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THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY

AND AFTER

Founded by JAMES KNOWLES.

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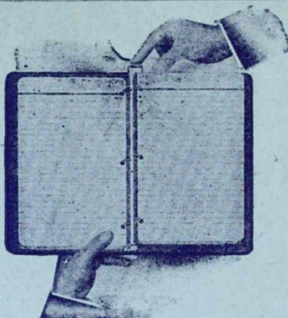

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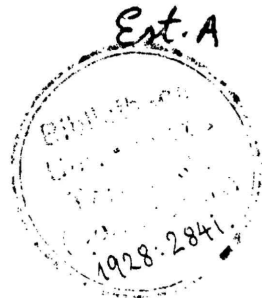
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POLITICS AND POLITICIANS TO-DAY

I. A Platform for Statesmen

The parliamentary sky is once more full of clouds. The storm-cone has been hoisted, and we are in the midst of another of those blinding political blizzards which ever and again disturb the peace of decent people. Wise men are retreating to their tents, hammering in their pegs and tightening their ropes, hoping that they will ride the gale. The storms that the countrymen know have their inconveniences, but they clear the air. ' 'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody any good ' is the sound popular verdict. But these urban storms in the tea-cups of politicians are of a different kind. They rarely clear anything ; they only stir up a great deal of mud ; and when the hurricane is over we are left to live, as best we may, a respectable public life amongst the unsavoury sediment.

There was much turmoil of a like kind only twelve months ago ; and after the dirty political weather of the previous few years, the result gave considerable satisfaction to the nation. Being solid and full of quiet intelligence of a domestic sort, the

plain man did not expect that the new Government would turn the world into an earthly paradise, even if it lived to the full statutory term of parliamentary life. He certainly did not expect Utopia at the end of twelve months. In any case, he certainly has not got it. But he would have waited a little longer in patience.

However, the plain man does not count in political life. The magnates who make general elections—who exactly they are is one of those mysteries hidden from common eyes—have grown restless again. The people with common-sense have no desire for another election at the moment. But they have got to go through with it! The quiet citizen would not mind the inconveniences, if there were any reasonable chance of any resulting good. But he does not rate the power of politicians so highly as they rate it themselves; and he thinks it most improbable that a new Parliament will be able—or will desire—to do anything more than could have been done by the last.

We must be brave and face the inevitable. The world is not going to be made perfect by any smart conjuring trick. Half the affairs that are being discussed by the political troupes at present on the stage are of only limited importance; and the other half are of that gigantic nature that will never be solved by political wirepulling, however smart, but rather by the slow building of the succeeding years. The method will be much more in the stately manner of geology than of political rhetoric. Take the settlement between France and Germany. It gave plenty of anxious thought to Charles the Great in the ninth century, and it is not likely to be solved completely by Mr X. the Little if he gets returned to Westminster. There is, alas, small hope that the troubles of Europe will be more quickly remedied by any change in the present Government's unheroic inactivity. There are, on the contrary, plenty of energetic politicians who might bring Europe into another great war in a short time. A great deal of the trouble of this unruly world is that it will not listen to human advice, however wise.

As for the present loud war-cries of the rival political armies, one would not say that they are of no importance whatever. They are merely of small dimensions when measured against the vast problems that are troubling mankind. For example, it is possible —nay, probable—that it would be well worth the risk of a tax on wheat and meat if it would give England her prosperous fields again. But the expert agriculturists—such as Mr. Christopher Turnor—tell us that the training of farmers in the latest scientific methods and their organisation into co-operative societies are far more efficient remedies than a duty at the ports. It is all a matter of proportion. The Government has gone to the country on the cry of tariffs, which may or may not be necessary, whereas

organisation and expert training are always fundamental. But politicians never fight on essentials.

The history of the world is open before us as proof that neither Protection nor Free Trade is a sovereign remedy for economic disorders. At best they are drugs of temporary effect. Germany took the advice of Friederich List, and the result was a great success—such a congestion of goods and people that a desperate nation tried to cut its way out to new markets at the point of the gun. List may have made the Germans the most prosperous people under the sun, but it is no idle paradox to say that Germany was brought to ruin by her industrial progress. Turn to Cobden and Bright. They believed in a manufacturers' paradise of cheap corn and cheap labour ; and their theory has certainly brought England very near their golden gates. And can any sane man affirm that he likes the result ? Little wonder that hasty, impulsive election agents are rushing in a panic—to embrace the economic principles that brought Germany to the gutter ! The quibblers will say that *post hoc* is not *propter hoc*, but wiser people will suspect that greed of material gain was the root motive of both List and Bright, and economic Utopias will not be reached by following avaricious merchants or landlords in any direction whatsoever.

The Labour Party is in a like case with its cry of the Capital Levy. Even if it prove a possible financial manœuvre, and is carried into action, it will leave us much as we are at present. It will not in itself reorganise industry or relieve unemployment. It may or may not prove a temporary relief to the less wealthy middle classes, but at the best it is nothing but a piece of financial jugglery, and the deep-seated troubles of mankind have never been much affected by the devices and cures of bankers and Chancellors of the Exchequer.

Let it not be imagined that reasonable people will make unreasonable demands on our governors. To be quite fair, it must be admitted that probably it will never be the duty of stately Cabinet Ministers to give their attention to such a poetical fancy as the millennium. Their urgent business is to perform the more earthly (and perhaps more difficult) task of timidly taking the next safe step. Any quite ordinary person, with the aid of a good cigar and a bottle of wine, can write out a most attractive Utopia ; for he is not hampered in his fancy by stupid majorities in legislative chambers, or by dull-witted citizens who are unable to understand the perfect beauty of his new laws—and still more unwilling to obey them. Utopia is the sort of thing that one can make in a hammock during the hot afternoons in summer.

But no one will accuse Mr. Baldwin's Government of wasting its time over the millennium. Like most Ministries that have

gone before it, and like most that will come after it, it has spent much of its time jumping from one slippery foothold to the next, in much the same way that children scramble over the rocks on the beach. Strictly speaking, a Cabinet is rarely engaged in considering problems of statesmanship. The supreme work of most Governments is to keep themselves in office and keep their opponents out. The successful Cabinet Minister is a politician first, and, this being a very difficult trade, he has rarely time to think out schemes of scientific government.

Such being the state of our political affairs, it is suggested that there is room for a new party in the Legislative Chamber. We have plenty of *political* groups—indeed, far too many. What is urgently wanted at the moment is a party of *statesmen* who will start with almost a new conception of the function of government and the duty of law-makers. If not new, at least it is a conception which has been forgotten during the last two hundred or so years. One may say that it practically disappeared during the Puritan Commonwealth, which was conducted by political and military adventurers. Statesmanship was finally banished by the Whig politicians of the eighteenth century; they were so absorbingly occupied in important party squabbles for office that they had little time to attend to trivial national interests. But this is not the place for history; it is necessary to consider the present necessities.

One uses the word ' statesman ' in its strict sense, a sense which has been very grievously overlooked and buried under a heap of rubbish which should never have been allowed to collect over such a valuable and dignified term. A statesman is one who is concerned in the affairs of the State—a man who considers the State as a whole the primary factor in his work. He is, therefore, a man who considers that the welfare of the nation, as a complete body, is more important than the success or failure of any particular class. He is always thinking in terms of society as an organic body, and is quite unprejudiced by any class or party reasons which cut across the interests of the whole social structure.

This statesman is the precise opposite of the party or class politician, who is returned to further the interest of some large or small section of the electorate. It will be noticed that the fact that a candidate has a democratic and numerical majority does not necessarily save him from the charge of party politics. A majority which merely thinks of itself and ignores the rest is only different in degree, and not in principle, from the most selfish despot who runs the State for his personal convenience.

There are certain root factors in human society without which there can be no such thing as civilisation or culture at all. The peasants, and the nomads who have nothing worth calling a State,

are perhaps just as happy and more healthy than the people who build great towns and produce great arts and literatures and conquer the world at large in both its material and its psychological sense. But the nomad or peasant condition is not the social order with which we have generally agreed to be satisfied as a completely full life. We declare—maybe quite wrongly—that this simple condition is not 'civilisation.'

If we insist on having a civilised society there are certain elementary principles which we must observe. First, we must take steps to maintain a nation which, as a whole, is physically fit—just as wise farmers grow healthy herds of cattle. Secondly, its people must be educated in a sense that goes beyond reading, writing, and arithmetic; there must be a more solid mental structure on which the normal citizen can base his career. Thirdly, a cultured people must have a well-organised system of production and exchange, without which it will be impossible to possess the ordinary possessions which are considered the necessaries of life. Fourthly, in order that the above factors may exist, there must be a fair amount of social and economic and political peace; in other words, the bulk of the people must be peacefully satisfied that the existing state of affairs is for their general good. They must believe that society is being conducted in a way which is for the good of the greatest number. Fifthly, the ethical tone of the people must reach that standard of decent behaviour without which the delicate operations of a cultured society cannot possibly work. Although it is placed at the end of these principles, this last is perhaps the most fundamental requirement of all. But it is sufficient to say that all these principles are alike necessary, and are so locked and interlocked that it is impossible to sort them out in order of precedence.

It will be at once said that if these are the necessary elements of a civilised society, then no such society has yet existed. This is probably true. But for the moment we are concerned with the nearest possible approach to a social ideal which may be beyond our reach.

If there are any politicians who are honestly endeavouring to put the State as a whole before selfish party or class claims, is it not possible for them to unite on a common programme of those elementary social factors without which reform of any kind will be impossible? Are there not really these elementary factors which are quite independent of whether a citizen calls himself or herself a Tory or a Socialist, a materialist or an idealist? Are there fundamental human necessities which lie below all parties, or creeds or classes? Are there any common factors on which all must necessarily reach some kind of working agreement, or undergo the peril of social dissolution?

The common quality of this proposed group of honest politicians need be no more than their honesty, plus that supreme factor of all intelligence, commonsense. If, for example, a man is prepared to see his countrymen go to pieces from physical degeneration rather than interfere with his personal income and his personal profits, then this programme will not appeal to him. If he is so dull-headed that he imagines that a nation can be prosperous without a healthy people, then it is scarcely likely that an intelligent idea of any kind whatsoever will penetrate his brain. So we start with an honest unselfishness and ordinary commonsense as the two supreme qualities of our proposed new political group.

There is one other point which will be assumed, a point which some people will call an unproved and unwarranted assumption. It will be calmly taken for granted that the highest form of government is that which considers the welfare of the majority of the race. That is, our statesmen will not be satisfied by producing a few supermen ; they will, on the contrary, assert that a few great persons, whether Napoleons, Charlemagnes, and Charlie Chaplins, or Rockefellers, Rothschilds, and Medicis, may not be worth the candle. A few dull theorists, with very little knowledge of history, and even a few clever ones—usually with their tongues in their cheeks—will continue to assert that the production of great men is the end of human endeavour. The problem cannot be argued here. Perhaps the great-men theory of history must break down simply because the little men are big enough, and numerous enough, to refuse their consent.

Let the fundamental rule of unprejudiced honesty and commonsense be first applied by this new political group to the problem of the physical health of the nation. They may be individualists or collectivists, but if they are sane men of the world they will refuse to sit down quietly while children are underfed, or anybody is living in a slum, or under unhealthy conditions of working in factory or mine. Health is the material basis of every community, and it must underlie every sane State, whether its ideals be those of the Tory or of the Anarchist. A high standard of national health is quite outside the wrangling of political parties. Even a man who is totally adverse to municipal or communal feeding of a school child, as a rational man will agree that the aforesaid child cannot be allowed to die or grow up under-developed while the argument between the individualist and collectivist is proceeding. A serious party could come to some sane compromise on this matter. Surely the extremist individualist must see that a degenerate population is a far greater evil than a possible blunder in a political creed. School feeding—as an extreme case of collectivism—may be a possible evil. Underfeeding is a certain disaster.

The same principles apply to such a problem as housing. It may be argued that the present urgent need for State economy forbids that we should build any houses at subsidised rent ; it is said that we cannot afford to pull down any unhealthy slums. We might as rationally argue that we cannot afford to live. That would be facing the facts more frankly. But as a matter of precise detail this argument does not face the facts at all. On the contrary, it evades them. We have abundance of building material, too great an abundance of unemployed labour. Sane statesmen will not hesitate to set idle men to do jobs that are absolutely necessary rather than pay them unemployed doles for doing nothing. Of course, this only applies to the unemployed who are suitable for the building trade. Unskilled men must not be put into skilled jobs. Neither must there be any repetition of the stupid fallacy that unemployed mechanics can be drafted on to small agricultural holdings of which they have no knowledge. But, as Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey has pointed out in his recent book, there must be a rational limit to this respect for the skilled worker ; the average man can do quite a lot of the simpler work without a lot of training. In moments of emergency the welfare of the whole State may require many of us to do unlikely jobs. There is little doubt that during the last few years many unemployed have drawn a dole for doing nothing, when they might have been building a very urgent and absolutely essential part of the national structure—namely, its proper number of houses.

Again, the hospitals are in desperate straits for funds ; they are closing beds, not because patients are fewer, but because the community has apparently decided that it cannot spend money on the pursuit of national health—the suggestion being that we can give up hospitals as one might give up a grouse moor or a racing yacht. An overworked man might as well declare that he could not afford to sleep. Once more we are down on the bedrock of civilisation. The same argument of the essential necessity of the finest national health covers the cases of factory and mine regulations for the securing of healthy conditions. The reasonable limitation of hours of labour is really an aspect of the same problem ; the State cannot be prosperous if its citizens are overworked.

Education, again, is a fundamental social necessity which is deeper than all the squabblings of party politics. Whether a man be a Tory or a Liberal, a Socialist or a political contortionist of any brand whatsoever, if he starts out on the work of governing an efficient State he must provide the finest procurable education for all, for the same vital reasons that a sane housewife must provide meals for everyone. No one will propose to teach

everyone to write Latin verse, to do higher mathematics, or become a doctor of science. But there is a social minimum of education which we have not nearly reached. A Bolshevik or plutocrat may well imagine that it is not his interest to produce educated men and women; he prefers to possess slaves. But the irony of his position is that he does not get his slaves, but a race of hooligans who will destroy him as well as themselves. The autocracy of Louis XIV. of France did not produce a race of slaves; it made the French Revolution, which incidentally did not win liberty for France, but erected a militarist emperor and a Government of bureaucrats and plutocrats. The alternative to a nation of educated people is a mob of barbarians. When we save money on necessary education we subsidise social disorder and crime. What we save on education we spend on the police force, on hospitals, on lunatic asylums, and the thousand and one contrivances for keeping an ignorant people from doing damage to their neighbours. We even have to waste money on Socialist societies in order to keep the plutocrats from bringing the State to a condition of anarchy.

The problem of education leads on naturally to the next essential of a properly civilised State. There cannot be a modern civilisation until an efficient system of production and exchange provides the necessary wealth on which the luxury of culture is based. We can be tolerably healthy and happy nomads without a carefully organised system of industry and trade; but we cannot be modern States. Quite sensible people say that they would rather go back to peasant communities; and certainly, so long as the alternative is the present industrial chaos and ugliness, they are very wise. But it is not the only alternative. If we had a well-educated people capable of grasping the technical and economic problems of their various trades, it would be a fairly easy matter to produce order in industry instead of the present scramble, which is nearer anarchy. But it must be education of the managing class as well as of the managed.

There is a double problem here. First, both managers and managed must have a real education or apprenticeship in their craft or commerce. An ironworker must know the science and art of ironworking. A trader must know the economics of national and international exchange. All these cases come under the department of education as an essential basis for a civilised social community. It need not, indeed should not, be taught in a school. It comes within that department of education which should be taught in a workshop or office during apprenticeship; and a group of rational politicians would make it one of the essentials of their programme to encourage it, by State help if necessary, in a far more systematic way than is done to-day—if we may

judge by the results. For example, a century of government by factory owners and their political tools has resulted in a criminal neglect of the English agricultural interests. Rome was ruined by the neglect of agriculture ; and probably every other State will be ruined by the same neglect to the end of history. A sane political group will remember that the production of food is the first material business of mankind : it will educate a sufficient number of Englishmen to cultivate their fields and market gardens to their highest capacity.

But there is another side to the problem of industrial organisation. The production and sale of goods is certainly the basis of industry and trade. But the division of the profits of production and trade is also a vital human part of the process. It is useless hiding our eyes in the sands of theory, like the ostriches and the idealists do, pretending that man will work without the incentive of profit, measured, in some rough way, by the results of his labour. The industrial unrest of to-day is due to the conviction that the profits are not shared in any way measurable by the work. To put it more precisely, it is true to say that the average workman feels that he will not get his fair proportion if he works hard, so he does not work hard ; he does not throw either his mind or his body into his trade. Result, industry is not conducted with energy and intelligence.

Most level-headed people now agree that some kind of profit-sharing must be adopted in trade and commerce. Once more, this is a question deeper than any party divisions. Not so many people see that it is equally important to give the humbler worker a share not only in the profits but also in the management. It is not only that this is a necessary concession to the abstract dignity of man—the thing which distinguishes an intelligent human being from a living tool. There is the much more material fact that it is only when he has a share in the responsibility of management that the average worker will appreciate all the difficulties of his trade. For example, half the industrial discontent of the present moment would be modified (to say the least) if the workers realised, by actual contact with the management, that their wages are low not merely, or mainly, because their masters are taking too much of the profits, but also because the market is almost empty of buyers.

The problem is to discover an economic method which will preserve the precious advantages of personal initiative, by rewarding ability by an ample share of profits and management ; and at the same time will also give the whole working staff a guarantee of their fair share in both intelligent control and dividends.

A close examination of the industrial chaos leads to the conviction that most of the problems of reform are not suited for

direct solution by politicians. A large proportion of our present social troubles can only be solved by the manufacturers and traders, both masters and men. They are technical matters of trade organisation. All the politicians can do is to clear the field of unnecessary obstructions. For example, they might pass a Co-partnership-Profit-Sharing Company Act to allow the easier formation of such experiments; just as the present Companies Acts allow the easy formation of limited liability companies. But the actual organisation can only be performed by the people concerned. There is now a reaction against the collectivist theory that the work of the world can be done by the State; there is a decided return to the older belief in the strength of individual initiative. The failure of the Labour Party and the trade union officials to realise this change and their lack of an immediately practical next step in industrial organisation have been the most disappointing indications of their want of intellectual power. Lord Milner, one of the few men in political affairs who is a statesman, has shown more grasp of the problem than many of the men paid to represent Labour in Parliament.

But while the proposed new statesmen will discover that politicians cannot do the work of industrial organisation themselves, they will also realise, on another side, that they must act in a new way—as a new evangelical society as well as a parliamentary party. Beneath all the urgent economic and political needs of to-day there is the fundamental necessity of preaching a better ethical code than the slack social morality which is considered good enough for the present moment. Our present social ethics are those of all other periods of degeneration. The Roman Republic collapsed when the selfish morality of plutocrats pushed on one side the older social morality of their fathers. Likewise, again, the mediæval morality that a feudal lord must perform his duty of protecting his tenants, that the merchant must refrain from taking usury (both obligations of which the popular histories have more often recorded the occasional breach rather than the customary observance), has given place to a new morality which allows the spoils to the lucky ones, with the hasty observance of only those few duties which they cannot manage to avoid.

This higher social morality is peculiarly a non-party dogma. It is honoured by many a country gentleman and dishonoured by many a labouring man. Many of the grossest violations of its obligations have been committed by the plutocrats who have risen from the labour ranks. There are many members of the labouring class who do not yet realise that a large part of the evil of the world has arisen because poor men have, with utter selfishness, made themselves millionaires. All the feudal knights and country gentlemen in existence probably did not commit nearly as much evil as the

poor men who became rich by organising the industrial revolution of the eighteenth century. We want a morality which will put an end to the social doctrine that the attainment of riches is the chief prize of life. We want a doctrine that will make the wealthy ashamed of their riches, and the poor ashamed of their ignorance and servility. We want a new code of ethics that will affirm that social responsibility and unselfishness are the basis of a civilised society.

The political group proposed above is not a matter of political squabbles at all. It only concerns the essential foundations of all society, without which culture and civilisation cannot exist. Surely there must be at least a few politicians who will agree that civilisation is a necessity for all parties.

G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR.

POLITICS AND POLITICIANS TO-DAY

II. EGOISM

THERE is no truth whatever in the rumour that a statue is to be erected outside our Houses of Parliament to Christopher Columbus. Some may think this unjust, because although cynics have said that the famous explorer would have been a truer benefactor of mankind if he had kept his discovery to himself, there is no doubt that his enterprise is being thoroughly appreciated by some of our public men to-day. The common procedure now for a Minister of the Crown when he is thrown out of office is first to carp at his successor, then to publish a book, complete with 'secret' documents, and finally, when his own people have become sated with his egotistical outpourings, to make a tour abroad and there voice his grievances and call attention to his many talents.

