if every resource for the preservation of peace is to be employed, is that a Conference of the Powers should meet before the crisis has developed intensively, and that it should be able, if necessary, to remain continuously in session. Comparing July, 1914, with 1912-13, Lord Grey (in *Twenty-five Years*) gave it as his opinion that if in July, 1914, a Conference had happened to be in session when the crisis began; if, for instance, the Conference of 1913 had for some reason been kept in being and had spilled over into 1914, the Austro-Russo-Serbian dispute might have been adjusted.

Since 1914 the great defect in international resources, the lack of certain means for the meeting of a Conference, has been remedied by the establishing of the League of Nations; the Council of the League is, in effect, a standing Conference. It is

practically impossible for any political crisis to overtake Europe without discussion in the League Council.

In 1912-13 the kind of Conference which was used was a Reunion of Ambassadors, presided over by the Foreign Minister of the Power in whose capital they were sitting. Such a Conference may again prove useful, as providing a means whereby the parties especially interested in a dispute may meet for discussion outside and in addition to the Council of the League. The League Council is a Conference of responsible statesmen. A Conference of Ambassadors consists of professional diplomats who, within the terms of their instructions, are always likely to arrive at an agreement. An ambassador can, on occasion, adhere even without instructions, *à titre personnel* to a proposition made by his colleagues, and if he takes such a step at the right moment his Government will be very likely to ratify his action (cf. *British Documents*, IX, 2, p. 1066, Marquis Imperiali). The history of the Conference of Ambassadors of London of 1912-13, as it can be followed in the *British Documents* and other series of contemporary documents, seems to prove this.

The last (sixty-third) meeting of the Conference (or Reunion) of Ambassadors of London was held on August 11th, 1913. It made certain arrangements concerning the International Commission which was to determine the frontier of Albania; this done, "it was agreed that it would probably not be necessary to have another meeting of the reunion before we adjourned for the holidays" (p. 1068). It never reassembled.

THE OUTLOOK IN YUGOSLAVIA

BY PATRICK MAITLAND

ON the late King Alexander's desk at his favourite villa near the family mausoleum of Oplenatz there lies a copy of a prophetic letter. Karageorge, founder of the present ruling dynasty in Yugoslavia, wrote in this sense to Napoleon: "Even though political opportunities may at present block the way, a kingdom of the Southern Slavs must one day come into existence." When M. Yevtitch, the present Prime and Foreign Minister, published King Alexander's last words, "Chuvate Yugoslaviu"—"Guard Yugoslavia," he knew that for months, even years, to come the psychological and political forces which collide within the territory of Yugoslavia would fight and wrangle, making the task of preserving the national unity one of the greatest difficulty.

Possibly the net result of all King Alexander's work and labour has been the semi-conscious growth among his subjects of an almost fatalistic belief that "Yugoslavia shall be". This belief was wonderfully, and indeed rather unexpectedly, shown at the time of the return of the late King's body to its native soil. For anyone who was in Yugoslavia at the time, and particularly in Zagreb, the experience of the stricken people's national mourning is quite unforgettable. Even in that very city which since the War has always played a merely opposition role, the people were crying and wailing just like the Serbs themselves at the loss of their chosen prince. Nor was the emotion confined simply to the Christian parts of Yugoslavia. In the Moslem districts one might have thought from the people's grief that the deceased monarch had been a prophet of Islam.

This was, perhaps, the first time in the country's history that an emotional experience was shared by every party and faction—in fact, by the nation. On the death of the previous king, Peter I, it was the citizens of Zagreb who boycotted the funeral. Now they gladly welcomed the privilege that King Alexander's body

should lie in state at their railway station while over two hundred thousand people came to do homage.

The experience had its crowning moment. The man on whom the late King laid his charge, Prince Paul, President of the Regency Council, appeared publicly before the people of Belgrade. Nobody, apparently, had seen him before. Though one of Alexander's closest confidants, he had been the scholarly recluse living far away from political wrangles, absorbed in his study and the collection of works of art. He was greeted with wild enthusiasm. The people took him to themselves as their new figurehead, as the man who, they believed, could lead them through the wilderness of the immediate future. The intense emotion of those days having now faded away, a mountain of unsolved problems stands out clearly. But they can be faced with greater confidence, for the people themselves have begun to feel a new national consciousness.

Yugoslavia has about an equal number of Roman Catholic and Orthodox subjects, and, in addition, a great Moslem population numbering about a million, besides German and Hungarian minorities. Together, they make up a population of roughly fourteen millions. Each part claims a status of just equality with the others. The country is therefore a sort of international clearing-house of the most varied and psychological racial currents. The task of the Prince Regent is to find some machinery to harmonize them. But the political reconciliation of such varying cultural strains as those represented symbolically by Rome, Byzantium, and Mecca is not a simple one. Moreover, the Regent has to face his task when each of the constituent elements cries after the iron hand of the past regime, and when, in consequence, each claims the fullest democratic rights. To this must be added the fact that each of the main elements, taken geographically, has had a widely differing history from each of the others during the last five hundred years. Over the Rome-Byzantium-Mecca strata one has to reckon with the political legacy of Budapest, Vienna, and Turkey.

Since the proclamation of the Royal dictatorship in 1929, the machinery of rule which was to weld the different strains into a united whole was the Gendarmerie. Their excesses were continually permitted because for the time being there seemed no

alternative to force. Now, when the mind of the Prince Regent is set on pacification and relief by a return to some sort of democratic regime, the petty officers in every hamlet and village up and down the country are loth to give up their methods of political intimidation.

Immediately after the King's murder in October last year, Prince Paul reconstructed the Cabinet—but only in some relatively minor respects. One or two politicians of the previous regime, lately out of office, were brought back, including the former Foreign Minister, M. Marinkovitch, and the former Prime Minister of the same Cabinet, M. Srskitich. The effect was not very startling. Its only result was an intrigue against the Foreign Minister, M. Yevtitch. Violent disagreement broke out in the Cabinet Council, and while M. Yevtitch was away at Geneva his "colleagues" sought to compromise him by the untimely expulsion of two thousand Hungarians from the country. The explosive effect on Europe, at a time when everyone was suspicious of Hungarian responsibility for the King's assassination, will be well remembered. Prince Paul's immediate reply was to dismiss all the Ministers and entrust M. Yevtitch with the formation of a new government.

But so far M. Yevtitch, originally supposed to be in favour of a more moderate regime and a policy of internal conciliation, has proved a great disappointment to the whole country. It seems that Prince Paul, who had only a very limited circle from which to make his choice, has backed a powerful loser. M. Yevtitch is as closely tied up with the methods of the old regime as any of the former politicians. When the Prince Regent demanded a general amnesty for all political offenders, the Minister of Justice merely resigned, and M. Yevtitch only consented with reluctance to the release of Dr. Matchek, the Croat Peasant Leader, from the prison where he had been confined for the last three years owing to his policy of federation of all the districts of Yugoslavia. Even when he had been released, the Gendarmerie were still allowed to molest many of those who went to visit him in Zagreb, while the intriguers in Belgrade became busy trying utterly to misrepresent Dr. Matchek's position.

It became clear that the new Cabinet must go and also the old

Skupstina (the packed Parliament of the dictatorship). On January 6th Prince Paul signed a decree to dissolve the Skupstina and prepare for new elections on May 5th. A semi-official announcement said that "the new elections are to be held in such a way as to provide a Skupstina more nearly representative of the country". What is meant by this sentence still remains a question. It was unknown at that time whether Dr. Matchek would be allowed to go to the elections and put up a list of candidates from his own party. According to the electoral law of the country, the extra-parliamentary opposition is permitted to put up an election list, or as many election lists as it likes, as long as it can find in fifty-one per cent. of the arrondissements of the country thirty people who will subscribe their signatures to the lists.

After the lapse of a few days, it became known that the various extra-parliamentary opposition parties had been conferring and were determined to put up a common opposition list, with Dr. Matchek, if possible, at its head. M. Dragolyub Yovanovitch, leader of the left-wing Serbian Peasants' Party, addressed a letter to Dr. Matchek formally inviting him to head a united opposition list backed by the two Serbian Peasants' Parties, the Serbian Democratic Party of M. Davidovitch, and of course his own Croat Peasants' Party. The policy would be the earnest examination of the Croat problem if the coalition should be returned to power. Dr. Matchek readily agreed to the plan in principle.

The first sign that the elections were not going to be as free as was hoped was the refusal of the Press to publish either the invitation to Dr. Matchek or his reply to it. An order was even issued to the Press (which is entirely censored) not to write anything about the election lists of the extra-parliamentary opposition. Later, as the negotiations between the different opposition parties developed with a view to making a common front with the Serbian Radical Party of M. Asa Stanoyevitch, the Moslem Party of M. Spaho, and the Slovene Clerical Party of Father Koroshetz, it became clear that the authorities (*i.e.*, those in a position to control the Gendarmerie) would do everything they could to ensure the return to power of M. Yevtitch's nominees and scarcely anybody else. Not only was M. Davidovitch dug out of bed one morning and brought to the police

station to answer for his plans to go to the election, but thirty of his party colleagues were treated in the same way. At the same time M. Yovan Yovanovitch, leader of the right-wing Serbian Peasants, was warned that he would be in danger if he held a single meeting with his party committee without first getting permission from the Gendarmerie.

There were soon further indications that the temper of the ruling powers of Yugoslavia had not changed. News of bloodshed came from Slovenski Brod, in Croatia. Probably the true tale will never be told in full, but as much as patient enquiry enabled me to discover should be reported, for it gives a vivid picture of the rising temper of the Yugoslav peasants and of the viciousness of Yugoslavia's greatest enemy, her Gendarmerie, and those who have power to influence it.

On February 9th the Gendarmerie of Slovenski Brod arrested a certain Andriya Belititch, from Poderkavlye, on a charge of removing from the local school a stone bearing its name inscribed in Cyrillic letters (*i.e.*, Serbian, as opposed to the Latin letters used by the Croats). On February 11th the notorious priest, Father Mihovil Praskitch, from the same village, was arrested with twelve other men, peasants, on a charge of complicity in the affair. They were tortured in the night, their hair and beards were torn, they were thrown on to the ground and finally tied up with their knees against their chests. The gendarmes then took one of the party, the peasant Marko Neditch, removed his shoes and stockings, made him walk more than a kilometre over freezing snow, undressed him completely and made him lie in the snow all night. The result was that as soon as the peasants of the neighbourhood heard of it they came in some numbers from thirteen nearby villages to the police station at Poderkavlye, demanding the release of the prisoners. It appears that there must have been between seven and eight hundred peasants present, for the Gendarmerie, frightened by the crowd, evidently released some of the prisoners and hastily sent for reinforcements. It also came out from one who confessed to having himself removed the stone from the school building, that none of the arrested persons had had anything to do with the affair. Meanwhile the peasants dispersed in good order, singing Croatian songs, and shouting "Long live Dr. Matchek".

The whole matter, however, was already causing tempers to rise and the peasants to talk.

On February 17th a number of peasants gathered outside the church at Sibinj near by, to talk of the coming elections and the support which they should give to Dr. Matchek, their leader. It appears that Father Praskitch, together with one student and one peasant, harangued those who were present. In the evening they accompanied Father Praskitch home to his parish at Orlovatch, not far off, singing Croatian songs as before and crying as loud as possible "Long live Dr. Matchek". Their ringleader was arrested by the gendarmes the next day. It was assumed by the peasants that he would be tortured in the usual way by the Gendarmerie, and they therefore gathered in great numbers to demand of the local officer that he should be let free. The major acceded to their demand, finding his own forces insufficient to enable him to do otherwise.

The following day, February 19th, reinforcements of Gendarmerie arrived at Sibinj to rearrest the peasant who had been set free just before. When they gathered, repeating their demand for his release, the Gendarmerie fired a round of shots at the defenceless peasants. Eight lay dead, shot in the back. Three more were badly wounded, and a number of others were lightly wounded.

The Gendarmerie doubtless thought that their madness had in no way ensured their position, and felt bound to send for further assistance. The next day, February 20th, saw the town of Slovenski Brod surrounded by police, gendarmes, and soldiers ready with machine guns, and even trenches dug, as if a Bolshevik revolution were expected to break out any minute.

That day there came to the village of Gornja Vrba, not far from Brod, a group of peasants who intended to proceed thither again to demand the release of their comrades. Although unarmed, they were greeted with rifle fire, and, while three were killed outright, a fourth, as he lay on the ground badly wounded, was given two further shots at short range which killed him. Another peasant, already badly wounded, was beaten by a gendarme with his rifle butt. In addition, there were a number of peasants lightly wounded. The disturbance provoked by this crazy use of firearms against unarmed peasants grew when

a number of other peasants, peacefully bringing their produce to market, were greeted in the same way. Luckily none was killed. Subsequent enquiries showed that altogether fourteen peasants had been killed in the whole affair.

The coming elections are designed by the Regent, Prince Paul, to give the people of Yugoslavia a chance to speak their own mind on the common affairs of that which they are now coming to regard as their nation. He is really anxious that free elections should be held with a view, afterwards, to a really determined effort to tackle Yugoslavia's central internal problem, that of the constitutional relations between Croatia and the other parts of the kingdom. For anyone who has met the Regent, it is quite impossible to doubt his desire for pacification. Consequently one had at first hoped that the Gendarmerie's tendencies towards political intimidation would be curbed long before the elections. But even since the Slovenski Brod affair tales have begun to circulate of further interference in what seems to be a most malicious manner. There have been political arrests. The two former Ministers, Boka Vlyitch and Matin Grol are now interned. They were arrested for their part in "electioneering" (if passing news and encouragement from ear to ear can be called by such a name).

These tendencies seem to contradict Prince Paul's assurances that the election, which is anyway held by open ballot, will be carried out perfectly freely. In some quarters there are the greatest doubts about the extra-parliamentary opposition finally being allowed to go to the polls at all. At the time of writing, it is seriously feared that the opposition may be at the last moment forced to withdraw on the ground of some technicality. Will it be able, for instance, to muster thirty people in each of the required fifty-one per cent. of the arrondissements, to brave the intimidation of the Gendarmerie and subscribe their names to the election lists?

While such possibilities are serious, how is it that the Prince Regent seems unable to guarantee what he wishes? Or how is it, to put the matter less bluntly, that, since the death of the late King Alexander, the temper of those who have power in Yugoslavia, those who are in a position to control the Gendarmerie, is not a whit better than before? The clue to the whole situation seems to lie in the fact that the struggle inside Yugoslavia is,

primarily, one between the Catholic Church and all decent-minded people on the one side, with the power of Freemasonry on the other.

Every act of the Regent must carry the consent of the other members of the Regency Council. There are two others. One of them, M. Stankovitch, is Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Yugoslavia, under the influence of the Grand Orient Lodge of France. The other Regent's connection, if any, with the Freemasons is not certainly known. But many highly intelligent and well-informed persons believe that he, too, is a mason. Under such circumstances it is not surprising that, in circles close to the co-Regent's, the fear is repeatedly expressed that Prince Paul is looking for fuller power in order to free himself from the masons' hands.

The whole future of Yugoslavia and the possibility in particular of free elections either now or at any future time depends on the fight which is put up against Yugoslav Freemasonry. The Croatian question will always remain a problem, and one of the gravest elements of danger in the whole Balkan situation, so long as the Freemasons succeed in holding the essential reins of power in Yugoslavia. It is the machinations and internal squabbles of the various brands of Yugoslav masonry which are entirely responsible for the present unsettled condition, with its well-known cliques of politicians mostly living on graft and the state coffers.

Possibly the whole tangled skein could be unravelled by fearless research into and publication of all the intricate connections which the masonic organizations have woven within this country. Together these lodges maintain most of the higher and intermediate officials of the country. Among their number are the censors, so that not only can those, like the Croats whom they wish to keep down, make no public pronouncement displeasing to themselves, but even the Catholic Church itself is denied any freedom of speech through the Press. So long as the lodges remain powerful, the Catholic Church will fight a fierce battle, and the Croatian problem will be left unsolved.

From the elections Yugoslavia can only hope two things. First, the people *do* look to Prince Paul with the deepest loyalty. Possibly he may, despite the clique of officials around him, be

able even now to prevent the recurrence of such Gendarmerie excesses as were seen in the Slovenski Brod affair. Otherwise an overwhelming victory for M. Yevtitch, without the people's real consent, seems inevitable. Secondly, after the elections, if they have been held on the old pattern and the opposition is prevented at the last minute from entering the lists, serious developments may be expected.

A fierce struggle between the Prince Regent as the nation's leader against the bureaucracy of secret organizations is in either case inevitable. For, even a victory for the opposition would hardly drive out all the officials whose loyalty at present is rather to their pockets than to the nation. But in the event of the elections being held as in the past, the leaders of Yugoslavia, her real leaders, those who have the welfare of the new nation at heart and who are wholehearted in their support of the Martyr King's successor, will have to reckon with the rising temper of the peasants. The youth of the country is Yugoslav and believes in the ultimate success of the Prince Regent. It is a youth inspired with the highest idealism, even if that idealism often wastes itself in useless channels, such as Communist riots in the Universities. This idealism is only driven into such channels by the worthlessness of the present political cliques.

But if the immediate future seems rather dark, it need not be permanently alarming. Only let the youth be helped and encouraged, and sooner or later Prince Paul will find how strong and patriotic is his backing among the people. Possibly one may gain the most cheering impression of future possibilities from the immense and growing influence in Yugoslavia of the Y.M.C.A.—British in influence—which is teaching those sections of the youth which it touches something of their own inherent power, and encouraging them in the spirit of self-confidence with which alone it can hope to oust the "Old Gang" of politicians.

When finally it does this, Yugoslavia will really exist, and the prophecy of Karageorge will at last be fully realized. Till then, and so long as the struggle lasts, let the world look out for periodic disturbance and unrest.

KREISLER AND THE CRITICS

BY BASIL MAINE

THE public may be forgiven if it is slow to appreciate the point of a musical hoax. It may even be forgiven for being a little resentful, since it is obvious that a public hoax of any kind is intended to be a criticism of its own perceptive powers. When the deception has been practised by an artist to whom the public has given loyal support, to regard it as an insult is not to be deemed unreasonable. For, on the face of it, such deception amounts to a confession that, in the hoaxer's opinion, his supporters are fools. In the United States, Kreisler is a popular and well-loved artist; yet, even in that country, editorial comments and correspondence have revealed the general opinion that the hoax to which he has recently confessed is, to say the least, a sad error of judgment. Here is a paragraph which is a fair reflection of the average American's view of the case:

"The real issue, however, rests neither with those who are amused nor those who are chagrined. Kreisler remains the beloved, and much as some may laugh and others scowl, it is unlikely that his personal popularity will be affected in the least. That, too, is something beside the point. The issue is not Kreisler or his fortunes. It resolves itself rather into one of honesty in authorship and the possible influence on others of so curious a course by an artist of Kreisler's high standing and wide acclaim."

In England, too, Kreisler has a large, admiring following. He is one of the few artists who can draw a capacity audience to the Albert Hall. But since he does not spend so much time in England as in America, the English were able to examine their reactions to the hoax in a more detached manner. Kreisler himself referred to the "delightful good humour and splendid sportsmanship" with which all the English critics except one

accepted the disclosure. In this he received a rather superficial impression. Moreover, the reference to humour and sportsmanship betrays his apprehension. It implies almost a confession of wrongdoing, as who should say: "I fully realize that I went too far with my hoax and carried it on too long. But the English are so friendly, so sporting; I knew they would not take offence."

Because the present writer regards this deception as being far more serious than some other cases within memory, he proposes here to consider it and its implications in some detail. The nature of the Kreisler case, for example, differs entirely from Sir Henry Wood's acknowledgment that the Klenovsky of a well-known Bach transcription was Sir Henry Wood. In literature, drama, and music, the public has long ago agreed to condone an author's use of a pseudonym if it suits his purpose. To be logical, no doubt we should pursue the enquiry to the point of questioning whether an artist, any more than an auditor, a doctor, or a knife-grinder, has any right to offer his work under any name which is not his own, whether the name be fictitious or not. But there it is. For generations the public has been lenient enough to accept anonymous and pseudonymous work from composers and authors, and it is too late now to raise objection to the obvious flaw in the principle. Another case was that of the composer called Dvorsky. The composer himself was a fact, since his music existed; but Dvorsky was a fiction—or shall we call him a lie? Josef Hofmann was the name. Incidentally we may pause to ask what, if not vanity, prompts a composer to reveal his authorship of a work some years after it was first published under an assumed name. The average observer cannot be blamed for thinking that the composer, unwilling to face criticism, masked his identity in the first place; and that, finding his music had achieved some success with the public and unwilling to forgo the personal credit, he decided later to drop the mask.

But there is another factor in most of these cases. It is the prevalent notion that all critics are either knaves or fools or both. To catch the critic out has been the cherished desire of almost every performer since criticism was recognized as a profession. Yet no artist would wish to dispense with criticism,

since it would mean a sacrifice of precious publicity. At the same time there are few musical artists, whether creators or interpreters, who can accept adverse criticism even when it is set down proportionately and in a constructive manner. They therefore make themselves bold by repeating the parrot-cry that critics as a class are insensible, callous, embittered, woefully ignorant and, to all intents and purposes, tone-deaf.

This is a peculiarly shortsighted attitude. It amounts to a belief that criticism is no more than a tolerated guest of the Arts, and tolerated only on the condition of good behaviour. Unfortunately critics themselves often encourage that attitude. On one of the festive occasions of the Critics' Circle I received the impression that critics were eternally and profoundly grateful for being allowed to sustain themselves on the crumbs that fell from the high altar of the priestly performer. One critic likened his brothers to parasites, and again, to wolves; another was pleased to lisp pretty compliments to a number of actresses who were present; another indulged in the shameless opinion that no critic was worthy to lace the shoe of the least among artists. Misguided humility! This is the kind of obsequiousness which encourages the artist to be so insufferably self-important. Even more encouraging to his vanity is such a declaration as I once heard from a well-known composer who ought to have known, and probably did know, better. "The composer is nothing without his interpreter", he said. "My job is just putting down so many black dots on paper". The same opinion was set forth in a recent essay on Chaliapin's art, the opinion that the interpreter is the be-all and end-all of creative art, with the corollary that the creator himself is a worm and no man.

In a letter sent by Kreisler to a Sunday journal, this same distortion is to be observed, only here the interpreter is exalted at the expense of the critic who, as usual, is regarded as the sworn enemy of art and artists. Kreisler writes of the autocratic power which critics wield against defenceless performers. He must surely know that critics have no such power, and that artists can always be defended by the law. As for the deliberate malice which Kreisler appears to discern in one critic's writings, it is certain that no responsible editor in England would tolerate

that motive in any criticism he allowed to be published. In another paragraph Kreisler refers to the same critic (Mr. Ernest Newman) as "an irate public prosecutor of artists" who is seeking to "satisfy his wounded *amour propre* and attempt revenge on an irksome violinist". For a public which has admired and worshipped the great violinist throughout his career, it is embarrassing to find him subscribing to such a ridiculous statement. Moreover, by imputing these charges to the greatest of English critics, he is liable to be thought ungracious and ungrateful; for in England Kreisler's genius has prompted some of the finest of critical writing.

Acknowledgment of his genius will not prevent the English public from examining, from an ethical point of view, the manner in which Kreisler published fourteen of his compositions under other composers' names. It may be urged that this is a far less serious offence than for a composer to publish other men's music under his own name. No doubt, in this particular case it is less serious; but it is not difficult to imagine an example where the one offence is as great as the other, and, indeed, similar in nature. Let us invent a composer called X who is unknown and at the beginning of his career. He writes a madrigal, and in order to commend it to the public takes it upon himself to assign it to William Byrd, having been careful to reproduce the superficial aspects of that master's style. If the publisher agrees to be a party to the deception, the collusion is likely to succeed; for we are supposing an instance where the imitation is near enough to mislead all but students of Byrd's style. In the circumstances, even the scholars are hardly likely to go further than to suggest that the work was probably written in one of Byrd's less inspired moments. Who shall say that X's ruse is defensible from any angle whatsoever? He is in the wrong no less than if he had taken one of Byrd's madrigals and published it under his own name. The motive in both instances is the same—namely, to steal some of Byrd's thunder, in the one, from his name; in the other, from his music.

Now Kreisler has not been guilty of stealing thunder exactly in the way I have exemplified here. In all but four of his "classical" manuscripts he has used the names of composers of but limited renown or appeal. As to his motive, these are

his own words: "I simply wrote them in order to enlarge my programmes, where they figured modestly 'in the style of' Pugnani, Cartier, etc. A few colleagues borrowed copies, but they soon fell into the habit of first dropping the 'in the style of' and finally omitting my own name as well. Thinking that my colleagues rather exaggerated my modesty, I recalled the outstanding copies and henceforth used the transcriptions exclusively for myself". In another paragraph of the statement recently prepared in Berlin for the Associated Press, Kreisler explains that these violin compositions had become so popular under the assumed names attached to them that there was "no possibility of re-christening them". Accordingly, "yielding to pressure", he consented to their publication "with the expressed proviso that every copy must contain a notice, so placed as certainly to catch the reader's eye, in which my authorship was *in a measure* confessed".

The words which I have put in italics reveal the real weakness of Kreisler's case. These were his original compositions; yet for a number of various reasons (which in all probability can only be fully understood by fellow-artists, so inexplicable to the average man is the behaviour of these creatures) it was not expedient to confess that he was the author. There is no offence to the public in that. Where Kreisler made his mistake was in using the names of composers who, in fact, had existed, and for music of which the real authorship was only in a measure acknowledged. Kreisler mentions Chatterton. But Chatterton's action in signing some of his work with an invented name is to be compared with Sir Henry Wood's invention of the young Klenovsky who died at the beginning of his career, not with Kreisler's use of the names of Pugnani, Vivaldi and the rest. To say, as Kreisler does, that "in informed circles there was in those days not the slightest doubt about the authorship of the pieces" is the lamest of excuses. There was no justification for a select, informed circle in a case of this kind; the whole musical world had a right to know, not so much that the works were by Kreisler as that they were not by Pugnani, Vivaldi, etc. Nor does Kreisler's reference to his *Liebeslied*, *Liebesfreud* and *Schönrosmarin* strengthen his defence. Originally these popular compositions were credited to Joseph

Lanner as posthumous dances. In later years Kreisler admitted that he was the composer. "Even this confession", he now remarks, "which certainly offered a clue, did not point the way for the learned experts". With all due respect, the clue is not only a very slender one but also singularly unhelpful. The supposition here is that the "learned experts" are sufficiently interested in Kreisler as a composer to make a close and "learned" study of his style. That, of course, is altogether too large an assumption.

The conclusion of the whole matter is that, in making his disclosure, Kreisler, like some other artists of the older school, has shown himself to be suffering acutely from a persecution complex. This was to be his way of turning the tables on the despised critics. Unless it is because they have failed to see in him as great a master as a composer as he undoubtedly is as a violinist, it is difficult to understand the reason for this pathetic little act of retribution.

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

HERR HITLER has made remarkable changes in the psychological map of Europe. His first, and probably most remarkable, achievement was to bring about good understanding between France and Italy : but much more picturesque and dramatic was the beflagging of Moscow with Union Jacks in honour of Mr. Eden's visit. Here is change of heart indeed ; and, what is not less significant, England is relieved to see this demonstration—however paradoxical it may appear.

Already certain things are manifest. The first is that Herr Hitler has succeeded in frightening Europe ; the second, that he is determined to keep a free hand on Germany's eastern front. What he intends there is matter for guesswork ; but it is not a guess to say that he counts on achieving his objects by the prestige of superior force, and the conviction that he will use it if there is resistance. This is, of course, a dangerous game ; but Germany's internal situation is such that the least risk may seem to lie in foreign dangers ; and Herr Hitler knows and counts on the unwillingness of the civilized world to resort to force. His attempt in Austria to present Europe with a *fait accompli* was checked by the prompt countermove of Italy—the Great Power which is least affected by this reluctance. But it is unlikely that Italy would consider herself as a guardian of Lithuanian rights. There is indeed, on first principles, a strong case to be made for the annexation to the German Reich of a town so strongly German as Memel. But suppose it carried out : next would come the

strong case for bringing back the three million Germans in Czechoslovakia : a more serious undertaking, but in a military sense probably possible for Germany today ; certainly possible after two or three years have organized her new army. To prevent such a project, Russia might possibly move, France might move ; but Russia is tied by the fear of what Japan may do ; and in France, though Englishmen find this difficult to believe, the detestation of war is just as great as in England, unless it be war to defend their own territory. In short, the peace of Europe is at the mercy of a strong Power which has the will to war : and the only effective deterrent is knowledge that any military enterprise will bring against the peace-breaker such a combination as no military men will face. The reason why Union Jacks flew in Moscow was that Russians, like the rest of Europe, saw in Mr. Eden's visit a prospect that England would enter into a combination of this kind, to ensure that the map of Europe shall not be altered by force or the threat of force.

For security in Europe, it does not suffice to ensure stable frontiers on the West. France and Italy are too deeply concerned about the future to be indifferent as to what happens in the East. This concern does not equally affect England. But the major consideration for England and for all Europe is to prevent the belief that war may be made profitable, and the course of action which flows from such a belief. England can probably decide whether Europe shall organize itself as a whole to prevent war, or shall fall back into the system of military alliances—this group facing that group. If by refusal to co-operate in a general system England decides to leave Europe to competing forces, then this National Government will have abandoned the two objects on which most stress was laid during the war : the purpose of ending war by making it unprofitable and the purpose of establishing the small nationalities in freedom. These causes may still be defended, but not by England.

Rightly or wrongly—in all probability wrongly—many Englishmen think that England's separate interests are not engaged by what may happen to the east of Germany. But the issue trans-

cends all particular interests. We are at a turning point for European civilization. So far back as October, 1870, a far-sighted Englishman, Dean Church, wrote these words :

I cannot get quit of the belief that German unity at present means simply the predominance of a great military monarchy at Berlin, animated by the spirit of a feudal caste which looks on soldiership and war as the highest and most honourable of human occupations. Bismarck has turned the German longing for nationality and unity into the weapon of Prussia.

It is not Hitler that Europe is facing ; it is the military machine which Bismarck created, which under the monarchy dominated Germany body and soul, and which under a dictatorship has taken a more ruthless grip than ever. The French may be mistaken in believing that the General Staff forced Hitler to the slaughter on June 30th, when the less amenable of his associates were disposed of, along with General von Schleicher ; but whatever happened then and has happened since then conformed to the needs of a military programme. Finally, the mask is thrown off and the challenge made at the moment when France has to admit that the provisions for defence adopted after Locarno no longer suffice for security. The Lean Years have begun.

After Locarno, France reduced the period of service from two years to eighteen months. In 1928 it was further cut down to a year, thus reducing by fifty per cent. the men actually serving at any given moment. The annual contingent in normal times was 240,000. As from next year it will drop to 120,000. At least as a temporary measure, the two-year service is to be restored. Germany chose to regard this as a menace, and announced at once that her army would be raised by conscription and constituted on a basis of thirty-six divisions. There is dispute as to what number of fighting men this will mean, but one thing is certain : the German army will be greatly more numerous than the French.

It is true that the French have at huge expense constructed a vast system of fortifications. But fortifications do not defend themselves, and the larger these works the larger the force required to man them. If broken, such a line of defence becomes a danger, because it immobilizes so many men. It will never be possible for France to reduce the number of her soldiers beyond

what is needed to hold the defensive works and provide a mobile force behind.

Those who believe that peace can be secured simply by reducing armaments will throw blame on France. Such folk, and they are many in England, should ask themselves where in Europe is the will to war found. If the conviction had been established and inculcated in France that military action is the highest practice of the State, would it have been possible for Germany to set the power of France at defiance when France was stronger than today and Germany incomparably weaker? In fact, the guiding power in Germany has carefully and tentatively ascertained by slow encroachments that France, like England, is held back by a repugnance to the thought of war. Some believe that Poland, whose ruler is less affected by these scruples, pressed for action to nip the military revival in Germany while it could have been done easily by France and Poland alone: and that the decision to make a separate agreement with Germany was reached when the other method of securing Poland's frontiers had to be set aside.

Now, it is stated, Poland prefers the guarantee which she has secured, and repudiates the proposed Eastern Pact. But would this opposition be offered to a general league of security, on the basis of maintaining existing frontiers? A country lying between two Great Powers which, up to 1918, held it in partition, and which has no natural defences or lines of demarcation, will always need whatever guarantee it can add to the military qualities of its people. It has a guarantee from Germany, covering ten years—of which two have gone by. They would be sanguine folk who counted on indefinite renewal of the pledge to keep hands off the Corridor—unless the Great Powers of Europe jointly protect it.

It is not to be supposed that England will enter into any compact binding her to support common action in Europe simply for the sake of Poland or of Lithuania or, for that matter, of France. Her interest is in peace; and at this moment it looks as if peace could be preserved only by an organization for common action against any Power that should break the peace. Her co-operation or her refusal to co-operate will decide whether organ-

ization shall be general, embracing all Europe, or organization of one part of Europe against the other.

One of the questions which must come up concerns the position of Hungary. Is it reasonable that Hungary, which, as a State, has shown the disposition to be a good European, should still have restrictions imposed on her freedom when another State has set them aside? If Italy, Hungary's friend, argues in this sense it will be hard to see an answer cogent in equity. Assuming that the Great Powers now in the League of Nations still propose to work with the League and through the League, is it not necessary that their action should square with elementary justice? And here another question than that of the right to re-arm arises. It is admitted that a great part of Austria feels more strongly drawn, by economic interest as well as by sympathy of race, toward the German Reich. But France and Italy are firmly opposed to any such fusion. Surely it may be in the interest of all to set up a counter-attraction southward. Would not a reunited Austria-Hungary be less of a danger to the peace of Europe than the present isolated and unhappy States? The idea of the German *Anschluss* makes a strong appeal to imagination: a rival appeal is needed, offering to Hungary and still more to Austria some rallying point for national pride. In the last resort, Europe may have to choose between these two arrangements for union. The question has to be so stated, for at present it is Europe that forbids alike the one or the other, and maintains the fragmentation of what was a great Power. On the other hand, a furious veto on any plan to restore the Habsburgs is shouted by the Succession States. Yet it seems to many Europeans that the only chance to establish a popular government either in Austria or in Hungary is to restore the traditional monarchy. If these Austrian and Hungarian peoples are to be free peoples, their right to choose in such a matter cannot be denied. The Great Powers may not be strong enough to prevent Germany from setting aside at her own will part of the Versailles Treaty. They are strong enough to ensure that the penal clauses affecting Austria and Hungary should be relaxed so that there may be fair play in Europe.

Austria-
Hungary
Again?

In so distracted a world it is pleasant to note that the government of Greece, having suppressed revolt, shows a wise leniency in dealing with those who revolted. They may have been influenced by what is passing in Spain, where a Government of National Union has been split to pieces on this question of penalties. Señor Lerroux chose to part with the support of the Catholic League of Action rather than consent to mass executions. In Greece probably there was a feeling that if death sentences were to be passed it would scarcely be possible not to declare the life of M. Venizelos forfeit; and that such a decree would horrify European opinion, as would certainly be the case—amazed though all were to see such a man identify himself with revolt against authority that had democratic sanction. The causes of discontent which led to the outbreak are now plain enough. Governments in a world full of autocracies grow less and less tolerant of opposition, and the Government now in power by the popular vote found the army and navy full of leading officers whose personal attachment was to M. Venizelos, while in the Senate his partizans still held a majority. Steps to alter this state of things by promotions and removals in the public service were naturally resented by the Venizelists; it seems also that the administration were singularly slow to bring to justice men who made an attempt on the life of M. Venizelos himself. Army and navy, whether with or without knowledge of M. Venizelos is uncertain, sought their own redress. In a State that has gone through so many revolutions as Greece within the past twenty years, the armed forces do not easily fall into that obedience which it is their duty to observe. They failed, because the Government had behind it the general mass of the people, and it is astonishing that an acute and experienced statesman like M. Venizelos should have so disastrously miscalculated the temper of Greece. Happily the Government has the wisdom to think that clemency, not severity, is the best way to increase its power. But it has taken the step of abolishing that part of the legislature which was not at once subservient to the change in popular opinion. The Senate disappears. Something very like absolute rule can exist under a form of democracy with a single Chamber, but is difficult when Parliament is not all of one piece.

**Wise
Clemency
in Greece**

Mr. John Buchan's appointment to be Governor-General of Canada is all the more notable because it was, it seems, asked for by the Canadian Government on behalf of themselves and of the Opposition. Literary folk will like to regard it as a compliment to the profession of literature; and so it is. Yet I think Mr. Buchan owes this crowning honour to his nationality. Scotland has a great stronghold in Canada; and Mr. Buchan has come to be in a sort the public orator of Scotland. Sir James Barrie is too whimsically personal to speak for anyone but himself; Mr. Buchan has the gift of saying in Scotland and for Scotland just what Scotsmen want to have said. Moreover in his tenure of the High Commissionership he held court to admiration at Holyrood: Scotland overseas was aware of this, and was aware also that this most successful man of letters had during a singularly varied career made his mark in the business of publishing. There was a time when many of us blessed Mr. Buchan when we had a railway journey to make and he offered us a well-chosen selection of sevenpenny novels—alas! a pre-war luxury. The War brought him experience in administration at the Ministry of Information—and the experience brought a mass of new material for the novelist's imagination to work on. The historian also was learning in those days. Few writers have been less bookish than this author of so many books, and few men have accumulated experience with such zest and enjoyment. Canada will appeal to his imagination, and he is well fitted to touch the imagination of Canada. Scot he is and close in sympathy to the Scottish strains in Canada, both Gaelic and Lowland: but not less he is a man to realize and make others realize all the romance and all the dignity that are preserved in the French-Canadian breed.

**Mr. John
Buchan**

Mr. Owen Rutter's book on *Rajah Brooke and the Baroness Burdett Coutts* illustrates the odd development of the British Empire. Brooke, a most picturesque figure, such as Meredith might have invented, evidently took the fancy of the British public; England was charmed by the young Englishman who had become the adopted sovereign of a strange, outlandish people; but the

**The Rajah
of Sarawak**

British Government, and the British Parliament as well, were then in a cold fit, chiefly desirous to limit and even curtail their commitments. 1865 was the year in which Parliament passed a resolution declaring its desire to clear out of all the holdings in West Africa except the coaling station at Sierra Leone. That was the mood of the moment against which Brooke had to contend when he was pressing that his country should either take over Sarawak, reorganized and policed by his efforts, or at least declare a Protectorate. The result was a series of refusals, and beyond question either Holland or France would have closed with the offer which Brooke had already tentatively made—had he not come across the richest woman in England. She had been deliberately, but in the strangest way, chosen to exercise the power which wealth gives. Thomas Coutts, the banker, early in his career married a nursemaid from the home of his brother and partner. By her he had three daughters, two of whom married peers and the third became wife of Sir Francis Burdett. Coutts was an adoring husband and father, till he became a widower at seventy; then he married almost instantly a handsome young actress, Harriet Mellon; and his daughters neglected no means of being disagreeable to their stepmother—even though their father persisted that she was an angel. After seven years' felicity, Coutts died, leaving the angel all his great fortune: and within a reasonable period she married the Duke of St. Albans. None the less she interpreted the wishes of Coutts very faithfully, making his daughters an allowance of £10,000 a year each while she lived; but she kept the main fortune in her own hands and when she died, though the Duke was provided with an income for life, the Coutts money remained in the Coutts line. Harriet Mellon's choice was to pass on the fortune in block and to pass it to a woman. She chose Angela, the youngest of Sir Francis Burdett's daughters, then aged five and twenty, setting aside a brother and five other sisters, all her elders. It was a sound choice. Edward VII when Prince of Wales described the Baroness Burdett Coutts (Mr. Rutter tells us) as being "after my mother, the most remarkable woman in the kingdom". It was she who in 1858 and thereafter provided Brooke with the sums necessary to equip his government. Civilized rule could not be maintained without a higher cost

than the old free-and-easy barbarism; but the outlay could pay interest and did. Yet, half a century before "indirect rule" became a name in use, Brooke established the thing it means—with this difference that he himself was the titular head of the Government which otherwise was conducted on lines familiar to the natives, and in the main by native officers.

Miss Burdett Coutts was, and desired to be, consulted on matters of government policy in the State which she so opportunely financed—though with sums that now seem ridiculously small. She and the Rajah quarrelled more than once; and Mr. Rutter has given us the means to acquaint ourselves very fully with these two remarkable personalities: so fully that there is, I think, evidence to decide definitely against his inclination to see a love story in the episode. In 1858 when the alliance began, the lady had been for twenty-one years the greatest heiress in England, and, living with a devoted companion, she was in spite of numberless proposals fairly established in celibacy well past fifty. Power interested her; men who could do things interested her; she was willing to back an able or interesting man in a hopeful venture provided he gave her his full confidence and recognized a tacit partnership. All that is legible in her letters. But I cannot read anywhere in them that she either hoped or desired to marry Rajah Brooke.

It was natural to go and see the Second Part of *Henry IV* at the Old Vic after having seen the First at His Majesty's. In

Henry IV: this part, Falstaff is not merely the principal
Part 2 character; he is the play; its climax is his

overthrow, and one feels it all the more cruel because the winners in the game behave so detestably. John of Lancaster disposes of revolt by a dishonourable trick; and there is very little in anything that the Prince of Wales says or does to be called likeable—except indeed his admitted "whoreson longing for that poor creature small beer". But Falstaff is here in excelsis, and Mr. George Merritt, an actor of intelligence, really impersonates him. Yet the delivery of his speeches had a touch of monotony—or it seemed so when one remembered Mr. Robey. The action, however, was excellent and it was a more soldierly conception of the part. But my special gratitude

goes out to Shallow and Slender and the producer who planned their scenes. These senile Justices of the Peace were words, though delightful words, in a book to me before; now I know them in their robes and their chains of office: and I know now what I ought to have guessed for myself, that when Mr. Justice Silence bursts into song it is the wine that speaks. Mr. Merritt harmonized his performance excellently with that of the two unreverend elders.

Of the play's more serious part, only one thing came superbly off—the dying king's reproach to his son. All that in it which belongs to conceits of bygone rhetoric (and there is a good deal) was simply swept aside by lines which seem to come fresh from some eternal minting. "Commit the oldest sins the newest kind of ways": ask who wrote that and when, and how many would say, Shakespeare? Or this again: "the wild dog shall flesh his tooth in every innocent. O my poor kingdom!" I thank Mr. Morris Evans, as the king, for teaching me these words: I had read them often but never heard them come alive.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

THE FORTNIGHTLY'S SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY

By ARTHUR WAUGH.

WITH the present issue THE FORTNIGHTLY reaches its seventieth birthday, having first looked out upon a world of high hopes and gloomy prophecies on May Day morning, 1865. "Three score years and ten" are the Psalmist's limit of human life; they are a great deal more than the average "expectation" of life for a modern periodical or newspaper. THE FORTNIGHTLY, therefore, may be forgiven a moment's access of self-satisfaction as it looks back upon the tumbled journalism of the last seventy years, remembering how many fiercely-acclaimed appearances have vanished into smoke, how many feverish fashions have flowered and wilted, while it has still persisted on its course, keeping an even keel in the teeth of troubled waters. Still, in the hour of happy anniversary, it must needs confess that it owes its first debt of gratitude to the "famous men" who set its lines in order. For, if they were before their time in the spirit of their programme, they were none the less playing safely for the future. THE FORTNIGHTLY has never failed to adapt itself to the demands of the time; but the radical secret of its success has lain hidden in the original conception of its creators.

That so many magazines and reviews enjoy so short a life is due, in nine cases out of ten, to the fact

that they are launched for a particular purpose, to propagate a temporary policy, or to exploit an autocratic personality. The purpose either fails or is achieved; the policy is superseded; the personality is wiped out by death or promotion; there is then no longer any room for the paper. Particularly has this been true with regard to publications devoted to special party cries; for the seventy years of THE FORTNIGHTLY's life have seen the insidious breaking up of the old party system, the absorption and amalgamation of policies, the broadening of the lines of inter-communication and co-operative activity. When one re-reads the prospectus of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW, which surprised Fleet Street in the spring of 1865, it almost seems as though that little company of men, "better acquainted, perhaps, with literature than with trade" (in Trollope's own words), had been visited by a flash of prophetic vision, when they decided that THE REVIEW of the future ought to be independent of political party, and unfettered by the influence of any autocrat. Their magazine was to promote a tone "of tendency, not of doctrine". It would offer an arena for the free discussion of burning questions, political, religious, social, literary; and it would give every debater the liberty of his opinions by allowing him to sign his articles and assume full responsibility

for his judgment. In other words, the two first principles of mid-Victorian journalism—unity of political standpoint, and anonymity of authorship—were to be frankly scrapped. The mandarins of the Press threw up their hands in protesting amazement. It was a "senseless scheme", they declared. Without a definite policy there could be no definite public; and anonymity was of the essence of authority. Under the mantle of the editorial "We", any mannikin could appear a giant.

Well, as it happened, in one respect the mandarins were right. Mid-Victorian England, saturated with the spirit of party politics, was not yet ripe for a literary organ that found room for every kind of opinion. It wanted to know where it was, and had no intention of listening to the voice of the enemy, charm he never so wisely. It mistrusted independence. After the publication of some thirty-eight numbers, THE FORTNIGHTLY changed editors, and George Henry Lewes ("that wonder of versatile talents", as his successor, John Morley, called him) handed over the management to a younger, a more energetic, and a determinedly unorthodox leader. Henceforth there was indeed still independence in THE FORTNIGHTLY outlook, and the cause of the signed article was finally won; but for the next fifteen years, under John Morley, the review was pledged to a certain uniformity of attack against the ignorance and complacency of the British middle-class. Huxley, Harrison, Bagehot, John Stuart Mill, W. K. Clifford, and John Morley himself were all valiant champions in the cause of free thought, and self-satisfied orthodoxy was attacked upon every field. Yet, in a sense, it is apparent that this championship of the new idea

was no more than a development of the original programme. As the trend of public taste widened, the editorial opportunities widened also. Morley had set the example of 'intrepid independence'; it remained for his successors to follow and foster that example by admitting a broader scope of argument and a wider sympathy with contending ideals. It may be doubtful whether the review ever stood higher in public esteem than it did under Morley; but the spread of education and the emancipation of labour were enlarging the public thought in every direction; and with an increased freedom of speech the original plan of the free arena for discussion found itself vindicated by the event. By the time that W. L. Courtney stepped into the editorship in 1894, the very ideal of a periodical programme was breadth of outlook and freedom of expression; and Courtney, being himself one of the most adaptable of men, found his way plain before him, and pursued it, with unbroken success, for no less than 34 years.

Courtney's first love was literature, and he served it loyally in his conduct of THE FORTNIGHTLY. The path had been prepared by the brief editorship of Frank Harris, an Editor vulnerable to criticism on many sides, but indisputably a great enthusiast for sound criticism. At his invitation THE FORTNIGHTLY list of contributors was strengthened by a brilliant group of names—Matthew Arnold, Swinburne, Edward Dowden, Henry James, Edmund Gosse, Walter Pater, Andrew Lang, H. D. Traill, Leslie Stephen, James Frazer, George Saintsbury—the critical garden of the generation was in full flower here. Courtney added to the list by his unfailing encouragement of the new idea, in poetry, in drama, and in fiction.

At his death, the proprietors of THE FORTNIGHTLY were sorely troubled to choose a successor, and decided to accept an offer for the purchase of the review, which had appeared from their office uninterrupted for sixty-four years. Under the new regime, while the review has not thought it necessary to make any violent break with old traditions, inevitably the trend of its outlook has been influenced by the current of the time. The interests of men and women to-day have widened with the growing complexity of our life. The closer study of international relations is only a reflection of the fact that since the War our affairs have become more intimately involved with those of Europe and the world; while the economic and social problems of the day have long since supplanted the

claims of party politics. Literature, too, has been faithfully served, with the old spirit of independence unfettered. Names as diverse in appeal as Pirandello, D. H. Lawrence, André Maurois, Stella Benson, and G. K. Chesterton have appeared from time to time among its contributors, while the symposium on "Tendencies of the Modern Novel," recently republished in book form, may fairly claim to have cultivated, in full flower, the freshest standards of modern criticism. On its seventieth birthday THE FORTNIGHTLY looks backward with a touch of pardonable pride, and forward with determination to be true to its original spirit of courage and independence. When the May Day of its centenary dawns, it will be enough if it has still kept that faith intact.

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FAREWELL TO FIFTH AVENUE, by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Junr. *Gollancz*, 10s.6d.

"Qu'avez-vous fait pour tant de biens? Vous vous êtes donné la peine de naître." But Beaumarchais took too simple a view of life; he was insufficiently sympathetic with the burdens borne by the great ones of the world who are "born," and he might have sympathized more with Count Almaviva, and less with Figaro, if he had read Mr. Vanderbilt's book! It is, indeed a little irreverent to compare a mere Count Almaviva with a Vanderbilt. Saint-Simon, contemplating the honour and the rights of a *duc et pair*, gives a truer picture of the atmosphere which Mr. Vanderbilt's candid, not to say naive, narrative enables us to breathe. Very appropriately introduced by the frontispiece which shows an incredible Vanderbilt drawing-room, this confession of disillusionment and faith tells how from being an "aristocrat" its author rose, or fell, to the level of being a human being. The story told can hardly fail to win sympathy. Few people in it are attractive, and most of them must have been even more terrible in real life than they are on paper. In escaping from Fifth Avenue and Newport to the army, to journalism, to America, Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt showed initiative and good sense. The life to which he was brought up was so silly that its other faults are swallowed up by this primary one. The significance of the passion for "exclusiveness" so abundantly illustrated here is lost on the narrator, but these sons and grandsons of successful business buccaneers, with the hostile or indiscriminately admiring American democracy around them, the memory of their recent rise behind them, and the menace of new and even richer additions to the plutocracy before them, clung to their feeble imitations of European aristocracy with ludicrous fervour. No wonder they came to Europe where their money bought such

practised reverence. As Napoleon found, only a gentleman born can supply the finished servility that these magnates wanted to buy! The real America, from which the gold poured out to make possible this fantastic existence, was hidden from the young and suppressed in the minds of the old. A new millionaire from Detroit or Chicago, or an old one from Boston, were alike affronts to the "Backbone of American Society." For all his rebellious attitudes, Mr. Vanderbilt is still too much a child of Fifth Avenue to see in the sneers of Brookline or Beacon Street the reactions of an earlier Fifth Avenue to the rise of the Vanderbilts, or to appreciate the indifference of Europe to the exact generation in which any American family got its thumb into the dollar pie. All that the Europeans who flatter and bleed the wealthy Americans want, is to be sure that the dollars are still sticking to the fingers of the children and grandchildren. The very naïveté of Mr. Vanderbilt's attitude makes testimony to the futility of the life and the emptiness of the minds of his set all the more telling, especially as he does not cater to the keyhole listeners of the "Main Stem"; though he has run a "tabloid" newspaper, he digs up no scandal; he tells a plain, unvarnished, and damning tale. Once he has left Fifth Avenue, Mr. Vanderbilt's impressions of life are of less interest and of much less evidential value. He writes up interviews with the great ones of the world with skill. He has learned most of the tricks of the journalist's trade, but that is all. What he has to tell us of the embittering of American feeling in the last grim days of the Hoover régime adds nothing that is new, but when it comes to relating what the "best people" were thinking and doing in the crisis, Mr. Vanderbilt is again a witness of importance—and a witness to the same barrenness of grace, intelligence and courage. D. W. BROGAN.

LOOKING BACK

By ROBERT BERNAYS

THE REIGN OF KING GEORGE THE FIFTH, by D. C. Somervell. *Faber & Faber*. 12s. 6d.

THE only serious criticism that might be made of Mr. D. C. Somervell's admirable survey of the reign of George V is that there is so little in it of the part played by the King himself. There is no doubt that his personality has had an invaluable stabilising influence in this twenty-five years of almost continuous tumult and turmoil. He has always managed to stand above the swirling waters of domestic strife. At times it has been extraordinarily difficult for him to maintain his detachment. First in the fight over the Parliament Act and then in the fierce Home Rule controversy he was urged by a powerful section of public opinion to side with what could be represented as the majority of the country and the highest national interests against his responsible Ministers. Always he steadfastly refused and instead bent his efforts, notably in the Buckingham Palace conference of 1914, to bridge the gulf of parties and heal the apparently irreconcilable. His reward came on the night of August 4th, when in the hour of danger the clash of controversy was instantly suspended and as the fateful hour struck all London was in front of Buckingham Palace to acclaim the head of a united nation. It has been the same since the war. Whatever may be the King's own personal beliefs and inclinations the two Labour Governments that have served the country have never had anything but the utmost consideration and sympathy from Buckingham Palace. It is highly significant that when a distinguished Labour leader

recently made an offensive reference to the King, he was forced instantly to withdraw it at the frantic dictates of the Labour Party whips. The King's part in the formation of the National Government is not yet fully known, but it was certainly important, perhaps even decisive. Mr. Somervell confines his description of these events to a chapter at the end of the book. It would have been better if he had dealt with them in the course of his story, for they are woven deeply into the texture of the life of the nation.

These momentous years form an enthralling chapter of history. There are times when one seems to be reading not of a mere generation ago but of another age altogether. The suffragettes for instance seem as remote as the Bristol riots that accompanied the First Reform Bill. Mr. Somervell, however, gives an interesting modern twist to their activities. "Mrs. Pankhurst's Society", he writes, "was organised on what by an anachronism one may call Fascist lines. All authority was invested in four persons, Mrs. Pankhurst and her daughter Christabel and Mr. and Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence; the members of the Society were to do whatever their leaders told them". It was the forerunner of passive resistance adopted by Mr. Gandhi with such ruinous effect on the Raj in the Civil Disobedience movement in India.

Mr. Somervell brings out very vividly how near the Empire has been to complete disaster. In 1918, only a few months before overwhelming triumph, Great Britain was on the edge of an illimitable catastrophe. "For the first

time the Germans had a clear numerical superiority over the Franco-British forces—a preponderance of about five to four The first German attack might have pierced to Amiens and produced a complete separation of the British and French armies. The second, in the north, might have driven through to the coast, cut off the northern section of our armies, and deprived us of our main line of communication through Calais and Boulogne. The third might have cut the French in two and secured Paris". It was the blackest month in all our history, and only the desperate courage of the defenders saved our cause from collapse.

Even after the war it seemed that the forces of revolution would bring down the pillars of society. Mr. Somervell records how the boom years of 1919 and 1920 were a period of almost continuous industrial strife, culminating "in the attempt to control the country's foreign policy by means of a political strike threatened by a group of Trades Union leaders who called themselves the council of action". Then came the slump and what was called "the employers' offensive" against wages. "If organised labour had threatened revolution in the green tree, when wages refused to rise fast enough, what would it do in the dry? Would the slump produce the revolution that had seemed not so very far away on several occasions during the course of the boom?" There were dark moments. There was the threat of the Triple Alliance strike in April 1921 which did not materialise and the General Strike of 1926 which did. But somehow the nation has survived them all, and after crises which have revolutionised the Governments of her neighbours, Great Britain remains with its prestige undimmed and its main structure of King and Lords and Commons firm and apparently unshakeable in a reeling world.

A DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN SLANG, by Maurice H. Weseen. *Harv.* 8s. 6d.

THE lexicographer's duty of filtering impurities from the immense stream of his country's language is here reversed, and Professor Weseen has set himself the formidable task of preserving for our use the glittering dross which does so much to colour the speech of young America.

The author has grouped his slang under various headings, of which Crime takes the leading position. The underworld of every country has its thieves' jargon and American crime reporters have not been slow to brighten their reports with the argot of the racketeer. The films, too, have long familiarized us with such phrases as "the big shot" and the ambiguous "taken for a ride." It is left for Professor Weseen, however, to teach us that the "big shot" has now become the "big wheel" while the murder victim has more recently "gone into the country". Other branches of the subject come under the headings of theatre and radio, college slang, sport, food and drink, the last-named containing a list of five hundred choice expressions beginning with "about gone" (intoxicated) and finishing with "zings" (delirium tremens).

Most States and towns, together with their inhabitants, have been endowed with appropriate nicknames. Thus Los Angeles is the Citrus Metropolis, the inhabitants of Florida are "alligators," while Boston is properly known as the Hub. As to foreigners, such names as "wops" and "dagos" have passed into general currency, but "limey", an Englishman and "harp", an Irishman, are probably newer to English ears. The Scot has no sobriquet, but perhaps it is an allusion to a certain celtic panache that Heaven is known as "the land o' Scots"!

An amusing reference book and invaluable to the modern film-goer.

E. B.

MR. BELLOC ON MILTON

By EDWARD SHANKS.

MILTON, by Hilaire Belloc. *Cassell.* 12s. 6d.

THOUGH his versatility in other departments has been almost excessive, Mr. Belloc has written relatively little literary criticism—a small book, *Avril*, on the poets of the French Renaissance, a certain number of occasional essays, including an admirable panegyric on Hérédia, and that is all, save for incidental remarks in books on other subjects, that I can remember. This study of Milton is, of course, not entirely critical. Milton belonged to a rich Puritan family of London. He supported Cromwell. He wrote regicide tracts. He pleaded for the institution of divorce. He became, Mr. Belloc will have it, virtually an Arian or a Unitarian, though he did not dare to publish his full conclusions on religion during his lifetime.

All these aspects of the man profoundly interest Mr. Belloc and he gives them full weight. His book is another addition to his version of the history of England as it appears in the light of Catholic philosophy. But, when all is said and done, Milton was chiefly important as a poet even in his own day and remains livingly so now. The temperamental defects which made his first marriage so unhappy are interesting. They might be more interesting if we had more exact information about them. He was a pamphleteer of importance, but not one of those pamphleteers who change the minds of men and the course of events. Mr. Belloc devotes rather too much space to arguing that his prose-style has been overrated. He was a high official under the Commonwealth:

His nephew, Phillips, calls him "Latin Secretary", but in truth he was what we should call today Secretary for Foreign Affairs, with this difference, that today the Secretary for Foreign Affairs is responsible for foreign policy, whereas Milton was only the employee, and secretary in the literal sense, of the Council, which directed affairs and paid him his salary.

He was, in other words, something like the Permanent Under-Secretary of our time and his historical position, among the civil servants of his century, is by no means as high as that of Samuel Pepys.

He could, of course, be treated as a minor but typical character of his age. But since he was so great a poet that would have been a little absurd and Mr. Belloc recognizes the fact. Hence, the most significant part of this book is a study of Milton's poetry—Mr. Belloc's most extended and serious exercise in the criticism of literature.

Looking at it from this point of view, I think the best course to follow is to put so far as possible a check on grumbings and to give free rein to thanks. Grumbles there must be. It seems to me almost unforgivably careless, in a condemnation of the *Arcades*, to describe it as "three short songs and fifty-odd lines of blank verse". The *Arcades* may be bad, but it is impossible not to ask how recently, or with how much attention, Mr. Belloc has read the passage in rhymed heroic couplets which supplements its three lyrics. I must also confess myself bewildered, not so much by Mr. Belloc's dogmatic statement that a sonnet ought to have a "waist" or pause after the eighth line,

as by his other statement that it was not from Spenser that Milton learnt to disregard this principle. Spenser's rhyme-scheme appears to me to be deliberately designed to avoid such a pause.

Enough of complaints. The importance of Mr. Belloc as a writer on other men's verse is that he knows how to quote and, above all, how to praise and to set his readers reading again what he has written on. This, on *Paradise Lost*, was well worth saying:

A man having read *Paradise Lost* as it should be read, from beginning to end; a man having had the sense not to interrupt that reading by the reading of other fiction, history or verse; a man having taken it as a great meal (it is a meal that will take him a day or two), does find that he is nourished. He has continually regarded the sublime, and he has followed a slow but living sequence which leaves his mind furnished with an air of satisfaction; he has been filled with sufficient beauty and dignity. Throughout all those thousands of lines you feel the fashioner at work, you are dealing with something made and with its maker; you are in communion with an achieved, creative effort of the human mind.

It might be unkind to analyse that paragraph with the strictness which Mr. Belloc applies to Milton, but it is a sound and vigorous appreciation which enlivens the mind of the reader. So, too, with the rest of a close commentary, the real gist of which is "You think Milton is a great poet, do you? What of him do you think is great? This is, and so is this. That is rubbish. You don't agree with me? Then look for yourself and see". Mr. Belloc's aggressive confidence will compel a great many readers to look again for themselves, and much of what they see will be pure gain for them.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF CRABB ROBINSON, by Edith Morley. *Dent*. 10s. 6d.

EVERYBODY has heard of Crabb Robinson. Few people except the specialists have read him, partly perhaps because his journals are available only in three ponderous Victorian volumes of extracts published in 1869. The present study of Crabb Robinson's "life and times" is to be followed by a newly edited selection from the journals, which will reintroduce him to a wider public.

Crabb Robinson was a minor Boswell with this difference—that he worshipped not one great man but many. He died at the age of ninety-two in 1867; and he managed to "collect" nearly every literary celebrity who flourished in England and Germany in the first half of the nineteenth century. In England he was intimate with the Wordsworth-Coleridge-Lamb group. In Germany, he met Goethe, Schiller and the whole Weimar circle, including Madame de Staël. He was less in France, and here his bag was not mainly literary. It included Lafayette, Talleyrand, the painter David and Lamennais whom he (or Professor Morley) calls Lammenais. Like Boswell, he fills his journals with the conversations of his heroes; and the journals have long been famous as a hunting-ground for students of literature and manners.

He shared with Boswell one quality which is probably essential to the successful lion-hunter. He possessed what would now be called an inferiority complex. He was the son of a tanner, of Bury St. Edmunds. He took to the law, not because he liked it, but because he "knew not how otherwise he could attain any social station". Later he became a foreign correspondent, and for a short time foreign editor, of *The Times*. But he always had the humblest opinion of his own attainments. Though literature was his chosen hobby, he used to assure his friends with vehemence

and sincerity that he had no literary talent and "could not write". He sought out greatness in others because of a constantly haunting consciousness of its absence in himself.

A *flair* for greatness Crabb Robinson indubitably had. He was born with a characteristic eighteenth century distaste for "enthusiasm" and a keen critical faculty. He had not, apparently, a spark of poetry in his composition. Yet he discovered not only Wordsworth, but Keats and—still more striking feat—Blake, on whom he wrote an article in 1810 for a German journal. He intuitively recognized in Goethe the greatest man of the age, and as promptly rejected the then popular Kotzebue for the melodramatic windbag he was. Madame de Staël thought him sufficiently important to flatter, and told him that he was the only man who had ever been able to make her understand Kant. But this did not in the least prevent his seeing through *her*. "She has not the least sense for poetry and is absolutely incapable of thinking a philosophical thought." He knew what rang hollow, just as he had a unique gift for recognizing in others the genius which he lacked himself.

It is remarkable that he carried this talent even into his latest years, and could be as appreciative of the new as of the old. His judgments of Dickens and Thackeray (he gave the palm to the former) would be accepted by most modern critics. He was sound on Charlotte Brontë and George Eliot; and one of his last comments was a perfectly fair summing-up of Wilkie Collins. In politics he was far less happy. He regarded Italian unity as a "fond dream"; and he formed an estimate of the German character which has not been shared by all subsequent observers. "The German character resists slavery. Even when the government is in form absolute, the administration cannot be arbitrary."

But the disappointment about Professor Morley's book, and about the journals, is that they tell us so little about Crabb Robinson himself. To his contemporaries, "Old Crabb" was evidently a character. A man who, at the age of eighty-eight, could write "I was in my old high spirits, as *I am too apt to be*", was clearly not a nonentity; and though he has earned fame by recording the conversations of others, his contemporaries had more reason to apply to his table-talk the term which he applied to Coleridge's—"an innings for one". Had he succeeded in imparting to the written page the flavour of his own personality, he might have occupied a place beside Boswell in English literature. As it is, he has gone down to posterity as a respectable and vaguely familiar name—the chronicler of the small talk of great men.

E. H. CARR.



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SAMUEL BUTLER, by R. F. Rattray.
Duckworth. 5s.

It is the Nemesis that waits on those who tell the truth for the first time that after a time we think we have always known what they told us. Samuel Butler was one of the most original thinkers of any age, and quite the most original of his own: "the difference," says Mr. Rattray, with acknowledgments to Mr. Kingsmill, "between the thought of most orthodox people and Butler's is parallel to that between being dependent on unearned increment and working for one's living." I agree. But the fact that so many of Butler's future-piercing suggestions have become commonplaces affords no excuse for withholding our tribute from their originator.

It is, indeed, astonishing how much of what we now take for granted we owe in its first formulation to him; for example, the doctrine of Creative Evolution. Butler had the wit to see that the Darwinian laws of natural selection and survival of the fittest, though they might explain the process of evolution taken as a going concern, completely failed to explain how it "got going." He postulates accordingly an unconscious drive or urge behind the evolutionary process which in ourselves achieves consciousness as will. The doctrine was thought surprising enough at the time. But Bergson and Shaw have written in the interval, and, though we may not agree, we are no longer surprised. Or consider the "Book of the Machines" in *Erewhon*. No nineteenth century writer before Butler had seriously doubted the unmixed blessedness of machines. Butler was the first to strike the note of alarm which sounds ever more persistently through all the disharmonies of modern literature. And, as for the "debunking" of convention, there is scarcely a modern writer who does not delight to throw mud at the statues of the great beneath which

Butler was the first to explode his squibs.

Inevitably, then, the interest of a contemporary study lies chiefly in the light which it throws upon the man. Butler was a man who, bitten in childhood, never afterwards forgot to be shy. He had "found out" so many of the doctrines, the reputations, and the artists imposed upon him in his youth, that for ever afterwards he was tremendously on his guard against being beguiled into thinking that doctrines were true, people respectable, and artists admirable when they were not; so much so, that he presently persuaded himself that, so far as the artists were concerned, the only ones who were really worth while were Homer and Handel. "He is as much above Shakespeare," he wrote of Handel, "as Shakespeare is above all others."

But his heart was as sweet as his tongue was sharp. Mr. Rattray's portrait shows us a kind, generous and courteous man; so generous, that he could continue to pay the dishonest Pauli £200 a year when his own resources had dwindled from an annual income of £800 to a total capital of £2,000 and no income at all; so courteous, that he would write to Miss Savage "Can you name a time and place when and where I can trespass on your good nature further? And yet I cannot call it trespass, for one can only trespass on things which have bounds, and your good nature has none." He shows him lonely, longing for the affection and sympathy he was too proud to ask, convinced of his own genius and his ultimate recognition, yet perversely snapping and snarling at anybody who, he thought, was recognising it for the wrong reasons: for example, at Grant Allen, who had written that Butler was a man of genius "with the unmistakable signet mark upon his forehead." Butler comments "I have been subjected

to a good deal of obloquy and misunderstanding at one time or another, but the passage by Mr. Allen is the only one that has made me seriously uneasy about the prospects of my literary reputation."

Concern with one of the most puzzling personalities in the whole history of letters has left me little space to deal with Mr. Rattray. Yet the omission is in the nature of a compliment; nor, I fancy, would Mr. Rattray take it amiss. The purpose of a biography is to focus attention upon its subject, not upon its author, and Mr. Rattray's study is in nothing more admirable than in its effacement of Mr. Rattray. It is, in its objectivity, like a perfectly cleaned window which yields a direct view of what lies beyond it, undistorted by the imperfections of the glass. Mr. Rattray, in fact does exactly what he sets out to do. He gives us, that is to say, a reasonably full account of Butler's life, a fair survey of his thought, and a just interpretation of his genius. And he does all this without pedantry or fuss, clearly, concisely and readably. Nor, I imagine, would many of us wish to dissent from his final verdict. "The key to the paradox of Butler—his strong attractive and strong repellent power—is that he was abnormally sensitive. He learnt through bitter experience how untrustworthy conventions are, and he knew that he was not getting justice while much inferior men were being lauded to the skies." C. E. M. JOAD.

THE GEORGIAN LITERARY SCENE: A Panorama, by Frank Swinnerton. *Heinemann.* 12s. 6d.

THE first thing to be said about Mr. Swinnerton's "panorama" is that it is a thoroughly good show. He knows what he is writing about, having been variously—and usually at the same time—author, publisher and reviewer over the entire period of his survey, and having in one or other of his capacities

been brought into contact with or made to read with intentness the works of the majority of his many subjects. Intermittently his pages (of which there are more than 500) offer the easier charm of autobiography or reminiscence. The reader is given brief but vivid and taking glimpses of Chesterton and Belloc on the lecture platform, of Wells, Bennett and A. A. Milne at home, and portraits of Shaw, Barrie, James Stephens, H. M. Tomlinson, Galsworthy and many others, including, rather by the way, Sir Harry Johnston. These things seem dashed off unelaborately but effectively, as this of Lytton Strachey: "He was fairly tall, but his excessive thinness, almost emaciation, caused him to appear endless. He had a rather bulbous nose, the spectacles of a British Museum bookworm, a large and straggly dark brown beard (with a curious rufous tinge); no voice at all. He drooped if

CICELY HAMILTON

Modern Austria

'Individuality gives it charm, honesty and intelligence illuminate it, and it renders the service of interpreting simply, vividly, wisely, and without prejudice one country to another.' WINIFRED HOLTBY in *Time and Tide*.

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DENT

he stood upright, and sagged if he sat down. He seemed entirely without vitality". An account of Aldous Huxley depicts him as still taller and even thinner—in fact, so infinitely "endless" that small boys would call out to him in the Hampstead streets: "Cold up there, guv'nor?" In some of these contacts Mr. Swinnerton himself appears as fellow-author, in some as distant onlooker, in some as publisher's reader or even, once or twice, publisher's office-boy, yet always observing with the same frank and at the same time amiable eye.

Still, it must be said that portraiture is not the business of the book, which presents the men (and women) indeed, but is principally concerned with their work. It is not, as Mr. Swinnerton himself declares, a purely critical study, but a mixture of literary comment and social history revolving easily round about the writings of variously significant figures, grouped as teachers (Shaw and Wells), travellers (Hudson, Conrad, etc.), realists (Moore, Bennett, Galsworthy, Maugham), literary men, the younger novelists (from Rose Macaulay and Gilbert Cannan to Francis Brett Young and Mary Webb), the pre-War and post-War poets, and so forth. The Georgian period, he admits, can be but artificially defined; it is essentially continuous with what went before. Probably half of his seventy or so authors discussed

appeared and were known in Edwardian and even earlier days, but his criterion would rather seem to be that of their influence upon the readers of the period. Thus, he sets down Belloc and Chesterton as true Edwardians, who in Georgian times have done little more than go on writing, however brilliantly (but he includes them), while he says of Bennett, Conrad, Wells and Shaw that "their real fame has been post-Edwardian", and of the last two that they "have done more than any other writers to create what may be called the modern attitude towards morals and civilization in general".

Space and treatment for various individuals differs a good deal. Henry James (in 1910 "the Grand Literary Panjandrum of the Time"), Wells and Shaw get some 20 pages each, and Mr. Swinnerton comments well and to the point on all three. The literary men, the pre-War poets, and the younger novelists, however, receive an average of 3 to 4 pages each, and frankly, while one may in that space indicate what, say, Robert Bridges and Yeats are, in the roughest sense, "up to", any attempt at adequate criticism is impossible. What one gets here is less formal examination and criticism than the sort of general personal verdict one might expect from Mr. Swinnerton in his armchair after perhaps some desultory re-reading of the authors in question. Perhaps he is unfair to some aspects of Bloomsbury—by which he means Bertrand Russell, Clive Bell, Virginia Woolf and E. M. Forster—and to some other of the later writers, but it is mainly in the lack of positive appreciation; most of his negative criticisms are, in my view, apt enough. Omissions were, of course, inevitable. One can understand the absence of Leavis, Richards, and even T. F. Powys, but surely some mention of Stella Benson, Romer Wilson, and Charles Morgan might have been expected among the novelists? GEOFFREY WEST.

NORTH-WEST BY NORTH, by Dora Birtles. 10s. 6d. Cape.

MESSRS. JONATHAN CAPE seem to have cornered the market for the Odysseys of literary-minded yachtmen. Latest to join them is Mrs. Birtles, and in *North-West by North* she relates the adventures of the thirty-four foot cutter *Skega* in which, with four others (two men and two women), she sailed from Brisbane to Singapore. The chief interest of her record lies in the frankness with which she discusses the psychological reactions of the amateur crew, cooped up for weeks on end under cabin conditions that would have shocked the Minister of Health. Under the stress of warring temperaments friendly relations changed to steady hates. The two men, Henery and Sven, bickered over technical matters connected with the ship, and each took sides, openly or covertly, with Joan (wife to Henery) or Dora, the writer of the book, between whom cold dislike alternated with emotional outbursts of temper.

In writing of their adventures on land and sea and in her descriptions of people and places the author's prose is clear and vigorous. Pictures of the dusty, fly-infested, corrugated-roofed townships of Northern Queensland, slowly disintegrating while they dream of past prosperity and, by way of contrast, the lovely coral islands inside the Great Barrier Reef, make up the major portion of the book. It was on one such island, uninhabited and waterless, that the crew of the *Skega* were once marooned. The dinghy that brought them ashore was inadvertently swept away by the current, and it was only by making a precarious raft of palm logs bound together with twisted vines that they were able to regain their ship.

Leaving the safe shelter of the Australian coast the *Skega* next made for the Spice Islands where the voyagers were entertained royally by hospitable Dutch officials.