It is all a little cheap, and it is hardly fair on foreign countries. What would be the fame to-day of Salisbury, Rosebery, Pitt, Bright, or Chatham if they had broadcasted themselves in this manner? Posterity has an unfortunate habit of judging by results, and although a man may say he could have won the world war in three months if he had had a few hundred thousand more men to play with, history is more likely to be concerned with what he actually accomplished. If his excuses are noticed at all, they will probably be regarded as shortcomings in foresight and adaptability to circumstances than as evidence of his potential brilliance. What must, for example, America think of this wholesale washing of doubtful linen? At first Americans may be only curious and interested, but in the end they must grow tired and contemptuous of travelling washerwomen who seem to have such an inexhaustible supply of soiled articles. It is possibly true that an ex-Minister has many temptations in these days to make a public exhibition of himself. He is often the victim of none too refined attacks, day after day, by the sensational press; there is a foolish desire on the part of a certain class in the community to know every detail of his personal life, even to what he eats and how he plays his favourite game; and he is living in an age when big money can be earned by anyone who is in a position

to gratify the craze for sensation. If he is truly great, he is great enough to ignore this and realise that two blacks can never make a white. But by refusing to treat such things as beneath contempt some of our leading men are in danger of themselves becoming contemptible.

Everyone is naturally and rightly interested to hear the inner history of one of the most critical times in our national existence. It is obvious that much of it could not be revealed until that crisis was past, and the more first-hand and authentic the account is the more useful it must be. Unfortunately so much that is now being written on these lines contains such a strong undercurrent of egotism that one is left with the inevitable impression that it is egotism that is the chief *motif* of the work. It is 'I—I—I' all the way through. 'I—I—I' did mighty clever, bold things in 1914-18, and even cleverer and bolder things since. Cannot the electorate realise the mistake they have made in putting 'I—I—I' out of office? Let us hope that the electorate will never have the bad taste to speak of the mistake they made of ever putting 'I—I—I' in it. We all want to hear the facts of the war, but the setting down of detailed accounts of individual quarrels and disagreements amongst those who played a prominent part in it is a pandering to everything that is vulgar and snobbish, and serves no useful purpose. It is far too much like two women naggling over the backyard wall, who begin by exchanging verbal abuse and end by throwing books at each other's head.

The publication of 'secret' (save the word!) documents and letters from friends some of whom are now dead introduces an element of unsportsmanship peculiarly foreign to the true British temperament. One is led to the uncharitable conclusion that it is done either to promote the sales of the books, or because the case of their authors is so weak that every subterfuge must be resorted to for bolstering it up. The logical end to all this hysterical activity with tongues and typewriters must be a saddling of the private soldier with the blame for every blunder made from 1914-18. If every man in a responsible position during those years is to write a book or deliver a lecture that shifts his responsibility on to someone else, we shall doubtless find a lance-corporal in years to come producing evidence to show that his section had successfully occupied some key position on the Somme, but had to retire because Private Jones had forgotten to bring the Verey light that was to signal for reinforcements. Whereupon Private Jones, feeling a little eloquent at being blamed for failing to finish the war that year, will publish a book and call attention to himself generally by giving his precise opinion of the politicians, and his lead will be followed by others of similar rank. Such behaviour on the part of the ex-service men (whose chances

of being killed or wounded on going over the top were, I believe, something like fifty in a hundred in 1917-18) would be received with the greatest condemnation : 'They had to do a fearful thing in those days,' we should say, 'and for that they are to be pitied ; but alas ! they have now lost their heads and they no longer know how to behave.' But they would be doing no more than some of our stunt politicians are doing now, and the criticism is as true for the one as for the other. The conduct of the ex-service man to-day stands out in striking contrast with that of some of those men who doubtless consider themselves his superiors. He showed real courage, did great service. He endured unimaginable hardship, misery and danger, and it was he who had to bear the chief brunt of every blunder made. He has returned to find employment difficult to get, and when obtained only worth a pound or two a week. Yet no class of the community has complained less in these difficult years since the war than his class ; and no one has conducted himself with greater dignity, patience, and true patriotism than these men who have in too many cases won the war but lost the peace. When the world has grown old enough for the history of our times to be written, the brightest page will be that which tells how he stood firm when everyone else was becoming nervy and hysterical, with a queer, deep-rooted faith in the rightness of his cause, and the Power of Good that struck deeper than the external profession of the religion he was so often the last to acknowledge. That faith was not a thing born in the night to perish at the break of day, but has endured to the present time, leaving him essentially quieter and more dignified, more restrained and queerly optimistic, than those who were not tested in the furnace. In a sense it may be his misfortune that he is so inarticulate at a time when little is given and most things have to be shouted for, but his example is of a value that cannot be reckoned in the period through which we are passing, and it may well be that his silence is the measure of his unrealised strength that will burst forth at the appointed time, the stronger for its steady ripening, and sweep away the cheap, naggling hysteria that has come upon us, to lay the sure foundations of a happier and more decent age. The signs are not lacking.

It is not generally considered that the Americans are a gullible race ; they have the reputation of being exceptionally astute. Yet large numbers of them appear to absorb with the greatest avidity the rubbish served up by every itinerant ex-Minister who uses their unfortunate country as a forum wherein to air his grievances. It is to be hoped that they allow it from mere curiosity. It would not be pleasant to think that they do so with their tongues in their cheeks, employing British statesmen to make a Roman holiday for them. Whenever one of these men

is at large in the United States, our country suffers a vague sense of uneasiness as to what this semi-exempt responsible is going to say next, and the best news we can hear is when it is announced that he has taken ship for home.

Surely it is time the Americans realised that their country is being exploited and their credulity insulted by the self-propaganda that is being poured out on their presumably willing ears at the expense of our national dignity. Does it not occur to them to ask the obvious question : If you are so brilliant and your services so invaluable, why are you not better employed at home ? It would perhaps be a good thing if a few plain Englishmen with the gift of simple, straightforward speech could be sent to America to put before them the public's point of view on this subject, telling them that we have passed, and are still passing, through difficult times, and that certain politicians by their unusual gifts were able to help us, and were given great power. That we shall always be grateful for this help, but cannot stretch our gratitude so far as to keep them in office in altered circumstances to which their gifts are less suited. That some of them feel a little sore about it and do not take kindly to a back seat, and so pursue publicity abroad from lack of opportunity at home ; that if the Americans must invite them to lecture in their country, they must regard them as on holiday, their nerves a little ragged after the strain of office, and not pay too much attention to what they say, or judge from the over-wrought few that all have become hysteric and undignified.

It must not be thought, however, that the complete severance of all individual relationship with America is being advocated. On the contrary, we want to do everything possible to unite the interests and ideals of the two countries and co-operate as closely as possible. We want to know each other better than we do, and by the interchange of views form personal bonds that will clear away sundry misunderstandings and prejudices that only exist because we are imperfectly acquainted. If the British Empire and the United States were as one in the pursuit of a great ideal, nothing in the world could stand against them, and it might be in their power to upraise civilisation from its welter of worn-out policies and unworthy passions. Anything that is done to further this object is work of the first value to mankind, and so far as the addresses of, for instance, Mr. Lloyd George to that nation have been unselfish and to this end, they have been amply justified and fulfil the test of service. But no good is done by preaching at the Americans, or by egotistical ex-Ministers telling them how they nearly won the war in 1916, or would have done so had their advice been followed. It does not help Anglo-American relationships for the Americans to get the impression

that the earth and the gods above it owe all to Mr. Lloyd George because 'Foch won the war, but Lloyd George won Foch.' It would not help if the statement—actually made by a stunt newspaper a few years ago—were true; it helps still less since it has been exposed as false from beginning to end.

But it is unprofitable to dwell upon the many blunders and ignorant obtrusions of the politicians from 1914-18. They played their part, and we accepted their services, and there is no point in stirring up muddy water for destructively critical purposes. The nation is so thankful that the war was eventually won that it would willingly forget all such incidents in so far as publicly arraigning those who were guilty of them is concerned. But it is the authors themselves who will not let things rest, and insist on stumping various countries and writing books which seek to disprove what is only too well known, or shift responsibility on to someone else. Such action invites criticism which they can scarcely find acceptable, and they must blame themselves if their headstrong desire for the limelight results in the showing up of what they least desire to be seen. The times are difficult enough without dwelling on mistakes which are finished and done with, and if these men are sincere in their desire to serve their country before themselves they will leave the past alone and apply their unquestioned talents to the many serious problems that confront us to-day. Surely they can see that a greater future opens before them by giving their sincere and uncarping services to guide us through the morass in which we now find ourselves than by trying to justify past errors? It is the acid test as to whether they put themselves or their country first, and their present unrestrained behaviour and undignified, egotistical wranglings can only further discredit them in the eyes of a people who have learnt something of self-sacrifice and demand above all things honesty of purpose and unselfishness. We are tired of party intrigue and bickering, tired of rhetoric that makes cunning appeal to our emotions and ideals for the cynical furtherance of selfish interests. We would gladly give allegiance to anyone who will lead us so long as there is no fear of betrayal, but in this respect we do not find self-advertisement reassuring.

With regard to Mr. Lloyd George and his many talents, the most valuable to us in the years of war was his gift of optimism—his faculty for inspiring the nation to bear its burden cheerfully, with the end of the road almost in sight. It is no small privilege to be able to put strength and heart into a great people, and it is a sad thing to have seen this confidence in him forfeited because, rightly or wrongly, we came to think it was misplaced. It will not be regained by critical fulminations now that he is out of office, or even by reference to his past achievements.

Mr. Asquith, Sir John Simon, Lord Grey of Falloden—none of these has descended to vulgar stunting, and by dignified silence they have increased their prestige. Nor do Mr. Clynes and the Labour leaders go in for cheap notoriety on public platforms and in the Press. We may be living in a commercial epoch, but we still expect behaviour from our statesmen on lines more worthy than those often followed for trading purposes.

The prospect for the future if this precedent is to be followed is too appalling to contemplate. Henceforth nothing that is written or said between statesmen will be sacred, whether the authors are alive or dead; at any moment the world may be appalled at the exhumation of some unsavoury corpse of political intrigue for the self-glorification or political necessity of this or that statesman. Every general election will be followed by a storm of self-important books telling the electors what they have missed; no error in policy or government will ever receive decent burial, and America will be crammed with loud, disappointed politicians who will scarcely be able to hear each other speak for the clatter of their own tongues and typewriters.

The British have usually prided themselves on having, anyhow, three virtues—sportsmanship, generosity, and reticence. The behaviour of the stunt politicians is an outrage on all three. It is not very sporting, when you have shared difficulties with others, to turn round when they are over and blame your erstwhile companions, even if they are blameworthy. It is still less sporting or generous to make verbal attacks on men who cannot answer, such as officers still on the active list.

It is not a task of unmitigated pleasure to criticise men of undoubted ability whose services we have once accepted in time of stress; criticism that is not constructive is so easy and so hollow. But what useful advice can be offered, save the request: '*Please* don't do it'? Apart from other considerations, it is such a mistake from their own point of view. The plain man in the street is not very interested in argument or cleverness. He is far more attracted by patience, courtesy and good breeding, and he has a knack of recognising these virtues in a flash; nor has his judgment often been shown at fault. Surely it must be clear that the average Englishman wants to forget the blunders, etc., of the war and start afresh with the new ideals and the broader vision that the men who returned from that five years of inferno brought back with them. Most of us have problems to face to-day that are far too pressing for solution to allow us to indulge in *dilettante* speculation about what would have happened to the Rt. Hon. Mr. Dash's wonderful scheme if Mr. Splodge had not, at that very moment, come into the room to tell him that he had 'got the sack.'

Never have we been more in need of dignity and restraint in high places than to-day, when sensationalism is fostered by every conceivable method, and it is only necessary to break the canons of law, morals, or etiquette to be assured of universal notoriety and a settled income for life. If the more gifted members of the community cannot behave with decency and restraint, to whom can we look for an example? Vulgar subterfuges for attracting the limelight are so undesirable. The British are quick to recognise public service and to reward it, and at heart they have little sympathy with mountebank tactics, as witness the respect and confidence of the nation in Mr. Bonar Law, who disdained such devices. Once our trust is given, it is not lightly removed, and it is no hothouse flower that perishes without the artificial warmth of cheap publicity, or languishes without constant tending. We have come to be suspicious of all such expedients.

A great man is not one who has developed one faculty to an inordinate degree. He must be a man who shows imagination and intellect, and also the simpler virtues of honesty, humility, and desire to serve. He must function equally on every plane. Great pictures are not painted by flinging slabs of brilliant colour or by limning intricate designs upon the canvas; the work must be informed by simplicity and restraint, and the great leader is the man who has thoroughly mastered the lesson of discipline and self-effacement. The judgment of history gives the palm to Him who showed the greatest capacity to lose Himself in service for all.

L. F. EASTERBROOK.

DANISH AGRICULTURE AND THE WORLD DEPRESSION

WE have recently returned from a visit to Denmark. Our special object was to study the agricultural situation in that country at a time of world-wide agricultural depression.

One of us had been there before the war, when agriculture was more or less booming, but the Danish example is even more impressive during a period of depression, since it demonstrates that a highly organised industry can weather a crisis with less disaster than one which is unorganised.

It may seem absurd that such an obvious fact should need demonstration. Yet the full advantages of organisation cannot be appreciated by the rank and file of our agriculturists, or greater effort would have been made to organise the agricultural industry in Great Britain.

There are certain outstanding features in Danish husbandry that must strike the visitor who possesses any agricultural knowledge:

First, the area under the plough and the large proportion of arable land under cereal crops. Only one-seventh of the cultivated land in Denmark is under permanent grass. In Britain two-thirds of such land is under grass. The Danish farmer gives his cows little or no hay, which he considers too expensive a food. One acre only yields a ton and a half of hay, whereas under a root crop it will yield 20 tons of cattle food.

Secondly, the heaviness of the crops of cereals, roots, clover seeds and potatoes. One realises at once that the land is being put to a much fuller use than it is with us. This is not to say that there is no bad farming in Denmark. We saw many fields foul with thistle and dock; but although most of the soil (especially in Jutland) is poorer than ours, the average crops are heavier.

Thirdly, the economy in outdoor feeding. In spite of the small amount of grass land, we were struck with the number of cows tethered in long lines, and grazing, without waste, the heavy crops of clover or lucerne.

Fourthly, the excellence of the stock—cows, pigs and horses alike. Their average quality and utility value are very high.

Fifthly, the wide distribution of stock of exceptional quality, such as receive the highest awards at the Danish agricultural shows. Some of the finest stock—both cows and pigs—are found on the small and middle-sized farms (from 15 to 150 acres). These are animals of a type and quality that our greatest pedigree breeders would be proud to possess, and which, alas ! would rarely be found on our small or medium-sized farms. One 14-acre farm which we visited carried twelve cows, every one of which was a first prize winner, or champion, for the whole of Denmark, the lowest milk yield being 1100 gallons during the lactation period. A small holder of four acres had ten pedigree sows of a quality which it would be hard to improve upon, and he sold, on an average, 160 pigs a year at eight weeks old. We saw on his premises a magnificent Landrace boar, which he stated was 'the champion boar of Denmark.'

Sixthly, the superior type of bacon pig bred and fed in every part of Denmark. This high standard is due to the strictness of the bacon factories in declining to accept second-rate pigs, and to the existence of 'pig-breeding centres' approved by the Government, where breeders can be certain of obtaining the best possible stock from a bacon standpoint. A multiplicity of breeds and 'fancy points' (which cannot be justified on economic grounds) are deprecated. The pig for the bacon factory has exceptional length as well as depth, with good hams and a thick 'streak' or belly. Fed partly upon separated milk or whey from the nearest co-operative creamery, it is fit to slaughter for the purposes of prime bacon in six months at the most. Some of the smaller farmers are producing a 200-lb. (live weight) pig in five months. We in England take about two months longer to produce a pig of equal weight. This is an important point in the economy of pig production, and one in which the Danes excel us. Also they have practically stamped out swine fever. In Denmark it is accepted as a matter of course that the smaller farmers, who employ no hired labour, can make the greatest success with live stock. A Danish proverb says, 'The master's eye is the best cake.'

Seventhly, the cheery optimism prevalent throughout the whole rural community. The many farmers visited, although admitting that their profits were below the average, talked in terms of 'profits,' and not of 'losses,' as with us ; and nowhere, save in the case of a few of the large landowners, did one find a pessimistic outlook.

Eighthly, the welcome which the Danish farmer or small holder extends to foreign agriculturists visiting his holding, the pride with which he shows them over it, the spirit of his hospitality, even in the humblest small holder's cottage, and his

eagerness to learn anything fresh which science may have to teach or a fellow-farmer to suggest from his own experience. One of us, who is closely associated with the administration of our oldest agricultural research station at Rothamsted, was much impressed by the knowledge possessed by the average Danish farmer of the work of that institution, and the keen interest which he takes in its recent discoveries. The average British farmer, although often unconsciously applying its lessons, probably does not yet know of its existence !

Ninthly, the important position occupied by the landowners as agricultural producers and as organisers of agricultural production rather than as ' landlords ' or mere ' receivers of rent.'

As one motors through the country, stopping at medium, small and large farms, one becomes more and more impressed with the intelligence and education of the farmers, and one begins to understand that therein lies the secret of their success and the high state of organisation and development of their industry. There are a large number of Folk High Schools throughout the country, the special object of which is to teach the pupils how to think correctly and to give them a broad outlook based upon patriotism and a sense of duty. These schools are attended voluntarily by young men and women, mostly children of farmers, of from eighteen to thirty years of age, who pay their own fees, amounting to 85 kroner (about 71*s.*) a month, except in cases of proved poverty coupled with exceptional merit, in which case up to one-third is contributed by the State. About 12 per cent. of the Danish population pass through these schools on their own initiative long after their ordinary school career is over ; and the applicants for admission now far exceed the possibilities of accommodation. At Ryslinge, on the island of Fyn, we inspected one of the most attractive of these Folk High Schools under the inspiring guidance of a pastor of the Established Church, a leader of the high school movement greatly respected throughout the farming community. On entering the beautiful assembly hall, with its domed ceiling and mural painting, suggestive of bountiful harvests, we asked our guide what the students learnt there. He replied : ' We teach them first to love their God, their country and their fellow-men, and then to translate that love into well-informed human action.' He went on to indicate that they could do none of these things unless they worked their hardest to win from the soil of their country the largest possible amount of agricultural wealth. An integral part of this high school, as of nearly all schools of every grade in Denmark, is a spacious, well-equipped gymnasium. The result of the inclusion of organised gymnastics in Danish educational curricula is seen everywhere in the exceptionally fine

physique of both sexes of the population. Danish education appears also to engender refinement of taste and a love of the beautiful among all classes of the community. We were much impressed by the domestic equipment and decoration of the humblest small holders' homes. We found everywhere good furniture, pretty wall-papers and pictures of recognised merit, conspicuous among which were really fine reproductions of Raphael's *Madonna*, Millet's *Angelus*, and Rosa Bonheur's *Horse Fair*. The widespread enthusiasm for education is well expressed by the Danish saying, 'In England you find factories, in Germany barracks, and in Denmark schools.'

We have referred to the attitude of some of the landowners as pessimistic. This we found to be due to the provisions of the Feudal and Entailed Estates Act. Before going to Denmark we had heard that this measure was socialistic and confiscatory in character, and we therefore devoted some time to an inquiry into the accuracy of this criticism.

There are Socialists in Denmark, but they seem to be of a peculiarly mild type, and the country is solid against Communism or Bolshevism. Although we met people of widely differing political creeds, we never encountered an advocate of land nationalisation. Ownership by the occupying farmer was regarded as the form of tenure most in consonance with their industrial aims. This complete absence of talk about nationalisation is the more interesting, seeing that it is an important tenet of one of our own political parties. All our observation and all the evidence that we gathered went to show that occupying ownership was the foundation of Denmark's agricultural prosperity; and as this system is the very negation of Socialism, it enables Englishmen to estimate the true economic value of the ownership of all land by the State and the conversion of every English farmer into a State-tenant.

The Feudal and Entailed Estates Act (No. 563) of 1919 is the most notable piece of land legislation of recent years. It has been somewhat difficult to obtain sufficiently accurate information upon which to base a sound judgment upon its merits, as there are so many different points of view and conflicting opinions.

Its alleged objects are—

(1) To abolish entirely the system of entail;
(2) To check speculation in land;
(3) To provide more land for division amongst small holders.

When passed in 1919 it was intended to take full effect in 1920. When 1920 came Parliament postponed the date for completing the

disentailment of estates until 1921. In 1921 a further postponement was made to 1922, and in 1922 it was further postponed until 1923! Most landowners believe to-day that its provisions are to come into full operation by the end of the current year, but we think this somewhat doubtful. The Act not only takes from the entailed estate one-third of the land area, but imposes a capital levy on the landowner's entailed capital, capital which is derived from past sales of settled lands. From 20 to 25 per cent. of this capital, according to the conditions of the original tenure, is taken by the State, so that, although the State nominally buys the land which the owner has to give up, there is some ground for applying the term 'confiscation.' The State pays the landowner a lower price than the current market price, and the levy on his capital goes far towards paying for it.

It is quite clear that, if the object of the promoters of this Act was simply to disentail the estates, they could have devised a simpler and more equitable method of doing so.