It was, however, in the final stage of the voyage from Macassar to Singapore that disaster nearly overtook the ship's company. They lay becalmed for days on end under a tropical sun that slowly sapped their vitality, already brought low from shortage of food. A series of thunderstorms brought them sufficient fresh water, but only the timely arrival of an English tramp ship saved them from a probable and unpleasant death from starvation. It says much for their force of character (perhaps the reason for their constant quarrelling) that the routine watches went on as usual and the few grains of weevily rice were dealt out and consumed without dispute. Once in Singapore, however, the party quickly and gladly broke up, each secretly hoping that they would never see the others again.

The author must be congratulated on the honesty and humour with which she records the vicissitudes of the courageous but ill-matched crew. M. M.

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THE STARS LOOK DOWN, by A. J. Cronin. Gollancz. 8s. 6d.

PYLON, by William Faulkner. Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d.

RIPENESS IS ALL, by Eric Linklater. Cape. 7s. 6d.

THE best thing that could possibly happen to English fiction would be a permanent printers' strike: "this year I am afraid we can only allow you 20,000 words"—that is the sort of letter I should like to see written by every publisher to his most long-winded author. Every art except that of the novel aims now at brevity and conciseness—why this exemption? The answer that the public enjoys verbosity in its novels is all right up to a point; but it must be remembered that this inflated market is only kept going by incessant advertising and excessive praise of bad books. More novels and longer novels are bolstered up by the reviewers' salvoes of "epic," "colossal," "thundering", "Michelangelesque", etc. The natural desire of novelists to impress has found its easiest satisfaction in *bulk*. One reviewer, more ingenuous than the rest, began his notice of Dr. Cronin's *The Stars Look Down* with the words: "If for no other reason than sheer bulk this book has to be taken seriously. . . ."

Dr. Cronin, we are told by a newspaper which stars his book as a "master-piece", has gone down 400 coalmines in order to write this novel of 701 pages. If he had gone down 400 coalmines in order to cut out 500 of his pages I should have had more respect for his art.

It is, then, a book which is long for no reason except the current fashion and the inability of the author to concentrate. Nevertheless, for those who can enjoy a story in slow-motion *The Stars Look Down* is a readable and effective novel; it deals sometimes movingly with strikes and lockouts and the difficulties of earning a living, the characters are lifelike, the situations four-square. Dr. Cronin perhaps has lost something of the

volcanic melodrama which surprised readers of *Hatter's Castle*, but otherwise his energy seems to be unimpaired. Medium-good fiction that spreads itself; otherwise unpretentious; politically, Left. If you want to read a masterpiece of the coalmines, there is Zola's *Germinal*, or the earlier chapters of Lawrence's *Sons and Lovers*.

William Faulkner's *Pylon* is the story of an air-circus and of a reporter who hangs round it. The atmosphere is tense, hard, and rather crazy; for long stretches the characters meander on in a fog of booze, and then one afternoon, vividly, succinctly, there is a crash. The talk reminds one of an Edward G. Robinson film: first-rate. The airport, the crowds, the buses going to and from the town, the aerial acrobats themselves—one better than the satanic Wall of Death motorists we have all seen at local fairs—are forcibly conveyed. On the whole, though I enjoyed the book, it seemed to me to cancel out some of its own effects; Mr. Faulkner's interesting but muddled prose is difficult to read and often so downright bad that one curses his lack of self-criticism. Although *Pylon* is packed with the essential experience of the novelist (as *The Stars Look Down*, for example, is not), this novel, too, could do with pruning; it could be made to gain a great deal in impact and rapidity if some of the long muzzy sentences were drained of their purple.

Mr. Eric Linklater's *Ripeness is All* is an amusing comedy of enforced philoprogenitiveness. An eccentric will lays on the competing relatives the necessity of raising large families in a short space of time: this joke is worked out ingeniously through a number of situations. Except for its air of sexual scandal, *Ripeness is All* maintains the conventions of *Punch*, and is entertaining though faintly old-fashioned.

G. W. STONIER.

THE FORTNIGHTLY

JUNE, 1935

THE "HAVES" AND "HAVE-NOTS"

BY FRANK H. SIMONDS

TO an American onlooker the April session of the Council in Geneva awakened interesting echoes. In fact, it further accelerated a re-examination of the assumptions upon which the League of Nations had originally been founded. This re-examination had been in progress ever since the Japanese embarked upon their Manchurian operation in the autumn of 1931, and had played a decisive part in the defeat of the World Court resolution by the United States Senate, a defeat due solely to the success of the opposition in exploiting the connection between the Court and the League.

At the outset, all American thought on the subject of peace had been based upon the conviction that war had become the greatest of all possible calamities for every nation and that, as a consequence of the experiences and lessons of the World War, this truth had become equally evident to all peoples. As for the recent war, its causes were easily discovered in the criminal ambitions of autocratic rulers and statesmen in 1914 and in the evil performances of their predecessors in the remoter past.

In 1914, so the legend ran, peoples, which were peace-loving but helpless, had been betrayed into war by their unrepresentative leaders. The revolutions, following immediately upon the heels of defeat, had, however, substituted democracy for autocracy in all of Europe. In addition, Woodrow Wilson's Fourteen Points ensured that in the settlement to be made in Paris, no new Alsace-Lorraines would be created to replace those which had troubled the tranquillity of the Old World for a full century.

This simplification—and, in fact extreme over-simplification—of the problem of peace thus started with the double assumption that the results of the recent War had abolished the autocratic system responsible for its outbreak, and that henceforth peoples

CXXXVII

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would everywhere control their destinies and universally identify war as an unlimited peril to themselves. And in so far as they were concerned the American people, like the British, did perceive the exactitude of this assumption, since for them another war could only prove, like the last, a catastrophe without the smallest profit to counter-balance the incalculable cost in lives and property.

If all other peoples viewed war in the same light, as the American people believed they must, then the success of the projected League of Nations was assured in advance. For under such circumstances the new institution must become a partnership of all people engaged in an enterprise equally profitable to all, namely the prevention of war. And, in the immediate post-war months, it was undeniable that all the belligerent and neutral peoples of the planet, still under the empire of the agonies of fifty-odd months of unparalleled agony and sacrifice, did view war with the same eyes.

With the publication of the terms of the several peace treaties, however, the explosion of resentments in the defeated countries, and particularly in Germany and Hungary, disclosed two significant facts. In the first place a viable settlement had not been made and, in the second, war was henceforth bound to seem to Germans and Magyars alike less disastrous than permanent submission to the conditions of the Treaties of Versailles and of the Trianon. Peace therefore became an instrument of policy for countries resolved to perpetuate a *status quo* satisfactory to themselves. War, by contrast, constituted the single discoverable means by which the victims of the peace treaties could escape a situation at once inequitable and intolerable.

Inevitably, therefore, the League of Nations was launched not upon a united, but upon a divided world. Inescapably, too, it became the agency of the *status quo* Powers, for that *status quo* rested upon treaties which had now become the public law of Europe. In the first post-war years the implications of this fact for the fortunes of the League were only vaguely perceived, since the affairs of Europe were conducted not from Geneva, but by conversations and conferences held elsewhere.

In the same fashion when, after the occupation of the Ruhr, the Truce of Locarno arrived, the same obscurity persisted. For

Germany entered the League, and the brief but brilliant period of co-operation of Briand, Stresemann and Austen Chamberlain at Geneva created the illusion that the League was functioning effectively, that it had, in fact, become the instrument of peoples which, despite the nature of the peace treaties, once more saw peace as a common and equal benefit to all.

In reality, nothing could have been further from the truth. In this respite, extending from 1921 to 1930, not the smallest progress had been made towards the composition of the basic differences which divided Continental peoples. On the contrary, in the interests of harmony, discussion of all such differences, save that over armaments, had been adjourned and, since the discussions of this detail attracted little public attention, the irreconcilable theses of various nations went unnoticed.

Japanese aggression in Manchuria in September, 1931, however, suddenly subjected not merely the theory, but also the machinery of Geneva to a rigid but by no means unfair test. In itself, the action of Japan constituted a refutation of the assumption that in the eyes of all peoples war seemed the supreme evil. For what Japan was doing was war and, when they were confronted by the expressions of condemnation of the public opinion of the world, the Japanese people stood by their own government. It remained, therefore, for the League to perform its evident duty and preserve world peace by dealing effectively with an act of pure aggression.

The machinery of Geneva could only function effectively, however, if the member nations—and in practice the maritime Powers—were prepared to back League decisions by force. In the past, the fact that the United States was not a member of the League had constituted a prospective obstacle to such collective action. But, in the Manchurian crisis, the American Government promptly and even ostentatiously associated itself with the League deliberations and was manifestly ready to accept its decisions.

Nevertheless, from the very outset, it was plain that the maritime Powers, Great Britain, France, and Italy were unwilling to put their resources, naval, military, or financial, at the service of Geneva to apply sanctions to Japan. All were ready to share in the work of the Lytton Commission and in the ratification of its

findings, but none was ready to risk war with Japan by giving effect to the decisions of the League. As a consequence, it was from Geneva and not from Manchuria that Japan retired.

The failure of the League was thus complete, but its champions undertook to disguise the implications of this failure by asserting that Asiatic conditions differed from European, and Japanese ethics from those of the Western world. In 1932, however, while the Manchurian debate was still in progress, the League was subjected to a second test, and this time the issue was European. In fact, Geneva was now confronted by one of those questions growing out of the peace treaties, which it had hitherto successfully evaded.

The Treaty of Versailles had imposed upon Germany a unilateral condition of disarmament. At the moment when the settlement was in the making Clemenceau, in language which was ambiguous but significant, had held out to the Germans the prospect that the other nations would presently reduce their military establishments to the German level. Ever since Germany had entered the League in 1926 the question of armaments had been under discussion in a Preparatory Commission. In that Commission, however, French and German theses had been irreconcilable. Since the Germans were now becoming impatient and Hitler was exploiting with fatal effectiveness the failure of the republican regime to remove this restriction upon German security, it was now agreed to convene a general disarmament conference, despite the complete absence of any preliminary agreement.

Arms, however, were the sole means by which peoples which adjudged war less terrible than peace under their existing circumstances could revise those circumstances. The Treaty of Versailles had condemned the German people to a permanent inequality in the means of self-defence. Legally, morally, and, what was far more important as a mere matter of common sense, the great and proud German people could not be required to endure such disparity permanently. Practically, however, neither could the nations, against which Germany's new armaments were bound to be used to achieve treaty revision, be expected to consent to a readjustment of the existing ratios in armaments unless Germany renounced her programme of terri-

torial revision or the League were furnished with power to protect nations threatened by that programme.

The resolution of the *status quo* countries of the Continent was, too, fortified by the object lesson supplied by Asiatic events. By its Manchurian action, Japan had torn up the Treaty of Washington, which, unlike that of Versailles, was a voluntary and not an imposed treaty: she had repudiated the pledges of the Pact of Paris; she had flouted the engagements of the Covenant of the League. And she had done all of these things not merely with utter impunity, but also with obvious profit. Who, then, could guarantee that Germany, once she had acquired parity in armaments with France, would not imitate in the Polish Corridor, in the Soviet Ukraine, or in independent Austria, the Manchurian example of Japan and, like Japan, "get away with it"?

Whatever the answer to that question might have been, had the German Republic endured, there could be but one response when it collapsed and Hitler succeeded the futile Papen and the fatal Brüning. With this German Revolution, too, all chance of concessions on the part of France and her allies which were not matched by Anglo-Saxon guarantees disappeared at the precise moment when all possibility of further German endurance of existing inequalities also vanished. Accordingly, Hitler violently flung Germany out of Geneva, and with similar vehemence proclaimed German purpose to re-arm in total defiance of the restraints of the Treaty of Versailles.

What, then, remained of the original assumptions upon which the League had been launched? It had been accepted as axiomatic in 1919 that all peoples had an equal interest in the perpetuation of peace, but by 1933 three great peoples, the German, the Japanese, and the Italians were openly training their youth for war from the very cradle. And if Germany had been defeated in war and plundered in the peace treaties, Italy and Japan had been victorious in the former and rewarded by the latter. Yet, at bottom, Fascism, National Socialism, and Japanese Imperialism professed the same faith.

Nine months after Germany left the Disarmament Conference and the League simultaneously, the Putsch in Vienna precipitated the gravest crisis since the close of the World War. On the

twentieth anniversary of the tragic events of July, 1914, another assassination brought Europe again to the edge of abyss. In that crisis, moreover, who thought of turning to Geneva? After the founding of the League, Sir Edward Grey, as the world will best remember him, had asserted that, had the League existed in 1914, he was satisfied war could have been averted. But in July, 1934, it was Italian mobilization, and not League intervention, which averted conflict. And that mobilization found swift endorsement alike in Paris and in London.

After the Austrian episode, therefore, but one mission remained to the League. It could no longer lay claim to represent the collective will of all countries because of the seven great Powers, three, Japan, Germany, and the United States, were absent; while a fourth, Italy, had again and again repudiated League principles although for reasons of expediency it continued its membership. Nor could Geneva longer pretend to possess the authority to decide or the means to make effective its decisions. Since its machinery was, however, controlled by those states, large and small, which were becoming increasingly alarmed over German portents, that machinery could be employed profitably by any coalition of countries created to oppose Germany's programme of expansion.

Such employment, however, was only possible when apprehension over the German danger had spread to both sides of the Channel. And that condition did not arrive until Sir John Simon learned from the lips of Adolf Hitler himself the extent of the menace to British safety implicit in German plans for aerial and naval re-armament. This revelation, too, followed the sensational gesture of March 16th, by which the Reichsführer publicly reduced the armament sections of the Treaty of Versailles to scraps of paper.

Hitler's action constituted a third in the series of treaty violations. When the first—which was the Japanese aggression in Manchuria—took place, China had formally appealed to Geneva, the Council had been invoked, the machinery of the League set in motion, the Assembly called together, and lastly, the Lytton Commission appointed. From start to finish League principles and practices had been faithfully observed. The fact that failure had resulted from application of League principles and

utilization of League machinery had, however, led to their being ignored at the moment of the Putsch in Vienna.

After Hitler's March performance, however, a third course was followed. First of all the representatives of Great Britain, France, and Italy, with the Soviet Union absent but consenting, met at Stresa and agreed to employ the League as a court to pass judgment upon German action, and also formulated the verdict which the League Council should pronounce. These things settled, they repaired to Geneva: France presented a formal indictment, approved in advance at Stresa, and the League Council appended its signatures to the Stresa verdict, thus merely signing on the dotted line.

With this action, however, the spirit of Woodrow Wilson definitely made way for the shadow of Metternich beside the waters of the Lake of Geneva and the League of Nations became the legitimate heir of the Holy Alliance. Like the Paris Peace Conference, the Council of the League had condemned Germany *in absentia*. Inevitably, therefore, in German eyes the decision of Geneva acquired the same character as the more famous "dictate" of Versailles, and the League of Nations became the instrument of those countries which were seeking to forge a circle of steel about the Reich.

Meantime, with the arrival of the great depression, the problem of peace was taking on a new aspect. For a decade after the Paris Peace Conference, German, Austrian, and Hungarian insurgence against the treaties had been explained as the natural consequence of the blunders of Paris. Had the victors displayed more intelligence and less vindictiveness in dealing with their helpless foes, so the argument ran, these recent enemies would have voluntarily associated themselves with their former opponents in the task of preventing war.

But with the disclosure of Japanese designs upon Manchuria, of Italian upon Ethiopia, and of German upon the Ukraine, these old indictments lost something of their former weight. In fact, it began to be clear that for the future the great issues affecting the question of peace were not those of ethnic unity or of strategic security, but primarily those of economic self-sufficiency. Similarly, it became evident that the problem was no longer limited to the European Continent, where the mistakes of

Paris had left their mark, but was world-wide in its extent.

To deal with this new problem of peace, too, the League of Nations would still have been helpless even if the Treaty of Versailles had constituted an exact application of the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount. For what the great depression proved was that the deficiencies in the material resources of at least three great Powers, coupled with the tariff and currency practices of the better-favoured countries, had placed the governments of the former face to face with the eventual, if not the immediate, alternative of resorting to foreign wars of conquest or of submitting to a gradual domestic decline to Communism. Thus, in a time of full peace, Germany, the second largest industrial state in the world, today finds herself struggling with conditions closely resembling those of the War, when she was blockaded by Allied fleets.

The explanation is simple. On her own territory Germany possesses only coal amongst all the great essentials of industry. From abroad she must get her iron, copper, cotton, rubber, and a score of other things necessary to supply her machines. Since she is destitute alike in cash and credit, she can obtain these things in sufficient quantities only as she can exchange her own goods for them. And the practice of economic nationalism of nations, which together possess an approximate monopoly of these essential raw materials, results in the exclusion of German goods. Italian circumstances are approximately the same, since Italy depends upon her export of labour to acquire the means to remedy a poverty in raw materials even more absolute than the German.

For any government which rules in the Reich, moreover, whether it be republican, imperial, or dictatorial, the future must hold out an identical prospect if it cannot employ the workers, supply the machines, keep the industrial plant in operation. Mussolini, too, is in the same fix as Hitler. It was to escape from an identical impasse that Japan embarked upon her Manchurian adventure, seeking on Chinese territory the foodstuffs and raw materials she lacked at home. "For us Italians the choice is between foreign expansion and domestic explosion", that was the Duce's description of the dilemma. And that is why Italy and Germany, like Japan, are preparing for war.

As for the British and American peoples, their present fortunate situation in respect of raw materials, and indeed of all the essentials of modern industrial life, represents the accumulated profits of three centuries of wars of aggression and conquest. The American Republic and the British Commonwealth of Nations owe their present circumstances to the prosecution of precisely the same kind of enterprises that Japan is now undertaking in Asia, Italy in Africa, and Germany in south-eastern Europe. By the time of the World War, however, Great Britain and the United States had become satiated Powers. By conquest they had acquired all they desired, but involvement in the World War had convinced both that similar conflicts waged by other peoples must be disastrous for themselves.

The League of Nations was in reality the instinctive effort of the Anglo-Saxon Powers to throw down the ladder by which they had mounted to their present fortunate estate, because war was no longer useful for them, and other peoples' wars might compromise their present circumstances. Having renounced war for themselves, because it had ceased to be profitable, they now undertook to convince peoples situated like the Germans, the Italians, and the Japanese, that it must be equally unremunerative for them also. Thus, on the assumption that war had now become the supreme evil, they strove to persuade peoples to accept as eternal the disparities and inequalities in material circumstances which condemned these peoples to a declining standard of life and a growing peril of domestic upheaval.

But this was simply to repeat the miscalculation of 1815. Then, following nearly a quarter of a century of continuous strife, the desire for peace was as strong as it was later in 1918. From Madrid to Moscow the Continent had been traversed by armies of invasion, and knowledge of the horrors of war was universal. Yet because the treaties made by the Congress of Vienna denied to various peoples the blessings of liberty and unity, these subject and divided races took up arms and invited the hazards and horrors of fresh conflicts rather than endure the consequences of existing inequalities which they adjudged unjust. Always they could have had peace at the price of submission, ever they elected to fight rather than to submit.

How could or can anyone imagine in the light of this record,

that because war has become more terrible today than it was a century and a quarter ago and inequalities are now chiefly economic rather than political, once the immediate effects of the World War had worn off, men and nations would hold war a greater evil than inequality? How, too, could the English-speaking peoples imagine that they could make morals a matter of the calendar and successfully ban war now that it had become not only unprofitable but even dangerous for themselves?

Fear of war never has been and never can be a successful deterrent to conflict where the alternative is inequality. To serve as an effective agency for promoting and preserving world peace, the League of Nations had to be invested with precisely the same authority internationally that domestic government enjoys nationally. On the ethnic side, it had to be able to establish the racial rights of a strong people and at the same time to protect weaker peoples from the consequences of such a course. On the economic side, it had to possess the authority to regulate national tariffs and currency policies to the end that all peoples should have access to the essential raw materials of industry on sure and equal terms. Above all, it had to possess the right to modify the prerogatives of any sovereign state when these conflicted with the necessities of others.

In reality the League has never had authority to do anything. Always it was caught in Europe between the *status quo* and the revision countries and, in the world, between the *Haves* and the *Have-nots*. The Anglo-Saxon countries, which are satiated, sought to make it an inexpensive means of perpetuating conditions which were both satisfactory and under no immediate challenge. France and her allies tried to turn it into a guarantor of a *status quo* at once profitable and precarious. The defeated nations of the war endeavoured to make it an instrument for the revision of the peace treaties and dropped it when they found it a barrier to that enterprise. Japan left it when it undertook to halt an act of aggression dictated by a state of economic necessity.

In the end the League collapsed because it was designed to be the agency of an internationalism which did not exist. It had been constructed like a water-wheel beside the dry bed of a river, in the belief that the floods would presently arrive—but they never did. To restore the League now, it would be neces-

sary to create that basis of co-operation which, in 1919, was mistakenly assumed to exist already.

But no such basis did exist then, and in the post-war years no serious attempt has been made to create it. Instead, there has been an incredible output of pretentious pacts, solemn covenants, sacred treaties. In effect, if not by design, all of these have been nicely calculated to perpetuate inequality in the name of peace. Significantly, too, the bulk of these proposals have been Anglo-Saxon in their origin, and have been either repudiated outright or watered down extensively whenever their authors have discovered that they involved risks as well as assured profits.

In reality the League of Nations was, in conception, neither better nor worse than the Holy Alliance or the Concert of Europe. Wilson's project, too, was not less visionary than Alexander's and infinitely less practical than Bismarck's. The effect of all three was, moreover, identical. The *beati possidentes* were to be assured permanent and undisturbed enjoyment of the disproportionate share of the world's territories and natural resources which they had won by war, and the others were to be discouraged from waging inconvenient wars over what was left.

To accomplish this end, which was described as peace, Alexander invoked religion, Bismarck selfishness, and Wilson idealism; but the eventual failure of all three experiments was assured by the intransigence of the disinherited, who perceived that the price of peace was perpetual inequality for themselves, and pronounced that cost prohibitive. To try to win Japan, Germany, or Italy back to the collective system of Geneva without assuring them economic security is, moreover, as futile as to attempt to catch a robin by putting salt on its tail: an endeavour which has proved the despair of Youth ever since the very beginning of time.

SOUTH AFRICA'S SILVER JUBILEE

By B. K. LONG

SOUTH AFRICA has just reached its Silver Jubilee as a country. It was proclaimed a united country on May 31st, 1910—a Union of four States, all self-governing: the Cape Colony, the Transvaal, the Orange River Colony, Natal. Two, the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony, were ex-republics conquered in the Anglo-Boer war. That war had ended eight years before, and May 31st was the date of the signing of the Peace of Vereeniging in 1902.

It will always be one of the marvels of British achievement that Union was accomplished in South Africa eight years after the end of a war between the two white South African races. Nowadays the Anglo-Boer war is apt to seem to have been rather a toy affair. It was not that either to the British or the Boers. Great Britain had had to put forth what seemed then to be all her strength to bring the Boers to their knees. The Boers had been fugitives in their own country. Their farms had been burnt; their veld barricaded with barbed wire entanglements; their women and children collected in concentration camps. Mortality on both sides had been heavy. Memories were bitter, especially among the conquered Boers.

Yet the Union movement surmounted in a few months these barriers. There was a notable outburst of popular enthusiasm for Union. Subsequent events showed that there was at the time a much more powerful undercurrent of animosity between the two white races than the enthusiasts for Union realized. Even today there are people in South Africa who declare that racial antagonism is stronger than ever. Some English South Africans grumble that the Dutch never change, that hatred of England and the English burns with an unquenched passion in their hearts, that English-speaking South Africans have no chance, and that the main result of Union has been to reverse

the verdict of the Anglo-Boer war by setting the conquered firmly in the seats of the conqueror. Some Dutch South Africans, on the other hand, maintain that the English in South Africa remain obstinately English, that they have no undivided loyalty to the country of their own or their ancestors' adoption, and that they are incapable of true South African patriotism. (It would be more correct, by the way, to call the Dutch South African "Afrikaans-speaking"; for Afrikaans, a purely South African language-product, has now superseded the Dutch tongue that was brought from Holland, and a passionate devotion to Afrikaans, as a symbol of national identity, is the core of the Dutch South African's patriotism.)

These extreme views are the views of a minority on both sides. Looking back on the twenty-five years of Union, no impartial observer will deny that Union has been justified by its results. Without Union, dissension between the four South African States would have been inevitable. The Transvaal, with its huge wealth in gold mines, would have become inordinately prosperous. The other three States would have looked on with envious eyes. Apart from its mineral wealth, South Africa is a poor country. It rises in a steep series of plateaux from its coast levels to a high-veld-height of close on 6,000 feet. Its rains are furious, its droughts long and devastating. Agriculture, in these conditions, is precarious. Mostly, the soil surface is thin. There are rich patches, but they lie in the valleys of rivers which run dry or almost dry in the rainless seasons and are suddenly filled by torrential waters when rain comes. The thin soil is easily washed away by these floods. The life of the farmer is a gamble. Pests abound. Disease periodically attacks flocks and herds. Plant-life, too, is the prey of pests. Without Union, the three agricultural and pastoral States would have had a long struggle to survive at all. World depression would have made the struggle hopeless. The only means of livelihood for the people of the three poor States would have been earnings for transport to the rich Transvaal.

Before Union, this contrast between the wealth of the Transvaal and the poverty of the other three States had begun to threaten perpetual hostility. The fear of tariff quarrels was one of the chief motives for Union. Avoidance of such quarrels is

sufficient justification for it. There are other justifications. It is true that many of the hopes of the Fathers of Union have not been fulfilled. Economy in administration was one of them. It has been falsified. The Civil Service of the Union is disconcertingly larger in numbers and alarmingly more expensive than the Civil Services of the four States before Union lumped them together.

But there are compensations. Development of public services has been great and most beneficial. Railways—which are State institutions in South Africa—have been enormously extended and are run with progressive efficiency. Roads are out-of-sight better, even in remote areas, than before Union. Education, though it has become more and more expensive, is far more enlightened and wide spread. Postal and telephone services are well run and cheap. South Africa, for instance, has had penny postage both internally and with the other countries of the Empire for some years. (Nothing is more of a shock to the South African coming to England than to find the postage still at the rate of $1\frac{1}{2}$ d.) Law is impartially administered, order effectively maintained through the length and breadth of the land; and South Africa is very long and broad. Its size is hardly realized by the rest of the world. Johannesburg, for instance, is close on 1,000 miles from Cape Town and 400 miles from Durban. It takes five days and nights to circumnavigate the coast line from Cape Town to Durban by mail steamer, though quite a lot of time is wasted in ports on the way. Still, the country is very large and the white population small—well under three millions.

In all these ways Union has been the salvation of South Africa, which would certainly have stood still, if it had escaped civil war at all, unless Union had been accomplished twenty-five years ago. The non-European population, too, has certainly profited by Union and stands to profit a very great deal more. There are some seven millions of natives in the Union. It would be absurd to say that the hopes of the Fathers of Union for them have been realized; but it would be just as absurd to say that the natives are worse off, either materially or from a civic point of view, after twenty-five years of Union, than they would have been if South Africa had remained divided into four States. Long before Union a division of view about the South African

natives had shown itself. In the Cape Colony, current policy put its faith in the progress of the native as a civilized citizen. He was given the vote if he could pass a lenient educational and property test—the same test as the white man had to pass. There were no restrictions on his employment or his right to own land. Ideas about his future, even under this policy, were apt to be vague. He was never to intermarry with the whites. He was not to be a member of Parliament, unless he showed an unexpected aptitude for civilized attainments. He was to be under the indefinitely-prolonged tutelage and supervision of the white man, who was to keep him in order, to treat him fairly, to mete out British justice to him, and to initiate him into a rather mistily benevolent future in which he was to realize instinctively that his progress was to reach a point at which he would gaze acquiescently at a boundary labelled “thus far and no farther”.

In the other three States, the white view about the native was very different before Union. There he had no civic rights. He was an unskilled worker in house and field. It was assumed that he would never progress at all. The white employer was usually a benevolent master to him, just with a stern tempering of firmness. That was the way to treat the native. Ideas about his future there were none. His state was assumed to be static, his intellect to be definitely inferior to that of the least intellectual white man, his attitude towards his own future to be one of permanently-contented acquiescence in a condition of inferiority. He was the descendant of Ham, a hewer of wood and a drawer of water. Most of the farmers in the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony believed this firmly; and the English people in Natal believed the same to all intents and purposes, though they would have hesitated to say so as confidently as the Transvaaler.

At Union, the Cape leaders thought that their more liberal ideas about the native would work like leaven among the whites of the other three States. The native vote was specially entrenched in the Union Constitution, though it was limited to the Cape Province, which was equivalent to the area of the old Cape Colony. In the Transvaal and Orange Free State Provinces the white man was given manhood suffrage as a concession by the Cape leaders for the retention of the native vote in the Cape.

The rest was left to the future, so far as the native was concerned ; and the future proceeded to reveal white opinion as tending strongly towards the northern rather than towards the Cape view. Laws restricting native employment in skilled occupations, limiting his rights of land-ownership, cramping his opportunities in every possible way, began to pass the Union Parliament. Liberalism towards the natives, even in the Cape, seemed, as Union went on, to be more a survival of obsolete ideas than a living policy with the hope of making converts.

White friends of the natives, native leaders themselves, began to despair. But in the last few years the tide of opinion has set the other way definitely, though without any immediate reaction through Parliament. Experience has shown that the Poor White is the inevitable product of the doctrine that a man with a white skin is privileged, that manual labour is degrading for him, and that he must be maintained at the expense of the State in an aristocratic idleness that tends to get more and more dingy and thriftless. The depression, which compelled the Union Government to put white men to manual work, chiefly on the railways, or to let them starve, did much to break down white prejudice against manual labour. Jobs for indigent whites had the immediate effect of displacing quantities of black unskilled labour. It added to distress among the native population. But the mines and agriculture employ natives in quantities ; and manual white labour is breaking down the immemorial idea of white South Africa that hewing wood and drawing water is exclusively native work, thus sapping the roots of the belief in the permanent inferiority of the native.

It is quite futile to go soft and sentimental about the native in South Africa, as many well-meaning people in England are apt to do. If there were about three natives to every white person in the British Isles, English people might begin to realize what a problem the native is in South Africa. The native there, too, would certainly be in a far worse case, within a very few years, if white rule ended. Chaos would follow, with massacre, greed, and tyranny close on its heels. The South African native, in the mass, is still raw—a child with all the impulses of a child. Some natives have emerged from this ruck ; but they are few in proportion to the whole, though there are more and more of

them every year. Their fate is often a tragedy ; but so is the fate, often, of the intellectual boy from the working ranks in England who rises above his own people. No social system can legislate for such hard cases ; and the case of the native in South Africa who has risen far above the rank and file of his own people is a hard case.

However enlightened public opinion may become in the next few generations, the adaptation of the native to the citizenship of South Africa will be a slow process, inevitably mixed up with a great deal of injustice to exceptional native individuals. The new plan of the South African Government for giving a clearer voice in legislative measures to native opinion all over the Union has just been published. It can be criticized, needless to say ; but it is evidence of that stirring of European thought about the native which is one of the most hopeful signs of the times in South Africa.

After the Anglo-Boer war there were great ideas about bringing large numbers of settlers into South Africa to redress the balance of numbers as between white and black. These ideas have faded. South Africa is a stern land towards settlers. Manual work is out of the question for them, even now, unless it is Government-organized manual work at a bare subsistence wage, and there are plenty of Poor Whites in South Africa already clamouring for what the Government has to offer. Farm settlement requires a good lump of capital and more luck if it is to prosper in individual cases. It would not be true to say that such settlement schemes have failed ; but there have been many individual failures and there is a significant amount of cynicism about settlement in South Africa.

Settlers themselves, by the way, are even more cynical in this way than indigenous South Africans, and that is saying a good deal. If a man and his wife want sunshine, have an income of about £700 a year, and are ready to make a home for themselves in the neighbourhood of a city or town, by all means let them go to settle in South Africa. But men with a pension who feel tempted to go to South Africa to try their luck on the land had better beware. They will be taking on a great deal more than they expect. Lack of knowledge of the country will be a heavy handicap. The life will be hard, the amenities rare, the dice at

least as heavily loaded against as for them. They will be fortunate if they survive the first few years, which are just as likely as not to cast them up on a rocky shore, stripped of everything they have.

For all that organized settlement is likely to do to help, South Africa has long ago made up its mind that it will have to look after itself. Twenty-five years of Union have left it pretty well equipped for that purpose and more conscious of what looking after itself means than a prophetic observer would have thought possible even a few years ago. South Africans are now mostly South Africans in spirit and consciousness, not merely Dutch or English living in South Africa. The new generations of both races are products of three or four generations South African born, or more. Holland has long been not even a racial memory to the Dutch South African. Great Britain is hardly more than a tradition to the young English South African. They are being merged into one people, irrespective of their racial origin. The enmities and bitterness of Anglo-Boer war memories are not real any more to most young South Africans. That is the answer to those, whom I mentioned earlier in this article, who say that racial hostility in South Africa is worse than it ever was. It is not. On the contrary, it is almost obsolete in most parts of South Africa now, and the next quarter of a century will see the end of it altogether. This is inevitable, and recent political developments have been one proof of it. The alliance of General Hertzog, the Prime Minister, and General Smuts in one Cabinet, after years of intense political hostility, is an alliance of men who have abjured the follies of the past. It is rooted in determination to build better for the future. It reflects the new spirit of national solidarity which is submerging racial divisions and uniting the white races—especially the young of the white races—in a South African consciousness.

Ah, but, it will be said (some South African politicians survive by saying it), what about the independent attitude that South Africa is taking up towards Great Britain? What about the Commonwealth? What part would South Africa take if Britain went to war? What about the Afrikaans-speaking politicians who are always shouting that they are determined to turn South Africa into a Republic and to cut away from the Empire?

Well, what about it? South Africa is treading the same path as that on which the feet of the other Dominions are set. She has gone much further along it, constitutionally, than any other Dominion has gone yet. But the other Dominions will certainly go as far when their time comes. Dominion independence is a fact. What form of expression it may take in each Dominion, either in constitutional legislation or in action at a moment of Commonwealth crisis, is for each Dominion to decide for itself. In South Africa, the Afrikaans-speaking population is in a majority over the English-speaking. The natural consequence is that the emphasis in matters concerning Dominion independence is laid on going to the logical end of the Dominion path. If Canada or Australia did the same, there would be no uneasiness about it, either in the Dominion concerned, or in Great Britain. But in South Africa the heritage of suspicion which the Anglo-Boer war left is still not dead. There are still English-speaking South Africans who believe that the motive of Dominion independence is undying hostility to Great Britain. There are still Afrikaans-speaking South Africans who persuade themselves that Great Britain wants to dominate South Africa, that Dominion independence is a sham and a trap, and that complete liberty cannot be secured for South Africa unless the tie with the Commonwealth is cut completely. How strong these two elements—whose beliefs, by the way, are contradictory—actually are politically no one knows. The next General Election will be the test, and that will not come for another three years in the normal course of events.

What is undeniable is that the present Government, which supports the British connection and believes that it is consistent with the fullest independence of action for South Africa as a Dominion, has a very large majority in the present Parliament, and appeals to that South African spirit which is turning away from the racial tragedies of the past and is looking forward. If that does not mean support from South Africa, then the outlook there is grim. But there is no real likelihood of that.

Otherwise, too, the outlook is not grim; it is very bright. The gold mines are prospering through the increase in the price of gold. If gold is stabilized at anything like its present price, the known gold areas will last for more than a century, whereas,

at the old price of gold, their life was definitely limited to another twenty-five or thirty years. As it is, the mines are working their low-grade ore and are keeping their rich ore in reserve in case the price of gold should fall again. If it does not fall, their profits, when their low-grade ore is worked out and they come to their rich ore reserves, will be fabulous.

Meanwhile, Mr. Havenga, the Minister of Finance, is having large surpluses every year. Agriculture is being fed by huge bonuses. Industries are developing. Johannesburg is changing into a city of sky-scrapers, and the other cities and towns are reaping indirectly a smaller, but still a substantial, share of the golden harvest. With gold mining profitable, South Africa is a rich country—very rich in proportion to its white population. If gold mining ceases to be profitable, or expires altogether, South Africa will be very poor; but why worry about what seems a remote possibility? South Africa's Silver Jubilee finds her on the crest of the wave. All waves have their trough, but South Africa's wave of prosperity shows no sign of subsiding.

THE VOYAGE OF THE *RATTLESNAKE**

An Unpublished Diary of Thomas Henry Huxley

BY JULIAN HUXLEY

THE notebook containing my grandfather's Diary of his voyage on H.M.S. *Rattlesnake* was found among the papers of my father, Dr. Leonard Huxley, after his death last year. He had received an enormous mass of papers, letters, drawings, and other material belonging to my grandfather and grandmother after the death of the latter in 1915. To sift the wheat from the very large amount of chaff would have been a tremendous task. My father never had the heart to go through the mountain of material thoroughly. He had of course undertaken a similar task after my grandfather's death in 1895, when he had sifted a vast quantity of letters and papers in preparation for writing his father's *Life and Letters*. It was, I think, the knowledge that he had done this, and the belief that nothing of vital interest had escaped his efforts, which helped to deter him from renewing the task after 1915.