The Act was passed on the initiative of the late Minister of Agriculture, and we gathered that the new Minister and his Government would not have introduced this Act in its present form. At the same time it was evidently thought necessary by all parties to provide more land for small holdings by reducing the area of the larger estates.

It may be noted that a considerable number of the landed nobles are of German extraction, although they date back to the seventeenth century. Anti-German feeling may be a possible explanation of the severity of the measure, but we were assured by responsible persons that it is not so. The scheme would seem to have resulted largely from political expediency and compromise. Socialism (in a very mild form) was at its zenith in 1919; certain sections of the community were demanding the abolition of the 'great' estates, and the 1919 Act was therefore probably a compromise with the extremists. Whatever may be thought of the disentailing proposals, the levy on invested and settled capital would appear to be inequitable; and even more so perhaps the valuation for the purposes of that levy during a period of temporarily inflated values. The country house, its hereditary treasures and annuity value were all included in arriving at the sum which should be taxed. The one compensation from the owner's point of view is that from being a life tenant he has become an absolute owner, with an unfettered power of disposal; but he has paid a high price for this advantage.

In regard to the Act having any effect upon land speculation, it is difficult to consider this suggestion seriously.

The necessity of more land for small holdings undoubtedly exists, but it seems hardly reasonable to take so large a proportion of the landowner's entailed property at one time, and from an administrative point of view it appears difficult to justify. The process might well have been spread over the ten years, a portion of the larger estates being purchased, as required, at the current market price. It must, however, be remembered that the total area of the entailed estates is only 8 per cent. of the agricultural land of the country, so that at best the Government will obtain under this Act less than 100,000 acres for small holdings. One has therefore reluctantly to regard the measure as being to some extent in the nature of 'class legislation.'

Whatever may be one's view of legislation of this kind, it is obvious that, in a country like Denmark, State intervention for the conversion of portions of large and less intensively cultivated proprietary units into small and much more intensively cultivated units is in the public interest, as it tends to increase the output of national wealth.

The Danish small farmers, owing to the perfection of agricultural organisation, so entirely justify their position from the economic point of view that their numbers have to be *gradually* increased. The gross production from the small farm is strikingly greater than that from the large farm; also the net profit per acre is greater. Sheer force of circumstances points to the percentage of small and 'middle' farmers increasing. There are signs of the Government wishing to speed up this process unduly, and this is ever a difficult and dangerous thing. If 1000 new men can be effectively placed upon the land in the course of a year, the attempt to settle 2000 may mean that they are not settled under sound economic conditions.

The following figures show how the land of Denmark was held in 1919:

SMALL HOLDINGS	: Under 25 acres .	109,145
MIDDLE ,,	: From 25 to 147 acres	91,410
LARGE ,,	: Over 147 acres .	5,370
	Total holders	205,925

Many of the first category are only owners of from one to five acres—the real *small holders* of Denmark. Those having from 15 to 25 acres are regarded as *small farmers;* and the results achieved by this class are remarkable.

In Great Britain we have about 500,000 holders of land as compared to the above 205,925. The area of Denmark is less than one-sixth of ours, so that, if we wish the British countryside to resemble that of Denmark, it is clear that we should have to

aim at doubling the present number of occupiers of agricultural land.

Few Danish farmers enter upon their career without effective training. There are, in proportion to the size of the country, a large number of agricultural colleges of a most practical and efficient type. A striking feature is that no college will accept a pupil unless he has previously put in three years' practical work on one or more large farms. The large farms in Denmark are the real training centres for farm practice. The farmers take the trouble to teach, and the pupils work exactly as if they were labourers in return for board and perhaps a small salary.

The Danes did not develop co-operation spontaneously, simply because they were an exporting nation. They were educated up to it, and the result is that to-day the country is covered with a network of co-operative creameries, cheese factories and bacon factories, and possesses a large and energetic agricultural population, relatively prosperous, and instinct with hope based upon a feeling of security.

For a small, scattered country with an area about half that of Scotland, and (until reclaimed) a not dissimilar soil, the output of food in the form of oats, rye, barley, wheat, butter, fruit, cheese, sugar, bacon and eggs, not to mention animal fodder, grass and root seeds, and timber, is truly amazing. On this small area there are no less than sixty-two bacon factories (all but sixteen co-operative), 1600 central creameries (all but 300 co-operative), and a great number of sugar factories and egg-collecting depôts, dealing with home produce of an annual value of many millions. Most of this is destined for consumption in Great Britain, whose idiosyncrasies in the matter of taste are carefully studied and catered for.

There is probably no direction in which the productive enterprise of the Danes (aided by the Government) is more marked than in the reclamation of their heather land — the conversion of barren moors and bog into fertile farms and productive forests. By a scientific system of cutting, burning, draining, irrigating and marling, an area of 808 square miles of uncultivable moorland in Jutland has since 1866 shrunk to less than 200 square miles. The fact that its climate has been greatly improved for agricultural growth by thick belts of conifers planted on its windward side speaks volumes for the indomitable determination of a people and of a Government to put their land to the fullest economic use.

Danish enterprise in the production of cereals during the last forty years (including the period of the great agricultural depression in the latter part of the last century) may be well

illustrated by the following figures giving the output in tons of the various grain crops at specified intervals :

Year.	Wheat.	Rye.	Barley.	Oats.	Mixed grain.
1880	138,860	485,601	598,470	610,393	108,777
1890	102,768	441,583	558,432	661,570	174,881
1900	112,601	489,879	528,517	703,878	251,782
1913	195,708	409,634	612,527	821,248	376,066
1922	251,715	362,823	662,602	847,727	378,677

Between 1880 and 1913 the average yield of wheat in Denmark rose from 40 to 46 bushels per acre, against the average for England and Wales of 32 bushels. Barley has risen from 28 to 50 bushels ; potatoes and mangolds have increased by 25 per cent. ; and this increase may be taken as the general average rise in output per acre during the last forty years.

It is noticeable that the only shrinkage has been in rye. This has been far more than compensated for by the increased production of wheat, indicating a steady improvement in the average quality of the land as the result of reclamation and cultivation, and the evolution (at Svalof in Sweden, at Trifolium in Zeeland, and at other Scandinavian plant-breeding stations) of types of wheat capable of standing up and giving a heavy yield in face of somewhat severe climatic conditions.

It is sad to note that for the same period there is no story of increased yield for Britain, but a shrinkage in the aggregate output.

TOTAL PRODUCTION OF WHEAT, BARLEY, AND OATS IN GREAT BRITAIN IN EACH OF THE UNDERMENTIONED YEARS :

Year.	Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.
	Tons.	Tons.	Tons.
1885 . .	2,145,000	1,900,000	1,925,000
1890 . .	2,028,000	1,772,000	2,137,000
1900 . .	1,455,000	1,493,000	2,039,000
1913 . .	1,541,000	1,408,000	1,986,000
1922 . .	1,742,000	1,096,000	1,932,000

What is the more remarkable about this striking increase in the Danish yield of cereals is that, at the same time, there was a commensurate increase in the head of live stock and in the yield of milk per cow.

The net working profit, after paying rent, interest on capital, and all expenses, for the average farm in the 100-acre class in Denmark, was as follows :

	£	*s.*	*d.*	
1917-18	4	10	0	per acre.
1918-19	8	0	0	,,
1919-20	7	0	0	,,
1920-21	6	6	0	,,
1921-22	1	15	0	,,

It will be seen from these illuminating figures that the Danish farmer was making a far greater profit per acre than the British farmer. Even in 1921, when his net profit was only 1*l*. 15*s*., it must be remembered that, as owner of the land, he paid himself from 30*s*. to 40*s*. an acre rent before arriving at any profit.

There is nothing mysterious about these results. They merely demonstrate the result of enterprise, efficiency, commercial organisation, and well-informed State encouragement.

Given a sympathetic Government that can inspire confidence in the mind of the cultivator and instil the certainty that he will not be let down by changes due to political expediency, British farmers might achieve similar results to those which the Danes have achieved in their brilliant period of agricultural progress since 1861.

But, alas ! for years past our Governments have been Governments by townspeople for townspeople, and our townspeople so far have shown themselves incapable of understanding the national importance of a flourishing agriculture. Nor have our statesmen, when themselves conscious of the truth, had the courage or taken the pains to enlighten them. They have preferred to follow the line of least resistance, regardless of the future and its perils, social, political and economic.

BLEDISLOE.
CHRISTOPHER TURNOR.

THE WORST ENEMIES OF SOCIALISM

IGNORANT but docile seekers after the light (of which class the present writer professes himself a very humble member) have an undoubted grievance. In these difficult days, when we are confronted with the possibility of large extensions of Socialism; when our brains (if we may assume their existence) are bewildered by the multiplicity of advertised Utopias, the ingenious constructors of which agree among themselves in nothing except the conclusion that Capitalism Must Go ; those of us who are neither captains of industry, nor monarchs of finance, nor trades unionists, may justly complain that not enough is being done for our real instruction—not nearly enough, considering our numbers and the important part which in consequence of those numbers we must necessarily play in any change which is to be constitutionally accomplished, not achieved as they achieve changes in Russia or the Free State. We want some serious recommendation of Socialism ; if there is a case for it, let it be stated, and the statement will be welcome. Even a partially educated *bourgeoisie* is not wholly compact of hide-bound prejudice and malevolent selfishness ; we who are outsiders in economic disputes, and only amateurs in criticism of earthly paradises, have no particular reason to regard the present state of society with enthusiasm, nor are we so wedded to the *status quo* that we would not welcome any change which seemed to bring us nearer to a real millennium. We are not by any means in love with the extreme manifestations of individualism. 'Big Business' increases the price of our simple necessaries ; its manners offend our eyes, and its motors endanger our lives. But the unregenerate outsider to whom I refer has nothing to guide him save history and experience ; and the whole teaching of experience and history is so far on the side of the thing which Socialists call Capitalism—meaning thereby, as far as can be understood, the freedom of individuals to acquire and manage property. That principle seems to be inherent in civilisation. If there ever was an age without 'Capitalism,' it was certainly not a golden one. Mr. Hyndman tells us that a communistic form of Socialism existed or exists in primitive societies. Perhaps ; but as it is admitted that as these societies develop they become

less socialistic, one must conclude that Socialism is a thing that is outgrown, like cannibalism or any other bad habit. The conception of the equality of men, to which Socialists appeal, is contradicted by ancient experience and modern psychology; at least that is what a psychologist tells the British Association. Wealth and poverty are inherent parts of civilised communities; and the poor envy the rich, and sometimes take their riches away:

> The people here, a beast of burden slow,
> Toiled onward, pricked with goads and stings;
> Here played, a tiger, rolling to and fro
> The heads and crowns of kings—

but after the tumults and shoutings of revolutions the world finds itself on the whole no better off. Wealth and poverty begin again. '*Plus cela change, plus c'est la même chose.*' That is very unsatisfactory, no doubt; but human nature, which appears to be the basis of 'Capitalism,' will, unfortunately, have its way. All that civilised societies can do is to apply palliatives when they seem to be needed. So far as can be seen, the existence of Capitalists is of the greatest practical utility; but when the defects of their qualities begin to be too much in evidence, it is the business of civilisation to correct them—by pruning the malignant growth, not by cutting down the tree. You can prevent the Capitalist from displaying cruelty or excessive selfishness; but you cannot really abolish him. You may invent a system where there are to be no Capitalists; but human nature will beat you in the long run. And human nature on the whole knows pretty well what is good for it.

Something like this is the simple creed of a vast number of people in Great Britain. All very dull and platitudinous, of course; but for the ordinary conduct of affairs platitudes are, unfortunately, better than paradoxes. They hold this creed because they know no better, because all experience points one way. Yet many of them would no doubt be prepared, even at some risk, to ally themselves with any party which appeared to have the ability as well as the will to promote the salvation of society. They are not in this matter Die-hards; there is a field for proselytism. But it is the Labour Party that must do the proselytising; Labour now calls itself Socialist, and the burden of justifying Socialism rests upon it: and it is equally desirable that Labour should inspire some confidence in its own practical ability. If you are invited to plunge into an unexplored country, you naturally want to know whether there is any chance of coming safe through; and also whether your guide is the kind of man who, though he does not know the way, might be reasonably trusted to find it.

But British Labour, or Socialism, does not seem to realise this situation at all. Clearly, if reforms are to be obtained constitutionally, the vote of the great neutral public is essential; one hears a

great deal of bravado and rhodomontade about the massed millions of workers; but the plain fact is that trades unionists are not at present numerous enough to regenerate society without help. And what do they do to get it? Labour is a very poor propagandist. It is so surprisingly unskilful in this arm that one almost comes to revere it, as one might revere a philosopher or a saint in a tub or on a pillar, quite remote from the problems and emotions of poor humanity; only, for vote-catching purposes, neither Stylites nor Diogenes could have been of any practical value. These idealists appear to think that the best way to convince the public is to make its flesh creep; their most popular methods of persuasion are the simple arts of the peaceful picketer. Street-corner orators and Red journalists waste no arguments on the *bourgeoisie,* much less on the 'Intelligentsia,' but include the two in one general condemnation. Only the proletariat is to survive and rule; the rest cannot be mended, and the sooner they are ended the better, whether by starvation or by the guillotine, or both. It is not even a case of '*Sois mon frère, ou je te tue*'; it is '*Je te tue*' anyhow. If these fulminations are the Socialist's way of soliciting one's vote and interest, it can only be said that, however effective the method may be in Russia or in Ireland, it is not quite adapted to the needs of England, where canvassers are expected to show a little more geniality. Others, while never publicly disowning the extravagances of their Communist comrades, are perhaps a little more conciliatory; but neither do they abound in argument. The Labour Press supports an apparently difficult existence by insisting with somewhat tedious reiteration on the virtues of workers and the malignity of their employers. Mr. Thomas' forecast of what will happen 'When Labour Rules' merely enumerates admitted evils, and assures the public that when Labour is in power it is going to change all that. Perhaps. But it is not all of us who can share Mr. Thomas' singularly naïve confidence; and in fact his book supplies no reason why we should. Yet really some demonstration is needed. When people propose to direct the State's affairs who so far appear to have great difficulty in managing their own, we do want something more than their bare assurance that it will be all right. Oldish birds do need rather better chaff than that. Meantime the reading public sees a new panacea put upon the market three or four times annually; but neither Mr. Wells nor anyone else makes any serious attempt to convince the patient that the medicine is going to do him any good. He has merely to open his mouth and shut his eyes; in which exercise, indeed, the purveyors of panaceas set him a striking example. In fact, the hungry sheep look up, and are not fed. These unpractical methods do not make anyone think highly of the Socialists' power of handling a difficult situation; and we must be confronted with many such before the Socialist millennium

can be brought into being. Some of us, perhaps, might go more willingly to the sacrifice could we but hope that those who demanded it had some prospect of achieving by our extinction the salvation of society; could we but think of them as supermen who, if they dealt drastically with us, were doing so in their higher wisdom and clearing the true path of progress thereby. Possibly that might reconcile us to a Socialist programme which involved our own destruction. But we have not even that consolation in the present circumstances. There is absolutely no compensating attraction in the prospect of being starved or guillotined by someone whose methods make it appear that he is at least as great a fool as ourselves, and is as little likely as we are to bring back a golden age. The net result of all this is doubly disastrous: not only is the great mass of (more or less) thinking people forced, in the absence of arguments, to remain unconvinced of the merits of Socialism; but as they naturally form a very poor opinion of the practical ability of present-day Socialists, their mental attitude is only more hardened than ever, and the Third International never really gets a chance.

Nor is that attitude likely to be changed when we observe the actual constructive programme of the Labour Party. The immediate object of this party is presumably to obtain for workmen better wages and a better status generally; and the method by which it proposes to attain that object is the nationalisation of important parts of the machinery of civilisation, such as mines and railways. But ordinary persons must really be forgiven if they see in this only a fresh proof of the unpracticality of Labour; so completely are the aims and the means at variance with each other, or appear to be so in the light of recent experience. If Labour seriously supposes that State control of railways and mines will place the working man in a stronger position, Labour is maintaining what certainly appears to be a paradox.

Modern industrial disputes are in England simply private wars between two sections of the community; dog-fights at which the Government keeps the ring—or at least tries to do no more than that—and the general public looks on with an interest proportioned to the amount of inconvenience which the ordinary householder is suffering. And when the man in the street is strongly interested, there is no doubt that he plays a very important part in deciding the ultimate issue of the contest; neither side can be quite independent of public opinion. One need only appeal to the experience of recent years for that. In the railway strike of September 1919 public opinion was dead against the strikers; the strike collapsed in a week. That was not the case in the coal strike of 1921. The general public was divided in sentiment; many sympathised, rightly or wrongly, with the miners; and the dispute dragged on for months. Meanwhile, however, the general cessation of work contemplated by the Triple Alliance was frus-

trated, nominally by negotiation, really by the fear of antagonising everyone outside a trades union ; 'Black Friday,' as they call it, was really a victory for public opinion. Now public opinion has often been quite as much on the side of the 'workers' as not. Employers as a class are not popular ; rings of commercial magnates are to many more distasteful than trades unions ; Labour is considered (not always justly) to be the under-dog, and our natural English sympathy with the weaker side leads a good many of us into the dangerous excess of elevating under-dogs into supermen. So the employer of labour is a very good cockshy ; and when he is denounced as a tyrant and a bloodsucker, a good deal of the mud really sticks. Thus the strike, Labour's chosen weapon, is no ineffectual one. It may be disastrous to the industry involved, and thereby in the long run to the striker himself ; but some monetary gain is usually achieved ; thanks to the benevolent neutrality of so many lookers-on and also to the comparatively weak and unorganised resistance of employers, the upshot of these contests is generally some sort of concession to the immediate claims of Labour. But State control of industries must undoubtedly put the strikers in a very different position. Not only will they find themselves confronted with all the resources which a Government can employ (and it is not to be expected that Labour Governments will always be in power), but they must of necessity lose a great deal of public sympathy ; for the looker-on will then have to judge of a movement directed not against a rather unpopular class, but against the Administration which he has charged to protect his interests and the community of which he is a member ; and the now benevolent neutral will then be neither benevolent nor even neutral. It may be said that in such a case it will be possible to intimidate Governments with the threat of the Labour vote. Perhaps ; but the striker will be playing a dangerous game ; for a shaky and unpopular Administration may even regain some of its lost credit by daring to stand firm in defence of the interests of the general public. On the whole it seems fairly obvious that, if State ownership of industries is to be demanded by anyone, the demand certainly ought not to come, as it does, from the Labour Party ; for if Capitalism chastises the employee with whips, Socialism will scourge him with scorpions.

Of course it is open to Labour men to say that they hold State control to be for the good of the general public, and that that is the reason why they advocate it, and that they are deliberately prepared to risk the status of the worker. If they say that, I am sure there are many of us who would subscribe to the depleted funds of the *Daily Herald* to-morrow ; but the contingency seems improbable.

Sanguine prophets with the optimism of Mr. J. H. Thomas (who, unlike his namesake, is no doubter) will perhaps say : 'Put

Labour in power, and it will be all right ; England is not governed by logic.' That is no doubt true ; still we have not, even in a post-war society, arrived at the point of regarding opinions as actually invalidated by their logical probability. And if the workers themselves are not going to be better off under a socialistic *régime*, it certainly seems so probable as to be almost certain that their leaders, if they attain to the official power which is the goal of their ambition, will really have defeated their own objects. They too, 'When Labour Rules,' will be confronted with the tragedy of accomplished desires. Grant Labour all the ability in the world ; can it (in England) 'rule' and yet remain true to the principles which it now appears to profess ? Can it rule and remain a party at all ? The programme which at present holds it together, and which is advertised as the true faith, is composed for it apparently by the bold and daring spirits of the Extreme Left. It is they who would have every business controlled by a syndicate of its workmen. It is they who profess a jealousy of all individual wealth, not only the bloated dividends of 'Big Business,' but the savings amassed by the 'unfair' possession of some special talent ; so that in some happy future the artist presumably, as soon as he has made enough for his bare necessities, will have to go halves with his model, the successful author with his typist, and (who knows ?) the doctor, perhaps, with his patient. These idealists must naturally be jettisoned by any sober body of administrators ; the only form of Labour which has any chance of providing a Ministry must (in England) do so by attracting the support of more moderate opinion ; and the more it does that, the more likely is its present programme to be modified out of all recognition. Its legislation (if any be possible) must be of a kind very different from that which it advertises at present ; and Labour, big 'ruling,' must lose its coherence as a party. Its enemies need not complain of that ; but the point is that Labour is apparently desiring a consummation which must in all probability lead to its own political extinction ; and that is a short-sightedness which inevitably alienates the support of many who wish that Labour should play a useful part in the management of national affairs.

In face of such short-sightedness, what can humble seekers after the light do but remain unconverted ? They see the ambitions of Labour, or Socialism ; they do not see the ability which alone could make those ambitions reasonable. There is a certain magnificence in 'wanting the earth.' A party which proclaims that aspiration is at least on the way to be noticeable. But if you want the earth, and at the same time pursue a policy which is almost certain to defeat your desire, you cannot complain if you are relegated to the more negligible category of those who only want the moon.