There is no direct evidence of the present MS. of the Diary ever having been seen by my father. The evidence for his not having seen it is indirect, but very strong, for the Diary contains so much of extreme interest that it is inconceivable he should not have utilized it in the preparation of the *Life and Letters*. My uncle, Mr. Henry Huxley, agrees with me that it is most unlikely that the Diary was ever in my father's hands. But if this was so, how was it so? My guess, for what it is worth, is that when my grandfather retired from active work and moved to Eastbourne, the Diary was mislaid owing to its resemblance to the account-books among which it was eventually found (a case of protective resemblance, in biological parlance), and was

* This article consists of extracts from *A Diary of Thomas Henry Huxley*, with preface and introduction by Julian Huxley, shortly to be published.

humbly stacked away with them. My grandmother had a passion for keeping everything (or an aversion to throwing anything away—it comes to the same thing!) and so there was ample opportunity for the Diary to lurk undiscovered for the next thirty-eight years. However, whether this be so or not, and whether my father ever saw it or not, the essential fact remains that the great bulk of these sixty-odd thousand words have never been published.

It is interesting that the publication of this journal should follow so soon after that of Darwin's. The two greatest British biologists of the nineteenth century each began their careers as naturalists on a long voyage of scientific exploration. To both, the experience was of inestimable value, and indeed in Darwin's case, had it not been for his journey on the *Beagle*, it is on the cards that *The Origin of Species* would never have been written.

But there is a remarkable contrast between the two diaries. That of Darwin, though revealing the most interesting glimpses of the writer's character and personality, has as its chief and absorbing interest the growth and development of his ideas on the mutability of species: in it we are assisting at the birth of the Evolution Theory. Huxley, on the other hand, records singularly little about his scientific views in his journal. Yet these were the researches which earned him a Fellowship of the Royal Society at the age of twenty-five, researches which laid the foundations of our rational understanding of the comparative anatomy of two major groups of animals, and paved the way for some of the broadest generalizations of Morphology, such as the germ-layer doctrine and Haeckel's use of it in regard to his theory of recapitulation.

But if Huxley's journal is meagre where Darwin's is generous, the converse also holds. There can be few other such abundant source-books for studying the growth of a great scientist's personality. Huxley's character was indeed as remarkable as his scientific achievements and his literary talent; and I venture to believe that many to whom Huxley the scientist makes no special appeal will find in this Diary a deeply interesting picture of the growth of a great and rare personality.

In addition to Huxley's own Diary, there is available the journal kept by his *fiancée* during the latter part of his voyage. Most of this

is of no more than family interest, but there are revelations of personal tastes and character which are interesting and charming in the young girl Henrietta Heathorn, and doubly interesting when we remember that Henrietta Heathorn was destined, as Henrietta Huxley, to play hostess to some of the most brilliant figures of the late Victorian period. And above all interesting to us in this journal, there are her impressions of her young lover, her outpourings of her intense and abiding love for him, her despair at the prospect of parting, which help us to understand the complex of deep desires and feelings in which the young couple were plunged, the paralysis of emotional conflict in which Huxley seems for a time to have been enveloped, and his final extrication of himself from this on to a new plane of assurance.

But now let us come to Huxley's Diary, and in the course of the extracts I shall make from it we shall learn more of the first meetings of these young people. Thomas Henry Huxley was twenty-one when he sailed from Plymouth Sound on December 10th, 1846. He had been appointed as assistant-surgeon and naturalist aboard H.M.S. *Rattlesnake*, and this appointment was to have a profound influence upon his future life. Without that, he would in all probability have remained a medical man; this expedition ensured that he should become a general biologist. An entry on the first day of the voyage shows the spirit in which he entered upon it.

"Dec. 10th, 1846.

"I must keep two points in view, 1st. that I *am* simply a student; 2nd. from the peculiar circumstances in which I am placed, care and caution in observation may enable me to *become* a teacher with regard to particular points. And on my success in this latter matter my future prospects and my usefulness in this appointment clearly depend."

As the voyage proceeds the naturalist discovers abundant sources of interest in the marine organisms around the ship and in his visits ashore. But at this time, apparently, the company aboard the *Rattlesnake* is not congenial, to judge by this entry: "Jan. 10th.

"What a precious pack have I to deal with in these delightful messmates of mine, as might have been expected. I have five years of silence (that is to say of speaking from the mouth out-

wards only) to look forward to. Save the necessary courtesies of life, I shall make it my business to have very little to do with them. And yet I suppose that on the whole, they are good specimens of those whom My Lord Commissioners think fit associates for gentlemen, to say nothing of students and professional men ! ”

[Added later, in pencil : “ Unjust—they turned out very good fellows.”]

Under the same date is an interesting recollection of his earlier struggles :

“ To-day, ruminating over the manifold ins and outs of life in general and my own in particular, it came into my head suddenly that I would write down my interview with Faraday—how many years ago ? Aye there’s the rub, for I have completely forgotten.

“ I remember well how my long brooding perpetual motion scheme (which I had made more than one attempt to realize but failed owing to insufficient mechanical dexterity) had been working upon me, depriving me of rest even and heating my brain with châteaux d’ Espagne of endless variety. I remember, too, it was Sunday morning when I determined to put the question, which neither my wits nor my hands would set at rest, into some other hands for decision. And I determined to go before some tribunal from which appeal should be absurd. But to whom to go ? I knew no one among the high priests of science, and going about with a scheme for perpetual motion was I knew for most people the same thing as courting ridicule among high and low. After all I fixed upon Faraday—possibly perhaps because I knew where he was to be found, but in part also because the cool logic of his works made me hope that my poor scheme would be treated on some other principle than that of mere previous opinions one way or other. Besides, the known courtesy and affability of the man encouraged me, so I wrote a letter and drew a plan, enclosed the two in an envelope and tremblingly betook myself on the following afternoon to the Royal Institution.

“ ‘ Is Dr Faraday here ? ’ said I to the Porter. ‘ No sir, he is just gone out. ’ I felt relieved. ‘ Be good enough to give him this letter ’, and I was hurrying out when a little man in a brown

coat came in at the glass doors. ‘ Here is Dr Faraday ’, said the man, and gave him my letter. He turned to me and courteously enquired what I wished. ‘ To submit to you that letter, sir, if you are not occupied ’. ‘ My time is always occupied, sir, but step this way ’, and he led me into the Museum or library, for I forget wh. it was, only I know there was a glass case against wh. we leant. He read my letter, didn’t think my plan would answer. Was I acquainted with mechanics—what we call the laws of motion ?

“ I saw all was up with my poor schemes, so after trying a little to explain, in the course of wh. I certainly failed in giving him a clear idea of what I would be at, I thanked him for his attention and went off as dissatisfied as ever. The sense of one part of the conversation I well remember. He said ‘ that were the perpetual motion possible it would have occurred spontaneously in nature and would have overpowered all other forces ’, or words to that effect.

“ I did not see the force of this, but did not feel confident enough to discuss the question. However, all this exorcised my devil and he has rarely come to trouble me since.”

The voyage continues without notable incident to Rio, then to Simons Bay, Mauritius and so to Australia. Huxley is a capricious diarist, and at one time there is no entry for five months. Then he is at Sydney, and when he next confides his thoughts to the diary he has already met his future wife, who was living a few miles outside the town with her married sister, Oriana Fanning. The first glimpse we have of the Fanning household shows the terms of happy intimacy on which the young biologist already stands :

“ Nov. 25th.

“ I called at Fannings first (instinct again ?) and a pleasant merry hour we had of it, Mrs. Fanning, the three girls and I. And of all subjects the one under discussion was my reception into the family. Fraternization—Cary Bose would have none of it, professed to oppose me tooth and nail, in her liveliest way. Sister Alice was in my favour. And sister Henrietta, what said she ? Cast down her eyes, smiled, and would take the matter into consideration. So it was agreed at last that the decision of the matter should lie in her hand. My heart leaped. But I

thought to myself, Tom, you are a fool, what on earth is there in you, and you have only seen one another four times; besides, it is wrong. So time passed on. The sisters were going to walk to Tempe, whereupon I found it highly expedient that I too should have a walk, and proposed myself as chevalier on the occasion.

"We called at Mrs. Steele's on our way, and renewed our discussion. I proposed myself as a son, but Mamma gave me no hope of adoption—inquired even with a very sly look whether there were no other relation I would prefer. (Tom, Tom, where art thou going to, like a lamb to the slaughter?) And then came the rest of the walk. H.H. was my companion as before and I began to find that there was something inexplicably pleasing to me in the expression of her mild '*seelenvoll*' countenance, in the tone of her voice, and still more in her sensible and yet thoroughly womanly conversation. I strongly suspect I was in love without knowing it, for after I left Tempe (when to my everlasting credit for discretion be it said I did not stop two minutes, the lady of the house being absent) I do remember looking back more than once. And, alas that I was, feeling half disappointed when I no longer saw her at the window.

"I got back to Fannings' about four o'clock and immediately requested to have my horse brought round, but F. requested me with so much frank courtesy to dine with them that I could not refuse. And I never spent a happier evening. We sat round the fire and I told no end of auld wives' tales—there was something that put me in mind of the happy old days of S's. On my ride home that night I felt happier than I had for months. Time wore away. We were in the last days of September and were to sail early in October.

"A French frigate came into harbour and a grand final ball was to be given at Government House. A full dress affair. A number of us went, I among the rest for I knew H.H. was to be there; and that night settled my fate. We danced together and when we did not dance we walked up and down the hall under pretence of getting cool. Her hand trembled on my arm, but when, half mad with excitement as I was, I would have taken it, it was drawn back with such shrinking maidenly modesty that I feared after all I had mistaken. No word of love was spoken

but we understood one another. As I handed her to the carriage we appointed to meet again on Monday. Those miserable three days. I was half mad, unable to apply myself to any occupation or to rest anywhere. I felt that my happiness depended upon the issue of our next interview. I felt that I had already in honour pledged myself, and yet I would have given worlds to be able at any personal sacrifice to retract. What had I, a young man, poor, prospectless, I had almost said hopeless, to do with her? What right had I to disturb the even quiet tenor of her life, to give her new anxieties and undeserved cares, to take her from her pleasant friendly circle, to what, even after years, must be the hearth of a poor and struggling man. At times I cursed myself, and then as I thought over each look and word I felt so happy in the belief she loved me that all obstacles were forgotten. Anxiety brought on my old nervous palpitation and I became less and less fit for quiet thought. Her image was ever before my eyes waking and sleeping, and her voice, sounding softly in my ears: 'We shall see you on Monday?' In utter perplexity I determined to consult McClatchie who introduced me to the New Town folks. His advice was that of a friend of us both, advising strongly to let the matter drop, as a matter of duty, so after I had had some hours' conversation with him the end was as might have been expected. 'Go on Monday I must and will, come what will of it.' Poor fellow, I fear he had sadly wasted his breath.

"But I, on my part, promised to behave very prudently. And so I did. For blessed be the Gods (and Mrs. Fanning), Netta came down alone to receive me. She tried very hard to look indifferently at some prints on the table, but it was no good. My secret (and hers too) was soon out and we were both very, very happy when—when what? why that abominable soft-stepping butler came in to announce lunch. But I admire that man—he never changed countenance a muscle.

"And this is what you call prudence, Signor Tom, is it? Certainly. Waste of time is the highest improvidence, and I lost none.

"Happy day, short happy week that followed! I thank the Almighty humbly and heartily for this one bright spot if it should so happen even that another never occurs in my life. I felt

best advantage, sacrificing all things to it. But if this capacity be only fancied, if his silver talent be nothing but lead after all—no Bedlam fool can be more worthy of contempt. The man who has mistaken his vocation is lost and useless. He who has found it is, or ought to be, the happiest of the happy."

In the next extract Huxley is again in reminiscent mood:—
"Dec. 25th.

"I will not think it Christmas day. There shall be no more Christmas days or festive days of any kind for me in a ship. It is cruel mockery to call a drinking bout among a parcel of people thrown together by the Admiralty 'spending a merry Christmas'. Where is the social ease, the comfort, the heartfelt kind words, the friendly influences of a home circle? It is now two years since I formed part of such an one and that one alas! was but the last ray of a happy sun, followed by a dark night of misfortunes. Oh Lizzie! dear Lizzie, dearer to me than any but one in this world, what endless misery hast thou seen since then. Where shall I ever find another sister like you at once endowed with more than man's firmness and courage in adversity and yet gifted with tenderest heart? You once said 'my highest hopes are centered in that boy' and may the Admiralty forget me when I forget you or shrink from serving you or yours.

"Next summer it will be six years since I made my first trial in the world—my first public competition. Small as it was, it was an epoch in my life. I had been attending (it was my first summer session) the botanical lectures at Chelsea. One morning I observed a notice stuck up, a notice of a public competition for medals etc. to take place on the 1st of August (if I recollect aright). It was then the end of May or thereabouts. I remember looking longingly at the notice and some one said to me 'Why don't you go in and try for it?' I laughed at the idea for I was very young and my knowledge of Botany somewhat of the vaguest. Nevertheless I set to work in earnest, and perseveringly applied myself to such works as I could lay hands upon—Lindley's and Decandolle's systems and the *Annales des Sciences Naturelles* in the British Museum. I tried to read Schleiden, but my German was not perfect enough. For a young hand I worked really hard from eight or nine in the morning until twelve at night besides a long hot summer's walk over to Chelsea

two or three times a week to hear Lindley. The day of examination came. How I reached the examination room I hardly know, but I recollect finding myself at last with pen ink and paper before me and five other beings, all older than myself, at a long table. We stared at one another like strange cats in a garret, but at length the examiner (Ward) entered and before each was placed his paper of questions and sundry plants. I looked at my questions but for some moments could hardly hold my pen so extreme was my nervousness, but when I once fairly began my ideas crowded upon me almost faster than I could write them. And so we all sat, nothing heard but the scratching of the pens and the occasional crackle of the examiner's *Times* as he quietly looked over the news of the day. The examination began at eleven. At two they brought in lunch. It was a good meal enough, but the circumstances were not particularly favourable for enjoyment, so after a short delay we renewed our work. It began to be evident between whom the contest lay, and the others determined that I was one main competitor and Stocks (he is now in the E. India service) the other. Scratch, scratch, scratch. Four o'clock came, the usual hour of closing the examination, but Stocks and I had not half done, so with the consent of the others we petitioned for an extension. The examiner was willing to let us go on as long as we liked. Never did I see man write like Stocks—one might have taken him for an attorney's clerk writing for his dinner. We went on. I had finished a little after eight, he went on till near nine and then we had tea and dispersed.

"Great were the greetings I received when I got home, where my long absence had caused some anxiety; the decision would not take place for some weeks and many were the speculations made as to the probabilities of success. My worst anticipations were realized. One day S. came to me with a sorrowful expression of countenance. He had inquired of the Beadle as to the decision and ascertained on the latter's authority that all the successful candidates were University College men—whereby of course I was excluded. I said 'Very well, the thing was not to be helped', put my best face upon the matter, and gave up all thought of it. Lizzie too came to comfort me and I believe felt it more than I did. What then was my surprise on returning

home one afternoon to find myself suddenly seized and the whole female household vehemently insisting on kissing me. It appeared an official looking letter had arrived for me, and Lizzie, as I did not appear, could not restrain herself from opening it. I was second, was to receive a medal accordingly and dine with the Guild on the 9th November to have it bestowed. I dined with the company and bore my share in both pudding and praise, but the charm of success lay in Lizzie's warm congratulation and sympathy. Since then she always took on herself to prophesy touching the future fortunes of 'the boy'."

Scattered through the Diary are references to the scientific work carried on by Huxley on board the *Rattlesnake*. To the layman these references will inevitably be cryptic, and even to the professional biologist Huxley's comments on his work do not reveal much. If he did not know their authorship, he could deduce little from them beyond the fact that an ambitious young man was working on problems of comparative anatomy in various groups of floating marine organisms. At the outset of the voyage, while still in Plymouth Sound, he begins his Diary by setting down, under seven heads, a programme of work. In point of actual fact, he did very little work on five of the seven topics. The most curious omission is his "careful study of all matters relating to coral and corallines". The *Rattlesnake* spent months cruising along the largest and most wonderful coral reef in the world, the Great Barrier of north-eastern Australia: in spite of this and in spite of Huxley's avowed intention of studying corals, there is scarcely a mention of them in the Diary, no publication by Huxley devoted to the subject, and no indirect evidence of his having acquired any special first-hand knowledge of them.

But I cannot here discuss the scientific fruits which Huxley gleaned from the four years of his wanderings. Late in 1850 the *Rattlesnake* was back in England. His immediate task was to secure proper publication of his scientific results. The Admiralty behaved in a most niggardly manner, and in 1854 Huxley finally resigned his appointment in the Service, and secured publication of his papers through the Government grant to the Royal Society. He had already been elected a Fellow of the Royal Society at the age—astonishingly youthful for a follower

of the descriptive sciences—of twenty-five, and at twenty-six he was awarded the Royal Medal of the Society and elected to serve upon its council. But these honours did not provide him with bread-and-butter, much less with a livelihood which would allow him to embark on the marriage he so deeply desired. They did not even help him to secure any of the various professorships for which he applied—at Toronto and at Aberdeen, at Cork and at King's College, London. His gloom was deepened by his mother's death and his father's grave illness; and in spite of regular journalistic work and a book, he was seriously thinking of emigrating to Australia and setting up as a doctor there. However, at the critical moment, he was appointed to the School of Mines under the Geological Survey, and soon afterwards obtained additional lecturing work.

Miss Heathorn came over to be married in 1855, and then Huxley settled down into that career of incessant and many-sided activity which ended only with his death, forty years later.

THE NEW AMERICAN DEMAGOGUES

BY S. K. RATCLIFFE

"NEVER since my inauguration have I felt so unmistakably the atmosphere of recovery." So said Mr. Roosevelt in a broadcast address on April 28th. He is not by any means alone in recognizing the atmosphere of revival. The United States Chamber of Commerce and the National Association of Manufacturers are equally positive as to the meaning of the signs. But they assert that the policy of the Administration is hindering recovery, and in support of their view they are able to quote a careful report on the National Recovery Administration and its results recently published by the Brookings Economic Institute, Washington, a research organization probably carrying more weight than any similar agency in America. The President says in effect: "We are still on our way; let me have two more years of the N.R.A.". And the business organizations reply: "Your policies are preventing the return of prosperity; let the Recovery Act end now and the N.R.A. Codes find their own level".

Business in the main and the world of finance altogether have refused to co-operate with the President. He is confronted with an unruly Congress, and the foes in his own household are rapidly multiplying. Mr. Roosevelt, in a word, is approaching a most critical stage, and during this third year of the presidential term the full resources of his acknowledged political genius must be called into play if his own defeat and the overthrow of the Democratic Party are to be averted in 1936.

There can, I think, be no dispute as to the outstanding fact of the past six months. It is the ominous change in the temper of the American people towards the Roosevelt Administration. And not only this, but something more significant still. The first half of 1935 has brought, in relation to Mr. Roosevelt and his personal standing, a revulsion in the public feeling such as could

hardly have been anticipated at the time of the election last November. It is an axiom of American politics that the President must be prepared for a set-back in the mid-term congressional elections which come at the end of twenty months from the inauguration. Mr. Roosevelt, as the world remembers, gave the American public a most inspiring first year, marked by decisive leadership in legislation and a series of brilliant executive achievements, with evidences of national recovery which appeared to be incontrovertible. True it is that as he entered upon his second year (March, 1934) the President was compelled to recognize that the recovery was partial and unevenly distributed, and that his reconstruction policies were ploughing through heavy seas. But on the whole national confidence was upheld and Mr. Roosevelt's personal position was unimpaired. Moreover, at the beginning of last winter the public works and relief organizations were in full activity, the political Opposition was not functioning, and the argument as to the folly of halting in mid-stream could be used with crushing effect in the campaign. Hence a Democratic victory was assured, all parties knowing that the vote was to be interpreted as an expression of confidence in Mr. Roosevelt himself. It was a vote beyond all precedent, and its essence could not be mistaken. A depressed and bewildered nation demands confident leadership, and the more personal it is the more thoroughly, for the time being, will it be approved. Such was Mr. Roosevelt's position until his second electoral triumph. The policies which embodied the hopes of the American people were his; the directing hand was his; there was no competitor, there was no effective critic, in the field. And here is a very important point to be noted. The country was, and still is, in a radical mood. Conservative candidates have been nowhere. Mr. Roosevelt could not fail to understand the political meaning of the November victory: it was a mandate to go on, an instruction for him to drive forward with the New Deal and to make it a reality for the mass of the American people.

The spectacle of America today cannot be compared with the situation at any time within living memory. It is marked politically by the continued impotence of the Republican Party. This party was all-powerful at the end of the Wilson epoch, and in 1928 it achieved a triumph so complete that the Democrats

seemed to be in final dissolution. The positions are now reversed. The Republicans are hopelessly divided. They cannot find the basis for a national programme. And they are bankrupt in leadership—a fact that is peculiarly distressing to good Republicans everywhere, because in the past they have claimed that their ranks could always provide men enough for all the governing positions. They will doubtless be able to do this again, but at the moment America does not appear to be interested in the fortunes of the political party which nominally contains a majority of the electorate. Party politics are suspended; party lines have been largely obliterated. And in the United States, as in so many other countries, the crowd has been caught by the lure of self-appointed popular champions or guides—extravagant, arrogant, grotesque. In their several ways these are all inimical to the established system and—a point of special and immediate importance—they are all dangerous to President Roosevelt. Three of them may correctly be described as men of the year—a Southern Senator, a Roman priest, and a Western medical practitioner.

Senator Huey Long, of Louisiana, is unique as a portent and a personality. His life-story might seem to belong to the America of one hundred years ago. It could just as well be cited as a proof that the United States is still a land of opportunity, producing as of old the most amazing progeny. Huey Long belongs entirely to the Deep South. He began life on a Louisiana farm, suffering all the hardships of a poor rural community, made the more intolerable by the tyranny of fundamentalism in the Southern Baptist Church. This discipline, however, furnished him with at least one weapon of value: he can quote the Bible for every personal and political purpose. He spent some years as a travelling salesman; then made his way through a law school, and as an obscure small-town attorney devoted himself to the frustration of the mighty Standard Oil Company in his home State. He has practised before the Supreme Court in Washington and earned emphatic praises from that august Bench. He has been Governor of Louisiana, and intends to vacate the Senate next year in order to take the governorship. He is today the dictator of Louisiana, with no man and

no organization in a position to say him nay. He controls all the functions of government. He commands the entire administration and owns the political machine. There is not a person in the State who can hold a public office of any kind against the word of Huey Long. His unscrupulous methods, his rowdy despotism, his lurid profanity, his habit of holding court in a bedroom dressed in green pyjamas—these have been described by a thousand American pens within the past year, for it must be borne in mind that Huey Long is a fount of newspaper copy, and that as a national figure he did not emerge before the spring of 1934.

Farcical State governors are common enough in present-day America, as the exploits of Ma Ferguson in Texas and Alfalfa Bill Murray in Oklahoma have recently shown. If Huey Long had chosen to keep within his own region he might not have come much nearer than those local worthies came to a position in national politics. But he was not content to remain a local celebrity. He was elected to the United States Senate, and enjoyed in Washington a special repute because he had done more than any other Southern politician to ensure the election of Mr. Roosevelt. The Senate is still the finest arena in America, and Senator Long was clever enough to exploit all its opportunities without slackening his hold upon Louisiana. That Legislature continues to do his bidding in the extravagant State capitol built during his governorship, while from Washington or New Orleans, whenever the fancy takes him, he harangues the immense radio audience, employing a technique of his own invention. Huey Long is an incomparable showman, but it is now generally admitted that the Press made a mistake in treating him as though, outside the State over which he rules, there was nothing else in him save his preposterous foolery. There is, of course, much more. He has great shrewdness and an uncanny political talent. He is fully aware that clowning and invective by themselves do not carry very far; the demagogue of these days must be provided also with a slogan and a platform. Huey Long's slogan is "Share Our Wealth". It may prove to be a very effective war-cry—and yet, curiously enough, the phrase is commonly printed incorrectly in the American newspapers. Stimulated by the news-reels as well as by the radio, Share-Our-

Wealth clubs are springing up through the country, while Huey Long, with the untiring energy of his kind, descants upon the eight points of his American charter. Here they are :—

- (1) Poverty to be abolished by endowing every deserving family with an income of not less than \$5,000, free of debt.
- (2) Fortunes to be limited in such a degree (say, to \$4,000,000) as will allow an equitable sharing of the national wealth.
- (3) A restricted working day, to prevent over-production and permit the sharing of leisure and recreation.
- (4) Old-age pensions of \$30 a month, at sixty.
- (5) Balanced agricultural production (according to the divine law).
- (6) Care for war veterans.
- (7) Taxation, to start with the reduction of large fortunes, with ample public works for unemployment.
- (8) Free education, including maintenance for all young persons up to maturity.

Until the radio provided him with his popular following Huey Long was more or less regular in national politics, a Democrat not too vexatious. He has become a vitriolic foe of the Administration, almost as abusive where the President is concerned as he is when railing at those members of the Cabinet whom he particularly denounces. His performances are a favourite turn in the Washington merry-go-round. The Senate galleries are crowded for him as for no other, but he is no longer allowed to rage with impunity. He is at last provoking the reprisals which in a normal debating chamber would have been his portion from the start.

As Huey Long is the first Southern politician since the Civil War to achieve extensive fame as a demagogue, so the Rev. Charles E. Coughlin is the first Roman Catholic priest to obtain a national following in the United States, and accordingly he is a power for whom there is no known measuring-rod. Although the son of Irish-American parents, he was born in Ontario, and so finds it necessary to insist that he has always been an American citizen. About eight years ago he was placed in charge of the rural parish of Royal Oak, twelve miles from Detroit, a city that is fully fifty per cent. Catholic. There he began, with the aid of a local radio station, to make a weekly appeal on behalf of the Shrine of the Little Flower adjoining his church, the flower in question being the Norman girl-saint Thérèse of Lisieux. So long as his addresses were designed only to bring

support for the shrine they were lost in the Sunday flood of wireless sermons : it was the sweep of the great depression which gave Father Coughlin his opportunity. They say in Detroit that the speculative use of his funds made trouble for him and turned the force of his enmity against Wall Street ; but as a matter of fact, in 1929-30 disaster could easily fall upon an investor who did not know that he was speculating. However that be, Father Coughlin acquired a vast audience and became a popular hero by means of his regular Sunday afternoon denunciation of Wall Street and the money power. His mail began to leap upwards, until it taxed all the energies of his large staff of girls. Mr. Raymond Swing*, a writer not given to exaggeration, makes the astounding statement that a single Sunday discourse on the theme of "Hoover Prosperity means a New War", yielded 1,200,000 letters. Father Coughlin is never sparing of personalities. He attacks the money kings by name—Mellon as well as Morgan, and prominent men in his own district. The majority of his radio speeches have been on subjects connected with banking and currency. Their tenor is inflationist. Like a greater orator of the past generation, he sees the American nation crucified on a cross of gold. But his topics are varied enough. Thus, he denounced Prohibition, after it had become obvious that the Dry Amendment was doomed ; and he joined in the ridiculous scare as to the Soviet Government's fomenting a Communist revolution in America. The coming of Roosevelt had the effect of enormously expanding the Father's range. The whole country was for the new President, and the early strokes of his policy, beginning with the banks and the Stock Exchange, made it easy for Father Coughlin to hail the author of the New Deal as a champion of the American people against the money power. "Your choice", he would declare over and over, "your choice is Roosevelt or Ruin, Roosevelt or Mor-r-gan"! This slogan he is still repeating, although for many months past his influence has been hardly less destructive of the Administration's credit than Huey Long's direct vituperation.

During the past half-year the Father's influence has been extended over the greater part of the United States (and do not

* The best account and criticism of the new demagogues is *The Forerunners of American Fascism*, by Raymond Gram Swing. (New York, J. Messner.)

let Canada be forgotten, since his voice goes out from a township within a few miles of the Ontario border). He is now standing upon a platform of sixteen points, forming the programme of his National League for Social Justice. Note the more tendentious of the sixteen :

A living annual wage. Nationalisation of banking and currency and of natural resources ; private ownership of all other property, but with control of private property for the public good. A steady currency, and control of coinage by Congress. Abolition of tax-free bonds. Conscription of wealth in wartime. Labour unions under government protection.

The list reads oddly like an eviscerated edition of the twenty-five points of German National Socialism—unalterable in theory, but mostly disregarded or negated in practice. Father Coughlin has recently added to his programme a detailed plan for a Federal Bank, to be controlled by a board of forty-eight members, one from each State, popularly elected for a long term !

The Sunday radio address has become a regular appeal for the National League for Social Justice. Its founder is already claiming many millions of members. Subscriptions, largely in the form of one-dollar bills from people of the smallest means, pour in through the Detroit post office, so that the cost of the headquarters staff and the heavy charges of the radio broadcasts across the continent are carried by the Father's treasury with the greatest ease. His financial "set-up", indeed, might well provoke the envy of many a powerful corporation.

Father Coughlin is entirely a product of the wireless. His technique is without the familiar touch that Huey Long has brought to the microphone ; but since his afternoon hour is now an established institution of the American Sunday he is in no need of original tricks. His style is hard and deliberate. He asserts and repeats ; he never argues or explains. His Irish mid-western American speech is highly individual—I think the strangest English I have ever heard from a public performer. Needless to say, he is violently anti-Communist. His general tone is usually called radical, but he is prudent enough to buttress his social precepts by quoting from the encyclicals of Leo XIII and Pius XI. His priestly office, his association with the Little Flower, and his frequent citing of papal authority might seem to imply that his followers must in the main be drawn from the

variegated Catholic multitude of the great cities. But this is not so. It is probable that the small towns of the Protestant West and the rural communities of the Bible Belt, for all their fanatical Protestantism, contribute their full quota to the motor-vans of tribute that daily traverse the road to Royal Oak, Michigan.

An interesting point has arisen in regard to the episcopal authority under which Father Coughlin operates. His announcer makes the routine statement that the Father speaks with the sanction of his diocesan, Bishop Gallagher of Detroit. This prelate alone is, under papal authority, responsible for the public utterances of his clergy ; and he has stated that in Father Coughlin's addresses he finds nothing against faith and morals, while he heartily approves their general content, adding : " Until a lawful superior rules otherwise, I stand steadfastly behind this priest". But how far is episcopal sanction as geographically defined affected by the freedom of the air ? Bishop Gallagher can determine what good Catholics within his jurisdiction may be permitted to hear ; but obviously the miracle of wireless brings in a wholly new factor which, presumably, should make necessary a revision of the rule. The case of Father Coughlin may precipitate such revision, since it is well known that the American Hierarchy is hostile to him. Not long ago he was attacked by a Monsignor in New York. The Father silenced him at a word. Cardinal O'Connell has several times come out in denunciation of his "demagogic talk" or "hysterical harangues". Father Coughlin's retort is that during forty years the famous Boston Cardinal has been "notorious for his silence on social justice".

Let us turn to a third, and very different, prophet of the new America. Except in the matter of complete self-confidence the author of the remarkable Pensions Plan announced from California has nothing in common with the two loud-voiced magicians we have so far been considering. Dr. Francis E. Townsend, of Long Beach, is the opposite of a demagogue. He is an elderly Mid-Westerner of modest mien and careful speech, to whom an astonishing fame has come by reason of a spending plan so simple that the most ignorant person can understand it at a glance. Dr. Townsend points to the dependent and distressed old people of the United States. They are mainly a burden, of

little service and without hope. They cannot be producers. If, therefore, he argues, they could by some means be transformed into regular and liberal consumers, what could be expected in America? Why, obviously, a huge demand for food and manufactured goods which would transform the economic scene. The withdrawal of the entire body of the elderly from the labour market would throw open some millions of jobs; there would be work and pay for every man and woman under sixty, prosperity would return overnight, all the money would be in circulation and America would be creating and enjoying wealth hitherto beyond the dreams of mankind. Dr. Townsend would endow every person of sixty and upwards with a monthly pension at the flat rate of \$200 (£40 at par), on condition that the whole amount is spent within the month. An income of \$2,400 a year would, in existing circumstances, be looked upon as riches, not only by every American workman, but by almost the entire body of ordinary business and professional people. It is estimated that for a start a budget of 24,000 million dollars would be called for, and Dr. Townsend would raise this stupendous sum by means of a two per cent. tax on business transactions of every kind. "It will surely come", said the good Doctor to me in Washington; "maybe in thirty years, maybe in a hundred; but it will come".

The author of this fantastic solution of the economic problem is himself already sixty-eight years of age. He grew up in Illinois, moving about and earning a living at anything that offered. He saved \$100 and turned up at the medical school of Omaha, Nebraska, where he obtained a medical degree when past his thirtieth year. He practised in South Dakota, then migrated to Southern California (that land of strange faiths and prophets), and became an assistant medical officer at Long Beach. There—and I know nothing more undeniably to his credit—he became absorbed in the problem of dependent old age, broke out against its misery and cruelty, and evolved his pension plan. Could anything be simpler; could anything be more exactly right? By a single legislative action the old people would be lifted out of purgatory; at eventide it would be light for every ageing son and daughter of the great Republic. And this act of communal justice would meet with its instant reward in the expansion of

business and the beginning of an age marked by the continuous creation of new wealth.

Dr. Townsend's conviction is invulnerable. It is of no use to point out that the endowment of some millions of old people who have never handled money would be an economic earthquake; that \$200 is a definite sum in relation to the present value of the dollar, but would be anything or nothing in the second month of the Townsend era; that his two per cent. tax would fall upon the people of small means, could not be administered, and would not yield money for the first quarter's payments; that, in a word, this is an adventure in Cloud-cuckoo-land. Dr. Townsend smiles gravely and replies: "The American people are poor and their country is bursting with wealth. The old system is finished. There is just one thing to do: turn a large section of the population who cannot be producers into active consumers, and the burden must fall from our shoulders".

But, it will be said, the Townsend Plan has no place in the region of practical politics; it cannot mean anything in a presidential campaign. Mr. Roosevelt and the managers of his party will not make the mistake of thinking so. The Townsend publicity department claims 25,000,000 signatures to the national petition for the Plan. The Doctor himself does not put it higher than 15,000,000 (no one, of course, has made the count), but he adds the interesting point that the bulk of the signatories are men and women under sixty. This, at all events, is true: by the time the petition is completed it will contain more signatures than have ever been affixed to a document demanding legislation. Townsend clubs have sprung up by the thousand; the largest hall in any city can be filled for a Townsend meeting; and—most pathetic of all—old people everywhere are dreaming of riches to come. The plan has been embodied in a Bill which was lately given short shrift in the House of Representatives. This result brought no discouragement to Dr. Townsend; he is waiting for the elections of 1936, for he believes that they will yield in both House and Senate a large majority of members committed to the plan.

I do not believe it possible for any observer, however thoroughly informed he may be, to estimate the American possibilities or to forecast the political consequences of the personal and economic

forces now at work in the United States. But one tentative conclusion can be drawn from the facts as at present displayed: the danger which President Roosevelt has to fear does not come as yet from any regular political opposition. The Republican party organization may not be able to recover within the next twelve months, and it is quite conceivable that next year some millions of Republicans, representing especially the great business and professional interests, may find themselves compelled to vote for the Democratic President, lest a far worse evil should come upon them. The President's most definite enemies are in Congress, but meanwhile, outside of Washington, the talk is all about an emergent third party, thrown into being, though hardly into shape, by the mass emotions of depression and fear, of resentment and fantastic hope. In these conditions Mr. Roosevelt knows himself to be at a disadvantage as against the demagogues, who have been tearing off the mask of friendliness.

The hopes of Mr. Roosevelt's supporters during the second half of this year must turn mainly upon two things—the first measurable results of the stupendous scheme of work-relief, backed by the almost unimaginable vote of \$4,800,000,000 (£1,000,000,000), and the probability, so widely canvassed, of a definite movement of natural economic recovery. Such a movement, say, of not more than ten per cent., would sweep the demagogues from the field and from the air. If the evidences upon which the President and his attendant New Dealers are banking should prove to be genuine, the aims of the Roosevelt policy will be justified and its essential measures may be rescued and established. We in Britain can hardly be in two minds as we contemplate the alternative. A collapse of the Roosevelt policies could not conceivably mean for the United States another large-scale experiment in progressive Democracy, still less a transition to any kind of Socialism. It could lead only to a swift descent towards American forms of Fascism (into which, by the bye, the Longs and Coughlins would fit without the smallest difficulty). It was the ultra-conservative, Mr. Hoover, who offered this forecast some months ago. Similar predictions are being repeated today by countless anti-Hoover groups of people between New England and California. And here we have the reason why so many millions of Americans are clinging to the hope that Franklin Roosevelt may not fail.

REUNION IN VIENNA

BY W. HORSFALL CARTER

SOME readers will remember the play *Reunion in Vienna*, in which Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontane made such a hit a year or two ago in London, after a longish run in New York. One of the scenes depicted with a happy blend of satire and pathos a clandestine gathering of aristocrats from the Habsburg court, reviving old memories and courtly ceremonial, and deploring that their beloved Vienna under the Republic had become so bourgeois.

Events have moved swiftly since the play was written, and the Habsburg regime is now no matter for maudlin repining, but an issue of practical politics. Apart from any deep-laid schemes of the Vatican, the intense militarization of Germany and her forthright self-reliance, expressed in the Proclamation of Military Sovereignty of March 16th on the one hand, and the chronic internal disruption of Austria on the other, have placed an entirely new complexion on the situation.

Confronted by an utter deadlock—the freak phenomenon of an “independent” Austria, divided like Gaul into three parts, of which a thirty-five per cent. minimum remains obstinately Socialist, and another fifty to sixty per cent. represents various degrees of Germanism—Herr Schuschnigg and his baronial colleagues may well be leaning to the idea that their own monarchist hopes are realizable, that with time the Austrian people may see in the crowning of Otto of Habsburg a rallying-point for the German culture State, which he explained in a recent article (in the paper *Sturm über Oesterreich*) must be Austria's role “over against the State as power”—as represented by a Prussianized Germany.

We have read in our newspapers of the addresses of homage to Archduke Otto from numerous rural districts, and of the

restoration to Archduke Eugene and other members of the family of their confiscated estates. Dispatches from Vienna in the spring told us of the City Ball, held at the Guildhall for the first time since 1914, and of that other ball at the Hofburg, for which the invitations were marked: "*Mit allerhöchster Einverständnis*"—"with his Majesty's consent"—and with Princess Starhemberg as President of the Ball Committee. When one reads of such things, it would seem *at a distance* that only the formal ascent of the throne was left to complete the Restoration—not, indeed, of the Austro-Hungarian *imperium*, because the ex-Allies pledged themselves against any recall of a Habsburg to the throne of Hungary by their opposition in 1921, following upon the second rash attempt by the ex-Emperor Charles to return from exile—but in the rump-Austria which was left when the Slav and Magyar elements had been detached.

Herr Schuschnigg is nothing if not a gradualist, and no doubt he was not too distressed when he came to London in February by the taboo which British diplomatic circles still seek to impose on talk of a restoration. Prince Starhemberg, his partner in the uneasy alliance which, without any sort of popular mandate, at present rules the country, is known to be also playing the Habsburg card, secretly cherishing the hope of filling the role of a Horthy in a kingless monarchy. For the moment the Chancellor is only concerned to obtain the acquiescence of Britain and France in the nomination of Archduke Eugene as a fitting successor to President Miklas when the presidential election falls due next autumn.

If monarchy, then, is regarded in governmental circles as a rock of salvation for an Austria *in extremis* against the stormy seas of National Socialism, still more does Signor Mussolini, in his present mood, cling to this Habsburg solution as a means of extricating himself and Italy from a very uncomfortable position.

Italy has now for some years been carrying into the international sphere the Fascist motto "Live dangerously". With the annexation of the South Tirol on his conscience, Signor Mussolini had no intention at first of embroiling Italy in Central Europe. It sufficed that Italian diplomacy should be strong enough to wreck French plans, such as that of M. Tardieu, for

the consolidation of French suzerainty in the guise of "economic disarmament" for the Danubian area.

In 1931 the British Government was far too preoccupied with home affairs to bother about developments in Central Europe. Apart from taking her share in floating a further Austrian loan, thus throwing good money after bad, Great Britain was apparently content with that policy of masterly inactivity which, alas! she has maintained up to the present day. As Signor Mussolini had been taking lessons in diplomacy at the British Embassy in Rome, no doubt the Foreign Office thought that it would be all right "to leave it to Mussolini". The French, on the other hand, with Machiavellian subtlety, saw their opportunity of withdrawing from their exposed position in the devil's kitchen of Europe, and of relying on the challenge of German power to compel Italy to draw the chestnuts out of the fire for them. Signor Mussolini walked into the trap.

The first intimation of an active Italian policy was the pronouncement of the Fascist Grand Council for October, 1932, that one of the objects of Italian policy was to set in order the condition of the Danubian and Balkan peoples. Signor Mussolini toyed with the idea, even then, of the restoration of Austro-Hungary under a Habsburg monarch, on the assumption that Italy was powerful enough to preside over a treaty revision arrangement to which the Little Entente States would be compelled to submit. But he soon found that MM. Benes and Titulescu were too wily for him. Whereupon he rejected this dream in favour of an alliance (old-style) with an Austria transformed along Fascist lines, and Hungary enticed by the bait of revisionism—the specific purpose of which would be the encirclement of Yugoslavia.

The complete failure of the Four-Power Pact was the first blow to Signor Mussolini's hopes of playing Cæsar in the Balkans. And while the Great Powers were excogitating their knights' and bishops' gambits on the diplomatic chessboard, the pawns began to make their own moves. The consolidation of the Little Entente and the Inter-Balkan Union has in fact effectually put a stop to Italy's expansionist aspirations, and still today those much-despised small States, conscious of the important role which is theirs in the new system existing in embryo in the

League of Nations, maintain their position as arbiters of Austria's destiny.

To give Signor Mussolini his due, he has at length realized that a policy aiming at replacing French or German hegemony by Italian plans of a similar nature is likely to have the effect of a lighted match upon a powder-magazine. No wonder, therefore, that since last summer he has been foremost in demanding "concrete and solid form" for a united front against any extension of gangster methods from the Reich to Central and South-Eastern Europe. Eventually the situation created by German re-armament was serious enough to establish a common Franco-Italian purpose, as expressed in the Rome Pact last January, and as reaffirmed at Stresa. But the "Roman Peace" is, after all, no more than the normal adjustment of the balance-of-power in Europe: it offers no constructive solution of the Central European problem.

Signor Mussolini makes no secret of Italian policy today. Apart from the question of a Habsburg restoration, which diplomatic circles seem to be agreed to treat *à la Gambetta* ("y pensons toujours; n'en parlons jamais"), Italy constitutes herself guardian of an independent Austria whose function it will be to maintain and vitalize the Austrian individual contribution to those cultural values which are associated with the name of Germany. In an article published in the American magazine *Universal Service* (and reproduced in the *Popolo d'Italia*) Signor Mussolini writes of Austria's primary duty, owing to her geographical position no less than to her traditions, to "filter and even out German culture so as to render it acceptable and palatable to the Danubian and Balkan peoples". Secondly, Austria is called upon to preserve her traditional and tenacious Catholicism, now to be a bulwark against Orthodox Slav doctrines and the heritage of the Reformation. And then he formulates the significant challenge:

Austria's community of language with Germany is certainly an important fact, but no less important is her community of religion with Italy.

It is in his appraisal of the religious factor in Austria that to my mind Signor Mussolini goes hopelessly wrong. In Italy the challenge to Catholicism represented by the *Risorgimento* had the effect, like the anti-clerical opposition in Spain, of sharpening and

reviving the Catholic temper of the nation as a whole. In the old Austro-Hungarian Empire, on the other hand, there was no such salutary friction, with the result that the prevailing majority of Catholics took their religion as a matter of course. Austrians generally do not feel their Catholicism as a dynamic force as, for instance, their opposite numbers do in Spain. The present Austrian Government, of course, includes several fervent Catholics, and Herr Schuschnigg, like Dr. Dollfuss, is a pupil of the Jesuits—whose power was probably never so great as it is today in Austria. That fact, however, is a liability rather than an asset, for the reason that the majority of the nation, good Catholics though they may be, have a natural distaste for mixing up religion and politics.

The idea that community of religion is going to weigh in the balance with the Austrians' community of language and national feeling with Germany is therefore, I suggest, a complete illusion. Indeed, in the face of recent manifestations of Germany's will to power, and the increase of the prestige of Hitler since the gesture of defiance of March 16th—more even than the Nazi triumph in the Saar—the notion of any "reunion in Vienna" of Catholic dominions, with or without a Habsburg sovereign, wears a distinct air of unreality. Reunion of the two Germanic peoples, on the other hand, on the basis of the mystic unity and fellowship of the National Socialist religion, is a conception whose dynamic appeal to the ordinary Austrian we in the West have underestimated and are still underrating.

It is just two years since the Austrian National Socialist Party was proscribed and its military formations dissolved. From that day to this, one may affirm without hesitation, the desire for union (in some form) with Germany has steadily grown, particularly, of course, among the professional and trading classes. You have in Austria an exact parallel with the conditions that assured the triumph of National Socialism in the Reich: a Left party whose leaders by their very moderation disappointed the more revolutionary rank-and-file, though stigmatized as "Austro-Bolsheviks" by the conservatives of the old regime; a reactionary caste wedded to traditions that, for the younger generation, have completely vanished; a chronic strain of anti-Semitism in the rural districts which can be exploited *ad libitum*

against the cosmopolitan hotch-potch of Vienna; and, above all, a constantly nurtured sentiment of revolt against the servitudes imposed by foreign Powers.

Economic distress is the soil in which the plant of National Socialism grows. And Germany is admittedly the best market for Austrian peasant produce, a market which is virtually closed owing to the "political" squabble. Yet it would be a mistake to attribute the growth of discontent to the effect of measures such as the 1,000 marks tax on German tourists imposed by the Hitler Government in 1933 (for which, strangely enough, the Austrian Government receives all the blame). The most important factor is the almost hypnotic attraction of the personality of Herr Hitler himself, together with the appeal of German strength to Austria's weakness. The brutal methods of persecution, suppression of Nazi propaganda, etc., to which the Government has recourse—identical with those employed by the Nazis triumphant in Germany, but none the less resented as monstrous by the victims in Austria—have naturally fanned the flames of discontent, and unless some means can be found to bridge the widening gulf between "State" and "nation" another explosion like that which resulted in the murder of Dr. Dollfuss is inevitable.

The Vaterländische Front, though the Government may claim a membership of 1,700,000 for it, reminds me very much of General Primo Rivera's Patriotic Union in Spain, which for all its imposing façade completely failed to engage the hearts of Spaniards, one and all resentful of the dictatorship imposed upon them. It is a motley collection of "nationless aristocrats"—to use the language of Herr Habicht—Jews and Clericals—apart from actual dependents of the Government, whose sympathies are in the main Nazi and whose loyalty is already somewhat strained owing to the events of last July—and an irregular salary-payment! When the Government is reduced to instituting a new subject for the school curriculum—*patriotics* (including, but not the same thing as, civics) one can appreciate its uphill task. For an Austrian nation there never was. What Professor R. Seton-Watson wrote a few months after Dr. Dollfuss threw over the democratic constitution in 1933 still applies, unfortunately, today. "The Chancellor has no prestige, no

backing at home, and really depends on two things: foreign money and in the end foreign troops."

Because of its beggar's existence at the price of subservience to the interests of foreign capitalists the "independence" of Austria has all along been a tragic farce. If it was necessary, to remove the threat of German *Macht* from the new States carved out of the old Habsburg Empire in their fledgling years, that the Supreme Council in 1919 should veto the *Anschluss*, at least the League should have been formally entrusted with the task of administration, pending a final settlement, as in the case of the Saar. Otherwise there was no adequate reply to the charge that the Allies, having invoked the principle of self-determination for the Succession States, were deliberately flouting it when it cut across their own interests. For twelve years nothing was done to relieve the situation. Even so there might have been some hope for a gradual adjustment in the direction of a Danubian economic system, with Germany obtaining the market which her industry needs, had not the Powers, united only in their negative aim, imposed their veto on the Customs Union project. That act of sabotage, which may be said to have set in motion the National Socialist avalanche throughout Central and South-Eastern Europe, is now matched by the criminal negligence of the principal guardians of the 1919 settlement, France and Britain, in leaving their ward to the care of the *Erbfeind*, Italy. The feeling of bitterness in Austria with regard to Italy, latent at all times, is now reaching such a pitch—and it extends to Government circles—that the last stage of Austrian "independence" is assuredly worse than the first. The whole object of the Austrian Ministers' efforts—e.g., the visits to Paris and London—since last summer has been, indeed, to place the Austrian problem on the European plane, so that it shall not degenerate into a conflict between Fascist Italy and National-Socialist Germany, the outcome of which is a foregone conclusion.

What can be done? So long as the British Government, misreading the mind of the people, shirks its responsibilities, nothing at all: war in Central Europe is then only a matter of time. At the forthcoming Conference in Rome the "independence" of Austria will be reaffirmed for the *n*th time and, because it suits

the book of those who are lining up for the contest, "Germany *versus* the Rest", no doubt Austria's re-armament will be graciously approved by the same States that are in trepidation about Germany's armed strength. Pacts of "defensive co-operation" directed against Germany, however, will not help Austria's problem, which clearly cannot be solved without the collaboration of the Reich.

A positive solution, of the Central European as of the fundamental security-disarmament problem, waits upon British readiness to make the principle of League *guardianship* effective (as contrasted with the *tutelage* of this or that Great Power). As Mr. Robert Boothby wrote in *The Times* on April 12th:

British policy must face up to military obligations of a very definite character [designed] to secure a concentration of force against an aggressor so great that the German General Staff will hesitate to challenge it.

That is the negative side of our responsibility. There remains the task of making the League a useful instrument of peaceful change and thus providing a place for Hitler's Germany in a collective system which will be the foundation of a European federation.

For years the British Government has rejected proposals for active collaboration in the affairs of the Continent, on the grounds that the question of peace and armaments can only be dealt with on a world basis. How flimsy this pretext has been shown by the chorus of support for collective security, in Europe alone, since German power came to constitute a *direct* threat to Britain. Now, the excuse is being made in some quarters that a collective system which does not include Germany is a travesty of peace. That is true enough. But Germany's participation in the common task of integrating Europe is not going to be achieved by the self-exclusion of the pivotal State, Great Britain. The only constructive way of meeting the threat of German domination throughout Central and South-Eastern Europe is to merge German, French, and Italian power in a common authority. We cannot much longer evade the issue and blame everything on to Germany, for, as Herr Hitler stated in an interview with Mr. Edward Price Bell, published the other day in the *Literary Digest*: "If the Germany of National Socialism has recourse to power diplomacy, the reason is that it

lives in a world of power diplomacy." On the other hand, it is disingenuous in the extreme to lay the blame for the war-fevered atmosphere of Europe today upon France and the so-called *status quo* Powers. Britain is equally responsible, with France, for the sorry plight of Austria, for example, since France and her girdle of small States were only given a free hand to establish their power-position, as a *quid pro quo* for Britain's seizure of German colonies, and the destruction of the German navy.

Austria's future, as I have suggested, lies in the development of preferential tariff agreements with the other States in the Danubian area—a reconstruction of the old economic unit for which the Little Entente leaders are perfectly ready. But the essential preliminary to any federalization in Central Europe is that the League should afford a maximum guarantee against the danger of war—which means in practice the creation of a European air police making possible the abolition of national air forces, and thus removing the most potent danger from a distracted Continent. To preach the doctrine of a United States of Europe in terms of brotherly love, however, is a misreading of the whole question. Today, with the appalling prospect of aero-chemical warfare, it is a sheer case of self-preservation, as Herr Hitler, to judge by recent utterances, appreciates.

Given a security-disarmament agreement, putting an end to the struggle of the Great Powers, expressed in mounting armaments, over Austria's prostrate body, the constructive task of enabling Austria to live can then be taken in hand. Vienna, still wearing the trappings of a capital, will have to be segregated from Catholic and rural Austria, with which it has little or nothing in common, and since the need for operating regionally the League of Nations system—within a loose universal framework at Geneva—is now being generally recognized, Vienna might be formally proclaimed and established with the status of a Free City, as the headquarters of first a Central European Federation, and ultimately a Federal union of Europe on the Briand model.

In the immediate future, as regards Austria, we have the choice of three alternatives:

- (1) Free elections conducted under the protection of some League of Nations Commissioner with, possibly, a neutral force on the lines of the Saar force. Austria would then be enjoying for the first time a genuine independence and could decide herself whether, or to what extent, she desires to

link up economically with Germany. This is a proposal to be carefully distinguished from a clear-cut plebiscite on the issue, union with Germany, or the present regime, which is now the theme of Nazi propaganda.

(2) A special statute of neutrality for Austria somewhat similar to that of Danzig, with permanent supervision by the League (which already supervises her finances), and an authorized customs union with Germany, such as Danzig has with Poland. This happens to be the solution advocated by that section of Austrian Nazis which follows Dr. Walter Riehl. It would probably need to be completed by a system of preferential tariffs with other States belonging to the Danubian area.

(3)—which might be, in any case, a preliminary to (1) and (2)—A reunion in Vienna of all the European States that took part in the Peace Conference of 1919-20. By some such reassembly the good faith of the Third Reich could be tested once and for all, since the stigma of "Versailles" which condemns Geneva in the eyes of all good Germans as being the parlour of the *status quo* Powers, would be absent from any such Vienna Congress.

I shall be told that I am constructing Utopias. I am only stating the problem in its simplest terms—to make a Europe in which Austria can exist. If the statesmen refuse this last opportunity, there will be war in Europe.

I have been staying in that southern sector of Carinthia which would be the first battlefield should a similar situation to that of last July lead next time to actual hostilities. I may perhaps be forgiven, therefore, for sharing with the people of Carinthia a very vivid presentiment of what lies in store for Austria, unless the statesmen of Europe, and particularly Great Britain, can be brought to recognize the futility of a *laissez-faire* attitude in that particular part of the world.

BRANTING, FATHER OF SWEDISH PROSPERITY

BY ESKIL SUNDSTRÖM

FIFTY years ago, or less than that, Sweden was a poor country. "Our country is poor and will always so remain to those who ask for the worldly goods of life", was the principal note of a patriotic song in which our forefathers used to join with a deep conviction that they were uttering words of absolute and imperishable truth. The words implied, of course, that they were rich in other respects.

They had a great military history behind them. Their ancestors, under Gustavus Adolphus, Charles X and Charles XII, had carried the Swedish banners proudly, and most often victoriously, to many distant corners of the European Continent. They had brought with them, especially round the Baltic, the old-rooted viking ideals of personal freedom and just administration. But the imperial age had reached a sudden and tragic end at the death of Charles XII at the beginning of the eighteenth century. A century later the seal was set on Sweden's disappearance as a Great Power through the loss of Finland to Russia.

During the best part of the nineteenth century, Sweden looked like a nation asleep. Her foreign trade was to an overwhelming extent in the hands of foreigners. She turned her back to the world and dreamt of her glorious past.

But the increasing foreign demand for certain Swedish staple products, like iron and timber, and the growing activities of foreign financial speculators in the remotest parts of the country, gradually aroused a new national consciousness of an active kind. Evidently, the country was not quite so poor as the Swedes themselves used to imagine. The immense iron ore deposits of the Northern part of Sweden fired the national imagination. Big fortunes were made from forest and mountain. Roads and railways were built in the lovely wilderness. A spirit of national renaissance took hold of the people.

The last decades of the nineteenth century saw the birth of a national feeling of a kind completely new. Sweden was like a person waking up after a long and reviving sleep. She felt the thrill of a fresh power in her body and limbs. She looked round with new and keen eyes. These were the years of the so-called Golden Age of Swedish art, literature and, a little later, architecture, of rising industrial concerns, banks and transatlantic shipping companies.

Industrialism brought Socialism as a ready-made gospel to Sweden. It cannot be denied that the country today is to a large extent the product of the Social Democratic Movement. And the Social Democratic Movement is the achievement of practically one man, the late Hjalmar Branting, who died in 1925. Branting put the stamp of his personality on modern Swedish developments in many spheres. He laid the foundations of a new social and civic consciousness. It was he who originally performed the miracle which so keenly excites the visitors to present-day Sweden, whether American, European, Australian, or Oriental. They call it Swedish prosperity.

It is not like prosperity in any other part of the world. There prosperity, whatever the political creed of the people, whether capitalist or Communist, means as a rule a great deal to the haves and precious little to the have-nots. In the natural order of things Sweden, as a capitalist country, should have presented a similar picture. But this she certainly does not. There are some families who would be considered wealthy, or at least very well off, according to American or English standards, but they are extremely few. Ivar Kreuger, at the top, stood alone. There is hardly any luxury class in Sweden in the genuine sense of the term. Most of the big fortunes made at the end of last century have vanished or exist only in fragments. Even the names of the rich merchant princes of Gothenburg from that period, very often English or Scotch, are half forgotten. And no new ones appear to replace them. The time of romantic money-building has passed away.

Honest work is the only thing that counts. Only those who work can claim their neighbours' respect. The Royal princesses join popular schools in order to learn to sew and cook. Even a lady of the upper class in Sweden, living in the most carefree

circumstances, would be a little offended if you said she belonged to the luxurious classes. A rather narrow utilitarian conception of life has penetrated the Swedes to the bones.

It is, perhaps, just as natural for a people that was poor only a comparatively short time ago to favour such an attitude as it is normal for peoples that have enjoyed the blessings of more hospitable climes to incline to luxury and laziness. However, almost everybody will be ready to agree that there is much to commend in the modern Swedish spirit which exalts a life of usefulness. It appears particularly attractive if one looks at the other side of the picture.

It is the plain truth that there is hardly any actual poverty in Sweden. The great majority of the people are able to keep up a standard of life and respectability which is beyond the reach of the general crowd in almost any other country.

This holds good especially of the workers who have acquired, through a prudent exertion of the power of trade unionism, a remarkably high standard of wages and living. They have indeed been so successful that in the past few years the peasants who hitherto have always felt naturally drawn to the Conservative side, have cautiously begun to imitate the methods of the workers, and in the Riksdag they have definitely joined forces with the Social Democrats, establishing a mutual give and take on special occasions, at the expense, it must be confessed, of other classes, for the benefit of their own. These manifestations of parliamentary cynicism, which would have seemed very startling some years ago, can be well understood, for a hard-working farmer gets very little for himself, while playing his lonely game, in comparison with the well-organized industrial worker, himself more often than not a scion of farmer stock.

The modern Swedes are matter of fact to the *n*th degree. The purely materialistic well-being of the multitude is, of course, best served if all, or as many as possible, are contributing to the general store of production, provided that the spoils are shared in the fairest manner, with due regard to the needs of the production machinery. It is an attractive principle, but it leads unfortunately and almost inevitably to a sentimental idolization of manual work and of things connected with manual achievements; and *per contra* to a certain disregard of idealistic

and traditional values. A crass functionalistic point of view becomes generally applied. Such philosophy easily tends towards a feminine over-estimation of small and petty things. A peasant or a worker may love ideals and tradition as much as anybody else, but when the workers and peasants get together before the altar of the god of organization the hard facts of life are somewhat one-sidedly observed. A hard boiled utilitarianism will govern all actions, privately and publicly.

The workers in Sweden are at present more truly bourgeois than any other class, whether they call themselves Communist or not. It is indeed, from a revolutionary point of view, a sad fact that the life of a Swedish Bolshevik is made rather hard because of a certain natural weakness for those old bourgeois inventions which give a pleasant variety to existence. Good food, good drink and plenty of cakes and coffee are apt to undermine, in an insidious way, the most steadfast resolution to put an end to capitalist society. The organized workers already form the predominant class in Sweden, and when the support of the Peasants' Party becomes in time more firmly regulated, they will definitely settle down as the governing class. Sweden is, no doubt, even at this juncture, more like a workers' and peasants' paradise than any other place on earth.

When Socialism made its first appearance in Sweden about fifty years ago it was a very muddle-headed gospel. Swedish tailors and bootmakers who had practised their trades on the Continent brought it home with them. The idea was, briefly, to get rid of capitalist society, including the army, navy, church, and business community.

This seemed rather a tall order, considering particularly the fact that the protagonists of this startling political teaching were a crowd of ignorant nobodies. They talked about *Das Kapital* without knowing anything about it. They had not read it. If they had tried to summon the necessary concentration they would not have grasped it. As is well known, there are extremely few so-called Marxists who have even looked at the cover of their Bible. The original pioneers were led entirely and exclusively by sheer class intuition.

Among this crowd of wild men there appeared rather unexpectedly one named Hjalmar Branting. He was just over

twenty, a university man, a scientist of recognized promise, the son of a professor who had been one of the pioneers of Swedish gymnastics. He had breathed from birth the finest bourgeois air. He had attended the same school in Stockholm as the present King of Sweden.

It would be foolish, because it is so absurdly impossible, to attempt any explanation of young Branting's sudden conversion to the street-corner creed of the tailors and bootmakers. Revelation must have come to him as it came to Paul. But there are a few characteristics which may serve to elucidate the mystery. Branting was a born orator. He was also a born journalist in the original sense, *i.e.*, a preacher. He possessed all the elements of the conscious demagogue, for he never had any scruples about appealing to the cupidity and prejudices of the masses. He must, of course, have fancied himself in the mantle of a popular hero.

He became, in fact, as time went on, the truest modern re-incarnation of the old popular Swedish hero-type we have seen, and probably shall ever see. For Swedish conditions nowadays do not provide the atmosphere for any kind of idealistic heroism.

It was different when Branting entered on the national stage. On the platform he was a wizard, and as a fighter he looked the part to perfection. To see him at the head of the First of May demonstrations in Stockholm during the first decade of this century was to experience a mysterious but distinct foreboding of an approaching social upheaval. His eyebrows and moustaches were of a particularly generous growth, investing his strong and serious, but benevolent features with a threatening something, the frown of a stubborn warrior. His hair was brushed back. He was of giant build and walked with a little stoop, like a modern Atlas carrying on his heavy bourgeois shoulders all the cares and worries of the proletarian legions which followed on his heels, with their dissonant brass bands, growing bigger and bigger, better and better equipped in a material sense, and more and more certain of victory, from year to year.

No political general has had a more abundant reserve of inspiring force wherewith to imbue his army. Branting on the

platform, in the idyllic forest of Liljans outside Stockholm, could thunder and threaten like a Hyde Park orator. But in the Riksdag, where he became a member in the nineties, he was a totally different person. His opponents sometimes tried to embarrass him with quotations disclosing the remarkable difference of language and arguments employed in the forest of Liljans and in Parliament. These desperate attempts to render him suspect in the eyes of his followers could never have been very convincing, but they were particularly purposeless in the case of Branting. Anyone would, of course, have been a fool if he had addressed a hostile Riksdag in the language of the soap-box. But Branting, in addition, was obviously a so-called dual personality. He was absolutely honest in both parts. In his private attitude to life he was almost a Bohemian. He liked good company. He attracted everybody with his personal charm. He loved the theatre, literature, and art. He was a good mixer in a country where good mixers are rare.

But Branting's most important contribution to the Swedish labour movement was his natural genius for leadership, his comparatively thorough knowledge of Marxian doctrines and, more especially, that singularly acute judgment of his which made him see, quite instinctively, how far those doctrines would suit the circumstances of the Swedish case.

His strength of leadership was almost miraculous. He turned the Swedish Social Democratic movement into a crowd of images of himself. What Branting did or said, the rest did and said. When he blasphemed, it became the fashion among his followers to blaspheme. When he went to prison for blasphemy they could not all follow him, but they did what they could.

The Labour movement in certain other parts of the world, in England for example, has never been synonymous with atheism, but the Labour movement in Sweden was atheist from the beginning and remained atheistic until, in recent years, it has become well-behaved and tolerant, while ambitiously aiming at a majority. This atheistic complex appears, at first, somewhat bewildering. Marx was an atheist, but there seems to be no compelling necessity even for a true Marxian to assimilate an atheistic outlook.

But on further consideration Branting's choice of view becomes more intelligible. He was a Marxian in principle and a Fabian in fact. The Fabian element was his strongest characteristic. All the same, the materialistic teaching of Marx crystallized to him the exquisite flower of political and economic wisdom. He was a thorough materialist. Anything that stood in the way of the triumph of his materialistic gospel must be turned aside. The masses imbibing Christian patience were not to his liking. The true Christian is apt to seek consolation for his sufferings in this world by hopefully looking forward to the next. The true materialist does not worry about anything apart from his materialistic well-being.

The Swedes of twenty-five years ago were very generous and extravagant by nature. Their lavishness amounted to a national weakness. The popular type of a Swedish University student was a happy-go-lucky fellow, living from hand to mouth, never giving a thought to the morrow and—damn the consequences! The Swedes of today, of all classes, are the exact opposite. According to statistics of savings it is a close question whether the Swede or the Frenchman is the more parsimonious.

Many causes have contributed to a similar tendency in most countries, not least woman's conquest of the labour market; for the economic sense, on a small scale, is as a rule very definitely marked in woman. But in Sweden the change towards a safety-first mode of life has been more fundamental and has gone deeper than anywhere else. The idea is that everyone has to look after himself, not by individual effort, but by means of group organizations for common benefit. This idea has become part of the blood of the modern Swede, be he workman, officer, clergyman, author, or artist. To the artistic mentality such a disposition may easily become calamitous. The creative mind in whatever walk of life does not thrive in a herd.

But, on the other hand, there is no doubt that organizations can do wonders in the matter of guaranteeing a decent standard of living. Branting taught the Swedish people that they were to become their own Providence. They must attain their glorious goal by conquering Parliament and Government. They could then dictate their own conditions by the right of a majority. When Branting died he had seen the realization of his most

daring ambitions. He had been Prime Minister and Foreign Minister, and had also been acclaimed by the whole of Europe, apart from Bolshevik Russia, as the most successful Socialist leader of his time.

This achievement had been far from easy. In 1909 Branting's greatest trial arrived. In answer to a lockout by some groups of employers, the trade unions declared a general strike. It lasted for four weeks. The idea had been to frighten the powers of society and thus force the employers into submission. These were not the tactics that appealed to Branting, and somehow or other during those critical weeks he managed to keep in the background more than was his wont. Finally, the general strike collapsed. The trade unions suffered catastrophically in membership and resources. But the cadres were untouched.

In a way Branting's position had been strengthened, for extremism was now handicapped more than ever before. It had been proved to the satisfaction of any reasonable person that revolutionary methods, of the peaceful sort that would attract the minds of Swedish workers, were helpless against the combined resources of society. A down-tool policy would in itself not suffice. It would have to be combined with violent action to stand any sort of chance.

The only alternative was Branting's line of moderation. It seemed much more attractive and safe. From now on Branting's hegemony within the Social Democratic party was practically unshakable. He could play the Parliamentary game to his heart's content. He cleverly allowed the Liberals to bear the brunt of all unpopular fights. He refused to share their responsibility in office, while all the time pressing them forward. When in 1914 the Liberal plans for the reform of the army and navy aroused a patriotic frenzy which swept the party out of power, Branting's position was intact, and he was ready at any time to step into the shoes of the existing administration. As it happened, the War complicated the domestic situation, and when the Conservatives were turned out in 1917 a Liberal became Prime Minister with Branting as his next-in-command. Now the last decisive steps were taken in the complete democratization of Sweden. Three years later the hour struck for a

clear Social Democratic drive. Branting was definitely and openly on top.

The irony of the day of victory was that it was hardly possible to discover the faintest little tremble of fear, even in the most Conservative old lady in the most respectable suburb of Sweden, at the arrival to supreme power of Branting and his set. On the contrary, Branting now stood as the most reliable bulwark in the country against the infectious Communist spirit of Sweden's great Eastern neighbour. He became, in fact, the champion and defender of the particular type of capitalist structure which Sweden had come to represent.

For, in reality, the work had already been done before Branting's premiership. He had nothing much to do but to continue on the lines laid down, or rather, to sit quietly and wait for the results. The Social Democratic idea of national government had permeated the spirit of the nation. The Liberals were, and are still, only a remnant of the past. The Conservatives stick to their guns, in the sense that they vote for more armaments than suits the official Social Democratic taste. But in other respects they are essentially just as Social Democratic in principle. They embrace as warmly as anyone the view that the State has a duty towards the poor aged and infirm, and that this duty has to be exercised in no spirit of degrading charity. Thus, every man and woman in Sweden has become more or less accustomed to look to the holders of the highest offices as a sort of kindly grandfather.

Occasionally, during the post-war area, there has been a change of party in office, but to an uninitiated observer, to whom names would be without any significance, it must have been an almost insoluble riddle to discover any real change of policy. This does not mean that nothing happens. Three decades of Social Democratic propaganda have re-created Sweden. This process goes on, and the difference between the parties is chiefly one of degree, vocabulary and personal temperament.

Gradually a social, moral and intellectual levelling has taken place, and it still continues. The principal aim is prosperity, prosperity in a narrow sense. It means good food, good clothes and good homes for everyone. It means uniform educational

opportunities for all. It means, on paper, if not in fact, no class distinctions. Work and business are the leading stars, and there are no others. For prosperity can only be attained through work and business. If a nation becomes thoroughly impregnated with a purely materialistic political point of view the majority will, of course, back up the party which most frankly and avowedly expresses a policy of that sort.

Thus, Branting slowly turned his class-war party of the industrial workers into a more genteel body, representing one group after another of no proletarian affinities. They have learnt, and are learning more and more that God is, as Branting taught, on the side of the big battalions. It is a policy which would soon have proved disastrous had it not been pursued with a considerable amount of moderation. To some extent the depression which now shows distinct signs of fading away has accentuated a tendency in the Social Democratic Government in power to sacrifice future profits to present necessities. Conservative critics have accused the Government of risking the life of the goose that lays the golden eggs. But this criticism, undeniably, has lost a great deal in point and force because of the fact that the Conservatives proposed measures which were fundamentally the same as those now carried into action.

Even as regards methods of government the Conservatives and Liberals are completely at one with the Social Democrats. There are a few extremists on the Right who dally with the idea of a Fascist dictatorship, but the Conservative party lives in deadly fear of being suspected of any dealings with these dangerous desperadoes. On the Left there is a similar group of extremists toying with the idea of a Communist dictatorship. The Social Democrats are just as desperately anxious to forswear any connection with these unbalanced persons.

To a politician of an ambitious mind Sweden must be the most monotonous place on earth. The poor man can simply do nothing. He has to accept the scheme of things as it is, or pass into oblivion. The political waters are absolutely still. There is not a breeze in the air. There is hardly the tiniest trace of a cloud on the horizon. Sweden has reached a democratic synthesis which is so complete, in almost every sense, that the Government itself is more like a part of a bureaucratic

machine than a fighting instrument. A change of Government will rock the political ground about as much as a change of officials at the post office.

It is rather pathetic to be a politician in opposition when, in the opinion of the people, there is nothing to oppose. The leader of one of the opposition parties recently expressed the opinion that the present Prime Minister could hold office till he died, as far as he was concerned. It was, no doubt, a perfectly honest sigh from his heart. Death or serious illness can, in fact, appear to be the only valid reason for any change of control in a country where all travel in the same train at a very modest speed, and where there can only be a question of an occasional immaterial difference in the rate of progression.

To passing visitors such a state of affairs must be a matter of marvel in a world of turmoil. What is your foreign policy? they inquire. And when they discover that in this extraordinary wonderland there is no foreign policy, apart from a sympathetic support for anything that encourages prosperity and peace and international friendliness as the basis of prosperity, they all agree that the best foreign policy, of course, is to have none.

Then they cross over to Finland and return with disquieting reports of the nationalistic resolve of the Finns to stamp out at any cost the last vestiges of their seven-centuries-old Swedish culture. If they ask what the Swedes at home are doing to assist those of Swedish blood on the other side of the Baltic in their pathetic struggle, the answer may seem a little unsatisfactory. Must not the majority govern? It is less easy for a Swede to coax a Finnish nationalist than for England to coax Mr. de Valera. The only ambition of the Swedes themselves is to put their own little tidy house in order according to their own ideas. How should they try to teach the Finns? No Swede is willing to attempt anything of the sort. Intervention would mean risks. If the Finns choose the wrong thing, they are perfectly entitled to do so.

The fact is, of course, that prosperity is an excellent policy, but it is not a universal remedy. It seems a paradox that a nation which has in the past boldly struck in defence of liberty and justice, often with tremendous sacrifices, should be content nowadays with a policy of passivity in anything that does not

directly concern the flesh-pots. Swedish nationalism of the modern Branting brand, the only sort of nationalism that can be preached safely in the Sweden of today, rigorously excludes any kind of interference with anything outside the frontiers that have been Sweden's for one hundred and twenty-five years. No doubt this involves a lack of spiritual idealism, but spiritual ideals naturally lose in potency as materialistic ideals become preponderant.

Branting taught the Swedish people, with a success that no Socialist leader in any part of the earth has equalled, to concentrate entirely on their own materialistic well being, and the Swedes have proved that they are able to pursue that kind of ideal as efficiently and whole-heartedly as they once fought for religious freedom under Gustavus Adolphus or for political righteousness under the tragic but beloved banner of Charles XII. Branting himself was obviously an idealist, not because he preferred the career of a popular hero, but because he strongly felt that his mission in life was to serve to the utmost the meek and miserable among his brethren. Every ounce of his vitality was absorbed in that struggle, and when, finally, he stood at the gate of the future, at 60, he was a tired man, and there was little fire left in his stout heart. Had he been granted a longer lease of health and life, he might have been able to build in a different way on the foundations he had himself laid down and to infuse into his victorious followers a broader and nobler spirit of freedom and fraternity than is usually associated with triumphant trade unionism.