A. D. GODLEY.

INDIA'S FIRST STEP

THE first Indian Parliament under the Montagu-Chelmsford Reform Scheme has run its course. Three years is but a brief span in which to gauge success or failure in any new enterprise, especially one embodying such radical changes from the old order as to justify the description of a constitutional revolution. Rash, indeed, would be the man who would claim to discern in the experience of the past few years anything more than tendencies, some indication of the dangers that beset the path of progress, some slight advance towards that distant goal of all responsible Indian longing—dominion self-government within the Empire. This only can be asserted—a scheme that was pronounced unworkable, alike by officials and by Indian and Anglo-Indian public opinion, has been worked, with difficulty, it is true, but not without some measure of success, by the very people who condemned it.

Whether the Montagu-Chelmsford Reform Scheme marked too great and sudden an advance in democratic evolution, as the Anglo-Indian still believes, or whether it was altogether too tardy and inadequate, as the Indian freely affirms, the step has been taken, and all responsible opinion agrees that there can be no going back. Nay, more, there can be no standing still, for the defects and dangers of the Government of India Act lie embedded in its transitional character. A bureaucratic Executive, which can neither resign nor be compelled to resign, has to rely on the goodwill of a Legislature in both branches of which there is an elected majority. Under such conditions it is inevitable that on one side there should be a feeling that ceaseless criticism is as captious as it is disheartening, on the other a sense of impotent irritation hardly calculated to foster the growth of a spirit of responsibility. The cynic will not fail also to observe the paradox that the administrative bureaucracy consists in the main of men steeped in democracy since the days of Magna Charta, whilst the elected Opposition—for Opposition unfortunately it must be called—professes a Radicalism, verging on Socialism, which is altogether alien to the traditions of one of the oldest civilisations extant.

It is, indeed, easy to criticise the reform scheme as it exists to-day: it is difficult to suggest a better alternative. That vital and composite thing called the British Constitution may as easily be criticised, with its House of Commons popularly elected and its Ministry theoretically appointed by the Crown. But the one system has been built up by the evolution of centuries, the other is expressed in one complete act: the one rests largely and securely on its conventions, the other has its conventions still to create. Something has been achieved in this direction during the past three years, but much remains. The foundations have been laid, not perhaps well and truly laid, but they and the experience of the past three years cannot be destroyed without danger to the Empire. These foundations must be consolidated, extended where necessary, and then slowly but surely the fabric of responsible government must be erected under the guidance of a nation that has ever prized free political institutions, and with the co-operation of every true Indian patriot. As many of our most beautiful English cathedrals have spread far beyond their original foundations and embodied in their final perfection the ideals of many generations, so the fabric of Indian self-government within the Empire will grow, and none can now tell what will be the effect on the Empire as a whole of bringing into its inner councils Indian thought and feeling. All that can be advanced is that the task is not beyond the capacity of wise and sympathetic statesmanship, and that the result should not only be beneficial to the Empire, but also to the world at large.

Whilst the world-wide dislocation of the post-war period rendered some measure of reform both necessary and urgent, it also created a situation in which any advance was beset with peculiar difficulties. Many of the political leaders of the intelligentsia, in itself only a fraction of the population, not only stood aloof, but in the name of non-co-operation worked actively against the new order. Though their own movement failed, the absence of some of their number from the new councils proved a real loss. Moreover, the councils started on their work under difficult economic conditions. Inadequate rainfall had impoverished the crops, and the cost of living rose rapidly; Government, itself the largest employer of labour, felt the pinch; additional taxation added little to the revenues; the railways, which had deteriorated rapidly during the war, called loudly for rehabilitation, and violent exchange fluctuations created chaos in the commercial and financial world. India quickly learned also that democratic institutions are expensive. Both in the provincial and central Governments deficit followed deficit, and only in the last Budget was it found possible by exceptional means to balance on paper the national income and expenditure.

Under such conditions the newly elected Legislatures settled down to their work in 1921, all members alike without experience in modern parliamentary practice. The official and non-official Anglo-Indians were inclined to feel their way with caution, but the Indian members immediately brought to the legislative anvil all the outstanding grievances of the past. They had been elected on the platform that the Reform Scheme was worth a trial, and they set out with earnest, if somewhat reckless, zeal to prove to the non-co-operator outside that they were not behind in patriotic fervour, thus putting the reforms to a strain they could hardly have been expected to bear.

One of the first issues raised was that of the special rights of trial in criminal cases enjoyed by Europeans, an issue which had convulsed the country in the days of Lord Ripon's viceroyalty. It was brought forward in 1921, at a time when racial and anti-British feeling was at its height, and it gave the European community in India an opportunity, had they so desired, of wrecking the reforms, an opportunity accentuated ere the question was settled by the resignation of Mr. Montagu and the hardening of British sentiment in England towards India consequent on the mixed reception given to the Prince of Wales. The opportunity, though recognised, was not seized. There has been a marked change in the Anglo-Indian point of view during the past few years, a greater desire to work together for the common good and to break down those barriers which custom and caste interpose between closer social contact. It is not beside the mark to assert in this connection that the Councils have done more to destroy these barriers between Indian and Indian, and between Indian and European, than any movement—and there have been many in recent years—specially directed towards that end. Closer contact in the political arena and in social service has fostered mutual respect and taught all classes that kindly feeling lies at the bottom of nearly all human relationships. The settlement of this vexed question of the trial of Europeans, a settlement honourable to all parties, is evidence of a new and better spirit.

Another issue quickly raised was that of India's fiscal policy and her right to fiscal autonomy, resulting in the appointment in 1921 of the Fiscal Commission. In the main report both the Free Trade and Protectionist arguments are frankly stated, indicating that unanimity on the main issue was only reached owing to the impossibility of formulating an entirely Free Trade policy for a country dependent for so much of its Imperial revenue on import duties, which even when imposed from revenue considerations inevitably prove protective in effect. India is committed to the principle that her fiscal policy may legitimately

be directed towards the development of her industries, and a Tariff Board is now at work.

Throughout the life of the first Parliament the underlying purpose of the Indian politician has been the Indianisation of the public services. This cry for Indianisation does not come from the masses, which have always shown a strong preference for the administration of the white man, but from the new middle class of India, a product of recent growth, stimulated by extensive, if somewhat superficial, university training. Under present conditions this class finds but little scope for its energies outside Government service. It is therefore striving hard both to secure existing vacancies and to create new opportunities, the former urged on the score of the lower pay necessary to attract Indians to the services, and the latter on the theory that the creation of an army of officials must necessarily assist the development of a country. In order to widen the field of employment still further, nationalisation of the railways and Indianisation of the Army are warmly advocated.

Nationalisation of the railways has proved expensive, if not disastrous, wherever it has been tried, and the Assembly would do well to reconsider its recent decision before putting into effect a policy that must retard the industrial development of India for years to come and increase the burden on the taxpayer. Indianisation on the railways is coming as quickly as is consistent with the maintenance of the present moderate level of efficiency, and, as was pointed out in the Assembly, to tamper with efficiency on the railways is to tamper with human life.

In regard to the Indianisation of the Army, it has been found that there are difficulties in staffing with Indian officers even the few units selected by the Commander-in-Chief for initial experiment. There has always been a close bond of fellowship between the British and Indian officer. There is a natural desire to serve in a crack regiment, and it is probable that many Indian officers, thinking more of their profession than of politics, will prefer to remain with their British colleagues, even at the expense of promotion. The prestige of the Indian Army is high, and no friend of India would care to see these selected battalions losing ground or failing to attract the better class of recruits. But the demand for Indianisation of the Army is urged also on other grounds. The financial burden of the post-war Army in India is crushing. The military budget has gone up by leaps and bounds, and it is generally believed that much of the expenditure at headquarters is avoidable. Army expenditure has been the subject of frequent discussion in the Assembly quite apart from the question of Indianisation. The oracular pronouncements of successive Commanders-in-Chief that the security of the frontiers

cannot be guaranteed unless unlimited supplies are voted does not carry its old weight, possibly insufficient weight, in an Assembly that is worried to distraction in its effort to find money to overtake the ever-increasing cost. However irritating may be the action of the Assembly in insisting on economy in Army expenditure, both to those who carry the heavy burden of protecting the widespread frontier and to those who think that the soldier should never be denied the money for which he asks, the strong stand taken by the Assembly must be counted to it for righteousness. The findings of the Inchcape Retrenchment Committee have fully justified the persistent call of the Assembly for greater economy in military expenditure.

The passing of a Workmen's Compensation Act during the last Delhi session was a notable achievement in a Legislature in which the employer is strongly represented and the *bonâ fide* Labour member does not exist. The Act is drafted on cautious lines, for the problems of Indian labour are unique. Labour legislation in India is largely experimental, and amending Acts are likely to follow in rapid succession. In this respect India is more disposed to follow the Australian method of legislating in a hurry, with amending Acts to remedy defects as discovered, than the British method of enveloping every subject in a fog of hypothetical discussion before adding anything to the Statute Book.

In the realm of finance, neither the Imperial nor the provincial Budgets have shown any great inspiration. The voting of supplies, confused by the division between votable and non-votable heads, is not utilised to any extent, as in England, for the raising of discussion on general policy. Increased taxation has been accepted with wonderfully good grace, but the Assembly rebelled at the last Budget when asked to increase the salt tax on the eve of a General Election, and the Viceroy found it necessary to override the decision of the Lower House. Although the time was unfortunate, his action has proved a useful and needed lesson that Budgets must be balanced if India is to retain her solvency and her credit.

The Councils have not yet learned to use to advantage the days allotted to private business, and frequently have had to beg for a Government day in which to launch one of their periodical attacks on the Administration in India, or on their particular *bête noir*, the India Office in Whitehall. On such occasions eloquence has run riot, and the echo of a thunder which leaves India undisturbed has unfortunately created an impression at home that the Councils are not taking their new duties seriously. It would be equally unfortunate if the House of Commons were to be judged abroad only by its more hectic moments.

The brunt of the work in the Central Legislature has fallen on

the Assembly. The Council of State is a smaller body of nominated and elected members, more conservative in tone. It has been described as a fifth wheel in the coach, but it will have an increasingly important *rôle* to play as the years pass on. The Government of India Act confers on the Viceroy powers of veto and certification, the latter power enabling him to pass a Bill rejected by the two Houses provided he considers it essential for the security of the State. It was distinctly laid down that such powers were given to be used, but the Reform Scheme will have been in vain if these powers do not lapse by disuse in course of time, as in the British Constitution. The Council of State will then come into its own as the revising Second Chamber, and will provide those opportunities for second thoughts as necessary in the State as in the individual.

Although the provincial Councils are differently constituted, being framed on the debatable principle of diarchy, much that has been written above is of general application. They have had similar problems to face, especially those arising out of budgetary deficits. Diarchy exists in the nine leading provinces, and, as its name implies, represents a dual form of government. The Governor and the members of his Executive Council are appointed by the Crown, and the latter include one or more members of the Indian Civil Service. This Council is responsible for the 'reserved' departments, including Revenue, Justice, Police, etc. The 'transferred' subjects (Local Self-government, Public Health, Education, Irrigation, Agricultural and Industrial Development, etc.) are placed under Ministers chosen by the Governor from the elected members of the Council. If the system has not broken down, neither has it been an unqualified success. It illustrates, in fact, the transitional nature of the present Reform Scheme. The essentials for the success of diarchy are a willingness on the part of the Executive Council to bring Ministers more and more into the inner circle of the Cabinet and a recognition by the Ministers that they are an integral part of the Government of the province. The first essential has been observed rather more fully than the second. There is always a temptation for a member of a Cabinet to overrate the importance of his own department, and this must be especially so when the Cabinet is not homogeneous. Diarchy also loses the great advantage of a Ministry standing or falling together. It lacks that wholesome British convention that the defeat of a Ministry on a major issue involves an appeal to the country. Such defeats would not be a perennial source of joy to the ordinary member if the immediate result were to send him back to his constituents for re-election.

One of the most difficult problems confronting both the Central and provincial Legislatures is that of the Eurasian, or 'Anglo-

Indian,' as he now elects to be called. The problems of a mixed race has proved in all countries a difficult one. Accustomed to a more expensive mode of living than an Indian in the same walk of life, the Eurasian demands higher wages, which have hitherto been paid him, and on the railways has usually justified such higher remuneration. Notwithstanding the large proportion of respected members of the community, who illustrate many of the better qualities of both races, the community as a whole has always been unpopular with the Indian intelligentsia. There is a tendency on the part of the provincial Councils to cavil at the higher cost of their education, ignoring the fact that a large proportion of this cost, much greater than in the Indian schools, is subscribed by private individuals. Some of the Indian leaders frankly state that the community must lower its cost of living to the Indian standard if it is to claim its share of public offices. No solution of the problem can be found along these lines, for what India most needs is a rise in the general standard of living rather than a levelling down. It is the present low standard of living that must be held responsible for most of India's oversea problems, in Kenya and elsewhere. An income that will keep an Indian family respectable would lower the Eurasian to the level of the depressed classes in Europe, with the result that money, saved in the cost of education and in cutting down wages, would have to be spent in prisons and relief. The Eurasian is domiciled in India and cannot be squeezed out by economic pressure. He and his problem remain, the latter to be solved by the exercise of a wiser and more sympathetic statesmanship than has been displayed by the Councils during the past three years.

Passing on to yet another problem of the Reform Scheme, in a country where assistance to members of the family is a religious obligation, and which has carried on for centuries without a poor law system, there is a danger of nepotism, to which the British official in India has neither by tradition nor circumstance the same temptation. The tone of the Administration has always stood high, and every effort will have to be made to maintain the old tradition under new conditions. To say this is no reflection on India. All new democracies have been faced with similar difficulties, and few indeed have not fallen in greater or less degree from grace.

And yet another problem faces India in its first essays in democracy. It was not of India that Lord Bryce wrote: 'The power money can exert upon Governments is to be specially feared where two conditions, naturally connected, coincide, the existence both of large fortunes and of opportunities for making fortunes which the State, through its various organs, can grant or withhold'; but *verbum sat sapienti*, and in her desire for

nationalisation and protection India is certainly not making these dangers less real.

Some lowering of the efficiency of the Administration is inevitable as the government passes from the hands of the trained Civil Service into those of new provincial services. It is the price every country has to pay when changing over from bureaucracy to democracy, and it must be the endeavour of the new Councils to keep the price as low as possible.

Individual provinces have their own special problems. In Madras there is the bitter Brahman *versus* non-Brahman controversy, which threatens to rob the Central and provincial Councils of some of their best men, in the Punjab, Bengal, and elsewhere the Hindu-Mahomedan rivalry, and so forth. '*Divide et impera*' is not the policy of the Government. The divisions unfortunately exist, even within the four walls of the provincial Councils. The problem before India is not so much to weld the country into a nation as to form a United States of India within the Empire, as one of her leading chiefs recently phrased it. This welding remains the task of the white man in India to-day, for he alone has received any widespread measure of trust from all races. The need for his help is intensified at a time when both the quantity and quality of the British element in the Civil Service is threatened. The Montagu-Chelmsford reforms have sounded the knell of the administrative Civil Service of the past, a service unequalled in the history of the world, a service whose very efficiency and integrity has delayed, perhaps too long, the evolution of democratic institutions. Recruitment to the services of the right stamp of Britisher to serve under the altered conditions is one of the gravest problems of the immediate future, and the recommendations of Lord Lee's Commission will be awaited by every well-wisher of India with the keenest anxiety. There is hardly a responsible Indian who has not paid his tribute to the way in which the civil servant has thrown all his energies into the heavy task of guiding the reforms aright, but can such men be found to take up the work under the new political and economic conditions ? Obviously not, unless their new position is defined and their prospects are known. India can doubtless attract an inferior class of permanent official, but such would be useless for her purpose. If she is wise, she will continue to make it worth while for the best men Great Britain can produce, even though in smaller numbers, to serve her faithfully in the future as in the past. The present task of these civilians is heartbreaking, and herein lies probably one of the greatest obstacles to the successful working of the reforms. The constitutional framework has been criticised *ad nauseam*, both justly and unjustly. At the best it is but a temporary scaffolding behind which a solid Constitution may yet be built up,

but if the scaffolding is to be rocked violently by repeated gusts of racial passion the task of the builders will be hard indeed.

In the days of an official majority in the Councils, opposition, organised and persistent, was the natural *rôle* of the Indian politician. In these days of non-official majorities a slavish adherence to the old Indian and present British parliamentary practice is detrimental to progress. Constant defeats of the Government, many of which the Executive are not only compelled, but even expected, to ignore, weaken the framework of the structure. The gubernatorial right, to restore grants refused by the Councils, will remain an irritant until conventions are built up against its use, as used it must be until one of the loosely-formed parties throws in its lot with the Government. It was hoped at one time that the National Party in the Assembly would come to the rescue of the situation, but the habit of criticism has grown too strong, and, like the Democratic Party, it has drifted into permanent opposition. If a certain number of the old non-co-operators are returned at the present elections, there is perhaps a faint hope that some of the older members of the Councils may be tempted to rally to the support of the Government. On their so doing depends in no small measure the early possibility of further advance. The lessons of responsible statesmanship cannot be learned in opposition, and there is a danger that the attitude of 'agin the Government' may take so deep root in parliamentary life that the leaders themselves will hesitate to take up the portfolios of State, realising, as the trade union leaders in England have often found, that to gain office is to lose the support of the rank and file. It is doubtful whether there is to-day a single Indian politician to whom either the Viceroy or the Governors of provinces could entrust a portfolio in full confidence that the new Minister would command for any length of time the loyal support of a majority of his fellow members in the Council. This condition of affairs must be altered, for there are men worthy of that support. If the leading Indian politicians aspire, as aspire they should, to hold office, they are queering their own pitch in trying in the Councils and the country to lower the prestige of a Government in which, at some not distant date, they hope to play an important part. They have not yet fully grasped either their responsibilities or their powers. The Assembly had hardly commenced its sittings when it began to agitate for an extension of those powers, and it still continues to press for that examination and possible revision of the Constitution which is not due under the Act for another seven years. Were the Assembly to adopt a more affirmative attitude towards the present Administration, influencing from within rather than from without, it would find its powers immeasurably increased, and it could establish under the existing

Act nearly all the unwritten laws of the British Constitution. A responsible Assembly will soon find itself in a position of responsibility.

It is often asserted that the elected members of the Councils represent but a small proportion of the enfranchised and only an infinitesimal fraction of the whole population. This is undoubtedly true, but, apart from the abstention of the non-cooperator, it is difficult to see how a more representative body could have been collected under present Indian conditions. England had the same problem and took centuries to solve it. Unfortunately the bulk of both the Indian and Anglo-Indian representation is drawn from the towns, and is consequently not in close touch with the needs of the rural population. In England, though many of the members of the House of Commons are what is known as 'carpet baggers,' they have to keep in close touch with their constituencies if they desire to retain their seats. In India the gentle art of nursing a constituency has yet to be acquired, and is rendered difficult by the enormous area of the average constituency, its primitive means of communication, and its distance from the seat of government. The bond between a member and his constituency is therefore slight. The member is out of touch with the views of his constituents, and the latter, being uninstructed, can hardly be said to have views. These are defects inseparable from any new departure in representative institutions and will doubtless be remedied as time goes on. At present the whole fabric is too loosely held together. Everywhere there is insufficient co-operation between the constituency and its member, between one member and another, and between the members and the Government. This, probably the greatest bar to constitutional progress, is not due to any defect in the present Act. The social relations in the Councils are excellent. It remains for the political relationships to be strengthened, and especially for those who have worked and fought together for the last three years to weld themselves, official and non-official, Indian and British, into one really responsible party, pledged to build up those conventions of government which may eventually be formalised in an amendment of the Government of India Act. Indian opinion is impatient at the thought of waiting the allotted ten years for the re-examination of that Act. There is no need to wait. In closer co-operation with the Executive Government it is possible so to advance by convention within the present Act as to rob the decadal revision of its dangers and to render it little more than a registration of the progress made.

CAMPBELL RHODES.

RAMBLES IN A LIBRARY—II

THERE are books the reading of which demands leisure and freedom from interruption. But who is there that has not from time to time just a few minutes to spare? Need these be wasted? No, indeed, if you do but keep on your table Addison's essays from the *Spectator*. These are a veritable 'well of English undefyled.' Behind a veil of light-heartedness, they are serious; under a simulated shallowness, they are deep; while avoiding all suspicion of being didactic, they are instructive. In number about two hundred, they are a mirror of the early eighteenth century. They include *Sir Roger de Coverley at the Play*, *Will Honeycombe's Marriage*, *Fine Taste of Writing*, *Patriotic Ladies*, and the *Tory Fox-hunter*. Concerning logic and argument, Addison writes:

> The rack is also a kind of syllogism which has been used with good effect, and has made multitudes of converts. Men were formerly disputed out of their doubts and reconciled to truth by force of reason, and won over to opinions by the candour, sense and ingenuity of those who had the right on their side; but this method of conviction operated too slowly. Pain was found to be much more enlightening than reason . . . There is another way of reasoning which seldom fails, though it be of a quite different nature to that I have last mentioned. I mean, convincing a man by ready money. This method has often proved successful, when all the others have been made use of to no purpose.

London street-cries, then as now, were rendered useless to the public by 'that idle accomplishment which the criers all of them aim at, of crying so as not to be understood.' In the *Practical Joker* Addison narrates a curiously successful method of minimising the redundant bad language of the day. In *Plain Speaking* he quotes from Tillotson's sermon on the time-worn subject of the degeneracy of our race. 'The old English plainness and sincerity, that generous integrity of nature, and honesty of disposition, is in a great measure lost among us!' There is an exemplification of this passage in the curious letter written in the reign of Charles II. by the Ambassador of Bantam. The essay on the *Prayers of Mortals* is exquisitely satirical. A certain philosopher was taken up into heaven by Jupiter, who for his entertainment lifted up a trap-door that was placed by his footstool. Then there issued

through it such a din of cries as astonished the philosopher. Jupiter explained that they were the prayers that were sent up to him from the earth. It was, he said, impossible to please everybody. The last petition was from a very aged man of near a hundred years old, begging but for one year more of life, and then promising to die contented.

> 'This is the rarest old fellow!' says Jupiter. 'He has made this prayer to me for above twenty years together. When he was but fifty years old he desired only that he might live to see his son settled in the world. I granted it. He then asked the same favour for his daughter, and afterwards that he might see the education of a grandson: when all this was brought about, he puts up a petition that he might live to finish a house he was building. In short, he is an unreasonable old cur, and never wants an excuse; I will have no more of him.'

Upon which he flung down the trap-door in a passion, and was resolved to give no more audiences that day. Many a five minutes' pleasure and enlightenment do these bright and charming essays give me.

Here is another sparkling book, which, like sparkling wine, is to be imbibed in small sips, and not in big gulps. Strange that a man's letters to the woman whom he loves, intended for her eye alone, written without any idea of posthumous recognition, should form an important series of links in the chain of English history! Yet so it is. Swift's letters to Stella give us a vivid picture of the political and social world of Queen Anne's time. The picture is not altogether an edifying one. In politics there was a mass of sordid intrigue and chicanery, back-stair influence, and unblushing immorality, beside which the conditions of to-day appear almost immaculate. One is not tempted to become a '*laudator temporis acti.*'

> The country members [Swift tells us] are violent to have past faults of the Duke of Marlborough inquired into, and they have reason. ['He is a vile man,' Swift says elsewhere, 'and has no sort of merit except the military.'] But I do not observe the Ministry to be very fond of it. . . . They let personal quarrels mingle too much with their proceedings. Meantime they seem to value all this as nothing, and are as easy and merry as if they had nothing in their hearts, or upon their shoulders; like physicians, who endeavour to cure, but feel no grief, whatever the patient suffers.

The Duchess of Marlborough fares no better at Swift's hands than does the Duke. The Queen had given the Duchess a picture of herself, set in diamonds.

> She takes off the diamonds, and gives away the picture to an insignificant woman, as a thing of no consequence; and gives it to her to sell like a piece of old-fashioned plate. Is she not a detestable slut?

This is how public business was then carried on:

> I called at Lord Treasurer's [Harley] to-day at noon; he was eating

some broth in his bedchamber, undressed, with a thousand papers about him, his eye terribly bloodshot.

Harley mentions to Swift that he has received a complaint against him.

> I told my lord that I could never regard complaints, and that I expected, whenever he received any against me, he would immediately put them into the fire and forget them, else I should have no quiet.

I should be sorry not to have read this series of sixty-five letters to Stella. But, like Othello, I am nothing if not critical. That a book is two hundred years old constitutes no convincing claim for admiration. The atmosphere is generally unpleasant and distasteful. It was an age that, with an outward veneer of fine manners, was one of coarseness, snobbery, malignant backbiting, insincerity, and selfish scheming for personal advancement. All these unamiable qualities seem to be epitomised and focused in Swift. And who, and what like, was Stella, to whom this strange character writes such affectionate letters, in which he mingles the most insignificant domestic details with State secrets, Court intrigues, and the fate of Ministries ? '*Solvitur legendo.*' The book contains these delightful verses by Stella on herself:

> If it be true, celestial powers,
> That you have formed me fair,
> And yet, in all my vainest hours,
> My mind has been my care ;
> Then, in return, I beg this grace,
> As you were ever kind,
> What envious Time takes from my face
> Bestow upon my mind !

Those stanzas remind me that I have neglected Calliope in favour of Clio. But I hope for many more rambles in this library of libraries, when I may dip deep into the perennial fountain of the poets. I have indeed taken out their volumes and culled posies which, as a magnet, irresistibly attract me to gather more and more of their radiant flowers. Here are a few of the gems that I have collected. I will not, surely I need not, set down their authorship.

> Hark ! hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
> And Phœbus 'gins arise,
> His steeds to water at those springs
> On chalic'd flowers that lies ;
> And winking Mary-buds begin
> To ope their golden eyes ;
> With every thing that pretty bin ;
> My lady sweet, arise.

> Under a tuft of shade that on a green
> Stood whispering soft, by a fresh fountain side
> They sat them down ; and after no more toil
> Of their sweet gardening labour than sufficed

To recommend cool zephyr, and make ease
More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite
More grateful, to their supper fruits they fell,
Nectarin fruits which the compliant boughs
Yielded them, side-long as they sat recline
On the soft downy bank damaskt with flowers.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
  Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
  It could not withered be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
  And send'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
  Not of itself, but thee.

Teach me, my God and King,
  In all things Thee to see,
And what I do in anything,
  To do it as for Thee.
A servant with this clause
  Makes drudgerie divine;
Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,
  Makes that and th' action fine.

Cherry-ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry,
Full and fair ones; come and buy.
If so be you ask me where
They do grow, I answer: there,
Where my Julia's lips do smile;
There's the land, or cherry-isle,
Whose plantations fully show
All the year where cherries grow.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
  Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
  That for an hermitage,
If I have freedom in my love,
  And in my soul am free;
Angels alone that soar above
  Enjoy such liberty.

To see a world in a grain of sand
  And a Heaven in a wild flower,
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand
  And Eternity in one hour.

Now joy, Old England, raise!
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities blaze,
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep
Elsinore.

It is absolutely by chance that I have hitherto taken from the shelves purely English books. I look forward to Scottish literature. But I hope my friends north of the Tweed will allow me to include in the beauties of English prosody these exquisite verses by their own national poet :

> Yestreen when to the trembling string
> The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
> To thee my fancy took its wing—
> I sat but neither heard nor saw :
> Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
> And yon the toast of a' the toun,
> I sigh'd and said amang them a'
> You are na Mary Morison.

What language in the world, ancient or modern, can rival our own as a perfect vehicle for the poet's thoughts, grave or gay, serious or fanciful, tender, meditative, patriotic and triumphant ? I look forward to many a ramble in the poet's garden ; but to-day two more prose books hold me back.

On the shelves are many volumes in which various authors give us their views on the achievements of other writers. But their criticisms are often prejudiced, and seldom illuminating. I do not think that one gains much from them. It is far better to go to the fountain-head, study the originals and form our own conclusions. In one instance, however, I am more than glad to find my earlier opinion corrected. Although I always had a sneaking admiration for Falstaff, and enjoyed the scenes in which he appears as Shakespeare must have meant us to enjoy them, I certainly thought that the great dramatist meant to portray him as a coward. But in *Oxford Lectures on Poetry*, by Professor A. C. Bradley (1909), there is a brave defence of the attractive old reprobate against the charge of cowardice. The cumulative effect of the reasons given is extraordinarily convincing. In one of the battles Falstaff courageously confronts the famous rebel Colvile, and is quite prepared to fight him ; but Colvile surrenders to Falstaff as soon as he is assured of his identity. This is but one of many arguments ; and the whole chapter rewards perusal.

One of the most fascinating books in the library is Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. As a biography it is a creation of itself, unique, unrivalled. Talking of criticisms, what could be more misleading than Macaulay's outrageous distortion both of Boswell and of Johnson ? It is worse than the caricature of Socrates presented to us in the comedies of Aristophanes. Boswell is described as servile and impertinent, a bigot and a sot, always begging to be spit upon and trampled upon by some eminent man. 'He displayed a perfect unconsciousness that he was making a fool of himself to which it is impossible to find a parallel in the whole

history of mankind.' The obvious rejoinder to all this rhodomontade is that a man of Johnson's intellectual calibre would never have admitted so despicable a character to his close friendship and intimacy. As for Dr. Johnson himself, we put down Macaulay's effusion with a feeling of nausea at the repulsive picture:

> The ill-dressed, coarse, ungainly pedant . . . would fast; but when he did not fast he tore his dinner like a famished wolf, with the veins swelling on his forehead, and the perspiration running down his cheeks. . . . When he drank wine he drank it greedily, and in large tumblers. . . . We see the eyes and mouth moving with convulsive twitches; we see the heavy form rolling; we hear it puffing.

Cromwell, when sitting to Lely, told the artist that he was on no account to leave out the scars and wrinkles. But Macaulay gives us portraits of these two men in which we can hardly discern the features for the warts and blemishes. A perusal of Boswell's famous *Life* creates a very different impression. Boswell, with all his amiable weaknesses, is the erudite scholar, the very faithful friend. For his hero I have rather unexpectedly conceived a real liking. Look at these excerpts from two of his letters. They explain themselves.

> When you made your request to me, you should have considered, Madam, what you were asking. You ask me to solicit a great man to whom I never spoke, for a young person [her son] whom I have never seen, upon a supposition which I had no means of knowing to be true. . . . If I could help you in the exigence by any proper means it would give me pleasure.

This to Lord Chesterfield:

> Is not a Patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary and cannot impart it; till I am known and do not want it.

It needed a serene dignity, a high moral courage, to write these letters. They suggest a character that is borne out by the speaking likeness from the brush of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The features, though somewhat heavy, are by no means unattractive; and the expression calls for a respectful admiration. Johnson's faults are all on the surface. He is apt to mistake rudeness for wit. As Boswell puts it, he often 'talked for victory.' Goldsmith quoted from one of Cibber's comedies: 'There is no arguing with Johnson; for when his pistol misses fire he knocks you down with the butt end of it.' Apart from all this, he had a fund of good-natured humour, and could fall in with a joke.

Once at three in the morning two friends determined to go and knock up Johnson, and see if he would join them in a ramble.

> They rapped violently at the door of his chambers in the Temple, till at last he appeared in his shirt, with his little black wig on the top of his head, instead of a night-cap, and a poker in his hand, imagining that some ruffians were coming to attack him. When he discovered who they were, and was told their errand, he smiled, and with very good humour agreed to their proposal. 'What, is it you, you dogs! I'll have a frisk with you.'

The sequel is delicious. There is a delightful story concerning the way in which he and his prospective wife rode to the church to be married. Many of Johnson's acts of kindness are recorded in these wonderful pages. Here are a few of his opinions. He was strongly opposed to pessimists who 'go about darkening the views of others by perpetual complaints of evil.' To Goldsmith, who insisted that 'the race of our people was degenerated owing to luxury': 'Sir, in the first place, I doubt the fact. I believe there are as many tall men in England now as ever there were.' Asked if a foreigner should write the contemporary history of England, 'I would advise him to be at Calais before he publishes his history of the present age.' He has a great admiration for Addison's writings: 'Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar, but not coarse, and elegant, but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison.' This remarkable book has afforded me great joy. One sultry evening, when revelling in its pages, I fancy that, overcome by the heat, I must have dropped off to sleep in my chair. I was aroused by the sound of voices, one full, mellow and sonorous, the other younger and softer, in close conversation.[1] 'Sir,' said the latter, 'why were you so late at the theatre to-night? Why, Sir, did you go to Mrs. Abington's benefit? Did you see?' 'No, Sir,' boomed the deep voice. 'Did you hear?' 'No, Sir.' 'Then why did you go?' 'Because, Sir, she is a favourite of the publick; and when the publick cares the thousandth part for you that it does for her, I will go to your benefit too.' Good heavens! Was I eavesdropping when Johnson and Boswell were engaged in a private and confidential colloquy? I felt myself blushing all over; and I slipped away as quietly as possible to avoid disturbing them.

E. C. COX.

[1] This is a conversation recorded by Boswell.

A BOLT FROM THE BLUE

A PLAY IN ONE ACT[1]

The scene is an artistically furnished but comfortable room in the house of FOSTER HALLIDAY *in Bolton Gardens. He is a leading novelist, a man of forty, of pleasant appearance.*

He and COLONEL GREGORY *are finishing a conversation.* GREGORY *is a younger man, but of wider experience and stronger personality.*

HALLIDAY. I suppose you've been making the round of the theatres like every returned wanderer ?

GREGORY. No. I've only been back a week, you know. (*Looks at his watch.*) Well, I mustn't take up more of your time, and I ought to be in Pall Mall. It's been very jolly to see you again.

HALLIDAY. Like old times, isn't it ? Now you're back in England we shall see a lot of you, I hope.

GREGORY. Don't be afraid. I'm awfully sorry to have missed your wife. I do hope she'll be all right again soon.

HALLIDAY. There's no cause for anxiety at all, but just for my own satisfaction I've asked Sir Jasper Barry to look in. Do you know him ?

GREGORY. I've met him two or three times.

HALLIDAY. He's an old friend of ours as well as being our doctor ; I've great faith in him. I expected him here before now.

GREGORY. Then I'll be off.

HALLIDAY. No, no, don't hurry ; there's a lady coming this afternoon to see my wife whom I want you to meet, a most charming woman.

GREGORY. Thanks very much, but I've no interest in charming ladies.

HALLIDAY. Rats ! I know you're a confirmed old bachelor, but surely you aren't afraid to meet an attractive woman ?

GREGORY. Not a bit, because she wouldn't attract me.

HALLIDAY. You wouldn't have refused such an offer before you went abroad.

GREGORY. No, but I do now.

[1] All rights reserved.

HALLIDAY. What's made you such a misogynist? Don't tell me that some heartless jade has jilted you!

GREGORY. (*Smiles.*) Can't you suggest a more flattering reason?

HALLIDAY. Why, you don't mean to tell me that——

GREGORY. (*Laughing.*) I didn't mean to tell you, but I don't see why I shouldn't. Yes, I'm going to join your noble army of martyrs; I shall soon be Benedick the married man.

HALLIDAY. Good heavens! I'm delighted to hear it; the best of good luck to you!

GREGORY. Thanks, that's just what I've got.

HALLIDAY. An angel without wings, of course!

GREGORY. (*Smiles.*) An angel couldn't hold a candle to her.

HALLIDAY. You've got it badly.

GREGORY. Yes, damned badly.

HALLIDAY. Where did you meet her?

GREGORY. We came home on the same ship.

HALLIDAY. Ah! that explains it. I know those ships!

GREGORY. We shan't announce our engagement for a few days, so you needn't——

HALLIDAY. Exactly. You'll bring her here, of course!

GREGORY. The first house I shall take her to.

HALLIDAY. Do we know her? What's her name?

GREGORY. Yes, you know her. We've often talked of you. Guess who it is!

(*Enter* JANE.)

JANE. Sir Jasper Barry.

(*Enter* SIR JASPER BARRY. *Exit* JANE.)

SIR JASPER BARRY *is a genial, capable, garrulous man of fifty.*

HALLIDAY. Glad to see you, my dear fellow!

SIR JASPER. How are you?

HALLIDAY. You've met my friend Colonel Gregory, I think. (*He rings the bell.*)

SIR JASPER. I—why, of course; some years ago, though, wasn't it?

GREGORY. I'm only recently back in England.

(*Enter* JANE.)

HALLIDAY. Find if your mistress is ready to see Sir Jasper.

(*Exit* JANE.)

SIR JASPER. Well, how goes it? Got another psychological novel on the stocks?

HALLIDAY. No, I'm stuck for the moment; can't get hold of a subject to please me.

SIR JASPER. That's a pity. I want something amusing and frivolous to read just now

HALLIDAY. You old humbug! You used to say you never had time for reading anything but the medical journals.

SIR JASPER. Haven't I? Why, I could tackle the Encyclopædia.

HALLIDAY. I thought you were always busy.

SIR JASPER. Busy? Why, I used to see a dozen people in a morning, of whom half a dozen had nothing the matter with them. Now that there's no money about, people only come if they really have to. If things don't mend the shutters will go up in Wimpole Street, my boy. Why—would you believe it?—I was kicking my heels in my consulting room this morning from ten to one and only had one patient.

HALLIDAY. You don't say so!

SIR JASPER. I do say so: one patient. (*Changes to seriousness.*) And I wish to heaven I hadn't had that one.

GREGORY. Couldn't pay your fee?

SIR JASPER. No, no; I wish that had been the trouble. Picture to yourself a charming woman, refined, delicate-looking, but apparently in excellent health, just a little uneasy about herself, so thought she'd like to be examined. Acute pneumonic tuberculosis; she can't live six months.

HALLIDAY. Good heavens!

GREGORY. Terrible! terrible!

GREGORY. Married woman?

SIR JASPER. No; she lost her husband some years ago.

HALLIDAY. I say, it must have been the devil of a job for you to tell her.

SIR JASPER. I didn't.

GREGORY. You didn't?

SIR JASPER. No, I simply couldn't. 'Twould have been too cold-blooded, too cruel. I warned her she must be careful, that there were signs of possible complications, and so on, and told her to see me again next week. I must manage to tell her then. Do you blame me?

HALLIDAY. Would the shock have been dangerous if you had told her?

SIR JASPER. No, I can't say it would.

HALLIDAY. Then I think you ought to have been more explicit; don't you, Guy?

GREGORY. Of course it would depend a good deal on the sort of woman she was, but, speaking generally, I certainly think she ought to be told.

SIR JASPER. Yes, it's damned easy for you two to talk, but wait till you're up against it before you're so sure of what you'd do. Twas awful; I can't get it out of my head. (*To* HALLIDAY.)

You wanted a subject for your next novel; well, there's one for you, if you can bear to write it.

GREGORY. But the thing seems incredible. Do you mean that the poor woman could live her ordinary life and have no idea that she was ill and yet be on the verge of death? It sounds impossible.

SIR JASPER. No. Rare, if you like, though there isn't a man in Harley Street who couldn't quote you a case of a patient doomed to death who counted on his three score and ten.

GREGORY. But her own doctor——

SIR JASPER. I gathered she'd been travelling lately, and some doctors—why, if I hadn't examined her, I shouldn't have guessed anything was wrong. Nor did she till quite recently, so why should she have gone to a doctor at all?

GREGORY. It's a ghastly business.

SIR JASPER. Yes; a doctor's life isn't all fun. However, don't let's talk about it. (*To* GREGORY.) Are you settling in London?

GREGORY. I expect so. (*Enter* JANE.)

SIR JASPER. Ah! your mistress ready for me?

JANE. Yes, sir.

SIR JASPER. Right; I'll go up.

(*Exeunt* SIR JASPER *and* JANE.)

HALLIDAY. A dear, good chap, and as clever as they make 'em, but it must be awful for a doctor to have a tender heart.

GREGORY. 'Twould be awful for his patients if he hadn't.

HALLIDAY. I don't know. 'Pon my word, if I were a doctor I should feel inclined to echo Nietzsche's prayer, 'O God, give me a hard heart.'

GREGORY. Let's hope He wouldn't answer it. Well, I'm off. Kindest messages to your wife! 'Phone to tell me what Sir Jasper says.

HALLIDAY. I will, and fix up a date for you to bring your *fiancée* to dinner with us directly my wife is about again.

GREGORY. Delighted!

(*Enter* JANE.)

JANE. Mrs. Veness.

GREGORY *steps back in surprise and smiles.*

(*Enter* MRS. VENESS. *Exit* JANE.)

MRS. VENESS *is a well-dressed, slight, charming woman of thirty.*

HALLIDAY. Ah! here you are just in time.

MRS. VENESS. In time for what?

HALLIDAY. For me to introduce my old friend Colonel Gregory to you.

(*She looks around.* GREGORY *bows ceremoniously.*)

MRS. VENESS. But I don't want Colonel Gregory to be introduced to me.

HALLIDAY. I beg your pardon—I don't——

GREGORY. Mrs. Veness means that I have already had that privilege.

HALLIDAY. So much the better for you. But where——

GREGORY. We happened to cross the ocean together.

(MRS. VENESS *frowns warningly at him.*)

HALLIDAY. Eh? (*Looks at* GREGORY, *who smiles.*) Crossed together? You don't mean—— You do! My dear fellow! My warmest congratulations.

MRS. VENESS. May I ask why this burst of enthusiasm?

GREGORY. Don't try to keep it up, Clara; he knows I've done for myself.

MRS. VENESS. (*Reproachfully to* GREGORY.) I thought we agreed not to announce it for a few days?

GREGORY. I've never even mentioned your name.

HALLIDAY. I should have guessed it anyhow; why, the instant he saw you he looked radiant.

GREGORY. There speaks the observant novelist; nothing escapes him.

HALLIDAY. And I asked him just now if I knew the lucky woman!