Swedish trade unionists are individually very reasonable, well-intentioned and, on the whole, good-natured, but it is asking perhaps a bit too much of people who suddenly become the deciding factor in a conquering party that they should be willing to postpone what self-interest dictates in order to spare others needless worry and anxiety. Generosity was not exactly the most palpable note of the Utilitarian philosophy of the preceding era. To a Nietzschean mind the Swede, with his peace and prosperity, his class levelling, and his imperturbable decision to leave the rest of humanity to its own devices, may appear a rather dull and unattractive figure when he thinks of the glorious virility which was the very nerve of the Swede of

earlier epochs. The critics of Sweden of today are, one may say almost by necessity, few. To most people, in this turbulent world of ours, prosperity of the Swedish sort may seem to be rather in the nature of an ecstatic dream than something to be querulous about.

All the same, the critics may have hit upon the weak spot in Sweden's happy democratic equilibrium. It is possible that in her splendid passivity she attempts too little. But then she can justly point to her proud history, where a passion for ideals and universal causes stands written in letters of fire and blood.

Hjalmar Branting, the father of Swedish prosperity, gave a new direction to Swedish national energy, awakening with his magic wand a new social consciousness and a plain and unsophisticated civic pride, very different from that of the heroic age, but very respectable all the same. No one who looks back over the pages of Swedish sufferings in the conflicts and wars of the past will begrudge the Swedes their present happy tranquillity round the coffee-pot under their blue and yellow flag.

RUSSIA IN EXILE

BY GEORGE SOLOVEYCHIK

THE two most striking features that differentiate the Russian *émigrés* and refugees from any other exiles the world has ever known are their numerical strength and the fact that they belong to all classes of society. It is of course quite impossible to find out exactly how many Russians have left their country since the Bolshevik revolution, but the huge figure of two million seems a fairly correct estimate. That is roughly ten times the number driven into exile by the French Revolution—the only really comparable emigration in modern history, or perhaps at any period. In our own times we have, alas, a large variety of emigrations, of which the most recent—that from Germany—has driven about 70,000 persons into foreign lands. Thus it will be seen that the two million Russians who are now scattered all over the world represent a national exodus of unprecedented dimensions.

Those who left France at the Revolution were almost entirely the aristocrats and the higher clergy. By 1793-94 there was hardly a capital in Europe without its colony of exiled French noblemen; twelve thousand priests came to England alone, and funds were collected for them by subscription to enable them to live. The present Italian, Spanish, or German *émigrés* also represent certain specific sections of their former countries' population—anti-Fascists, Liberals, Socialists, and so on. But the social composition of the Russian emigration is quite kaleidoscopic in its multitude of colours: it includes representatives of every possible stratum of what was once the Russian nation. You will find, of course, a good number of titled noblemen, officers, judges, civil servants. Alongside these there is the former upper bourgeoisie, *i.e.*, bankers, merchants, and industrialists; then the petty middle classes and the Russian *intelligentsia*. The latter is very prominently represented and includes most of the leading

scholars, writers, journalists, barristers, doctors, engineers, actors, musicians, painters, artists, and innumerable other members of the free professions who once formed the pride of Russia.

When the White Armies were virtually driven out of the country in 1920, many poor people in quite humble positions, even peasants and workmen, had also to flee from the approaching scourge of the Red terror. Hundreds of thousands crossed the Black Sea as best they could and landed in Constantinople—most of them quite penniless. Later the majority of these Constantinople refugees moved on to the Slav Balkan countries, where a certain number settled down, and the rest found their way to Paris. Again, many Russians left via the Ukraine for Germany and congregated in Berlin. Others reached Scandinavia and thence came to England, while those in the Far East fled to China and Japan and from there, if possible, to America.

The exodus was general. Leaving behind all their possessions, scores of thousands of Russians blindly rushed into the wilderness of exile; others were whirled into it. In this process many families were separated; husbands, wives, parents, and children simply lost each other. At that time you could see in the Russian *émigré* papers published in various countries a large number of personal advertisements of people trying to establish contact with their lost families or friends. They are even to be seen today, and not infrequently they have been the means of reuniting families.

The nineteen-twenties may be said to have been the heroic and also the romantic period of the Russian emigration. At that time the firm belief was still prevalent among the vast majority of these people that Bolshevism was only a passing feature, and that at some reasonably near date the country would be freed of its Communist torturers, and they tried to enlist foreign support for their struggle against Communism. It is worth mentioning here that the true character of this disastrous "support" has been most adequately described by two such very different witnesses as the late Sir George Buchanan and Mr. Bruce Lockhart. However, even after the collapse of the White movement a large section of the Russian *émigrés* continued to live under the delusion that one day they would return to their homes and have a decisive voice in reconstructing the

country. Political conferences and "all-Russian" congresses were thus held in various centres, but even in exile party struggles continued, and the very heterogeneousness of the emigration made agreement quite impossible. There were monarchists and republicans; but they again were divided into several rival groups and clans. In the republican camp some were moderate Liberals, others Socialists, others again pressed for a compromise. It was all very romantic, rather pathetic and a little childish. But it was unavoidable, and there are some in whom even seventeen years of hardship and misery in exile have not killed all that kind of illusion.

I call this period also the heroic one in the history of the emigration, because two million people, brutally thrown out of their own country and suddenly finding that they were flotsam in a rather alien world, displayed marvels of courage, endurance, energy, and adaptability. With few exceptions all were faced with the desperate problem of how to live, and it is to the eternal credit of these Russians that they threw themselves into work with a zeal and readiness for sacrifice at which one must marvel, and which certainly must surprise those who airily talk about the indolence or futility of Russians. No work was too hard for them. Without a murmur, men and women of the highest rank or the greatest intellectual distinction willingly undertook the most arduous physical labour. They worked in factories, unloaded railway carriages, washed dishes in restaurants, became street vendors or pedlars, shop assistants, cooks, taxi-drivers.

The world in the immediate post-war years was a strange sort of place, more like a madhouse than anything else. But it had at least this advantage: that there was a great deal to do, and if people were prepared to accept hardship, drudgery, and exploitation they could find a means of eking out a miserable living. The Russians accepted jobs which few had the courage and stamina to accept. They showed initiative and an absolutely amazing vitality. They helped each other. And they never lost their dignity. Here there is something I wish to say with every possible emphasis. Throughout their sore trial these Russian exiles have maintained a truly wonderful moral standard. It is indeed remarkable: here are two million people, with no country of their own, with all their old standards and ideals smashed or

degraded, with no financial or any other kind of basis. It would hardly have been surprising if a good many had yielded to temptation, yet the Russian colonies everywhere have been singularly devoid of crime. In all these years I have never heard of a Russian burglar or murderer. The more sordid crimes are often perpetrated in France, for instance, by homeless Italians or Spaniards, or Poles. But I have never heard of a Russian *émigré* being thus accused. When they can no longer bear the life they are compelled to lead, they sometimes commit suicide; but they do not break into people's houses and rob or murder. The case of Gorguloff, who murdered President Doumer, is not in point, for the man was an obvious lunatic.

The few pseudo-aristocrats, wasters, and dancing gigolos are the kind of scum that is thrown up by any sort of society, and their proportion among the *émigrés* is no greater than among any civilized nation. Probably it is actually much smaller, for that sort of thing is not really in the Russian national character.

It is important that all this should be known, because it often happens that these few unpleasant exceptions are mistaken by ignorant people for typical representatives of Russia in exile.

It may now be asked: what do these two million Russians do for a living and where have they settled down? Seventeen years, and especially of the kind we have lived through, must appear like a lifetime even to people living under reasonably normal conditions. What they have meant to the Russian *émigrés* would fill many volumes. I can therefore only give a brief summary of these years of struggle so full of hope and disenchantment. There is hardly a place in the world today in either hemisphere which has not got its quota of Russian *émigrés*. The main centres, however, are France, the Balkan countries, the Far East, and America. Many Russians have reached their present domicile after years of voluntary or compulsory wanderings. At one time, for instance, there was an enormous colony in Berlin, but under the pressure, first of economic and more recently of political conditions, a large proportion of these Russians have had to move elsewhere. In France, where the number of Russians is estimated at something like a quarter of a million, they are distributed all over the country, all the principal cities having very considerable colonies.

It must be remembered that among this huge body of exiles only a comparatively few belong to the formerly leisured or intellectual classes, with a cosmopolitan education and a knowledge of foreign languages. These privileged few make every effort and use all their international connections to help their less fortunate compatriots. Some of the former Russian diplomats stationed abroad, for instance, have done a very great deal; and among the *émigrés* themselves how could one omit mentioning the noble figure of Count Kokovtsev—a former Tsarist Premier and Minister of Finance—or the great liberal leader, Professor Paul Miliukov, who now edits the largest Russian daily published in exile? There is hardly a Russian artist living abroad, especially among the musicians, who is not deeply indebted to M. Paul Apostol, the former Financial Counsellor of the Russian Embassy in Paris. He and his wife, who have resided in France for something like forty years, spare no effort on behalf of those in need of help. Paul Landowsky, a Frenchman of Polish origin, has rendered endless services. Only lack of space prevents me from naming some of the other benefactors, both among Russians and foreigners, who have done and continue to do so much for the *émigrés*.

Imagine the case of most of these people with no money, no language but Russian, no proper passports, or consulates and legations to turn to for help; with no definite legal status anywhere, for the very fact of their escape automatically lost them their Russian nationality. They became, according to the formula later invented for them by the Nansen office of the League of Nations,* a human species "of Russian origin having acquired no other nationality". This peculiar national status made the question of visas and labour permits doubly vexatious in a world gone mad with restrictions and red tape. It is essential to mention these fundamental difficulties with which the Russian exiles were faced from the very beginning. All the more so, in fact, since after a period of comparative freedom of movement and activity they have of late once again become the victims of the wave of economic and political nationalism which is sweeping over the world. Thus in France, for instance, or in

* An organisation specially created for dealing with the *émigrés*.

the Far East, the situation has suddenly become extremely acute; but I shall revert to that later.

Just as there is hardly a place under the sun without its Russian colony, so there is hardly a profession, trade, or service in which the Russians are not represented. You find them in every walk of life, and many of them have been forced by circumstances to change several times over. Comparatively few are able to pursue abroad those activities for which they were trained or in which they engaged before they left Russia. Thousands of ex-officers, or ex-judges, barristers, doctors and engineers work in factories, or mines, or shops, or drive taxis—there are over two thousand of the latter in Paris alone. Those who had nothing work as secretaries, translators, typists, clerks, shop assistants, waiters, and waitresses. Some have gone into domestic service, and I know one ex-general working in a rich house who is as proud today ruling over an army of kitchen-maids as when he commanded a division at the front!

Few have had the financial means and the leisure, or else the stamina, for passing, sometimes at an advanced age, the necessary examinations qualifying them to practice law or medicine. Even those with some specific technical and international knowledge have found it difficult to find a normal application for it. But artists of all descriptions are on the whole a happy exception. Even here, however, many have been too old or too specialized in their particular art to pursue their artistic career, and have had to seek other means of supporting themselves. On the other hand, many people who, under normal conditions would never have thought of the stage, or concert platform, or cabaret work, or painting, decorating, or sculpture, seem to have developed their latent artistic propensities to a sufficient degree to earn a living. All London knows, for instance, "old Makaroff", who sings every night at a popular West End restaurant. He is over eighty years of age, was a rich man in Moscow with whom music was a hobby, yet now he has to live by it, and I have never heard him complain. He is but one of the many who are now compelled to do that sort of thing and who do it with a smile.

I am deliberately mentioning the artists at some length because they are perhaps the most conspicuous section of the Russian *émigrés*. Such giants as Chaliapin, or Rachmaninov, or

Koussevitzky, to mention but some of the greatest among the musicians, were world-famous before the revolution. They have continued their career of success, and their generosity not only for their less fortunate colleagues but also for the innumerable *émigré* charities knows no limits.

Again, Russian theatrical enterprises, old and new, have established themselves all over the world, and have exercised the greatest possible influence on modern production, acting, and stage decoration. Suffice it to mention the Russian Ballet, the Moscow Arts Theatre, Balieff's "Chauve-Souris", the various opera companies and innumerable other ventures of this kind. Some of the painters were already world-famous, like Benois, or Korovin, or the late L. Bakst; others like Yakovlev, Grigoriev, or Sorin acquired their international fame more recently.

Next to the artists come the writers. They have found it extremely difficult to establish themselves in exile, the circle of their readers being, of necessity, very restricted. Russian daily, weekly, monthly, and other publications of all kinds were founded in practically every country of the globe. By 1924 there were over four hundred of them, of which 364 were printed in Russian, 22 in Ukrainian and the rest in French, English, or other languages, as well as in the various vernaculars spoken in the former Russian Empire. Some of these publications have since been discontinued. But the two big Russian dailies appearing in Paris, for instance—the Liberal *Dernières Nouvelles* and the monarchist *Renaissance*—have so firmly established themselves and represent such an accumulation of literary and journalistic talent that today they can safely compete with the national press of any country.

Among the greatest Russian writers living abroad must be mentioned Bunin (who received the Nobel prize for literature over a year ago), Mereshkovsky, Kuprin, Shmeliev, or among a slightly younger generation people like Aldanov, Zaitzev, Ossorgin. There are also some quite young writers, and there is the patriarch of Russian authors and journalists, the evergreen Nemirovitch-Dantchenko, who recently celebrated his ninetieth birthday in Prague and who is still as prolific as ever. Among the Russian writers who have taken up literary work in languages other than their own, several have by now become firmly established as French and English authors.

As to scholars and scientists, not all of whom unfortunately have been able to settle down to academic work, some at least have become attached to the universities or learned institutions of the principal countries. Professor Rostovtzev, perhaps the greatest living historian, was first at Oxford and is now at Yale. In Paris at the Institut Pasteur there is a whole Pleiad of distinguished Russian scholars. A learned Russian economist, who for years was one of the few Russian taxi-drivers in London, is now professor at the Agricultural Academy in Italy. And only the other day Professor V. Agafonov was appointed by the International Association for Soil Research chairman of a committee charged to draw up a map of South Africa's soils. Professor Minorsky, a former Russian diplomat, now teaches Persian at the Paris School of Oriental Studies, and was one of the pillars of the great Persian Exhibition at Burlington House a few years ago. These are but a few examples selected at random.

Most of the Russian intellectuals are concentrated in France and Czechoslovakia. In both these countries, with the extraordinarily generous support of the governments, Russian schools, universities and various other academic bodies have been constituted, which provide thousands of young Russians with a national education and hundreds of teachers and professors with an outlet for constructive activity. It is impossible to express in words how much the French and Czech governments have done, especially in the early years of the emigration, for the preservation of Russian culture. Russia's Slav brothers in the Balkans have also shown willingness to help on a most generous scale. At the same time it is quite remarkable how much the Russians themselves are doing for their fellow-exiles and how greatly they are concerned about preserving their national culture. A most touching tradition has developed among the *émigrés* to keep Pushkin's birthday as a "Day of Russian Culture". Every year on that occasion, in every centre of emigration, a regular festival of Russian art and music is held and speeches are made to commemorate Russia's greatest national poet.

Abstract mental speculation, introspection, the love of art, that extraordinary Slav propensity to change suddenly from gloom to exuberance and back to desperation again, resigned meditation and ebullient activity—these things have always

characterized the Russians, and exile has not changed them in these respects. It is indeed one of the most remarkable facts about the *émigrés* how very little they have allowed themselves to be influenced by the foreigners among whom they live. Only an infinitesimal number have become really assimilated. This is very largely due to the fact that although the Russians have become deeply attached to the countries where they have settled, they live very much to themselves. They have shown gregarious instincts on a quite unexpected scale. It would be really impossible to enumerate the various kinds of associations, groups, societies, and corporations they have formed. But these activities do not unfortunately solve the questions of their national status and of how they are to live. Those who have become naturalized in the countries where they have settled for good are comparatively few. Most of the others remain "apatrides", ostensibly under the jurisdiction of the League of Nations, and there is little or nothing the League can now do for them. In Turkey, the other day, several thousands of them had to be naturalized because otherwise they would have had to leave. Yet in the present state of the world all doors are closed. In a moving article in a recent issue of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, Francis de Croisset was describing the terrible plight of the Russians in the Far East. "In Harbin", he says "their fate is atrocious. They have reached such a degree of misery that some of them are driven to selling their daughters to the Chinese, and former generals become coolies and pull rickshaws. Who among us can look on this with indifference? It is the white race itself that is losing face!"

During the last few months the position of the working *émigrés* has become very serious in France. The country is passing through a fit of neurasthenia, which in certain respects has assumed a definite anti-foreign character. Some of France's leading writers and politicians are making a stand on behalf of the victims of the new anti-foreign legislation, and are endeavouring to prove to the government that even if all foreign labour were turned out this would neither solve the crisis nor put all the unemployed Frenchmen into work. The pleas on behalf of the Russian *émigrés* are numerous, but unfortunately the ruthless application of a shortsighted law is being carried on. Jean

Giraudoux demonstrated the stupidity of the "France for the French" slogan. Even the *Temps*, to all intents and purposes a government paper, is on the side of these foreign victims, and especially the Russians. If they are not allowed to stay, and no one else (including their country of origin) will take them, what are they to do? Should they disobey the order to leave or return from the frontiers because France's neighbours will not let them in, they automatically commit a crime which, equally automatically, leads to a sentence of imprisonment and deportation, and then this sinister tragi-comedy begins all over again. These attempted deportations as yet affect only a limited number of Russian *émigrés*, but they have caused profound uneasiness and have driven many to suicide. If this policy is pursued much further, there will be a real calamity. A solution must be found, and the loyalty and generosity of France to the Russians in the past encourages one to hope that this solution will be fair and adequate.

JAPAN AND WESTERN EXAMPLE

BY W. WATKIN DAVIES

EVERY intelligent observer of Far Eastern affairs must by now be coming to the conclusion that Japan is about to embark upon the second phase of her ambitious policy of expansion and aggrandizement. No obscurity, intentional or otherwise, of diplomatic language can throw dust into the eyes of a West which has, by now, learnt to interpret the meaning of events. The flat refusal to agree to the former naval ratio (a ratio which, in fact, gave Japan a clear superiority from the point of view of defence against either England or the United States, and quite possibly against the two of them combined); the denunciation of the Washington Convention; the recent attack upon Mongolia; the eagerness evinced to come to terms with China, apart from every other outside intervention—all these things are sure and unmistakable indications that the stage is deemed to be sufficiently clear for the rising of the curtain on the second act of the great drama.

In the present psychological condition of the Japanese people, a sympathetic understanding of their point of view is essential. We, and the other white nations, have given such incontrovertible evidence that we do not consider coloured people to be as good as ourselves that we can hardly expect the Japanese, in the hour of their strength, to go out of their way to be conciliatory. This, they feel, is their appointed day, as it is beyond peradventure our time of weakness; and they would be other than human if they failed to squeeze the last possible drop of advantage out of the new situation. What, then, is the claim which they now make; and how did they come to make it?

Briefly speaking, the claim is to that of a paramount position, one amounting practically to hegemony, in the Far East; the region within which it is to operate varying from merely those parts of China close to Japan to Asia in its entirety. That is a

big claim; and one that has startled both England and America. And not only are they startled; they also profess to be shocked and scandalized. But what real grounds are there for either scandal or surprise? The truth is that there are no grounds, for Japan is only following the example and the precepts of her European and American "betters".

It has long been allowed among the great Powers that territorial propinquity, or vital interests of one sort or another, may create rights which have no foundation in contract or treaty. Sometimes such rights are claimed on strategic grounds, sometimes on economic, sometimes on a mixture of both. One or two illustrative examples culled from British and American policy will make the nature of such claims quite clear.

A few years ago our House of Commons was debating the question of Irish independence, for Mr. de Valera had threatened to cut every remaining tie between his country and the British Empire. Mr. Lloyd George rose to take part in the debate. England, he argued, could never allow Ireland to be independent, for the facts of geography prohibited such a thing. If Ireland, like a ship, could be towed a thousand miles away into the mid-Atlantic, the question would wear a different aspect. But that is impossible. Ireland lies close to our shores; she is a ready-made base for a possible foe; and England has, in virtue of that propinquity, quite irrespective of what the Irish people may desire, the right to secure her own safety by compelling the continuation of the connection.

Again, the region known vaguely as the Middle East has for many years, simply because it constitutes a bridge between England and India, been regarded as a British sphere of influence. Quite apart from any treaty rights, it has been our unwavering contention that no other Power must poach upon that preserve. When the Kellogg Pact was signed, and when England gave her adherence to the Optional Clause, it was made perfectly clear by our statesmen in the accompanying correspondence that no promise on our part should be taken to imply the very slightest abrogation of this claim. Egypt, Arabia, Persia, the Suez Canal, the Red Sea, and the Persian Gulf—that is a part of the world which we may allow to rule itself, but which we will let no outsider interfere with. Now it is quite evident that we have no

vestige of "right" to this claim: we advance it simply and solely because our interests demand that it should be so, and because we have sufficient force at our disposal to compel obedience to our wishes.

An even more glaring example of contemporary imperialism: one which unites in itself the economic motive, the strategic motive, and the claim of the well-governed state to put into decent order the affairs of the badly-governed one, is to be found in the amazing series of demands which we made upon Persia in 1920. Our agreement with Russia in 1907 for the division of that wealthy but feeble country is well known. Acting upon it, and indeed going beyond it, we ignored Persia's wishes to be strictly neutral in the Great War. Then came the so-called Anglo-Persian Agreement of 1920. The terms of that precious demand were as follows: (1) The independence and integrity of Persian territory guaranteed; (2) Britain to supply experts in administration, at the cost of Persia; (3) Britain to supply officers and munitions of war, at the cost of Persia; (4) Britain to supply a loan for the purposes of the two foregoing; (5) Britain to co-operate with Persia in improving internal communications; (6) A joint committee, composed of English and Persians, to be appointed to regulate customs, tariffs, etc.

It will be apparent to anyone who reads through these six points that their cumulative result would be to preserve the figment of Persian independence, while in fact converting it into a British Protectorate. They illustrate, indeed, almost every single one of the time-honoured dodges of predatory imperialism, while doing lip service to the modern fetish of self-determination. Do they in any single respect fall short of the famous Twenty-One Demands presented by Japan to China in 1915? And, like the Chinese in 1915, the Persian people were infuriated. Not only did they reject the British proposals, but the patriotic enthusiasm which was aroused swept the compliant Persian Government away, and carried the ultra-nationalist Riza Khan into his present position of dictatorial power. Yet it is possible to argue that if the British proposals had been accepted, Persia would be a far better organized State today than it actually is.

If we now turn from Great Britain to the United States, we shall find no difficulty in discovering the particular models of

statecraft which Japan is so sedulously imitating. These particular claims made by the United States may conveniently, if not with strict accuracy, be put under the head of the Monroe Doctrine, for that marvellously elastic doctrine, "broadening down from President to President", has come, in the fullness of time, to wear a face almost indistinguishable from the old European imperialism at its worst. Quite evidently, Japan has pondered deeply and approvingly over this fine example of enlightened selfishness; and we shall do well to look pretty closely at the pattern which it provides.

When the Monroe Doctrine was formulated, the era of European colonization in South America was hardly at an end; and in the welter which followed the throwing off of their allegiance to Spain and Portugal on the part of their former dominions in the New World, it was likely enough that other European States might have tried their hands at fishing in the troubled waters. It was then that President Monroe issued his famous warning of "Hands off America". That the United States possessed the right to shut the doors of her own territories against the whole world, was obvious; but by what right did she say that South America was to be closed, whether its inhabitants desired it or not? Clearly she possessed no right whatsoever to do so, save only this alleged right which we are examining: the right which the big State claims of dictating to its neighbours, and thereby determining the conditions which it believes to pertain to its own safety and interest.

The next stage in the development of the Monroe Doctrine seemed to derive fairly naturally from the first, *i.e.*, the doctrine of Pan-America. To give expression and concrete form to that doctrine, Pan-American Conferences began to be summoned periodically. They were, as the name indicates, meetings of delegates from all the States of the American continent. The important point to realize, however, is that they did not meet on terms of equality with the United States. Tiny republics in Central America claimed equality with vast countries like Brazil, the Argentine, and Peru; yet vast countries like Brazil, the Argentine, and Peru were not allowed to claim equality with the United States. Again and again at these conferences the United States has politely made it clear that what she claims is not to be

the first among equals, but to be lord paramount over all. And that claim she advances simply and solely in virtue of being the best governed, the most stable, the richest, and the most powerful of American states. She has the power to make herself overlord, and consequently she claims the right. It must be said, of course, that increasingly of late the other bigger members of Pan-America have shown a marked inclination to deny this claim and to assert their common equality.

There is yet a third development of the Monroe Doctrine, and one which is even more emphatic than the previous two in its insistence upon the over-riding claims of power and position. About this doctrine a whole chapter of United States policy has gathered; and it is sometimes known now by the new name of "The Caribbean Doctrine", because the field in which it has mainly operated is Central America and the islands which stud the adjacent sea. Americans are often supposed to be sentimental, and perhaps a little bit woolly, in their foreign relations; but no country in the world has at any time given finer examples of a clear-cut realism than has the United States in her dealings with the Caribbean. One or two of these examples may be pondered with profit, particularly by out-and-out critics of Japan's Manchurian exploits.

In 1903 the United States made an offer to the little independent state of Colombia, whose territory then lay right across the isthmus of Panama, for the purchase of a corridor, stretching from Atlantic to Pacific, and six miles in breadth, through which it was intended that a canal should be dug. This offer the Colombian Senate rejected. The world was then given proof of the fact that the United States could plot with a cunning not inferior to that of a Cavour or a Bismarck. Theodore Roosevelt was President at the time; and neither then nor at any other moment did he even pretend to believe that a powerful state is not justified in coercing a weaker one into compliance with its wishes. He at once proceeded to instigate a revolt among a section of Colombia's subjects who lived in Panama. No sooner had rebellion broken out than the United States recognized the independence of the rebels. The new state of Panama thus created did not prove ungrateful to its mighty and unscrupulous patron, for it immediately agreed to lease a corridor ten miles

wide to the United States; and this lease was to include sovereign rights, and even to allow fortification of the canal zone.

The result of this deal was that the whole of Central America became to all intents and purposes a United States sphere of influence. But the nemesis of imperialism is that it can seldom be confined within the desired limits; and no sooner had the United States possessed herself of the Panama Canal, than her statesmen began to argue that it was necessary to acquire outposts for its defence. With that purpose in view, the islands of Haiti and Santo Domingo, the Corn Islands, and Fonseca Bay were occupied, all, of course, without a shred of legal right.

A little incident which occurred in 1917 in Costa Rica affords another illustration of the same thing. The United States disapproved of a certain concession which a British oil company had acquired there. President Wilson accordingly vetoed the concession, and two years later it was cancelled. Action like that of the President in this particular case would be unthinkable in the relations between two admittedly independent states.

Mexico has provided a much wider field for the exercise of these same United States "rights", and the parallel between it and China is, in some respects, striking and illuminating. Mexico is contiguous to the United States, and a more undesirable neighbour it would be hard to find, for it is almost a semi-barbarous country, in which civil war has been for many decades chronic. But although politically feeble, Mexico is exceedingly rich in gold, silver, and oil, besides owning millions of acres of first-rate land ready for cultivation. Governed from the White House it might easily become one of the wealthiest countries in the world. Diaz, the famous Mexican President, kept some degree of order there from 1877 to 1880, and afterwards from 1884 to 1911. He tried to develop the enormous resources of the country, and in order to facilitate the process he encouraged foreigners to invest their capital in it.

At the beginning of the present century the enormous importance of oil was beginning to be understood, and fierce rivalry ensued between England and the United States for control of the abundant Mexican deposits. While this struggle was going on, railway building on a large scale began, and there followed another period of keen competition between foreign investors.

In 1910, however, civil war broke out in Mexico, and for the next ten years it raged almost without intermission. Diaz fled in 1911. After that, Madero attempted to govern until 1913, when he was shot. Madero was followed by President Huerta. In the United States, Huerta was regarded as the tool of Lord Cowdray, the British oil magnate; and for that reason President Wilson declined to recognize him. There had been an agreement between Cowdray and Huerta, by which the Englishman was to receive valuable oil concessions in Mexico. Cowdray, however, now surrendered these concessions out of deference to the wishes of Washington. Nevertheless, Wilson's dislike of Huerta did not decrease, and he gave his active support to the constitutionalist party which was opposing him. In April, 1914, United States troops were sent to Vera Cruz. Huerta fell from power, and the civil war went from bad to worse.

The United States was now working in concert with the various European Powers interested in Mexican stability, and in the autumn of 1915 they all decided to accord recognition to the rival President—Carranza. Matters, however, did not improve, and so in 1917 Wilson despatched a punitive expedition, under General Pershing, to Mexico; but the other Latin Powers of America protested, and the force was withdrawn. Carranza next embarked upon a series of reforms, a course which was politically gratifying to Wilson personally, but very unpopular with the United States business world, especially with the speculators in Mexican oil. President Harding reversed Wilson's policy, and it has been freely alleged that he did so under pressure from one of his own Ministers, strongly suspected of having been bribed by the oil magnates. Whether that scandalous charge was true or false, one thing at least is certain, and that is, that the United States championed by force of arms the interests of its own business men in opposition to the true welfare of the Mexican people.

With these examples (and they could be multiplied almost indefinitely) before our eyes, can we honestly say that Japan is doing, or has done, anything that England and the United States have not done; and that not in the darker days of the imperialism of a remote past, but in these times of relative enlightenment? Indeed have we any reason to suppose that either of the great

English-speaking nations has abated one jot or tittle of these high-handed claims?

It is not, however, by example alone that America has encouraged Japan to formulate an imitation Monroe Doctrine for the Far East, one in which she should play the role of the United States, while China in particular should take the place of Central America; she has done so by precept as well, and that in terms which are not more ambiguous than diplomatic language is apt to be. In this matter again it was the great Theodore Roosevelt who led the way. At the beginning of the present century the United States was much concerned at the infiltration of Japanese into the territories of the Pacific coast. To give offence to Japan by a direct refusal to admit them was not then deemed politic, and so Roosevelt suggested to Viscount Kaneko, in 1905, that Japan should turn her eyes to the west and establish for Asia a Monroe Doctrine. This very plain hint was followed up in 1915 by Secretary Bryan, who officially recognised that "territorial contiguity creates special relations between Japan and these territories", the territories in question being South Manchuria and Eastern Inner Mongolia. And as if that were not enough, we find Secretary Lansing, two years later, driving the point home by declaring that Japan "has special interests in China, particularly in the part to which her possessions are contiguous".

The precise implication of these sonorous phrases has been much debated in recent years, but that they meant something quite substantial to those who first used them is proved by a comment made in 1917 by the Russian Ambassador to Tokyo. In a confidential report to his Government he wrote: "The Japanese are manifesting more and more clearly a tendency to interpret the special position of Japan in China, *inter alia*, in the sense that other Powers must not undertake in China any political steps without previously exchanging views with Japan on the subject—a condition that would to some extent establish a Japanese control over the foreign affairs of China."

Knowing these things, is it not hypocritical of us to profess consternation and an outraged moral sense when Japan declares—"Well, if we are now claiming the right of economic penetration in Asia; the right to step in and abate a nuisance in China; and the right which belongs to us as the leading yellow race to

dictate the general policy of the whole Far East : who was it that first put those ideas into our heads, and first showed us how to put them into practice ? ”

The fact of the matter is that there is a great deal to be said for Monroe Doctrines and the like, and that on grounds of the most progressive international theories. Nine out of ten of the people here in England who call themselves internationalists are, in reality, the narrowest of nationalists. For what is “ India for the Indians ”, “ Wales for the Welsh ”, “ Africa for the Africans ”, and “ China for the Chinese ”, but nationalism carried to its logical conclusion ; and carried, incidentally, far beyond anything that can be warranted by the rapidly-developing interdependence of our little world ? Surely, internationalism means something very different, indeed something which is almost the direct opposite of that. Must it not mean that the internal order of one country is equally the interest of all countries which desire to carry on honest trade with it ? Must it not mean that gold deposits which have lain for thousands of years below the surface of the soil of East Africa, unknown to the natives who had not the ability to use them, belong of right to the white men who discovered the science by whose aid alone they are brought to the surface ? Must it not mean that a people who, by the merest accident of history and geography, happen to inhabit a particular region (such as Panama or Suez) which gives them control over an avenue of communication of world-wide importance, shall only be deemed to hold it in trust for all the rest ?

Enlightened administrators, like Lord Lugard, have worked out this theory, both in word and in deed, under the name of “ the Dual Mandate ”. Lugard’s great book, which bears that title, is a defence and exposition of the view that the African natives on the one hand have no right to prevent, through ignorance or indolence, the development of the mineral and other resources of the Continent ; and that on the other hand the white peoples, who are not indifferent and who possess the requisite knowledge, are not justified in entirely ignoring the natives. The right is a dual one—that of the world as a whole to take what its needs may dictate from Africa, whether the natives like it or not ; and that of the natives themselves to have

reserved for them and their posterity a fair share of the land of their birth, and of any mineral or other wealth derived from it which they may help in producing.

That, surely, is the principle which ought, more and more as time goes on, to be applied to the world as a whole, and not simply to the less civilized parts of it. Where the old-style imperialist went wrong was in claiming this general right for his country alone ; and in so far as Japan commits herself to it, she must be resisted at all costs in the name of all other nations which, although they may not have so good a claim as her to a particular region, nevertheless are not without some rights in every country in the world. That is the distinction which a new international conference trying to achieve a better ordering of Asia and the Pacific region should try to establish.

Much of Japan’s case is well-founded. She is justified in quelling rebellion in China, and in preventing the spread of subversive communism and banditry, seeing that those things imperil her financial interests and play havoc with her trade. She is justified in insisting upon having access to the raw materials of Manchuria and the two Mongolias. And who with a fair mind would care to deny that she is also justified, so long as racial snobbishness endures, in putting herself at the head of the yellow peoples of the East, and saying firmly to the West : “ You white peoples claim the right to wander at will over all the globe, while you restrict us coloured folk to certain regions. That is unfair, and must no longer be tolerated. If, then, regional segregation is a good thing, so be it : we will keep to the East ; and you, if you please, must keep to the West. If Orientals are not to be allowed to enter Europe or America, then neither Europeans nor Americans must enter India, China, or Japan.” It is only by force that the gander can be made to swallow the brand of sauce which he thinks so excellent for the goose. Have we adequate force with which to compel Japan to comply with our unpalatable restrictions ? Some thought devoted to the naval talks of last winter may provide the true, if not the reassuring, answer.

MUSIC IN THE FLAT

BY ROBERT BELL

THE Englishman's house has for long, in the ideal, been a castle. But it has dwindled, is dwindling, and is likely to dwindle, and for the present we are taking to the flat. It is a style of architecture that has little to commend it but its compactness, and its sparsity of inches has its dangers as well as its advantages. It cuts us off from the soil and perches us, like the sandmartin, in a hole in a cliff. It lamentably curtails our libraries, and has even brought into existence a multitude of small editions designed "to save space"—as if space was ever meant to be saved on books. It has not cut us off from food—the story of the young couple whose roof was so low that they could have nothing but soles for dinner is an exaggeration—but it has changed many of our habits and profoundly affected our outlook on life.

One of its disabilities is beyond question. The flat life is very discouraging to music in the personal sense. In towns there have always been neighbours; and neighbours as a class are a very unappreciative community. But the lady next door, or on the opposite side of the road, is not half so critical as the occupant of the flat above or below. The piano, for example, seems to have a vertical range out of all proportion to the horizontal. It can be heard through the floor much more clearly than through the wall, perhaps because it *must* touch the floor whereas the more humane owner keeps it an inch or two from the wall-paper. Till Science, which gives us so many things we do not want, can give us a cheap and adaptable and perfectly sound-proof substance there is no hope of the flat-dweller being able to play, as the amateur prefers to play, to himself, without that unseen cloud of witnesses whose disapproving visages pursue him in his dreams. To be heard through the walls or the roof is to be subject to a persecution of eavesdropping which

is no one's fault—unless the builder's, for putting us in these kennels—but which gives as real a sense of being haunted as it seems possible to achieve in these days. Why the piano-makers, who have been doing none too well, do not start an advertising campaign for that piano of limited radius, the clavichord, I have never been able to understand. Its tone is delicate and beautiful; it has a repertory of admirable music; some of Bach can only be properly understood on it; and it is a standing protest against the modern idea that the piano is best used as an instrument of percussion. It cannot be heard beyond the room. It is already in use in such places as the Temple, where no musical noise of the ordinary sort is permitted during office hours. The harpsichord is not so well adapted for the purpose, for it has an incisive twang which, if one heard it in the country, might be taken for the agreeable note of a bird, but, coming from a human dwelling, would, I imagine, be found exasperating as a continuous performance.