MRS. VENESS. Don't! I spoil him as it is. Let him think that he's the lucky man.

HALLIDAY. So he is.—I say, is this an assignation?

GREGORY. No, pure accident.

MRS. VENESS. I've come to see Irene; where is she?

HALLIDAY. In bed, I'm sorry to say. Nothing serious, but I thought she'd better see the doctor. He's with her now.

MRS. VENESS. I *am* sorry. Perhaps I can see her when he's gone?

HALLIDAY. No doubt. Ah! here he is!

(*Enter* SIR JASPER BARRY. HALLIDAY *goes to meet him.* MRS. VENESS *and* GREGORY *talking at the back.*)

HALLIDAY. Well, what's the verdict?

SIR JASPER. There's nothing to worry about; she'll be down again to-morrow if she gets a good night.

HALLIDAY. That's good news. Let me introduce you to Mrs. Veness.

(SIR JASPER *starts.*)

MRS. VENESS. (*Smiling.*) But I know Sir Jasper already.

HALLIDAY. Do you? I've no luck with my introductions to-day, that's clear.

MRS. VENESS. Our acquaintance is certainly rather recent I was one of his patients this morning.

(GREGORY, *at the back, staggers and seizes* HALLIDAY'S *arm.*)

SIR JASPER. (*Trying to recover his self-possession.*) Yes, yes, I remember.

(*She sits and pulls off her gloves.*)

GREGORY. (*Aside to* HALLIDAY.) Good God!

HALLIDAY. Pull yourself together, old man; don't let her see you.

GREGORY. (*With a great effort calms himself.*) No, no! she mustn't know; of course not.

MRS. VENESS. (*To* SIR JASPER *lightly.*) I wonder what the professional etiquette is; are you supposed to recognise your patients when you meet them in society?

SIR JASPER. I—I don't think there's any rule about it.

MRS. VENESS. I must say that when one has paid three guineas to see a man one might consider oneself introduced, especially when he asks one to call again, and to pay for that privilege too.

SIR JASPER. (*Trying to play up to her.*) But not so heavily.

MRS. VENESS. No; it's two guineas next time, isn't it? That reminds me of a rather neat story I heard; stop me if it's a chestnut. A Scotchman—or a Jew if you're Scotch—went to consult a specialist, and to save the extra guinea held out his hand as he entered with 'Ah! doctor, here we are again!'

SIR JASPER. Good, very good!

MRS. VENESS. Wait a moment. The doctor examined him and then said quietly, 'Yes continue the treatment.'

SIR JASPER. Excellent! (*He tries to look amused.*)

MRS. VENESS. (*Looking at the others.*) Not a smile? Then it *is* a chestnut, and you ought to have stopped me; I hate to tell a story which falls flat. And now can I see Irene?

HALLIDAY. Yes, by all means. (*To* SIR JASPER.) No objection, is there?

SIR JASPER. None whatever.

MRS. VENESS. I'll try and cheer her up. Perhaps *she* hasn't heard my story. *Au revoir,* then!

(*Exit* MRS. VENESS.)

HALLIDAY. (*Going to* GREGORY, *who has sunk into a chair.*) My poor fellow! (*Wrings his hands.*)

GREGORY. Don't speak to me, for God's sake!

SIR JASPER. (*Piteously.*) What can I say? If only I'd known! I'd no business to talk about my patients, but I couldn't help it: she's been on my mind all day, and a bit on my conscience too. I shall never forgive myself.

GREGORY. Don't blame yourself, doctor; it had to be known sooner or later. Oh, it's damnable! Look at her, the picture of health, the most delightful, unselfish woman God ever made,

with every faculty for enjoying life, every gift for making the world happier! and now she's condemned to death as if she were a murderer! If there's a God why does He let such things happen? Aren't there enough wretches in the world yearning to get out of it? Why pitch on one who makes the world worth living in? Why? why?

HALLIDAY. There's no answer: it's beyond us; we have to take it lying down.

GREGORY. (*Rising.*) And she doesn't know! She thinks she's a long life before her. Oh, it's enough to make one blow one's brains out!

HALLIDAY. She's got to be told, I suppose; it isn't fair to keep her in ignorance. (*To* SIR JASPER.) That's your job, Barry. You were going to do it next week anyhow.

SIR JASPER. Yes, I suppose it's my duty. Yes, I'll do it; the sooner the better under the circumstances, I imagine. Don't you think so?

HALLIDAY. Yes, I do.

SIR JASPER. I'll write to her to come and see me to-morrow; I'll break it as gently as I can. Now I'm off; I can't stand seeing her so gay and light-hearted knowing what I do; it's too tragic. (*Going.*)

GREGORY. No! stop!

SIR JASPER. What do you mean?

GREGORY. I mean you shan't tell her. Why should she know?

SIR JASPER. Why, just now you held that I was wrong in not letting her know the truth.

GREGORY. What do I care what I said? She mustn't know.

HALLIDAY. My dear fellow——

GREGORY. Are you blind? Can't you see that if she knew she wouldn't marry me?

SIR JASPER. (*Astonished.*) You're going to marry her knowing that——

GREGORY. All the more reason! Once we're married, she's mine; she can't send me away. I'll marry her the first day I can get a licence; I'll find an excuse, say I'm ordered abroad, anything.

HALLIDAY. By Jove! you're right, Greg! I should do the same.

SIR JASPER. But what am I to do when she comes to see me next week?

GREGORY. Lie! lie like hell! You've deceived her once; deceive her again.

SIR JASPER. What will she think of me when she knows?

GREGORY. What's that matter?

HALLIDAY. And when will *you* tell her?

GREGORY. I don't know ; time enough to think of that when we are married.

(*Enter* MRS. VENESS *unseen ; she stops on seeing the men in close conversation.*)

HALLIDAY. But don't you think it will be harder for both of you then ?

GREGORY. Perhaps, but at any rate I shall be able to break the blow, to make things a bit easier for her, to—— Oh, don't let's talk about it ; my mind's made up.

SIR JASPER. Well, I suppose you've the right to decide the point ; I'll hold my tongue.

(MRS. VENESS *has been listening, a puzzled look on her face. Then she staggers and goes out just as* SIR JASPER *ceases to speak.*)

(*The door handle is rattled.*)

HALLIDAY. (*Hurriedly.*) Hush ! She's coming.

(*Enter* MRS. VENESS.)

MRS. VENESS. (*In an ordinary tone.*) I've seen Irene ; I think she'll be all right in a day or two. An amateur's opinion, Sir Jasper !

SIR JASPER. Yes, yes, quite right, my dear lady. Now I must be off ; I'll write to you.

MRS. VENESS. Write to me ? Why ?

SIR JASPER. No, no ; I mean I shall see you soon.

MRS. VENESS. Stop, please. (*She looks around suspiciously.*) Something's happened whilst I've been upstairs. (*They glance uneasily at each other.*) What have you been talking about ?

HALLIDAY. Oh, various things.

MRS. VENESS. About me ?

HALLIDAY. (*Trying to be light.*) What better subject could we have ?

MRS. VENESS. Sir Jasper, I had an interview with you this morning. Have you been telling these gentlemen what you said to me then ?

SIR JASPER. (*Embarrassed.*) I—you see—I hope you——

MRS. VENESS. (*Indignantly.*) I thought it was an elementary rule of professional etiquette that the secrets of the consulting room were sacred ?

SIR JASPER. Undoubtedly ; I should never dream of betraying——

MRS. VENESS. But you evidently can't deny that you have done so, though I can hardly believe it. (*To* HALLIDAY *and* GREGORY.) And you two allowed him to do it—and listened ! It's incredible.

GREGORY }
HALLIDAY }. No, no !

HALLIDAY. You misjudge us all cruelly.

MRS. VENESS But you evidently know ; you don't deny it.

HALLIDAY. You must let me explain. Before you came, before either of them even knew you were coming, Sir Jasper happened to refer to a case he had this morning,—of course, no name was mentioned,—and by a most unfortunate coincidence it turned out that you were the patient in question.

MRS. VENESS. How could you know that ? I was not his only patient, I imagine.

SIR JASPER. Unfortunately, yes.

MRS. VENESS. And you had told them so. I see. I'm sorry I've done you all an injustice. So you all know that I am not in quite such good health as I imagined. But I still don't understand.

GREGORY. For heaven's sake, Clara, let us leave things as they are. You've heard the explanation ; it's no use pursuing the subject.

MRS. VENESS. (*Pause.*) No, I'm sorry, but I must understand. What was there so peculiar about my case as to lead Sir Jasper to talk to you about it ? Surely it's not usual for a physician to discuss his patients with outsiders in casual conversation ?

SIR JASPER. No, quite so ; I really forget how the matter came up. Ah ! I remember : I happened to say I'd only one case this morning, and so we drifted on to chat about it, not unnaturally.

HALLIDAY. Yes, yes, that was it, of course.

GREGORY. (*Echoing.*) Of course.

HALLIDAY. And when we recognised on your entrance that you were the patient in question we naturally felt a bit awkward.

MRS. VENESS. And that is all ?

HALLIDAY. (*Hesitates, then boldly.*) Yes, that is all.

MRS. VENESS. (*To* GREGORY.) And you, Guy ? No ! don't answer : I don't want *you* to lie to me. (*To* HALLIDAY.) *For you are lying*—in kindness, of course. Sir Jasper, when you gave me your verdict this morning did you tell me the truth ?

SIR JASPER. I did.

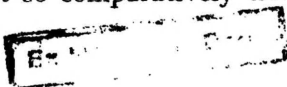
MRS. VENESS. The whole truth ?

SIR JASPER. I—I must refuse to be catechised like this. I told you, as your medical adviser, what I considered it my duty to tell you.

MRS. VENESS. Ah, my dear sir, did you think that you were so good an actor that you could deceive a woman so easily ?

SIR JASPER. What do you mean ?

MRS. VENESS. Do you think that I could not gather that my case was not so comparatively trivial as you tried to make me



believe; that it was very serious, if not desperate? Why, your every phrase, your tone, the way you replied to my questions, betrayed you. I went straight from your house to Monckton Taylor in Harley Street, and I was resolved there should be no doubt this time. I asked him how long I had to live.

SIR JASPER. You asked him that?

MRS. VENESS. Yes.

SIR JASPER. And he——

MRS. VENESS. He gave me a possible six months. Now what did you tell these gentlemen when you were describing my visit to you? Did you give me six months too?

(SIR JASPER *turns away, overcome.*)

GREGORY. Dearest! Don't, for God's sake!

MRS. VENESS. (*To* SIR JASPER.) Why did you not tell me the truth this morning?

SIR JASPER. I couldn't! 'Twould have been inhuman.

MRS. VENESS. Mistaken kindness, doctor, and useless, you see. (*Turns to* GREGORY *and takes his hand.*) You mustn't try to deceive me again; you won't, will you?

HALLIDAY. You knew all the time? I can't believe it! Why, you came in with a smile; I've never seen you look happier.

MRS. VENESS. I meant you to think so. (*Trying to smile.*) I can act better than Sir Jasper, you see. Why, I'm smiling even now.

GREGORY. My darling! And you under sentence of death!

MRS. VENESS. Yes, but I didn't intend that you should know it. Oh, it was not so easy to make believe, I acknowledge; if you'd seen me when I reached my room you wouldn't have thought much of my courage. The pavement below seemed to invite me to jump; I even stepped on to the balcony. (*She shudders and covers her eyes with her hands.*) To solve the problem in a moment —to save you pain by making you think you had lost me by an accident—'twas a temptation. But the crisis passed, and when I gained command of myself and could *think* I saw what was the best, the only, thing to do: not to let anyone guess. So I summoned up all my courage, and—you saw the result.

GREGORY. You're a miracle!

MRS. VENESS. Remember I've had five hours to get over the shock; you haven't had much more than five minutes.

(GREGORY *sinks into a chair in uncontrollable emotion; she kneels beside him.*)

HALLIDAY. (*Aside to* SIR JASPER.) Come away!

(*Exeunt* SIR JASPER *and* HALLIDAY *silently.*)

MRS. VENESS. My love! my own dear love! Don't! I can't bear to see you suffer. Try, try, not to give way.

GREGORY. Do you expect a man on the rack to smile?

MRS. VENESS. *I* tried to—and succeeded—to spare you pain. Can't you do the same for my sake ?

GREGORY. I'm a brute, a selfish brute. Instead of helping you to bear your trouble, I'm adding to it. I ought to be thinking of you, and I can only think of myself.

MRS. VENESS. I know you *are* thinking of me, and that's the keenest pang. I thought I had drunk my cup to the dregs, that this afternoon I'd exhausted all possibilities of suffering ; but to *see* you suffering too brings it all back, and worse.

GREGORY. Clara ! Clara !

MRS. VENESS. And I was going to be so happy ! I've not been very happy up to now—you know about that—and now, just as all the joy of life seemed offered to me with open hands, comes this insidious horror. Oh, it is hard to bear !

GREGORY. No ! I can't believe it ! It's too hideous ; it's damnable. Who can believe in a God who lets such things happen ?

MRS. VENESS. Dearest ! Don't ! It only makes it harder for both of us ; that way madness lies. If now we suffer remember that at least we have known what love means. Nothing can take that away from us.

GREGORY. Yes, and even our love is made a curse to us ! Wouldn't you face death more bravely if we didn't love each other ? Shouldn't I bear it better if I were only your acquaintance instead of your lover ?

MRS. VENESS. Do you wish we had never met ?

GREGORY. No ! a thousand times no ! I didn't know what life meant till I knew you.

MRS. VENESS. Then fate has not been so cruel after all. Come, is it for me to preach courage ? If I can stand it you can.

GREGORY. Don't be afraid : I shan't break down again ; that's over. But do you think it's easier for me to see you suffer than to suffer myself ? Wouldn't I gladly die in your place if I could ?

MRS. VENESS. I know you would.

GREGORY. You preach courage, but where's there room for it ? It's easy to be brave when there's something to fight, but here ! There's no courage in kicking at a brick wall one's run one's head against.

MRS. VENESS. There's a courage of endurance as well as that of resistance ; one can meet the inevitable bravely instead of with useless bitterness. I've had my rebellious hour—it was horrible ! —now I'm sane again. If I've only a few months to live I will *live* them, and not waste them in idle lamentations.

GREGORY. You wonderful woman ! You make me ashamed.

MRS. VENESS. *You* have faced death often enough in those

terrible years of war ; why should I quail any more than you ? After all, death is not the most terrible thing.

GREGORY. What can be worse ?

MRS. VENESS. The fear of it. Who fears death dies every day.

GREGORY. That's true.

MRS. VENESS. Philosophers have faced the end calmly ; why shouldn't we ?

GREGORY. I'm no philosopher ! I'm a living man, not a cold-blooded stoic.

MRS. VENESS. Wasn't there someone in 'Boswell' who tried to be a philosopher, but cheerfulness would break in ? Who knows but that we shall have the same experience ?

GREGORY. Cheerfulness ! (*He walks up and down, then stops suddenly.*) And you kept your terrible secret to yourself, and never let me know !

MRS. VENESS. (*Half playfully.*) I've not had much time, have I ?

GREGORY. And you meant to *keep* it a secret.

MRS. VENESS. No, no ! only from the world ; I hated the idea of being commiserated with and pitied. Of course, I meant to tell you—some time, as soon as I could pluck up courage enough. You don't imagine I would have let you marry me in ignorance of what has happened ?

GREGORY. I know you wouldn't.

MRS. VENESS. I was going to write to you ; I couldn't tell you by word of mouth.

GREGORY. (*A challenge in his tone.*) Tell me what ?

MRS. VENESS. (*Hesitates.*) What I'd learnt from the doctor.

GREGORY. Yes. Anything else ?

MRS. VENESS. (*In a low tone.*) That, of course, I couldn't marry you now.

GREGORY. Ah ! so that is it. I thought so ! And you were going to *write* to me !

MRS. VENESS. If I told you face to face I feared you would try to dissuade me from a sense of duty, and I——

GREGORY. But we *are* face to face, and you were quite right ; I *shall* try to dissuade you.

MRS. VENESS. No ; please don't !

GREGORY. Not marry you ? What do you intend to do ? Live alone, counting the days to the end, and then creep into a corner and die like a rat in a hole ?

MRS. VENESS. Guy ! Don't, for pity's sake !

GREGORY. No, by God ! You're mine, and I won't let you go till your lips are cold.

MRS. VENESS. But think ! what would our life be ? Every

day to watch me and endure the torture of seeing me grow weaker and weaker! Oh, I've thought it a'l out.

GREGORY. Would it be easier for me to think of you day by day dying alone? Would you be happier without my arms around you, my lips against yours? (*Exaltedly.*) Marry you from a sense of duty? *Duty?* Do you think I want to do it for your sake only and not my own? Why, to have you as my wife for a month—and knowing I must then lose you—would give me such rapture that I could almost defy fate. And if—who knows?—there is another world where we shall meet again——

MRS. VENESS. Ah! how I shall watch for you and rush to meet you!

GREGORY. And you can ask me to give up the joy of possessing you whilst it is in our power? No! you can't be so cruel.

MRS. VENESS. Do you think I should ask you for my pleasure?

GREGORY. Then why hesitate? Besides—who can tell?—doctors do make mistakes: doomed men have lived to laugh at their physicians; perhaps——

MRS. VENESS. No, don't let us deceive ourselves with false hopes. We must face the facts.

GREGORY. We will, then. What if we do know that our time together will be shorter than we had hoped? The end must come some day in any case, and if it comes soon all the more reason we should make the most of what time we have.

MRS. VENESS. To make the parting more bitter.

GREGORY. No; we shall have the consolation of knowing what life together means. (*She shakes her head.*) Ah! now answer me this. Suppose *I* were the one who was doomed, and you had your choice of losing me to-morrow or in six months' time, which would you choose?

MRS. VENESS. Ah! I thought I was brave enough to say good-bye to you, but I can't! I can't! Oh, my love! do what you will with me; I am yours!

GREGORY. (*Folding her in his arms.*) Till death us do part!

H. M. PAULL.

ÆSCHYLUS AND THE WORLD-WAR, 1914–18

EIGHT years after the battle of Salamis, in B.C. 472, Æschylus brought out his play *The Persians* in the theatre at Athens. The Straits of Salamis, in which the decisive battle had been fought, were less than half a dozen miles distant from the theatre, and were perhaps visible from the higher seats. Æschylus himself had certainly fought at Marathon, and probably at Salamis; the majority of the spectators beyond a doubt had helped to win one or both of the two famous battles. Before such an audience, one that was eye-witness of the facts and largely responsible for the glorious issue, Æschylus undertook to tell the story of the great Armada's overthrow. The attempt was heroic, but success, one would say, was impossible; and yet Æschylus succeeded. The explanation of the miracle lies in the poet and in the audience. 'Not unto us, not unto us, but unto Thy name,' has never been so nobly illustrated as in this amazing drama. Not a single Greek is mentioned by name; from first to last the deliverance is ascribed to the gods alone. It is 'the gods who save the city of the goddess Pallas.' This almost incredible self-abnegation was rendered possible by laying the scene at Susa—all the actors are Persians; so is the chorus. By this means, too, the story is withdrawn many hundreds of miles, and distance of place produces something of the same effect as distance of time. The Athenian audience rose to the level of the poet and awarded him the first prize. It was the greatest moment of Athenian history. The poet preached his memorable sermon, giving all the praise to God, and the people were content to have it so, and crowned the poet. We have raised many memorials of our Great War since November 11, 1918, but it must be confessed that, however much our soldiers may have surpassed the Greeks in bravery, our poets have raised no memorial lofty enough to challenge the supremacy of *The Persians* of Æschylus. Yet there was a curious similarity in the two world contests, which I do not think has received the notice which it deserves. To illustrate the points of resemblance is my present purpose. What are the things on which the aged Persians, who form the chorus of the play, lay especial stress as they recall in stately anapæsts the march past of their mighty host? They tell of

'the infantry with measured step in serried ranks of war, . . . awful to behold and terrible in battle, . . . multitudes on multitudes,' and I have heard the march of the Prussians through Brussels in 1914 described by an eye-witness in very similar words. But what is it beyond all else which pricks the conscience of these old men, and fills them with a vague presentiment of doom? It is the insult offered to God. The army, 'the sacker of cities,' has crossed a *forbidden boundary*, has bridged the inviolable sea. Xerxes had opened the campaign by placing his yoke upon the Hellespont; he had insulted and challenged God. And it was with the violation of a sacred treaty, with a contemptuous reference to a scrap of paper, with the crossing of the forbidden boundary, that the world-war of 1914 began. Again, the first epithet which the chorus apply to Xerxes is 'impulsive': he is 'the impulsive ruler of the multitudes of Asia'; later on his mother, Atossa, says of him: 'Impulsive Xerxes learns these lessons in the company of wicked men.' The ghost of Darius is even more emphatic and even less complimentary, speaking of his son's mind as 'a mind diseased.' And now recall what the German Ambassador had to say of his own Kaiser in 1914: 'He is ill informed, impulsive, and must be mad! He never listens. . . .' And the Princess adds with bitterness: 'Ah! that brutal, hard war-party of ours makes men fiends!' Similarly, Sir James Moncrieff Grierson, who from his own personal experience had good reason to know, described the Kaiser's entourage long before the war as poisonous, while acknowledging that the Kaiser himself was a gentleman. Nor was impulsiveness the only quality which the two monarchs had in common. 'Vain, capricious, passionate,' are the epithets regularly applied to Xerxes by the historians. What other epithets would by general consent be given to the ex-Kaiser? There is, of course, more to be said of the ex-Kaiser and for the ex-Kaiser than this. Possibly he was very nearly a great man. Indeed, the son of two such parents was not likely to lack good and great qualities. Unhappily for himself, and disastrously for the world, raised all too young to dizzy heights, he failed to keep a level mind in the days of his great prosperity. Belief in the Divine right of kings is folly, possibly an amiable folly, in an ordinary citizen of the twentieth century; it is madness in a modern king. It was all very well for Xerxes to believe in it, because beyond a doubt all his subjects, or almost all, shared the same belief. This need not astonish us. For not only was such a view of monarchs traditional, but also this particular monarch, 'glancing with steel-grey eyes' (*Persæ*, i. 81), looked every inch a king. Nor was the Kaiser lacking in impressiveness. I remember very well being asked two questions by him while he was reviewing the E.O.T.C. in College

Field. I ought to have been able to answer one of his questions, perhaps both. From sheer incompetence I failed to answer either, and I shall not forget his look of surprise. The Head Master, I remember, spoke afterwards of the Kaiser's 'cold grey eye,' and struck me as having been impressed and perhaps a little troubled by his personality. This may seem a trivial recollection, and I ought to apologise for recording it ; my only excuse is that the impression it left on me was ineffaceable, and it occurred to me even then that Dr. Warre foresaw the possibility of trouble from the Kaiser's masterfulness. A few years later I was in Jerusalem when the Kaiser left the city in the early morning by the Jaffa Gate. He rode alone, a little in front of his escort, a knightly figure on a noble horse ; I watched him, and was impressed. Probably to some extent the Kaiser did regard himself as a pilgrim to the Holy Land, but the simplicity of his departure was studied, the effect calculated. It was not the natural simplicity of true greatness. That was best illustrated some twenty years afterwards, when Lord Allenby made his entry on foot by the same Jaffa Gate. To resume. Unfortunately for his people, the Kaiser, no less than Xerxes, regarded as incontrovertible the dogma of the Divine right of kings, in which the majority of Germans no longer believed. But the Persian king, even when defeated, was, in the words of Queen Atossa, not responsible to the State ; the German ex-Kaiser was not disillusioned till November 1918, when the logic of facts proved to him at last that he was held to be responsible by many of his own subjects as well as by all the allied nations.

Of the two kings the Kaiser was always much the better man, and much the stronger ; but he could not feel in Berlin quite the same security as Xerxes must have felt in Susa : he may have believed that if he refused to go to war he would be risking his throne, and he was not strong enough to insist on what he knew to be right and to face the consequences. In fact, neither king wanted war ; Xerxes was with difficulty induced to invade Greece, and the Kaiser could say with sincerity that he never wished for war with England. But when once he had allowed his mind to be made up for him, he mistook obstinacy for strength and hardened his heart ; there was no going back after he had surrendered to the war party. He rushed from front to front ; he was always boasting of his victories and prophesying final triumph until the day came at last when he made the fatal choice, and did not think it wrong to prefer life to honour. After that nothing could make much difference. Even when the ex-Empress died, a woman for whom an Englishman might feel the same regard that Æschylus felt for Atossa, the mother of Xerxes, it was a matter of comparatively little consequence that the ex-Kaiser chose to

marry again. 'How art thou fallen from heaven!' It is a perilous thing for any man to claim Divinity, whether the claim is allowed by his subjects or disallowed. In the case of Xerxes the claim was not disputed. The old Persians speak of him as 'equal of the gods'; they address Atossa as the 'consort of a god' and the 'mother of a god.' But so too, or very nearly so, the Kaiser was 'the All-Highest.' '*Sic volo, sic jubeo,*' was his best-known quotation. And it is only fair to remember that the Kaiser was not primarily responsible for this deplorable folly. The worship of Rome and the Emperor which had been started as a political move in the time of Augustus finds its counterpart in the worship of Germany and the German emperor, which dates from the days of Mommsen and the ex-Kaiser's grandfather. It was from the first a monstrous anachronism, but it did not appear intolerably ludicrous so long as Germany was moving steadily forward in the quest of world power and the German emperor was apparently on the best of terms with the German Jehovah. Any madness of kings, so long as they are successful, the nation tolerates; but when the king fails and the nation is left 'to pay the piper,' it is not inclined to have much further use for that particular king. In the view of the aged Persian councillors, Xerxes was to blame for his restlessness, his inability to let well alone; they make this perfectly clear in their first song. God laid on the Persians this task: 'war with the crash of towers, the wild charges of horsemen, the overthrow of cities.' But trusting to their own imaginations, 'they learnt to look upon the sacred enclosure of the deep sea waves.' And this insatiable ambition, this blindness to the decrees of Heaven, was the cause of their overthrow. And might not an elderly German have trembled years ago when he heard the self-styled lord of the Atlantic proclaiming that the future of Germany was on the sea? 'For Xerxes led them, well-a-day, and Xerxes lost them, woe worth the day, and Xerxes guided all things calamitously with his boats on the deep sea.' A German who remembered Bismarck and the old Kaiser might have expressed his own feelings in words hardly different from these. Even before the war the Germans were beginning to realise that 'impulsiveness' is all very well in family life, but that an emperor who gets into the habit of leaping before he looks may be a danger to the State. And the epithet, which both the Persian elders and Queen Atossa (twice in forty lines) apply to Xerxes, means literally and metaphorically one who leaps or rushes. This impulsiveness in both cases was sometimes generous. Even Xerxes pardoned the two Spartans who offered themselves to him as an atonement for the wrong done by Sparta in putting to death the Persian envoys, although the men who came to die refused to do obeisance in his presence. But to both monarchs impulsiveness proved a fatal

disability, and left them an easy prey to the deep-laid plots of ambitious and unprincipled men. It is difficult and quite unnecessary to believe that the Kaiser in his heart approved of Prussian frightfulness, nor ought it to be said that he was generous only in the sense of being well born. Even for the savage methods of Prussian warfare he was not the most to blame. If he knows his Herodotus he may have often thought with sadness on the historian's words : 'It is the cruellest anguish to think much and to have no power over anything.' To return to the play. There are few things more impressive in Greek tragedy than the rising of Darius from the dead, in answer to the prayer of the aged Persians. And in the whole scene the crowning height is reached in the solemn prophecy and warning with which the old king closes his address to his former subjects. Darius is represented as blameless, invincible, godlike ; and just so the old Kaiser was almost deified in Germany before he died. The parallel is interesting, but it is even more remarkable that one speech of Darius was hardly less applicable to the Germans in 1914 A.D. than to the Persians in B.C. 480. I take fourteen lines which are (with one slight omission) consecutive to prove my point, lines which were published in *The Times* in the third month of the war, when their application to Germany and the Kaiser was even more obvious than it is to-day :

> They came, and had no shame to desecrate
> The statues of the gods and burn the shrines :
> They hurled the altars down, the sanctuaries
> They hacked and hewed to ruinous overthrow.
> So for ill deeds they suffer ill, and worse
> Shall surely be. Here is the base of woe,
> Not yet the structure. He has still to learn.
> Those silent heaps of dead abide to show
> Children of children's children that a man
> Should have no thoughts that are too high for men.
> Always presumption blossoms and the fruit
> Is doom, and all the harvest only tears.
> For God, be sure, exacts a strict account
> And smites with heavy hand the overproud.
>
> ÆSCHYLUS, *Persæ*, 809, 399.

This is noble and not a whit less true of our world war than of that of Æschylus. It is only when Xerxes himself comes on the stage towards the close that there seems to be some lowering of tone, a concession, it is generally said, to that part of the audience which would gladly see the king of kings not merely humbled to the dust, but also represented as ridiculous. Æschylus, I believe, was too great a poet to have intended this. He shows us Xerxes in his downfall, but I do not think that he wished or expected to raise a laugh at the expense of the fallen king. The return was a fact, and must be represented ; it was represented by Æschylus

as not wholly devoid of dignity. Xerxes ends his first speech with the wish that he too had died with those who fell, and the hero of the *Æneid* in his first speech says much the same. Nor is there anything actually discreditable to Xerxes in what he says afterwards. To our ears it may sound absurd that he should say to the chorus : 'and, prithee, rend the white hairs of your beard,' but I do not believe that Æschylus intended it to appear ridiculous or even undignified. 'How are the mighty fallen' was the gist of the sermon which the poet wished to preach, and he would have weakened the effect of it if he had made the mighty appear altogether contemptible, though fallen. A self-respecting sixth-form division is bound to laugh when construing the end of the *Persæ ;* but an Athenian audience which had even better reason for self-respect, after such a victory, would have recognised the hand of God in the great king's overthrow, and would have had thoughts which lay too deep for laughter. The whole play from first to last was a solemn thanksgiving service, and to an Athenian audience the last scene must have seemed, no less than those which preceded it, to justify the belief that God, and not Xerxes, was the King of kings.

Until some English writer can rise to the height of Æschylus, and lift the story of our world war to a higher plane than the historian's, there is still something for us to learn from the old Greek play. Darius is the counterpart of Wilhelm I. and Xerxes of Wilhelm II. ; the Persians and the Prussians have much more in common than a similarity of name, and the cry of freedom which saved at Salamis was also the watchword of the Allies who saved the world when we no less than the Hellenes were fighting for our all. I had finished this paper and laid it aside when I came across the following sentence on p. 353 of *Our Hellenic Heritage*, by Mr. H. R. James :

> The French, quick to see the parallel between Xerxes and the Persian defeat at Salamis and the failure of the Kaiser to break through and force his way to Paris, produced a French version of *The Persians* in Paris in 1919.

I welcome the news that the parallel has been recognised by those who suffered most in the Great War, and therefore (since, in Æschylean phrase, men learn by loss) have the best right to know ; I venture to think that the parallel is of closer and wider application than even our gallant allies, to whom we owe so much, have realised.

HUGH MACNAGHTEN.

FROM MY CANADIAN DIARY

1920, *August* 15.—We have had a good passage out on the *Megantic*, but as we approached the coast of Newfoundland we ran into a terrible fog, which continued for 1000 miles, so we saw none of the wonderful scenery on the St. Lawrence we had heard so much about.

Once the fog lifted at sunset and showed orange and peacock blue clouds and a wonderful blue overhead, but it closed down again, and we had a night of fog-horns, one ship calling to another. There was a collision between the *Manchester* and a C.P.R. boat, so we had to anchor—truly a fog-bound land—and at six o'clock we are still sitting in the St. Lawrence, and likely to sit on, as they have shut off steam

August 16.—In the night the captain, hearing there was only a band of fog between us and clear weather, made a bold rush; so up came the anchor, and away we went, fog-horning like mad, and got through the Traverse all right; and so we came to Quebec, and had delightful rooms at the Château de Frontenac, looking over the St. Lawrence. We hear that the C.P.R. is giving us a coach to go where we like.

In the afternoon we drove out to Government House for tea, which we had on the verandah looking over the river. Spencer Wood is old and very interesting; the Federation was signed or agreed to there in 1867. The grounds are lovely, and I saw where Wolfe landed in 1757, and where he had his breakfast half-way up the cliffs, and where the Highlanders crawled up the hill to a little clearing and found the French Canadians bivouacking, and the Highlanders killed every man with their dirks; then we saw where Wolfe fell in his hour of victory—it is marked by a flag-staff with the Union Jack flying—and we saw where on the same day Montcalm fell. (I think you have to leave England to be very proud of being English.) There is a very fine monument of him looking over the land.

Next morning we saw the town, Sir Charles Fitzpatrick being our guide; and he knows every inch of it. At the cathedral there are the most lovely vestments given by Louis XIV.—a raised pattern of wine-coloured Genoese velvet on a background of gold,

silver and green. On either side of these gorgeous garments are the coats of arms of France, gold and fleur-de-lys on a blue ground; and given at the same time were a chalice and paten with different scenes—the Magi and the Annunciation. The finish and the modelling of the figures were extraordinary. Then we went to Spencer Wood to lunch, to meet the Prime Minister, Taschereau. After lunch I went down to see a little swimming bath Sir Charles had made for his grandchildren. Lady F. got an inkling that the children were allowing the dogs to bathe with them, so she put it to her grandson, and he said, 'Granny, we alternate with the dogs.'

We drove twenty miles to the shrine of St. Anne at Beaupré. Father Caron showed us everything. Everyone who had received any benefit from the saint had sent a thank-offering; gold, silver and precious stones were there. One chalice was encrusted with priceless stones, and two golden crowns were packed with jewels. Naturally, with so much wealth and beauty, I became somewhat wordy. Father C.'s English was quite good, but limited, and he said, 'My! yes, very fine.' Then we drove back by the Montmorency Falls, stopping at Kent House, where the Duke of Kent lived.

August 17.—We left Quebec at 10.30 in such a good coach, the *Metapedia*—dining-room, saloon, two state rooms, bath-room, hot and cold water, with a first-rate *chef* and steward. This we shall keep till we get to the frontier, leaving the coach at Detroit, and then the Americans will see after us till we join it again after St. Louis.

Laurent.—The fields were blue with wild succory; in the distance are the Laurentian Mountains, that, according to tradition, were the first created mountains. The land is wonderfully cultivated, and intensive culture is being worked everywhere. We arrived at Montreal about three o'clock. I knew we were to be met, but when six K.C.'s came I did feel rather outlawed. Six K.C.'s said, 'Pleased to meet you'; six times I said, 'Thank you so much'; and when a delightful spokesman spread out our programme before us, his face and bearing were so Napoleonic that we neither of us made a struggle, but fell in with all his plans. We were placed in a car and sent off to the Ritz-Carlton. I found the most lovely 'American Beauty' roses awaiting me from the Canadian Bar Association; and then the telephone started. The six K.C.'s were ready and willing to ascend to our sitting-room.

One dear little man quietly told me that we must not let ourselves be rushed, as they were all so anxious to give us a good time that they might tire us out; but Napoleon said: 'Judge Mignault, his wife and daughter, will be calling on you

at 4.30; at nine o'clock I shall fetch you and take you for a moonlight drive to see the lights of the city.' They then left, leaving with us a bottle of whisky and another of port. Before I could change—and I was feeling very tired—the Mignaults arrived. We gave them tea, and they stayed until 6.30. We are to go to them to-morrow for lunch and golf. We managed to dine before our Napoleon turned up with a judge or two to drive us to the heights to admire the lights of the city far below. I would have willingly put my head on the first handy shoulder and slept there so comfortably, but it was not to be; every time the voices faded away I was noticed and brought back. We got back to the hotel at eleven o'clock, Napoleon making plans for our future.

August 18.—We went for lunch and golf with the judge at Point Claire. The judge had a most amusing way of telling legal stories. One I remember:

> There was a man who never gave anything in church, although the bag was always handed to him. A new churchwarden thought he would shame him into giving, so when he came to the pew of the non-giver he made a circular tour round him and presented the bag to the next person, whereupon the unvisited one had the churchwarden up for libel, saying that he had brought ridicule upon him in the house of God, and the court held it to be libel, but the damages were the smallest that could be given.

August 19.—We were fetched by a couple of judges and driven out to the Laval Golf Club, on the island of Jesus, where we lunched with twenty-six judges and barristers and five wives. They made kind remarks of G. and sang *For He's a jolly good Fellow*, and then sang *Vive la Canadienne*, implying I was she. G. went off golfing, and I sat with the five wives. They had never been in England, so I had plenty to talk to them about. The golfers got back by 5.30, and we went back as quickly as possible to dine before going to the station.

August 20.—We shunted a good deal in the night, which accounted for the battle I thought I was in. I woke in the dark and tried to turn on the electric light, to find myself in a driving wind; tried another switch, which rang the bell; tried another, which flooded me with light, and above me the electric fan was whirling over my head. We got to Toronto about seven in the morning. Mr. C. boarded the car at eight, and we arranged plans, had breakfast, and repacked for Niagara Falls. Before crossing Lake Ontario we had lunch with the H.'s and went for a drive round Toronto with the judge. A fine city, with beautiful houses. We just caught the boat. The captain asked us to go on his deck, so we were very comfortable, though the boat was packed. The wind gave one little soft buffeting blows, and kept me better than I might have been. The captain was such an interesting

man and talked away so pleasantly. When we were leaving, G. said, ' Tell me your name ; I like to remember my friends.' He said, ' Smith, sir. I am one of a large family ; you will meet them wherever you go.'

On landing we had a twelve miles' drive to Niagara Falls. After a time we saw far below us the rapids tossing and foaming over huge boulders. The American side of Niagara is horribly spoilt by huge elevators and the what-nots of vile man ; the Canadian side is more preserved and much left to Nature. The cliffs were very steep. As we neared the falls they burst on one in such beauty, they took one's breath away. An American said that he guessed the Niagara Falls as compared with the Victoria Falls were a mere perspiration ; and I know what he meant. Nothing ever can touch the Victoria Falls, because they are straight from the hand of God, and no man has ever tried to make business in those waters ; here man has done his worst to destroy and defile. But he has failed, because as you look at that glorious wealth of water for ever and ever spending itself, rushing, ever rushing, in green translucent volumes edged and fringed with priceless laces of spray and foam, for that mad leap for which they have travelled hundreds of miles—no man can spoil that.

If you watch the centre of the Horse Shoe Falls there seems to be for ever a fierce battle raging between the waters. At the side nearest the Canadian bank the river sweeps over with wonderful dignity, and the spray rises and rises, and hides the end of that marvellous leap. The American fall is not quite so extraordinary, but it is very beautiful, also the Bridal Veil. No lace bridal veil could ever compare with that lace made of spray and foam and glittering dewdrops.

The Indian word for the Niagara Falls is Onguaahra. There is a Welsh word, Niogara, which means ' The Sound of Waters.' The Welsh word is rather curious because of its meaning. The native name for the Victoria Falls is ' The Smoke that Thunders.'

August 21.—On the cliff looking over the falls is Victoria Place, built by Dr. Grant, son of Sir James Grant, of Ottawa, whose kindness and hospitality are too well known to be written about. From his house the view of the falls is, I should say, the most beautiful of all, as you see them through a frame of leaves which has been slowly and beautifully cut out of the overhanging branches. We lunched with him.

Before lunch a truly delectable cocktail was brought in, called ' Orange Blossom.' It was everything I ever dreamed of in a cocktail ; it began by smelling and tasting like a flower, and it went down cold and refreshing, but then came to you the thought, ' Is there more in this than meets the eye ? Is this a dry country, or is it not ? ' By this time you felt it was imperative

to make further investigations and to finish with undiluted pleasure that which had been so beautifully prepared for you, and not to look a gift-horse in the mouth, and you felt you were walking very pleasantly as you went in to lunch, but I was careful to keep to iced water afterwards. The lunch was charmingly laid on an old refectory table, with a hand-woven, narrow linen cloth, with linen thread tassels, lying flat on the table and beautifully spread out. The old silver tankards were filled with pale lavender and blue flowers ; everything to eat and look at was perfect ; and we are to stay with this charming host on our return journey.

August 23.—At Detroit we were met by Mr. B., Judge M., Mr. and Mrs. T., and Judge Duff, whom I had met in England ; we were at once placed willy-nilly in a car and taken out to the Country Club, ten miles from Detroit, a beautiful place on Lake St. Clair. There we met Mr. Brian Walker, a collector of shells, and Mrs. Russell, and had to eat another lunch ; in calm despair we ate it, and it was so good it would have been a sin not to have done so. We three women each had a lovely bouquet of pink roses tied with pink ribbons given us. Judge M. was a good talker. He said that during the war he had to sit on the tribunal, and one day a man came to him and gave him many reasons why he couldn't fight. The judge said, 'I can do nothing for you until I look into your case, but if *half* the reasons you have given me be true you certainly will not fight.' The man said, 'I have always believed in God, and I have always trusted in Him, and I shall always do so, but in *this* matter I shall look to you, Judge, to help me.' The club was really beautiful, as all these country clubs are ; you can stay here for two or three days at a time, and they said if we came back they would be delighted to put us up there, but I am sure we shall have no time for this. Mrs. T. then took us for a drive to see some of the houses in Lake Shore Road ; I should think only millionaires could live there, as all the houses and grounds are huge.

We heard many stories as we drove back, mostly about Prohibition. One man said, 'Until we had Prohibition I was a law-abiding citizen : now I take whisky from everywhere I can ; I take it home in my car ; if I was found out the police would take me in charge, but no judge could condemn me, because they do it themselves. I bought a case of whisky from a man at the most exorbitant price, and he brought it at night and put it in my cellar ; the next night it was gone ; he had carefully learnt the lie of the land and fetched it away, knowing I couldn't prosecute him, because I myself would be prosecuted for buying it from him.'