It is, perhaps, a beneficent arrangement of Providence that the change in our residential habits from the vertical to the perpendicular, from the spacious to the cabined and confined, should coincide with the activities of the B.B.C., which brings music to every home with less preliminary disturbance than the laying of gas-pipes or the fitting of electric wires. The question of space gives no trouble. You are not appalled at the disproportion between the grand piano and the room it must occupy; and you are saved even the difficulty of finding accommodation for music, which generally runs to a large page and cannot easily be adapted to the miniature of the high-life bookshelf. A portmanteau will house the receiver; and why should a man trouble about music libraries when he has simply to turn the tap and spiritual sustenance runs out? That, of course, is the fallacy; but the question of domestic simplification must be given due credit in appraising the new era of music in the home. In future we shall get much more of our milk "out" instead of keeping a cow; and the difference will be apparent only to that minority which is not quite convinced of the difference between the fresh and the tinned variety.

Another advantage will be that the difficulties with neighbours will take on an easier complexion. No doubt a loud-speaker

can be heard through roofs and walls as much as a piano or a cornet, but as the first is an instrument of less frequent use now that it is no longer the educational rack of the schoolgirl and the radio in all but universal use, the grievance may be said to cancel itself out. It is no use complaining to your neighbour that he makes a noise if you make a noise yourself. It is unfortunate if your taste in music happens to disagree and if you have to listen to his jazz and variety while he has to listen to your Bach and Beethoven, but at least the sense of inequality, of unfair advantage, is removed. The old adage about its taking two to make a quarrel was never pedantically true. In the old days there was one who made the quarrel: the man through the wall who knocked on it now and then lest you should think your performance of the Moonlight was a treat to him. Now the two of you hate one another, but neither of you can make any move. The wireless has done a good deal towards promoting a state of chronic hostility in the community, a new and ominous cleavage between the highbrow and the lowbrow which may some day end in open riot.

But if the wireless comes just in time to relieve the flat-dweller, it comes also just at the moment to accentuate the æsthetic disadvantages of Art on the slot system. If the flat discourages the practice and pursuit of music by the individual, so does the wavelength. Both of them, from different points, threaten the citadel of the ages. If it is inconvenient to house pianos in flats and unneighbourly to play them, the B.B.C. demonstrates how unnecessary it is to have them at all. They can do it so much better than you at a charge quite ridiculously cheap. You can get a wireless licence for the price of a good seat at a good concert. Moreover, the performance will be of the highest quality. The amateur who has toiled for half a lifetime's leisure to play Chopin turns on his set and hears the Studies and the Ballades played with such dexterity and accomplishment that his first instinct is to fetch the coal-hammer (if flats have coal-hammers) and smash the piano to splinters. Second thoughts are better, but on the whole the first reaction of the amateur to the B.B.C. is profoundly depressing. Up to a few years ago there was one way to know music, and that was the steep and thorny road of scales and exercises and laborious personal study. We have now a royal

road—or shall we say, in more up-to-date terminology, a by-pass?—by which we skirt the awkward corners, but still (as we think) reach the destination. What wonder if most people prefer it, even if, like other by-passes, it offers the minimum of scenery and adventure?

As with the piano, so with every other form of music, other than the dumb piano. The violin, apt to be squeaky in unskilled hands, would be an intolerable nuisance next door. Which of the orchestral instruments would not? It has always been a puzzle where the professional exponents of the more strepitant and incisive instruments manage to acquire their astonishing skill. Is there a secret Sahara somewhere in Marylebone, or a camouflaged branch of the Underground let out in sections to students of the trombone and the big drum? When young men went to the MacCrimmon to learn the bagpipes, he set them, for the seven years of their apprenticeship, to practise in a cave looking out to sea from a mountain in Skye; but those conditions of isolation are hardly possible in London. It is plain, at all events, that the flat is no place for any of them, until stone walls can make a much better prison for sound than they did for Richard Lovelace. And if the flat is evidently not for any kind of chamber music, neither is it for that oldest and best of all instruments, the voice. Would not old Fletcher of Saltoun have seen something of tragedy in the case of a nation of so many laws, and so few songs?

Yet, as I have said, the conjunction of the growth of the flat system and the arrival of the B.B.C. is in some ways fortunate. For in the absence of the wireless the flat-dweller would be almost entirely cut off from music, except for the comparatively few who carry their enthusiasm to the length of going to concerts. Apart from the revolution in architecture, there are other influences inimical to the music of the home, for the revolt against the tradition that every girl must reach adolescence by way of the gate of Czerny has achieved complete success. Assuredly there is no longer any parental demand for, or expectation of, music on the part of his offspring; and today the sound from an open window of the schoolgirl playing her scales is as rare as in Victorian days it was common. The flat arrived at the proper moment to confirm such an era of silence in the home as

had not been known for centuries, if ever: for natural man is a music-loving creature, accustomed to sing and whistle over his work. It is only by favour of the B.B.C. and the National Anthem that the common man ever hears a common chord—or the one of the substitutes for it which the moderns think an improvement.

No doubt there may be a revival—one never knows. It is argued that, though the first effects of radio may be to discourage concert-going (just as the first effects of printing must have been to throw the Bards out of work) and to make the musical citizen a hearer rather than a doer of the Word, in the end he will be educated up to the point at which he will insist on joining in the fun of making music for himself. And yet one doubts. How many men become carpenters through a sense of the fun of making tables and chairs, or grudge their gardeners the thrill of fighting the wireworm? This last is a very true parallel, for many men do take to gardening for exactly some such reason. And the metaphor holds good in that, just as the flat means no garden, but shop cabbages and carnations, so radio means no music-making, but symphonies from the State tap. And indeed how, in the flat-radio era, is a beginner to begin, however anxious? He finds himself very much in the position of the man in the story who wishes himself back in the past, and realizes that he is doomed to a perpetual recurrence. He now lives in a house under the rule of silence, just as the would-be gardener finds himself in a house of no soil: how can either of them set to work? The musician's problem might be thought the lighter, but he would find even greater difficulty in practising five-finger exercises in the hearing of the neighbours than in playing the *Appassionata*. And in the end he would come back to the old argument for doing in Rome as the Romans do.

Why (to go back to the dairy simile) *should* a man get up in the dark of the morning, stumble through the mire to the cowshed, and perform the awkward, uncleanly and indelicate operation of milking when he can get the same fluid delivered at his door in a nice clean bottle at a cost quite incommensurate with the boredom and sleeplessness and discomfort of the other process? Only an insane passion for the profession of milking, a delight in the cow comparable to that of the poet for his Muse, or that

subtle madness which makes a man prefer something of his own contriving or capture to the most superfine products of the most up-to-date processes, can explain the perversity. There are music maniacs, as there may be cow maniacs; and one can only hope that their number will increase under the ministrations of the B.B.C. But at the moment one doubts whether Broadcasting House has the secret of the lever which lifts the hearer from the armchair to the active life.

No doubt I shall be reminded that there are flats and flats, and that the science of building has advanced, and is advancing, in the matter of soundproof walls. But the really silent flat is still the luxury of the rich, and the vast majority of flat-dwellers in London have still to make what terms they can with their neighbours in the matter of mutual noises. If by the shutting of a door we could exclude all extraneous sound the amenities of the flat would immediately increase by fifty per cent. The prime disadvantage of occupation under present conditions is the gradual but overwhelming recognition that, as a home, a flat is not quite private. So, on the whole, it seems probable that the change of habit implied in these gigantic caravanserais all over London, giving, for rich as well as for poor, confinement without seclusion, is more likely to be a discouragement than a stimulus to the musical life. Perhaps, under stress of necessity, we may devise some form of whispered and miniature music on the precedent of the clavichord, which will confine its vibrations to the room of origin, and yet keep the lamp alight, as a single candle may suffice to work by in a room which had glittered to hundreds. Can we dream of a diminutive version not only of the piano, but of the various other instruments which the generations had contrived for solace and recreation? Shall we learn Bottom's way (he never told it) of roaring like a sucking-dove, or invent a not-too-toy trumpet which will thrill the player's heart without wringing the withers of the people behind the wall?—in fact, apply the soft pedal to all domestic musical activities? It would be pleasant to think it was possible before mankind gets into the habit of thinking of music as a thing to be listened to in the intervals, or to the accompaniment of, general domestic activities.

CONCIERGES KEEP CANARIES

BY JOSEPH SCHRANK

EVERYONE who has lived in Paris knows that concierges keep canaries. They also keep potted plants, early hours, cats, husbands, dogs and scowling. The principal duties of a concierge—in the order named—are to collect from you a large quarterly tip, to inform the police of your habits whenever requested, to deliver your mail promptly if you are prompt with your tip, to keep you waiting after ten at night until she pulls the cord which releases the lock of the street door, to stop all your visitors and ask them what they want and to sweep the stairs. She does not, however, collect and dispose of your garbage. You do that yourself.

Madame Froidveaux, my concierge, like most of her class, was descended from a long line of concierges. Like the aristocracy whose blood becomes impoverished from generations of mating within their own class, she was somewhat decayed, although the effect, to be sure, was somewhat other than aristocratic. She wore a luxurious silky moustache and two large moles, one on the right nostril, the other above her left eyebrow. The former grew hairs. Once a week she made the building all but uninhabitable; it was the day when her menu was fortified with cauliflower au gratin. At all times her breath was domestic onion crossed with wild radish. She had but to sigh at an exigent locataire bent upon making some complaint or other, for the latter's resistance to be fatally undermined. In my time I have known three concierges. They have helped me to an understanding of French history; they have made very real for me the horrors of the French Revolution.

Madame Froidveaux occupies the place of honour among the concierges of the neighbourhood. For a long time this place had been occupied by one of her confrères down the street who had thrown a pot of boiling water over her husband

as he slept, giving as explanation the fact that he "annoyed" her by falling asleep at table directly after dinner. But she has been replaced by Madame Froidveaux, who has achieved no less a feat than having a section of the Garde Républicaine—fifty strong with steel helmets and bayonets—called out in her behalf. It happened one cold winter's night. I was just returning home from my favourite café when I saw an enormous mob gathered in my street. Horrible shrieks issued from my building. As I came up to the edges of the crowd, the great open motor-bus containing the riot squad roared into the street and came to a grinding halt. An officer jumped out and—but to understand it fully I must go back to the beginning. And it all begins with Madame Froidveaux's passion for canaries.

She had seven of them distributed among three cages. Considering that Madame Froidveaux, together with her dog and her husband, occupied but one small room off the street door, which served as bedroom, living room and kitchen, seven canaries seemed sufficient. But Madame Froidveaux often regretted the limitations imposed by lack of space upon her canary passion. She never wearied of her pets, spoke to them in mincing tones by the hour, proudly exhibited them to all and sundry, called them her little ones, her dear ones, her charming ones, poked her finger at them and strung their cages with decaying lettuce leaves. If you wanted to be considered *gentil* by Madame Froidveaux (and this carried with it many practical benefits) you had but to admire her canaries. All the locataires—that is all but M. Sarthel, the painter, who lived on the top floor and of whom we shall hear much more later—admired her canaries.

Madame Froidveaux's opportunity to provide increased accommodation for her little feathered pets came about in a curious way. Our building was comparatively a modern one. It boasted an ascenseur—self-service, of course—and chauffage centrale. Next to the canaries, the lift was Madame Froidveaux's pride and joy. She had come from a building without a lift where she had been concierge for fifteen years. None of her ancestors had ever concierged a building with a lift. At first she had been inclined to regard it rather with suspicion. It was not according to precedent; as far as she was concerned it

was unnecessary and the locataires seemed to take it as a matter of course that they should ride at ease to their respective floors instead of walking in the good old way. It was all vaguely irritating to her. But this feeling soon changed. She read the long list of instructions framed under glass on the wall of the lift and the very first one soothed her ruffled feelings. It read: "All persons ignorant of the manœuvring of the ascenseur are advised immediately to consult the concierge". Well—this at least was some recognition of her power and authority. And when she came to the final instruction: "The ascenseur serves only for the going up," she felt distinctly better. Everybody had to walk down. It was a mitigating circumstance. In order to be capable of assuming the responsibility implied in the first instruction, she made a good many trips in the ascenseur during her first week in the building, and ended by liking it. It was a great novelty. Even now, after two years, there was nothing so tonic for Madame as a nice ride to the fifth floor. She became so fond of the lift that she kept it always spotlessly clean, polishing the little brass fixtures until they gleamed, and spending so much time in it that the rest of the building suffered some neglect as a result. She kept a sharp eye out through the window of her door to see that no more than the maximum of two people used the lift at one time, and to prevent all maids and tradespeople from using it at all. It was a lasting disappointment to her that no one ever availed himself of Instruction Number 1, to ask her to explain the proper use of the lift.

During the week before Christmas, the postman for telegrams, the postman for packages and the postman for the regular letters had all presented themselves at my door in turn, stated that they had come to present me with a calendar for the new year—and received their annual tip. One morning, as I was busily at work, the doorbell rang and I found two men outside my door.

"We are the men of the ascenseur", said one, and they both smiled suggestively.

"Enchanted", I replied.

"The ascenseur marches well, is it not so?"

"Very well", I replied.

At this they smiled again and looked at each other approvingly.

I coughed—there was a draught coming through the open doorway. The spokesman said, "As monsieur doubtless knows, it is the season for the distribution of gifts", and smiled once more.

I was slightly puzzled. "But I do not quite understand."

"It is very simple", he replied gently. "We are the men of the ascenseur—the greasing and the repairing—and we have come for our tip."

After this incident I felt ill at ease until after Christmas. I momentarily awaited a visit from the plumbers who had installed the pipes in the building and the electricians. But the ascenseur it seems, and those connected with its operation and repairs were in a special category. On an average of once a month, a little painted sign appeared hung on the gate of the ascenseur reading: "The ascenseur does not march". On these occasions the lift failed to work for anywhere from a day to a week. It was then the men of the ascenseur appeared upon the scene and took the leading role. Madame Froidveaux was on good terms with the men of the ascenseur—or rather, I should say, they were on good terms with her. They admired her canaries.

None of the locataires felt very badly about it when the ascenseur was out of order. They considered it quite natural and didn't dream of complaining. In fact, they had some standing joke among themselves about it, and I have seen the little gentleman who lives on the fourth floor come home from a day's work, see the "*ne marche pas*" sign on the lift, burst into a roar of laughter and walk up, chuckling to himself all the way. He seemed to get some satisfaction from the fact that the lift so very frequently failed to move.

I must note one exception to this attitude of the locataires. It was supplied by the artist, M. Sarthel, who occupied the studio on top of the building. He appeared distinctly displeased whenever the lift wasn't working. Ordinarily this might have been explained by the fact that living on the top floor he suffered more than the others from the non-functioning of the lift. But according to Madame Froidveaux he would have complained even had he lived on the fourth floor—or even the third. He was that sort of person, she claimed—not a gentleman—an artist in short. To make matters worse, M. Sarthel did not admire the canaries. When Madame Froidveaux first

learned he was a painter she had coyly suggested that he would have to go far to find a nobler outlet for his talents than her canaries. For some reason or other this had thrown M. Sarthel into a fury. He shouted at her:

"Madame, permit me to inform you that I am an artist. I do not paint canaries. I have been hung in the Salon d'Automne and in the Salon des Indépendants. I paint what pleases me, do you understand? Your canaries mean nothing to me. And your wallpaper is revolting—revolting." He flung himself out of her room.

Madame Froidveaux looked after him in amazement. She was too stunned to be angry. She looked at her wallpaper—the huge purple roses with the red and green leaves and the yellow doves. She looked at her wallpaper and felt that M. Sarthel must be crazy—nothing less. His comment upon the wallpaper proved it beyond a doubt.

II

That is how matters stood in the building when the great, the memorable breakdown of the ascenseur occurred. There was nothing spectacular about it. When Madame Petijean, the modiste who lived on the third floor, came in one afternoon, entered the lift and pushed the button, nothing happened. It was as simple as that. She pressed the button again—two, three times. The ascenseur remained unmoved. She stepped out, knocked on the concierge's door pane and said, "Bon jour, Madame Froidveaux; l'ascenseur n' marche pas". "Ah, bon, Madame, merci," was the reply. "I will attach the sign." And Madame Petijean walked up.

The next morning at eight, the men of the ascenseur arrived. At eleven, they went out to the corner bistrot for a glass of wine. When they returned, they announced their findings to the concierge. The situation, they said, was grave—very grave. It seems an important part had worn out, and this would have to be replaced from the factory. The factory was not in Paris. The part would have to be ordered. They would have to wait until it arrived. When would it arrive? Who knows? Nobody could tell these things for certain. They would simply have to wait. When the missing part arrived they would return. They

would arrange the ascenseur. All would be well once more. Her canaries were more charming than ever. Did they sing always so beautifully. Yes? Ah! but they were charmante, jolie. And they left.

There was no change in the situation for a week. Everybody walked up. M. Sarthel failed to greet the concierge upon passing in and out of the building. He was violently displeased.

One morning, as Madame Froidveaux stood in the ascenseur leisurely polishing the fittings, a great idea struck her with the force of a thunderbolt. She gasped and dropped her rag. The import, the possibilities of the idea overwhelmed her. She examined the ascenseur with feverish interest, although she was already familiar with every air pock in its glass walls. She gazed up through the finely-meshed iron grill work which opened the skylight at the top of the shaft. The idea which seized her with such force and clarity remained in her mind for two days, and on the third day she acted. She took her canaries—all seven of them—and released them into the lift. It made a perfect cage!

The reaction of the locataires to this innovation varied with the floors on which they lived. Those on the first floor thought the idea wholly charming—an agreeable novelty. Those on the second floor thought the idea charming too; those on the third floor appreciated the æsthetic value of the idea, but felt it should not be a permanent affair; those on the fourth floor, while they loved pets of all sorts, felt it was something of a hardship; and M. Sarthel who lived on top was openly furious. "Quel cochonnerie, quel cochonnerie . . ." he kept muttering continually.

Madame Froidveaux, for whom life had taken on new colour and meaning, explained to the interested locataires and others in the neighbourhood that since the ascenseur wasn't working anyway, it might as well be utilized in some way. And what better way than as a cage for her canaries? Practically everybody agreed with her, and admired her originality.

Several days later the men of the ascenseur were seen to come into the building, presumably with the missing part—although this was not established in the police investigation later. It is known that they were completely taken with the concierge's

idea. What passed in their conference with the concierge is not known. At any rate, they left without doing anything about the ascenseur. Madame Froidveaux claimed they had merely dropped in to see her canaries on their way to a job in the neighbourhood. They were very fine men, she said, and admired her canaries hugely.

M. Sarthel's fury was unbounded. Day and night the situation tormented him. He visibly lost weight, could not sleep, nor eat, and worst of all—could not paint. Madame Froidveaux was seen to smile—not once but several times a day. She was pleased. Never had the locataires—always excepting M. Sarthel—received their mail so promptly. At last, one night when M. Sarthel returned late from a café where he had attempted to drink himself into a coma, a desperate but surprisingly simple expedient occurred to him. The hall was heated by a large radiator opposite the lift. He turned off the heat. Then he walked upstairs, smiling and murmuring pleasantly to himself all the way. That night he slept well.

The next morning when Madame Froidveaux came out to feed her canaries, she took one look into the lift and let out a blood-curdling shriek. Two of the canaries were lying stiff on their backs on the floor of the lift, their little legs turned pathetically up. The rest were in a feeble condition. Madame Froidveaux released several more shrieks that were heard in the next arrondissement. Doors opened, heads popped out, locataires descended hastily, tradespeople and neighbouring concierges ran in. Expressions of sympathy were loud. Madame Froidveaux kept shrieking at the top of her voice: "He has killed them—M. Sarthel has killed them—he has poisoned them—he is a murderer". Her fury prevented her from noticing that the hall was icy cold. Someone forced it upon her attention, and she realized that the birds had died because someone had turned off the radiator.

A frightful situation developed between the concierge and M. Sarthel. Although she had no proof that it was he who had perpetrated the heinous crime, there was not the shadow of a doubt in her mind about it. However, lacking evidence, she could do nothing except deliver his mail three or four days late, tell his callers that he was not at home when he was, inform the

police that he was a bad character who probably sold cocaine so that they continually spied on him, and kept him waiting in the icy street at night for as much as three-quarters of an hour before pulling the cord. She always glanced through the window first to see whether it was M. Sarthel who was seeking admittance.

At last, M. Sarthel could tolerate it no longer. He reviewed every possible measure in his mind. He could move—but then there was his lease. And besides, he was accustomed to his studio, had lived and worked in it for years—had painted his masterpieces there. Where could he find another at such a reasonable price? No, no—to move was out of the question. Besides, the moral defeat would be intolerable. To appeal to the owner of the building? But who was the owner? He didn't even know his name. Besides, the little gentleman on the fourth floor, who was sympathetic, informed him that the owner was away from Paris—had been away for months. No one but the concierge knew where. The concierge had been given full authority.

Finally, one night, in a fit of desperation and fortified by a number of Pernods, M. Sarthel, upon entering the building, left the door wide open, strode to the lift, flung open the glass doors and routed the canaries out. As he was in the act of doing this, Madame Froidveaux, who had kept a sharp eye on him ever since the calamity of the frozen birds, rushed out like an avenging fury clad only in her slippers and a nightgown and wrapper, and set upon him with frightful violence. In a moment, pandemonium broke loose. Madame Froidveaux shrieked, M. Sarthel shrieked. The entire street woke up, shutters clanged open, windows lit up. All the locataires rushed downstairs, passers-by ran into the hallway. Madame Froidveaux was trying desperately to gouge out M. Sarthel's eyes. People returning from the cafés heard the commotion and rushed to the scene until in a very short time a huge crowd was surging noisily about the entrance to the building, all talking excitedly and trying to find out what was the matter, while the seven canaries fluttered weakly on balconies and cornices in the darkened street.

Two gendarmes appeared at this time strolling near the scene

of the disaster. Parisian gendarmes are cautious. When they saw the huge mob battling around the doorway and heard the blood-curdling shrieks, they promptly ran to a telephone and called out the reserves.

They had a good deal of difficulty in separating Madame Froidveaux from M. Sarthel and restoring order. The painter's face was horribly mauled, he was bleeding from a number of scratches, but he was laughing rather insanely. The canaries were gone. One had been caught by a boy in the crowd and hurriedly taken home, another had promptly fallen prey to a stray cat, one was found frozen to death the next day and two were never accounted for. At the commissariat de police, M. Sarthel was detained for questioning. Ultimately, he received a heavy fine and barely escaped a jail sentence for causing a riot and attacking other people's property. Of course, to remain living in the building was unthinkable. He had to give up his beloved studio. I understand that his painting was never again the same. I am told also that to this day he cannot endure the thought of canaries.

For a long time Madame Froidveaux remained inconsolable. The locataires suffered as a result. A concierge who is not content can cause misery to a whole building full of people. It was decided to do something about it, and one evening my doorbell rang and one of my neighbours asked me for my contribution to a special fund to buy canaries for Madame la concierge. She was presented with two canaries—a male and a female. She said she would mate them when spring came. It would be a great consolation for her. The men of the ascenseur came and mended it. Matters quieted down. The locataires breathed more easily and were able once more to resume their normal lives.

When spring came, Madame Froidveaux mated her canaries. She watched over them with the utmost solicitude and was rewarded with a brood of five little ones. The weather was good that spring, and the whole building reflected the pleasure of Madame la concierge. The locataires all admired her canaries. The mail was delivered promptly. Everything marched well and the ascenseur best of all. Madame Froidveaux again had seven canaries.

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

IN the ebb and flow of these latter years in a world storm-tossed and shaken, one has been vaguely conscious of a centre whose repose generated a kind of magnetic attraction; but very recently high festival and genuine rejoicing fix the mind there. In these years, men's mastery of physical science has been passionately busy at shortening distances and bridging gulfs between the world's antipodes; yet at the same time old forces of estrangement, divisions of race and of culture, have been furiously intensifying old barriers against mutual help and devising new ones. During that period the British Commonwealth has been, to outward semblance, chiefly concerned to loosen all formal bonds. Some instinct prompted its nations to abolish every trace of enforced obedience; but we perceive now that there has been also instinctive reliance on a mutual attraction to a common centre; and that centre has been and is found in the throne. The throne is permanent, a lasting symbol; yet what alone gives effective life to the symbol must be a personality. Under the conditions of British Monarchy, the personality of the sovereign has come to be shaped and moulded by a discipline far stricter than that which produces a typical officer of the British Navy and the British Army. It has never been possible within living memory to separate clearly the thought of the Sovereign from the thought of the Royal Family; and today it is more difficult than ever. All of them, without distinction of age or sex, are continually under a discipline, training them for a part which in its highest function any of them may conceivably be called upon to fill, and which all must in some degree or other maintain according to accumulated and still accumulating

tradition. It is through obedience to the unwritten laws of this service that the monarchy has been able to survive ; it is through loyalty to the spirit of these laws that the Royal Family have been able to serve their country.

A few days before the King's Jubilee, Lord Derby, speaking as an Englishman to English men and women—and it would be hard to find in any class of society an Englishman more typically representative—opened his mind with great freedom and intimacy about the three sovereigns whom he had known. He expressed also with thoroughly English bluntness his feelings about George IV. We all know that unless a sharp change in the type of monarch had been brought about there would be no British monarchy today. That change was effected in Queen Victoria's lifetime, and was effected through her. Genius was no attribute of the Queen or of her son or her grandson, if one means by it any outstanding gift of intellect or imagination ; and yet in another sense genius has been at work—the genius of a race. England has made them what they were ; has moulded their English personalities to an English need which has changed with the changes of the nation. There is no more perfect example of adaptation to an environment. On the other hand, being made, just as Lord Haig or Lord Beatty were made, by an English tradition, they have helped, as these men helped, to make England what it has become.

This pole of attraction draws and holds. I do not suppose that monarchy is indispensable to English greatness or prosperity. But

The Bond of the Monarchy looking over Europe, constitutional sovereignty appears a somewhat rare phenomenon, and the countries in which it is best seen, Belgium, Sweden, and Great Britain, are certainly not the worst off in a perplexed world. At this moment, the most impressive exhibition of the monarchy's power to consolidate union when all restraint is abandoned can be seen in South Africa. People have nearly forgotten that a generation ago General Smuts was one of Britain's most formidable enemies ; but at least they know how hardly reconcilable was General Hertzog's nationalism. Yet the central attraction which the monarchy exercises has not only brought General Hertzog to stand for maintaining bonds with

the British Commonwealth ; it has even brought him to work with General Smuts to that end.

Meantime, outside the boundaries of this loose-strung organization, part Commonwealth, part Empire, a maelstrom of jealousies, suspicions, fears, and hates, seethes and rages ; nor is there any dyke to bar it out from the British world. In Europe, at the centre of the convulsion, one thing is clear—Germany's determination to be the strongest. Whether she is so already must be a matter of opinion ; there can be little doubt that within five years at most her preponderance over any two continental powers will be established. Even at present, she has two advantages : first, in being a single power facing a half-hearted combination ; secondly, in the mentality of her people. France and Italy are held together by a common fear lest Germany should extend her dominion into the Danubian states, and so to the Mediterranean ; yet it is no way clear that what France wishes to happen in that region is the same as what Italy wishes. On the East, Germany has not only immobilized Poland, but established a barrier between herself and Russia. The Little Entente are consequently so placed that support for them is not easily given. In short, it is difficult for the continental Powers to count with certainty on each other. England, so at least it would appear from the debate of May 2nd, is in agreement that Germany's aggressive tendencies must be resisted by common action of those Powers which hold with the League of Nations. But towards England Germany has already made her gesture of defiance. Great Britain may control the seas ; but in a military sense the Baltic at least will be closed to her. Herr Hitler's advisers are evidently of opinion that there is no effective answer to the submarine, and that by a comparatively small outlay of money and men it can be made difficult and most costly to control the ocean roads in war-time.

This particular challenge was no doubt dictated by a German belief in the efficiency of threats, and it may not have been wise.

Diplomacy and Elections Without it, there might have been notably less agreement between parties in Parliament when the question of Germany's attitude was discussed. Yet it may well be that the appearance of unanimity is superficial.

English politicians seem convinced that a party which pledges the country to intervention in a European war, no matter how caused, will lose the next election. Is there any prospect that Labour will enter into a combination which would make the Government of today really National? for on no other condition could Labour be barred from making political capital out of any serious attempt to ensure that the principles of the League of Nations shall not be defied. Again, is there any prospect that the present Government will take effective measures to secure the peace of Europe, if it expects thereby to put a Socialist party in power?—Germany can reckon up these odds as well as anyone here.

Caution is no part of the British character; and English people regard with great complacency their habit of blundering along.

Germany's Striking Power They have probably learnt less from the last war than any other nation in Europe; while the Germans have certainly grasped more fully and more ruthlessly than any other State the conditions of success. First of these conditions is the welding of the whole nation in one single striking power. In technical preparation, the French have already gone to the limit of their capacity and they have reverted to the old conditions of service: they are ready to sacrifice life and comfort. But they hold on to liberty. They leave people free to argue against the justification for such measures, although in the national mind there is no uncertainty as to how reluctance to serve in war would be dealt with. Yet, morally, as compared with the Germans, they are quite undisciplined; they are not keyed up by a continuous exhortation to a common effort; they even allow voices of discouragement. In Great Britain, of course, liberty is much more widely extended. The obligation to serve is abandoned, and the contest about it would have to be renewed if need came. This is not solely due to the influence of pacifists: it comes from a deep-seated dislike in the British character. Hitler, as a shrewd observer said to me, has solved the unemployed problem by putting the unemployed into uniform; and Germany is delighted. To attempt the same proceeding in England would be asking for revolution.

One must accept this fact as a law of British nature. What use in arguing that if England had had national service in 1912 there would have been no European war? That is profoundly true; and Clemenceau put the truth into an epigram when he said that the man who introduced conscription in Great Britain ought to get the Nobel Prize. But it is, I think, certain, as it was argued in Oliver's powerful treatise, *Ordeal by Battle*, that if there had been twelve divisions instead of six ready to move when Belgium was invaded, Belgium would never have been invaded; and probable that if England's determination had been taken and known in advance there would have been no European war. Setting aside the question of National Service, there is a weighty case for re-armament in England for the sake of peace.

It looks just now as if civilized Europe stood in desperate need of leadership. Germany, whose detachment from what we had begun to regard as civilization grows daily more marked, has leadership which at least lacks nothing in decision. Europe is now capable of being bound into an organization so strong that Germany could not afford to stand outside it and must come in on civilized lines. It is increasingly clear that Europe cannot be organized without Great Britain. If the steps are to be taken by which peace is to be secured for Europe, there must be a man in England who has the courage to risk losing an election. As a matter of fact elections are mostly won by resolution and lost by shilly-shally. The House of Commons debate, on May 2nd, showed all parties waiting for a lead. We did not see them get it.

This year's Academy is admirably normal and English. No artist could be more typical of his country than Mr. Munnings, who is at his best in two pictures, each called **A Very English Academy** "Group of My Horses". With delighted and delightful fidelity he renders the movement and attitudes of bloodstock out at grass. This is how an Englishman wants to see horses painted. But when Mr. Herbert Haseltine—an American sculptor almost become French by long residence—represents "Field Marshal V", he brings equal knowledge of the animal to his work, but adds something more. That model of a shire horse is drawn together into a poem of massive strength.

Again, in English landscape painting there is the same direct unreflecting approach to nature, as in Mr. Lamorna Birch's "Merry Month of May", where a little stream goes dancing over rocks and the water flashes under sunlight sifted through light timber. Mr. Arthur Burgess has painted an even more difficult thing in his "Showers of Dancing Spray", where he gets with equal skill the solidity of the rock bastion and the glittering wetness of the splashing water. In a different way Mr. Alexander Jamieson's "Midsummer" is again pure English. None of these things "dates", any more than does the work of Mr. Stanhope Forbes, who in the 'nineties passed for a pioneer. His "By-road" at first sight even recalls Crome, till one sees that the shadows are bluer than Crome would ever have painted them. Or again, his "Potting Shed", a small picture in the big room, might have been signed forty years ago—and there it is today, as charming as ever, and as utterly English.

I am writing of work that is not outstanding, though excellent and excellently representative. For a smaller example, I should be content to choose Miss M. E. Gray's "Big Sister", a girl with a picture book open on one knee and the small child to whom she is showing it perched on the other. All is simple and natural, but rendered with sure ease and without a touch of sentimentality.

Or again—but this is a more important picture—I should like a foreign visitor to look at Mr. Dugdale's "Mrs. Garrett of Aldborough". Here is perfect representation of a perfectly English type; the lady who has grown old in her garden, who chooses to be painted with one hand in a gardening glove and the other holding a hoe. Her face has taken on a sunny serenity from watching flowers in the sunlight; it is the face of one whose garden is her own domain, not her gardener's, and who grows flowers to give them with both hands. These islands can show plenty of such ladies, and it is a good thing to have one of them fixed on canvas.

All of this characteristically English work is modest, sincere, and devoid of over-emphasis. And if anybody doubts whether, retaining these qualities, it can rise to greatness, the answer is there, in the big central gallery; yet a melancholy answer; for "A Lady in Black" is by a dead artist, the late Mr. Spencer Watson. The woman who sits there brooding, in a cape which

falls from her graceful sloping shoulders in lines that recall Gainsborough, is still and silent; yet the face and the mobile mouth are eloquent, and through the whole figure, even through the drapery, there runs the stir of life and the unity of imperceptible breathing movement.—Under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest, the President and Council of the Academy have promptly secured this for the nation.

Once again this work does not date; and happily there is nothing in the costume to fix a period. Nor is there in the painting which after this (though long after) most impressed me, Mr. Russell Flint's "Maruja the Strong"—showing a Spanish girl stripped to the waist, who holds a heavy water jar at full length of each arm. Her young vigour is outlined against sunlight, and a group of onlookers in bright costumes complete the design. In sharp contrast to all that I have been writing of is the modern work—Mr. John's head of Lord Conway, for instance: a speaking likeness—but why must a canvas be left as if in deliberate disorder? Then there is his full-length portrait of Lord David Cecil, who seems, like Mr. Cunninghame Graham, to tempt artists, for both figure twice in this exhibition. Mr. Graham comes best out of it—perhaps by long usage: happily posterity will have many chances to realize how gallant a figure once was familiar in this land. But when Mr. Henry Lamb had left Lord David Cecil looking pinched and worried, Mr. John fell to, and the result was apparently a nervous wreck. These violences of exaggeration are not very satisfactory to anyone. But to see Mr. John at his best, one has only to look at his chalk drawing of James Joyce. It is singular that this sensitive scholarly head should have produced work that so outraged the censor (and I do not blame the censor). The oddness grows more striking when one looks at Mr. Sickert's portrait of a different Irish writer, Lord Castlerosse. Mr. Sickert has a gift for seeing people significantly, and he has chosen to paint the Man about Town. So complete is the realization that one almost feels that he has painted the sitter's voice; but by something oddly characteristic of this artist, though the figure stands on its own feet with its peculiar personal poise, and has an atmosphere as if it breathed,

yet it seems to lack weight ; as if the eminent gossip-writer were only a hilarious chuckling ghost who at any moment might dissolve and leave but a paragraph behind.

Then there is Mr. Stanley Spencer who has quarrelled with the Academy, as many paragraphs have informed us. Fortunately, three of his pictures remain ; and they are English as neither Mr. John nor Mr. Sickert ever could be : indeed, they are as English as Dickens. Why Mr. Spencer, who can paint admirably (although in a conventionalized way) a typical English landscape, should stick in the foreground a scarecrow, not in the least degree a quintessential terrifying scarecrow, I cannot imagine. The other two pictures, "Workmen in the House" and "Builders" are, of course, decorative jokes. Whether one would like to live always with a decorative joke is another matter ; but the birds, with their nicely, neatly finished nests, who express horror of the clumsy bricklayers, are funny in a broad, hearty Dickensian way. And after all, mediæval cathedrals are full of jokes in stone.

Many other things one would like to write of : among them Mr. Connard's decorative picture of "Swans and Cygnets" in the front room, conventionalized in colour, subdued to a pinkish grey ; but what observation of the cygnets, as they practise ruffling up their wings, and of the darting thrust of the male swan's neck as he grabs for some under-water food ! Mr. Peter Scott, a young painter of birds' flight with a fine gift for seeing the decorative pattern, should study Mr. Connard, for in his powerful picture of "Barnacle Geese in April", clouds, sky, and flying birds are not, as they should be, bathed in a unifying atmosphere, but, as it were, cut out.

In sculpture, the Central Hall shows Mr. William King's group of mother and child called "Creation", with a lovely breathing rhythm in the soft swell of the modelling ; and Mr. Woodford, in his "Daphne" carved out of pollard oak, seems by following the twisted grain to have found something exquisite that was always there in the tree. In the Lecture Room, apart from the late Mr. Jagger's sketch for the Driver on the Artillery Memorial, only one thing stands out to my mind : Sir W. Reid Dick's composition in stone of a blind boy reading a book in Braille. The artist is to be envied who could create such a thing of beauty.

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DUKE, by Violet Markham. *Hodder &
Stoughton.* 20s.

QUEEN Victoria wisely forbade the writing of her official biography until a certain number of years after her death had passed. The decision may seem strange when we recall that she seldom minded the limelight being thrown upon her private life and that in 1868, when the journal of her life at Balmoral was published (much to the alarm of some of her Ladies), she thought it perfectly natural that the mass of her subjects should share the record of her day-to-day life. She was careful, however, of what should be written after her death, agreeing with the spirit of the verse :—

Lives of great men all remind us
That, departing, in our turn,
We should never leave behind us
Letters that we ought to burn.

This ban has not deterred the unofficial biographers of three generations, and there must be between twenty and thirty *Lives* of the Queen, ranging from the pretty flattery of her contemporaries, bound in pale blue and heavy with gold, to the biographies of the "modern" school, begun by Mr. Strachey. He was the first to wrestle with "theories" about the Queen. Some of them were right and some of them changed as he wrote, for the story of his conversion from scoffing to praise is easily traceable throughout his book. One fault he was unable to evade, perhaps

because of the limitations of his own nature. He made the Queen petty, which she never was. Now Mr. Benson comes upon the scene, with still another kind of biography, cold, informed and conscientious. Anybody who has read the literature of the period, including Mr. Buckle's volumes of the Queen's letters, must be amazed at Mr. Benson's capacity for amassing the facts of the long reign within four hundred pages. As a card index to the lives of the Queen and those who worked with her, it must stir the respect of every writer who knows how much labour and searching there can be in writing a biography. But this fine pattern of facts, so skilfully woven, leaves one playing with a big question : whether it is the duty of the biographer to make no more than a record of the acts of his subject or whether he should try to make the same subject tangible and human : whether he should try to stir interest among the disinterested by dwelling also upon domestic scenes and picturesque occasions which are, after all, as much part of a sovereign's life as her diplomacy and her essays at government. Mr. Benson has perhaps been too careful in keeping his book free from purple passages. Just as one leaves some of his novels smiling and amused, but not loving any of the people he creates, so one leaves his book on the Queen, entertained and educated, but with no warm sense of knowing the Queen any better, for all the erudition and pains. We miss her gentleness with little people. The woman who made Bismarck sweat

with fear returned to Balmoral to walk among the cottages, cutting lengths from a roll of Scottish linsey, to make petticoats for the women. We miss this gentleness and indulgence and cannot wholly believe that the "loneliness of her early childhood, the domination of her mother to which she had silently and lovelessly submitted, had driven her into herself and generated, in the very core of her nature, a vein of iron". It is a stout and impressive conclusion to draw from the evidence, but there are as many stories against as for this judgment, and one likes to suppose that the Queen, like most people, had her lovable qualities as well as her "vein of iron", and that the picture of her hurrying out at Balmoral one day to warn her neighbour not to let her little boy play too near the burn, is as important in an estimate of her character as the grim scenes of her interviews with Mr. Gladstone or the "young" and foolish affair of her treatment of Lady Flora Hastings.

Perhaps the greatest architectural memorial to Queen Victoria's time is the Crystal Palace, now a veteran in a suburb, but once "A blazing arch of lucid glass" which leapt "like a fountain from the grass" of Hyde Park, to house Prince Albert's astonishing exhibition. Most people know that the Crystal Palace was designed by Joseph Paxton, and some know, to his disadvantage, that he introduced the Monkey Puzzle tree (second only to the aspidistra as a butt for jokes against suburbia) into England. There the average man's knowledge ends except that he may be able to add that Paxton was gardener to the bachelor Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth. Mrs. Markham has now made us ashamed of our ignorance by writing the biography of her grandfather and showing us a man who was a great personage in his time and as little deserving of the obscurity which has fallen about his name as his Crystal Palace is deserving of the derision

of a generation which, after all, produced the plaster and concrete monsters of Wembley.

Joseph Paxton was a "son of the soil", born in 1803. Thirteen years before, the sixth Duke of Devonshire had been born, to become a lonely and rather wistful man, suffering from self judgment, torn between the melancholy temptations of this world and his "preoccupation with religion". Paxton became a gardener in the grounds of the Horticultural Society at Chiswick. One of the Duke's places adjoined the grounds, and it was his habit to stroll from his own garden into the neighbouring grounds. One day "his attention was drawn to a short, pleasant-looking young man, who often opened the gate for him . . . When the post of head gardener at Chatsworth fell vacant . . . the Duke came to a sudden and, in the circumstance, very surprising decision". He put Paxton, "a lad of twenty-three earning as many shillings per week as he had years over his head", in charge of Chatsworth gardens. There began a friendship between Duke and gardener, which gives this book its main beauty. The days of the great landed gentry have passed, and with them the possibility for such sympathy, mutual respect and encouragement between servant and master. This book is important, apart from being the story of Chatsworth, its Duke, and his talented gardener, for it allows us to enjoy again a state which is past, when masters guarded and encouraged their servants and when servants served their masters upon the strength of their own character, without the interference of laws and unions. Paxton was an unusual gardener, and William Spencer was an unusual Duke. The story of their association makes an absorbing book which is easy to read because it is well written and satisfying because of the writer's warm but wholly unsentimental regard for the variability of human nature.

THE ENEMIES OF MAN

By DR. PHILIP GOSSE.

RATS, LICE AND HISTORY, by Hans Zinsser. Routledge. 10s. 6d.

THIS is a most remarkable book. It is a common practice amongst reviewers to attempt to classify a book, to place it in some easily recognizable group or category, but to do so in this case is impossible. It is unlike any other book. The author, Dr. Hans Zinsser, is professor of bacteriology and immunology at Harvard University. In the world of science he already holds a high position, with this book he takes a distinguished place in the world of letters. The author has studied for years the history and the natural history of that terrible curse of the human race, typhus fever, and he has written a book about it which although strictly scientific can be readily understood by the layman, though it is in no way one of those so-called "popular science" books. It must not be imagined that the author has felt compelled to stick closely all the while to his subject of typhus fever. Far from it, and fortunately for us his readers, for he explores every kind of side-track in which to air his very original views on parasites, politicians, human weaknesses, professional soldiers, warfare and on the world in general. I fear that some people may be put off this book by its title. If so they will be the losers.

Few people like rats, for example, and no one—except Professor Zinsser—really likes lice. He has a lot to tell us in favour of the louse, and when he compares the life and actions of the louse with those of the human race, generally

it is the louse which comes off best. He dwells, for instance, on the fact that most of the so-called "lower" forms of life do not prey upon their own kind, a habit which appears to prevail only among human beings, rats and some of the more savage varieties of fish. The important lesson Professor Zinsser teaches is that it is epidemics of such diseases as typhus, smallpox and plague which have played a far greater part over the fates of nations than wars or any other factors. "Swords," he says, "and lances, machine guns, and even high explosives had had far less power over the fates of the nations than the typhus louse, the plague flea or the yellow-fever mosquito." He goes carefully into the history of the great epidemics of the past, and proves again and again how devastating have been the results on a nation brought about by sudden invasions of disease. The earliest scientific descriptions of acute contagious diseases, so accurate as to be definitely recognizable by modern physicians, were those made by Hippocrates, the Father of Medicine.

Nobody but a professional soldier will question the author's conclusion that many a famous general owed his victories, not to his own generalship or strategy, but to his ally, the louse, the flea or the mosquito. The fate of the army of Frederick Barbarossa was brought about by smallpox, not by force of arms, and it was the same disease which decimated the Crusaders, whose survivors brought back to their homelands little else than

this disease. When the ship of the Spaniard, Narvaez, reached Vera Cruz, one of his negro slaves was carried on shore ill. He proved to be suffering from smallpox. Three million Indians are computed to have died of smallpox introduced to America by that black sailor. Smallpox, not the Conquistadors, conquered Mexico. It is difficult for us today, living as we do in our sanitary world, to appreciate the hopeless and helpless terror our forefathers experienced in earlier ages when "pestilences were mysterious visitations, expressions of wrath of higher powers which came out of a dark nowhere, pitiless, dreadful, and inescapable."

Professor Zinsser has a poor opinion of soldiers, at least of generals. "Soldiers," he writes, "have rarely won wars. They more often mop up after the barrage of epidemics; and typhus, with its brothers and sisters—plague, cholera, dysentery—has decided more campaigns than Cæsar, Hannibal, Napoleon, and all the inspector-

generals in history. The epidemics get the blame for defeat, the generals the credit for victory. It ought to be the other way round."

It was not the black rabble of Toussaint L'Ouverture which defeated Napoleon's 25,000 trained soldiers and lost Haiti for the French in 1801, but yellow fever, which killed 22,000 Frenchmen, leaving only 3,000 to evacuate the island in 1803. The author quotes scores of similar cases of wars in Europe and elsewhere, which ended in an epidemic.

It is most earnestly to be hoped that no reader will take the advice of the author to skip the chapters devoted to the life and habits of the loathsome louse, for these are as good as any in the whole book and extremely witty and amusing, as are many of the footnotes. This is the sort of book which is the despair of the conscientious reviewer. It is so chock full of facts, interesting, curious and amusing facts, that it is impossible to more than mention a very few of them in a review of normal length. Also there is the constant temptation to quote from the author himself, which has ruthlessly to be resisted. But I cannot help making one more: it is a list of the "blessings" brought to America from the Old World and some of those the Old World has received from America in exchange. "At first it was a very uneven exchange. The Old World brought culture and smallpox, the Christian religion and measles, rum, European quarrels, scarlet fever, sparrows, horses and donkeys, Anglo-Saxons, Irishmen, Jews, Negroes, trousers, influenza, wheat, brotherly love, gunpowder, and tuberculosis. For these blessings it received in return at first only gold, tobacco, syphilis, potatoes and Indian corn."

The only fault to find in this book, and it is one which the publishers should rectify, is the absence of an index, a serious omission in a work of this kind.

OUR CULTURAL BACKGROUND

By H. J. MASSINGHAM.

THE PREHISTORY OF SCOTLAND,
by Professor V. Gordon Childe. *Kegan Paul.* 15s.

SCOTTISH FOLK-LORE AND FOLK LIFE, by Donald A. Mackenzie. *Blackie.* 10s. 6d.

THE PROGRESS OF EARLY MAN,
by Stuart Piggott. *How-and-Why Series.* *Black.* 2s. 6d.

THE tendency of prehistoric study is to get to know "more and more about less and less," and the fine scholarship of Professor Childe is not altogether immune from it. But the reader who becomes a trifle weary of the minutiae of knowledge set out in his pages should not allow himself to be dazed into forgetfulness of the immense difficulties the Professor had to meet. The archaeology of the British Isles is becoming excessively complicated, its exponents more and more rigidly specialized. At the same time, Scottish prehistory shows certain divergencies from that of England and Ireland, and, except sectionally, it has not been examined with anything like the science, equipment and organization which have been devoted to England, B.C. Both these factors combined almost to force the author to load his pages with data that are not likely to attract the casual reader.

Whether Professor Childe's immediate subject is the ancient East, or Europe, or the Bronze Age, or the Aryans, he brings to it a far-ranging and encyclopædic learning which must command the profound admiration of all. Allied with this monumental erudition goes a power of artistic discrimination, together with an acuteness of historical generalization sufficiently rare to the science. When most of the brethren were tumbling over one another in their lavish eulogies

of the vulgar and meretricious Sumerian art, it was Professor Childe who drew our minds back to the far higher culture of Minoan Crete. When the diffusion theory was in very bad odour, it was he who lent his unrivalled authority to its proper elucidation. His analysis of the cross-currents and multiple modifications of the European culture-complex before recorded history has been so masterly as to elevate him into a position of supremacy. I regret, therefore, that his all-inclusive survey of two thousand years of cultural immigration and the blendings of influence consequent upon its successive waves on the mainland and islands of Scotland up to and a little beyond the Roman Conquest, has been rather sparing of their broader issues. Those issues have been adumbrated rather than fully revealed, and they are sufficiently remarkable to deserve the more expansive treatment. Both in the Neolithic and Bronze Ages, Scotland was as closely dependent upon the Mediterranean movement westward as were England and Ireland, and Professor Childe has added to our debt by his readjustment of colonial influence from Central Europe to the South. Again and again, the barren Hibernian soil was irrigated by the higher civilization of the south-west whose cultural origins go back to the Ægean. So strong and persistent was the stamp of this archaic culture from the Atlantic lands that later colonization, even beyond the Late Bronze Age which lasted longer in Scotland than in England, was dominated by it. When the La Tène culture of the Celts arrived in Scotland in the fourth century, B.C., they found the fertility rites, the matriarchal social

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organization and the daily life of its inhabitants but little changed from what it had been for fifteen centuries. Thenceforward, we witness a decline, unredeemed by such a phenomenon as the Glastonbury Lake Village culture of England, a deterioration produced and accelerated by the disease of warfare. The prehistory of Scotland is really one of slow degeneration, more marked than in England, from a stable civilization to barbarism, and Professor Childe's most scholarly and penetrating study has incidentally revealed the fallacy of the Victorian dogma of inevitable progress.

Like many others of Mr. Mackenzie's books, the present volume is a full granary of folk-lore, legend and traditional survivals of archaic cult and ritual. Every book he writes is a new museum of relics, and his lively pen does ample justice to their exposition. Perhaps the most interesting part of *Scottish Folk-Lore and Folk Life* is that which bears witness to the tenacious folk-memory of the old megalithic cult and the remarkable analogies between the Celtic goddesses and deified hags and the early Greek Artemis and Demeter, the latter almost certainly derived from the Cretan Mother Goddess.

Mr. Stuart Piggott's little book is a worthy member of a series of exceptional quality. Since he is "glimpsing man's activities from the remote beginning to the dawn of recorded history," his has unavoidably been "a breathless tour in a fast car on the main roads rather than a leisurely perambulation across country." His digest is none the less vivid for that, full of original observation and happy example, especially when he is writing about field-work, a province of archæology he has mastered. He will undoubtedly write a bigger book in the future, philosophically as well as archæologically. But, before he does so, I beg him to modify his too conventional view of the primitive.

DISRAELI, GLADSTONE, AND THE EASTERN QUESTION. A Study in Diplomacy and Party Politics, by R. W. Seton-Watson. Macmillan. 21s.

THE "Eastern Question" has a Victorian, not to say an archaic, flavour. As a fact there was an "Eastern Question" at least two thousand years before the phrase became current in the diplomacy of the nineteenth century, and it is safe to prophesy that it will persist for many centuries to come. In its essence the problem is unchanging: it arises from the clash in south-eastern Europe between the habits, ideas, and traditions of Asia and those of Europe. But, though one in essence, the problem has assumed different aspects at different periods.

In the work before us Dr. Seton-Watson has devoted some 570 pages to a detailed analysis of the problem as it presented itself to European diplomats between 1875 and 1880. Needless to add that this is a book for the specializing student rather than for the general reader. Yet no one who is interested in the party politics of the 'seventies can afford to neglect it.

Dr. Seton-Watson has been particularly fortunate in gaining access to a large quantity of new material—notably a mass of unpublished Russian correspondence. He claims that the new material throws an entirely new light upon British policy in the 'seventies. In reference to details the claim is doubtless justified; in reference to the broad outlines of that policy I doubt if it is. Light, both illuminating and fresh, is undeniably thrown upon the two secret overtures made by Disraeli to Russia in June 1876 and March 1877; upon Lord Salisbury's relations with Ignatyev during and after his mission to Constantinople in midwinter, 1876-77; upon Disraeli's "secret diplomacy"—his relations with Sir Henry Layard behind the back of Lord Derby, his Foreign Secretary;

upon the secret Austro-Russian Agreement concluded in January 1877—a very important document; upon the relations of Count Shuvalov with Lord Derby on the one hand and the leaders of the Liberal Opposition on the other; upon the reasons of Lord Derby's final rupture with Lord Beaconsfield and his alliance with Mr. Gladstone; and not least upon the inner history of the Berlin Congress.

For the intensive study of the diplomacy of the half-decade from 1875 to 1880 the results of Dr. Seton-Watson's patient research will be invaluable. But to one student at least the new evidence adduced by Dr. Seton-Watson does not supply an adequate reason for reversing the judgment previously reached on the relative merits of Disraeli and Gladstone in reference to Near Eastern policy. As things were in 1878 the Berlin Treaty seems to me decidedly preferable to the settlement outlined in the Treaty of San Stefano. Can it be questioned that but for Lord Beaconsfield and Queen Victoria Russia would have been allowed to impose the terms of San Stefano upon Turkey? Would that have been to the advantage of the Balkan nations in general? What about the claims of Serbia? And those of Greece? Had the latter countries no cause for gratitude to Lord Beaconsfield? It is, of course, true that the division of Bulgaria did not last long. But the circumstances of 1885 were totally unlike those of 1878. The greater Bulgaria of the Treaty of San Stefano would practically have established a Russian Protectorate within striking distance of Constantinople. The united Bulgaria of 1885 was jealous of Russian influence and offered, as Lord Salisbury was quick to point out, a formidable bulwark against foreign aggression.

I cannot, therefore, resist the conclusion that Dr. Seton-Watson, though disclaiming "a root and branch con-

demnation" of Disraeli's statesmanship, is less than fair to him, and is extravagantly eulogistic of Mr. Gladstone. Lord Salisbury shares the radiance of Mr. Gladstone—providing in Dr. Seton-Watson's interpretation "the synthesis between Disraeli and Gladstone."

A most important light is thrown (p. 416) upon the consent given by Russia (May 8th, 1878) to the *occupation and annexation* of Bosnia-Herzegovina by Austria-Hungary, and upon the radical divergence between Disraeli's and Lord Salisbury's policy in relation to the Near East; but I demur to the description given to Disraeli's purchase of the Suez Canal shares. To Dr. Seton-Watson that was a "singular exploit". True; but most people now regard it rather as a brilliant *coup*. Again: commenting on Lord Beaconsfield's doubt whether Bismarck could "withstand the temptation of embroiling and exhausting both Great Britain and Russia" Dr. Seton-Watson adds "a calculation almost certainly unjustified". But was it? At that precise moment (April 19th, 1878), perhaps; yet who, looking at Bismarck's diplomacy as a whole can doubt that Lord Beaconsfield's suspicions were abundantly justified? The whole scheme of Bismarck's diplomacy was based upon the endeavour to embroil England and France (Egypt would serve for that); to keep at arms length France and Italy (Tunis did that); to sow mistrust between England and Russia (by encouraging Russian adventure in Central Asia)—and so on.

But I must desist. Let it suffice to say that Dr. Seton-Watson has written a book for which all genuine students of the Eastern Question must be profoundly grateful to him, even if they do not subscribe to all his conclusions.

J. A. R. MARRIOTT.

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MORE MOVES ON AN EASTERN CHEQUERBOARD. by Sir Harry Luke. *Lovat Dickson*. 12s. 6d.

THE industry and enterprise of Sir Harry Luke in the making of books are astonishing, but one's wonder soon melts into delight as one is taken yet again down the entrancing byways of the Near East which he knows better, probably, than any living man. The same historical curiosity, the patience with quaint belief and custom, the happy classical allusions, the complete absence of a silly sense of superiority to Oriental ways, the pervading human sympathy—all these qualities which marked his earlier books are once more evident in *More Moves*. To the reviewer, who has visited but a few of the sites and has encountered but a few of the types which are so delightfully described, these sketches are a peculiar joy.

The bulk of the material here is derived from the author's travels, both pre-war and post-war, in Palestine, Transjordan, Syria, the Caucasus, Italian Tripoli, and Cyprus and other odd Mediterranean islands. In practically all these places there is abundant matter for controversy, but uniformly Sir Harry Luke steers his course clear of that barren archipelago, and this, not only for wholly right reasons of policy, but also because he is preoccupied with natural beauty and the discovering of the wherefore of traditional practice and age-long habit. He details nothing merely because it is picturesque, but for the factors that have created that picturesqueness; and such is, or ought to be, the governing purpose of all travel in the Near East.

The friends of the author soon become the reader's friends also: a sure tribute at once to his felicitous language and the intensity of his understanding. But in early life Sir Harry Luke developed the quality of making queer friends—from his first visit to Mount Athos, in fact, when he "found an illuminated manu-

script Byzantine Gospel and a recent number of the *Financial Times* lying side by side on the same table in one of the most venerable of the hermitages of the Holy Mountain." Even those of whom the author had to disapprove are touched in with a Olympian, even a forgiving, stroke: as, for instance, the Bishop of Lemnos who during the war fitted up a gin-palace beneath the monastic church. *Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner.*

These sketches comprise the experiences of some thirty years, and the changes which the Near East has undergone during these last three decades have been severe. Whether they have been for the better, who can say? They are, in any case, still in the making. Sir Harry obviously deplores much of the East's hasty imitation of the West. In Cyprus, for example, the vulgarity of modern Levantine taste has informed many of the new buildings, and the Cypriots have sacrificed their fine Byzantine traditions of architecture without so much as a thought on æsthetic considerations. Precisely the same trend is to be seen in Jewish building in the Holy Land, where aggression from the traditions of the country rather than conformity with them is the aim of too many architects. Because a thing is new, it is argued, it must be progress. But in the Near East you will still, if you are content to be guided by Sir Harry, be able to find a sufficiency of unharmed backwaters, where history-steeped life flows along the old pleasant paths, where fountains play, and narghilehs bubble, and the names of such as Mustafa Kemal or Herzl or Woodrow Wilson are not for ever on the lips of man. Do not imagine, however, that the author is merely *laudator temporis acti*: he is full of enthusiasm for many new things in the Near East, particularly for the Italians' work of restoration in the Dodecanese and in Northern Africa.

KENNETH WILLIAMS.

CHARLES VILLIERS STANFORD, by Harry Plunket Greene. *Arnold*. 15s.

AFTER the publication of Mr. C. L. Graves's study of Hubert Parry, we could not but hope that a study of Sir George Grove's other "young man" would eventually appear. For Parry and Stanford are as inseparably linked in our minds as Haydn and Mozart, Gilbert and Sullivan, or any other of the old firms. The study of Stanford's work and life has arrived, and here it is. It comes not from C. L. Graves's hand, but from that of another Irishman, the well-known interpreter of song and teacher of singing, Mr. Harry Plunket Greene. It is a leisurely study, in which many repetitions have been allowed to stand and in which Irish sentimentality and a quite inoffensive kind of snobbery are charmingly mingled. How proud of their families and of their names, their full names, were these Irishmen of the latter half of the last century! There is no difficulty in believing the saying that everyone was cousin to everyone else. And how much it explains, this clannish attitude! Certainly it explains much in Stanford's life. Incidentally, why does Mr. Plunket Greene refer to the "supposed" friction between Elgar and Stanford. It was fact, not supposition, as everyone knows. Mr. Greene himself freely admits that Stanford was a born fighter, which, since he was no pugilist (except once as a boy) in the physical

sense, can only mean that quarrelling was in his blood. Mr. Greene, after relating a dramatic apology made on one occasion by Stanford's father, observes: "If one changed the period and modernized the technique of repentance, that scene might have been played by his son not once but fifty times." And in a later chapter he writes: "I can only attribute Stanford's attitude to some instinctive, unnameable hostility of which he was probably secretly ashamed."

Mr. Plunket Greene shows us this aspect of the man's nature as clearly as he shows the aspect of lovable, impetuous genius. He makes plain, too, Stanford's greatness as a teacher, and does full justice to his compositions, although the fresh inspiration of his church music deserves a better tribute than the rather casual chapter thrown in by Sir Edward Bairstow.

The chapters on Cambridge and the Royal College of Music, representing the two phases of Stanford's active life, are well done; but, for my part, I have liked none so much as the chapter on Stanford as song-writer, for here I was able to experience again that peculiar flavour which made the author's "Interpretation in Song" so gratifying a study. Mr. Greene confesses that he writes here as a partisan, but in commending such gems as "The Fairy Lough" and the almost heartbreaking "Corrymeela," he need not be apologetic. The more a partisan he is, the better for his readers, since from his words in this book and from his performances in the past we know how deep is his understanding of these lovely compositions.

The book is well printed and produced, but among other small slips is the common error of printing Queen's instead of Queens' College, Cambridge. Since Stanford was Organ Scholar there, it is perhaps as well to point this out.

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STATIONERY

THE SPIRIT OF LONDON, by Paul Cohen-Portheim. *Batsford*. 7s. 6d.

PAUL COHEN-PORTHEIM was not a Cockney, though many of his reviewers have sought to compliment this book by calling him one. Had he been one it would not have been possible for him to seize, as he has done, not only the shades of difference between one part or feature of London and another, but the spirit which runs through the whole and makes it one. To the Cockney this is imperceptible. To the inhabitant of St. James's the inhabitant of Wapping is a stranger and a foreigner more incomprehensible than the East Coast fisherman or the Devon farmer. Only to the foreigner do they seem akin, only the cosmopolitan can appreciate the essential quality of the kinship, and only the cosmopolitan who is also an interpretative genius can express this spirit and this kinship in such a way as to make it available not only for his own con-

fraternity but for the Londoner himself. There is probably no other man of his generation who could have done it and it is a poor sort of gratitude not to recognize the essential quality of his last gift.

As for the spirit in which it was written—it is that of a friend, or even a lover of London. His wit is expended in expressing his delight in the features and play of expression of his subject. There is never an unkind edge to it. Where he has a criticism to make it is made seriously but gently, as if he were appealing to one whose qualities he knows to let these be more apparent to the world. It would be a poor Londoner who would take offence at them, or, indeed, who would not be far more conscious of them than the author appears to have been. In particular, he might take to heart the suggestion, made diffidently on almost the last page, that London could perhaps do more to

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welcome the foreigner whom she invites to visit her.

The reader will by now have gathered that this book is not a guide-book, but a visitor to London would do better with this book at his side than with any guide-book which I have seen, and this not merely in the attempt to emulate the author in understanding, but actually in the discovery and appreciation of "objects of interest". I do not affirm that there is nothing that the author has missed. That would be absurd. But to see even the principal ones mentioned, after having read about them here, would leave the visitor with a far more adequate impression of historical as well as present-day London than most do in fact acquire. If there are any passages which can be singled out for special praise, I should like to mention those in which he deals with St. James's and those in which he at least attempts to rescue the suburbs from the obloquy into which they have fallen.

The photographs illustrating this book are admirably chosen and arranged with sufficient discretion and some wit. There are over one hundred and forty of them, and the publishers are to be congratulated on not having allowed them to inflate the price. ALAN M. WELLS.

RESTLESS FLAGS, by Lilo Linke.
Constable. 7s. 6d.

THE tragic immaturity of Germany's middle class is faithfully reflected in this dismal and, on the whole, rather trivial record of adolescence. Lilo Linke, now in the early twenties, has lived through the harrowing experiences of the blockade, the inflation, and the political turmoil culminating in the triumph of Hitlerite demagoguery. Other writers have perhaps given more poignant expression to the impact of the present mass-rule upon the individual; the interest of this particular book lies rather in its explanation of the essential

depravity of Germany to-day. The author shows us how external events and a political structure for which the nation was totally unfitted have conspired to demoralize (in the strict sense of the term) a whole generation, wrenched from the moorings of tradition.

In most countries the swift passage of events has had the effect of making a complete break between the generations, so that the "under forties" speak an entirely different language from their parents. But the peculiar disintegration of family life in Germany seems to many of us to reveal the origins of German youth's self-immolation, to explain the "pre-Buchmanite" passion for group-life, for communal experience: German youth, the author reminds us, in the post-war years was absorbed in five hundred different organizations.

In one of the most striking passages of the book the author, by nature wayward and rebellious, voices her revolt against the clamping fetters of this community worship. She admits that, but for a casual acquaintance with the daughter of a Jewish scientist, through whose influence she glimpsed the meaning of true culture when she was in her teens, she "would have been led by uncontrolled sentimentalities into the arms of the Nazis." In that one phrase Lilo Linke sums up those German characteristics—latent at all times and only brought to flash-point by the political combustion—which have made possible the present national inebriation.

Lilo Linke's mother, who kept on crying for a whole week after the outbreak of the revolution in 1918, who regarded the men of the Weimar regime just as Socialist traitors and Communist murderers, misled victims of the Jews, and whose choicest abuse was reserved for "pacifists" and "internationalists," is the perfect embodiment of that invertebrate middle class which is Germany's Calvary.

W. H. C.

SELECTED FICTION

WE HAVE BEEN WARNED, by Naomi Mitchison. *Constable. 8s. 6d.*

THE CARRETA, by B. Treven. *Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d.*

GRANDSONS, by Louis Adamic. *Gollancz. 7s. 6d.*

THOUGH not the best of these novels, *We Have Been Warned* is the most interesting. Its theme is Left-wing politics in England, the activities and personal relationships of middle-class people feeling the draught of conscience and Communism, Oxford Socialist dons, the local Communist Party, strikes, Intourist trips to Russia, hunger marches to Hyde Park. Mrs. Mitchison knows her people. Some of the reporting is good, particularly the chapters about Russia. The different shades of Red opinion in this country and the changes of scene between Oxford, London, Scotland and Russia make the book varied and readable, and help also to disguise the muddled sentimentalism of the writing. But at times the Sunday-school atmosphere, in its new political setting, becomes overpowering. Here is a piece of ove-making on the boat going through the Baltic:

She saw there were tears in his eyes. What does a Socialist woman do? "Are you at peace, Donald?" she said softly. "Aye," he said, and put an arm round her shoulders. Her heart jumped and thudded. What does a Socialist woman do? She turned a little in his arm, getting closer to him. . . . What does a Socialist woman do? She said the magic word: "Tovarish," and held his eyes with hers. . . .

It is the old note of the religious ovelette, the goody-goody, warm sentiment which has its appeal for the inverted; and it is typical, on a lower plane, of the "Lenin, I

believe—help thou my unbelief" attitude of the whole book. The personal relationships of most of the characters are falsified in this way whenever they reach a crisis. For example, the woman who utters the magic word "Tovarish" (she is the wife of an Oxford don) is afterwards raped by a working man; and she gets over her disgust by reflecting that in the past the workers have never had a square deal, the time has come for them to take all they can get, it's wrong in any case for one to think of a rape as being a *personal* affair at all, etc., etc. The "ideology" of the English near-Communist as depicted by Mrs. Mitchison, seems pretty brainless with as many urges and yearnings of the comic sort as one finds in the usual Hollywood film. All this, of course, under the cloak of "realism." It is the fault of the book that the sentiment all through is essentially on the level of the newspaper serial while the problems and ideas are of vital interest.

Both *The Carreta*, by a German, and *Grandsons*, by an American, are novels that succeed in what they set out to do. I recommend the first for its descriptions of the lives of Indian peons in tropical America, and for its straightforward prose. The story is thin, but the detail all through—the account of *fiestas*, native marriages, cattle-driving, etc.—is fascinating. An excellent piece of reporting, with real feeling for the primitive life it describes. Louis Adamic's *Grandsons* is the story of a shell-shocked American journalist after the war, who wanders from one job to another. At times the attempt to diagnose the type of drifting post-war American becomes boring. The book, largely in the form of dialogue between the author and the man he is writing about, is much too long, but fairly authentic and readable.

G. W. STONIER.

ENBURY HEATH, by Stella Gibbons.
Longmans. 7s. 6d.

BESIDE STILL WATERS, by C. Henry Warren.
Nelson. 7s. 6d.

CORONATION BABY, by Robert Gathorne Hardy.
Collins. 7s. 6d.

OF how little avail is mastery of technique to make a novel memorable, to lift it above the level of the average, and to prolong its life for more than the normal span of a few months. No one could prophesy more than a short life in the reader's memory for any one of these novels, and yet each of them possesses technical competence of a high order, and the first two are admirably designed as well. Perhaps they illustrate one of the primary difficulties of modern reviewers, who are accused of slavering the most absurdly ecstatic praise over the most ordinary novels, and of proclaiming masterpieces at the rate of ten a week. There is truth in it; and yet how could one fairly condemn, either with scorn or with faint praise novels such as the first two of these which contain every excellence but the vital one of a sense of inevitability?

Inevitability is what characterizes the masterpiece. None of these novels have it—but then none of the authors show any sign of a desire to enter their works in the Masterpiece Stakes. Miss Gibbons, with her quiet, shrewd strokes, is merely concerned to exhibit the characters of a sister and two brothers, who set up house together on the death of their rascally doctor father, who are much plagued by relations, and more still by the developing weaknesses of their own characters, and whose house-keeping marches to disaster. There is no really an end to it, for implicit in the final *débâcle* is the promise of further adventure in the realm of relationships between

the still young trio. There is plainly no inevitability here. But there is much entertainment, ample insight into the complexities of character and shrewdness in expressing them.

Mr. Warren's merit is his own mystical devotion to the countryside he describes, and his personal identification with its simple intuitive wisdom. His plot is of the simplest: a village boy's transition to a higher social level, by way of a scholarship to Cambridge, and his changing attitude to his boyhood gipsy friend and the decent village girl whom he leaves behind but can never thrust out of his life. Put thus, the whole thing sounds the veriest trifling in the vein of the sentimental. But it is in fact much more—a declaration of faith, given in terms of fiction, that rootlessness is the evil of our day, and that roots grow in the soil. The first three or four chapters are memorable, and when Mr. Warren comes to describe country scenes, even the sophisticated are bound to read him with real æsthetic pleasure.

The level of artistic achievement of *Coronation Baby* is much lower, possibly because Mr. Gathorne Hardy never seems to have made up his mind what he is trying to do. On the face of it, this book is a study of a boy's development from the year 1902, when he was born, until he had finished with his preparatory school. "This history is fiction, to be read as such, its character to be treated as imaginary." But we are treated to pages of interpolation, which are sometimes Mr. Gathorne Hardy's views, and sometimes his memories of childhood, and as between the young Robert Gathorne Hardy, and the young Harry Crowthorne of the book, we get sadly mixed, and, frankly, lack the interest to sort them out.

ROGER B. LLOYD.

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solidate his standard of living according to his station, and was anxious to hand it down to his heirs. As a matter of fact, in order at all costs to keep the capital thus accumulated employed, and not let it lie idle, it was often placed in foreign investments. The rashness of the middle-class in this matter was in strong contrast to their prudence in other respects. These savings thus acquired a new character, as they became an instrument of economic expansion and conquest, since the shares held in foreign companies provided support for the export of manufactured goods; the borrower was naturally induced to buy in the lending country such commodities as he needed. During this phase in the world's development, now over, the shareholder actually was the only provider of finished goods to whom the younger nations could apply.

This was especially true of England, the great nation of the nineteenth century, where for generations they practised the art of making foreign investments play an economic role. This was an essential factor in the international system which we have just described, and it emphasizes the truism that among the advantages which Europe enjoyed, her maturity was not the least important.

For several generations one of the most important traits of the international atmosphere was its stability: a stability of tariffs which changed little, and of commercial treaties which were rarely denounced; a stability of credit in a century when great nations did not go bankrupt, and when British Consols and French 3 per cent. Rentes were as solid as a rock; a monetary stability when all trace of assignats, of inflation, and of spurious money had disappeared from the memory of Western Europe—with what supreme disdain Paul Leroy Beaulieu referred to countries with "unsound finances"! Finally, there was contractual stability, for signatures were respected, and no one thought of congratulating people who kept their word. This regime was mainly inspired by England, but its good influence spread over the whole of European civilization, to the general profit of the white race. The principal beneficiaries were the Europeans, who took it for granted and considered it permanent, almost statutory. The eventual possibility of decadence was never thought of.

On the hypothesis that the system which was enriching her would last for ever, Europe built up in the end an excessive industrial superstructure, depending upon a population which became almost too numerous. The equilibrium was still maintained, but it became more and more delicate and precarious. For this state of affairs to have continued, the world would have had to accept once and for all the complementary division of labour to which I have referred. Europe would have had to remain the specialized workshop of the globe. But what would happen if one day the non-European countries refused to bow before this hierarchy, and insisted upon using their own natural resources by transforming them on the spot? This is exactly what has taken place, and today this is the European crisis.

II.—*The Twentieth Century*

Since the Renaissance and the great period of discovery, Europe has been expanding along two main lines: first, by establishing settlements of her own people, and secondly, by taking possession of natural resources wherever the white man could not colonize. Both aspects of this domination, from which few non-European countries escaped, have since been contested. The first stage, which goes far back into the past, was the emancipation of the overseas white countries which asserted their autonomy or their complete independence of the mother country. We must note, however, that the supremacy of the white race was not involved, but only the right of the Old Continent to rule the rest of the world. The second stage is bringing another emancipation, which is more disturbing because it appears to be a revolt of non-European races, which refuse to submit any longer to our control. What now is at stake is not only the authority of Europe, but the power of its proud race, which until recently would not brook the slightest discussion of its arbitrary rule. An American writer, Mr. Lothrop Stoddard, has described this movement of revolt under a striking title: *The Rising Tide of Colour*. Ever since the Middle Ages the people of the white race have been spreading over the face of the earth like an irresistible flood. Are we now watching the ebbing of this tide? The problem which we are facing is a fundamental change in the relations not only between Europe