We saw a car passing us, and in it a nice-looking woman holding

up a dog for us to see. Mrs. T. knew her and said to our friend, 'Why you didn't marry her I can't think.' He said: 'Wall, she certainly was a great friend of mine, but she is the last woman in the world I would marry.' Mrs. T. wanted to know why, and he said, 'Wall, why should I take a lemon from the garden of love where it was said only peaches grew?'

August 24.—We got to St. Louis an hour late, nine o'clock. A kind C.P.R. man met us and took our luggage in charge. At the station six men met us, and four photographers ran after us. As we went out to the car we were made to pose against a wall, and the four men snapped us in the street, having just got through a tempestuous night. When we got to the Hotel Statler the two men who were in the car with us came upstairs and showed us our rooms; a lovely vase of pink gladioli and pink roses was waiting for me 'from the management.' The rooms were delightful on the fourteenth floor; I have never been so high before. We have a large sitting-room, two bedrooms, three bath-rooms, and at least six cupboards, not counting wardrobes.

G. saw endless people, and the typewriters came up to copy his address, and then we had breakfast. At two o'clock we had lunch on the roof, a beautiful room on the sixteenth floor. At three o'clock Colonel and Mrs. C. called with Mrs. W. and Mr. and Mrs. K., and all with their belongings; then Mrs. Lowell came with Mrs. Bailey and drove us out to the Botanical Gardens, which were very beautiful. The lotus lilies were crimson, purple, mauve, pink and blue. There was an adorable Chinese fish—green—which swam about with a tail of four parts, and when he liked it looked just like a brown flower. Some other tiny fish, called peacock fish, had on their tails a green and blue eye. The man in charge was very kind in showing us everything. They have the finest orchids in the world. Then we came back to the hotel, and saw in passing the French cathedral, supposed to be the finest church in America.

August 25.—In the afternoon we were taken to see a baseball match. It was very exciting. The Giants were against St. Louisites. In the papers it said, 'Increasing gloom settled on the dug-out of the Giants.' In the evening, of course, we went to the Bar Association. G. spoke very well indeed, and everyone seemed to like his address very much; Mrs. C. said, 'It was a gem.' Then we went to Jefferson's Hotel and received the Bar Association. I stood next to Mrs. C., and G. stood next to Mr. C., and we received over 400 people. It was very funny; people introduced themselves—'Mr. Brook, of Chicago,' etc. I was quite quick in spotting a judge, and gave great satisfaction in so doing. I said to one, 'Why don't you wear a wig? It would be so becoming to you.' And he said, 'I think it would.'

Fifteen women besides G. and the President and myself received the people, and each person had a little talk with each of the fifteen. Mrs. B., the Rose of the Desert, stood fifteenth, and as all the men couldn't be got past her, she blocked the traffic a good deal. We ought to have had someone to say, 'Pass along there, please.' She is certainly a beautiful woman, much beloved by the Bar Association. It was agony standing there all those hours. We are both dead tired.

August 27.—In the morning we went to the British Consulate and the War Veterans' Club, and afterwards had lunch with a large party on the roof of the hotel, and went on to an At Home in the afternoon. Then we dressed for dinner. Mrs. Estil Cave had sent me a lovely bouquet of flowers—pink roses and blue delphiniums. We had been asked to be on the fifteenth floor by 6.45, to be introduced to the Inner Set. In all innocence we went, and found ourselves in a room with about ten or twelve people, all drinking cocktails, obtained how and from where we did not inquire, but took gratefully what was given, as the long banquet was before us.

Dinner was supposed to be at seven, and it was past that when we arrived at the Inner Set room. The cocktails made all quite oblivious as to time. They say the cocktail effect is transitory, but while it lasted they were all very adventurous, and very late for dinner. At last I felt at any rate I must join Mrs. C., as I was her honoured guest; and she was not with the Inner Set, so one of the men escorted me to the elevator. When we arrived at the banquet hall I found Mrs. C., who had been searching for me on the roof. She was envious when she heard of the cocktails, and said it was just what she wanted to pull her through the evening.

Mr. W. was flying about looking for G. I told him where he was to be found, and (I expected) still occupied with cocktails. In a few minutes Mr. W., accompanied by the honoured guest (looking very light-hearted), appeared, as did the rest of the Inner Set. It is no good trying to describe the dinner or the babel. You shouted as loud as you could, and then you could not be heard; the roar was that of Niagara and the Victoria Falls together, verily 'the smoke that thundered,' for they were all smoking, men and women, and a cloud was hanging above us. We sang madly all the National Anthems of the Allies, of course standing; then we had *The Long, Long Trail*, *'Way down in Dixie Land*, with the rebels' shout, *Carry me back to old Virginy*, *My Old Kentucky Home*, and the *Battle Hymn of the Republic*. Then, when dinner was over, most of the women crowded into the room with the men; but our table rose superior, and we went up to the balcony and sat there to listen to the speeches. Mercifully most of the men

stopped smoking, so the cloud was not so thick. Mr. C. made a charming little speech, making G. an honorary member of the American Bar Association, and G. made quite a little success in answering, saying 'it was a great honour given to the Bench and Bar of England,' and asked if he might practise in the States if he found he could make more money there than at home. T. J. O'Donnell made a fearfully long speech. He began by making relays of jokes at the expense of Mr. J. Hamilton Lewis. G. didn't come up till long after twelve o'clock. He was tired and hot, but very amused with this extraordinary banquet, the funniest we have ever been to; and if they can do this in a dry country, I shudder to think what it would have been had they held the same banquet in a wet country. G. told me O'Donnell went on for over an hour, and then Mr. James Hamilton Lewis got his innings. He began his speech by telling the story of a nigger who was in a very dilapidated condition and met a friend, who said, 'What ever is the matter with you?' The nigger replied, 'Hit's jes like dis. I met John Johnson, and he hit me, and black my eye, and tore my ear, and pull my har and stamp on me. I tell you, I never was so tired of a man in all my life.' Then James Hamilton Lewis went on with his speech. We didn't get to bed till 1.30, and had to be up again by 6.30.

August 28.—The trains here have on their engine a regular church bell, and the trains go tolling to clear anything out of their way. You feel you can have a service at any moment, so much so that when we came to Toronto on Sunday evening I said to G., 'We shall be in time to go to church; the bell is still ringing.' Hicks, the steward, heard me and turned round and said, 'That isn't a church bell, it's the engines ringing.'

Port Wayne.—A stop for ten minutes. Oh! blessed relief! Another two hours before we reach Detroit. I hope there won't be anybody to meet us at the station except Hicks. Mrs. Cox, of Cox Spur, said to me yesterday, 'You talk like the Southerners: they have such pleasant low voices'; and a few minutes after she forgot she had said it, for she said, 'I can't bear the way the Southerners talk: they talk just like the coloured people.' The sumachs are very much at home here and are beginning to colour into red and gold. Dr. Grant told me someone had said to Kipling, 'There are only two words that begin "su," and you put an "h" in, sumach and sugar.' Kipling replied, 'Are you sure?'

Arrived at Detroit after eleven o'clock. Had to drive across the town to get to the *Metapedia*. Found a telegram telling us to go direct to Ottawa.

August 29.—Arrived at Toronto early in the morning. Judge H. came at eleven o'clock with the Attorney-General of Ontario

and his wife. We spent the afternoon at the Mississauga Club, eighteen miles from Toronto. Passed beautiful golden wheat-fields by the blue Lake of Ontario. The wheat-fields at home are so anæmic compared to the wheat-fields out here. The club was beautiful. A river runs through the course, and here and there the river banks are very high, so you have to drive as best you can. Here and there a narrow plank is laid across the river, so you may be drowned or you may play golf. We dined on the verandah, looking over a beautiful scene. The fresh, clean air driving back to Toronto was perfect. We passed over the river Hudson, where the Indians used to track.

August 30.—At 10.30 a car arrived to take us to the Exhibition, and a lot of other kind people met us, and we were escorted round. The wounded soldiers' work was excellent. There was a bit of needlework, not for sale, I longed for—*Canadian Tanks in Action*, 1918—tanks coming like animals from every direction. One man, in infinite pieces, occupied the whole of one corner; the background was composed of shells bursting at regular distances in scarlet and orange, and in the foreground smaller shells like flowers exploded also to a pattern. It was lurid to a degree, and showed great imagination

August 31.—*Ottawa.*—I found on coming in to breakfast twelve lawyers in the saloon with G.; they were all very nice and entertaining.

At twelve o'clock we were fetched to go to Government House Their Excellencies did not return from Blue Sea Lake till later, but we were well looked after by Lord R. Nevill. We went down to the town after lunch and saw much, then went back to meet their Excellencies. Their grand-daughter was delightful, christened on Armistice Day, Arabella Joy Peace. His Excellency told me at dinner that if they reformed the House of Lords he should go back into the House of Commons. Sir Auckland Geddes and Mr. Taft were also staying at Government House. Mr. Taft tells a story extraordinarily well, and no one is more amused than he himself.

Government House is rather curious-looking, but I like it. It is old, and has at either end a square sort of tower with a Russian toque on. The gardens are delightful.

September 3.—Before we left for Winnipeg there was a garden-party, and great numbers of people came. Everyone seemed to be a lawyer or a judge. During the afternoon moving photographs were taken; I hope that delightful baby appeared, walking alone down a row of sitting ladies, shaking hands with each one and passing on to the next as she had seen Her Excellency do. One of the A.D.C.'s had taught her to say of herself, 'By gosh, some kid, that's me.' Sir Auckland Geddes told me that people,

especially children, are so charged with electricity that if a gas jet is turned on a child can light it with its fingers, and that his children are so electric that if they touch you they give you a shock.

We left after dinner, Captain B. taking us to the *Metapedia.*

September 4.—Had a night of shocks and woke to find ourselves harnessed to the tail end of the train for Winnipeg. Mr. C. joined us. The country was very interesting, great forests of pine and white birch, in which lived a number of moose, although we did not see them.

September 5.—At Port Arthur G. was walking on the platform with a barrister, who told him that Lord Burnham had been made a chief at Port Arthur by an Indian tribe (who had a stampede for him). There were two Indian chiefs, whose names were Yellow Horse and Weasel Calf ; Lord Burnham got Yellow Horse all right, but he kept on calling Weasel Calf Weasel Cat. They gave him a head-dress of feathers and buck-skins, which he obligingly wore through the evening. I found the following in an old book, a rather more dignified proceeding :

> The Duke of Connaught is the only living white man who to-day has the right to the title of Chief of the Six Nations of Indians. On his first visit to Canada in 1869, when he was a boy—it was in October in the little city of Brantford—the Prince and his suite were taken to the Old Mohawk Church. The Prince's especial escort, Onwanous Yshon, head chief of the Mohawks, rode on a jet black pony beside the carriage. He was in full native dress, buckskin suit, beaded moccasins, headband of owl's and eagle's feathers, and hammered silver ornaments covering his coat and leggings, with a scarlet blanket flung over his shoulders. On reaching the church three hundred full-blooded Iroquois braves and warriors encircled the Prince on every side. Every Indian was in war-paint and feathers, their copper-coloured skins brilliant with dyes and patterns ; all carried tomahawks, scalping knives, bows and arrows. Every red throat gave a tremendous war-whoop as Prince Arthur alighted, which was repeated again and again as with his left hand he took off his hat and extended his right hand. Then the war-cries broke, deafening, savage, dreadful, and one by one the entire three hundred Indians filed past the Prince. He shook hands with each. This reception over, Onwanous Yshon rode up and flung his scarlet blanket on the ground and asked the Prince to step on it. Then an ancient chief, father of Onwanous Yshon, Speaker of the Council, came forward. He had fought under Sir Isaac Brock at Queenston in 1812, and there was laid upon him the honour of making his Queen's son a chief. Taking the Prince by the hand, the warrior slowly walked to and fro across the blanket, chanting a strange wild formula of induction. It was necessary that a chief of each of the three clans of the Mohawks should assist in the ceremony. The ancient chief who sang the formula was of the Bear clan. His son, of the Wolf clan, and the other chief, of the Turtle clan, then stepped to the edge of the scarlet blanket. The chant ended, and the two young chiefs received the Prince into the Mohawk tribe, giving him the name of Kavakondge, which means 'The Sun flying from East to West under the guidance of the Great Spirit.' Onwanous Yshon took from his waist a

brilliant deep red sash heavily embroidered with beads, porcupine quills and dyed moose hair, placed it over the Prince's left shoulder and knotted it under his right arm. The ceremony was ended.

We passed through enormous stretches of grain-land. Grain elevators are wonderful things; they seem to be uncanny in the way they separate the grain from the chaff, pack the grain into sacks, and lower the sacks into large boats waiting for them.

From Vermillion Bay to Pyne there were continuous lakes, mostly unnamed. We stopped at Kenora, on the Lake of the Woods. Beautiful flowers were growing down to the lake. It is a great place for the Winnipeg people to spend their week-ends. About this part it is very dusty; it is better never to face the dust, but to take it, if possible, in the back.

At Winnipeg we were met by Sir James Aikins and his daughter, and M. and R., who were looking not a day older than when they left England. They had just returned from a holiday at Kenora. We went to Government House, and I was very glad to go to bed in my charming room; and I loved having my breakfast in bed next morning of grape fruit, toast and coffee, and a bunch of sweet peas tucked into a corner of the tray.

September 6.—Started at eleven o'clock with Sir James, G., and H., to the City Park, 600 acres of beautiful grounds with good pavilion, tennis courts and a sort of zoological garden; saw a splendid buffalo, fox, moose, deer, badgers, bears, golden pheasants, hawks and many other animals, a herd of deer looking splendid. Winnipeg is enormous, with very fine broad roads and great houses. After lunch we went to see the Parliament Buildings. I have never seen anything I like better for a modern building. A glorious entrance hall of marble and grey stone which comes from sixty miles away; it is the most lovely colour. On either side of the wide marble staircase, standing on high pedestals, are, in dull green bronze, two buffaloes, more than life size; the beasts are magnificent. There are about twelve or fourteen steps, then a wide landing and another flight of steps. On the top of the stairs you enter a mysterious-looking door—a bolted and barred effect—into the Legislative Chamber. As I stood in the hall and saw the lovely soft grey of it all, I said to G., 'Blue is the right colour here'; and when we entered the Chamber I saw a twin soul had seen eye to eye with me, for the carpets, the leather seats and chairs, all were covered with the most beautiful Chinese blue. The Prince of Wales's chair, on which he sat when he was in Winnipeg, was also blue. The Chamber is perfectly round, and the President's chair is a lovely Empire sort of throne; the lamps round the Chamber, in alcoves, are beautiful late Empire. Every detail

had been carried out splendidly. The great spaces of the buildings are extraordinary, but it must be seen to be understood. I felt if I had been Mr. Simon and had done work like that, I should never dare to know myself again, but gaze on my genius as something quite apart. He is a charming man and very modest, and he will never do anything better. I hear there had been a great deal of feeling about these Parliament Buildings ; they had cost over two millions sterling.

Lady A. had a big reception in the afternoon, and a dinner-party in the evening, all nice cheery people. Lady A. will get interested in the Guides, I think, and her girls will help her. G. was speaking at the Canadian Club on 'The Aftermath of the War.' We went after lunch to hear him ; they all seemed very pleased. Afterwards we went to an At Home, and met endless people, and then had a rush back to get ready to depart ; but a large dinner-party came first. An amusing judge sat by me, and, having told him how lovely I thought the Parliament Buildings, he said, 'They'll do for a hundred years all right.' I said, 'Our house at home is over four hundred and twenty years old.' All he said was, 'Ought to have been pulled down long ago.'

After they had gone we changed our clothes and wished Lady A. and her girls good-bye, some of the kindest people we have met. Sir James took us to the station, where M. met us. We were photographed by flashlight in the car, and said good-bye, and then we went to bed as soon as we could.

September 8.—The country is vast, and we passed through the grain prairies. In the distance I saw a high gold heap and, ascending from it, clouds of golden smoke ; it was a threshing machine piling up the golden grain into a heap of 20 to 30 feet in height, and the chaff flying away in a gorgeous smoke. M. told us these men who work the machine (about twelve of them) go from farm to farm with the machine and a caboose to sleep in. The farmers' wives have to cook and provide the food, and they eat enormously and earn from five to eight dollars a day, not bad for a working man. The country began to get more hilly and was fascinating to watch, the vast plains green and gold in the sun, and the blue sky overhead looks so much more virtuous than in Africa, but not so wonderful. Again I sat on the observation platform and took lessons in perspective, absolutely straight lines to the vanishing point. The line was wonderful, begun at Vancouver and, I think, Montreal at the same time, and after five years they met, Lord Strathcona linking them together about forty years ago. Passed Tomkins. The elevators were lighted up by the sun, and looked like huge electric lamps ; all the farmhouses were white, and the barns red with white windows. I should have taken a barn ; they

were much larger than the houses, and looked cheery and bright. The country was very like the Wiltshire downs.

The names were queer as we went along.

Moose Jaw.—The Indian name means 'a creek where the white man mended the cart with a moose jawbone.'

Medicine Hat.—The town is heated and lighted by natural gas; it warms the house, cooks the food, and lights the house at fourteen dollars thirty cents a month. As we left the town in a blaze of its own making the Northern Light was sending up to a sky of royal blue a glorious column of brilliant white light.

September 9.—We arrived at Banff about nine o'clock. First came the approach of the hills, which were to swell into mountains; it was lovely, with pines, spruce, white birches and tamarisk all beginning to colour, and here and there a blaze of orange red and gold; and as we got nearer Banff a river ran along with us, turquoise blue and green.

ESTELLA CAVE.

THE MISTLETOE

> The trees . . . forlorn and lean,
> O'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe.
>
> SHAKESPEARE.

IT is rather extraordinary, when one comes to think of it, that though mistletoe has always been associated with Christmas festivities and decorations at home, yet it is never used to celebrate the religious side of the festival. Every hall, house, or cottage may have its bunch of mistletoe hanging, with its sly reminder of love and kisses, but never a leaf or berry is seen in our churches ; its use therein is never suggested. This is the more extraordinary since, apparently, there is no law laid down in the matter, nor is there any written pronouncement regarding the point ; the practice rests on age-old custom, backed up by an innate, if indefinable, sense of the unsuitability of the plant in Christian service, for round it has always hung a subtle atmosphere of uncanniness, of wizardry, almost of unholiness, that makes it incompatible with rejoicings over the birth of the little Christ-child and the belief in purity incarnate.

Now why should this be ? Why should mistletoe, which is really an interesting and comely little plant in itself, have this curious and sinister atmosphere ?

In the first place, undoubtedly, cumulative tradition has much to do with it, and we are still unconsciously under the sway of a ban laid down for a special reason in the earliest days of our country's story. The mistletoe started by being the most venerated of plants in this land. It was the sacred plant of the Druid priests, who, at the winter solstice, went out ceremonially with a golden sickle to cut it from the oaks in their groves of worship ; then with sacrifices, human and animal, it was used in the celebration of their great festival, which fell when our Christmas does now, their chief deity Tutanes being probably the equivalent of the god Baal of the Phœnicians. Branches of the sacred plant were then taken by their young men and distributed to the people to announce the coming of the New Year, these branches being afterwards hung up in the dwellings to ward off evil spirits. Thus the origin of the hanging up of the mistletoe goes back to the mists

of antiquity. A century ago a quaint survival, probably, of this custom was recorded as still lingering in certain parts of France, where, on New Year's Day, the boys went—and perhaps still go—round from house to house asking for mistletoe with the cry '*Aguilaneuf*'—that is, '*A gui* [*gui* = Fr. mistletoe]; *l'an neuf*' ('To the mistletoe; 'tis the New Year'). Whether the custom at that time retained any significance, and if so, what, is not stated.

Thus the mistletoe was an integral part of the black rites of the Druid religion, and indissolubly bound up with heathen worship; so when Christianity lighted up the darkness of the land, and everything connected with the old ways was sternly discountenanced, this plant, associated in men's minds with idolatry, human sacrifice and witchcraft, shared in the general condemnation and, later, in the general abhorrence in which all was held that had been involved in Druidic ritual. Hence from the earliest Christian days the mistletoe has been held as barred from all place in Christian worship, the first definite teaching as to the necessity for complete breakage from idolatry merging eventually into tradition and custom of which the meaning has been lost.

It is rather remarkable that in the Anglo-Saxon herbals there is absolutely no mention of the mistletoe as a sacred plant; indeed, there is hardly any allusion of any sort to the plants venerated by the Druids.

Then, again, the 'baleful' mistletoe, as Shakespeare called it, derived a certain amount of its sinister atmosphere from the legends of the Norsemen, where it stands as the agent for the destruction of Balder the Beautiful—the sun-god. The story goes that Balder, the son of Odin and Frigga, dreamed that his life was threatened and that he would shortly die. So Frigga prevailed upon all living things to swear not to harm her son, but she overlooked the insignificant mistletoe growing on the oak at the gate of Valhalla. One day the gods were at play, and with laughter and sport they began to cast missiles of all sorts at Balder, believing him immune from injury. But Loki, his secret enemy, had discovered the omission of the mistletoe from the oath, so he made a shaft from its wood and gave it to Balder's brother, blind Hother, to throw. Hother threw boldly, but, to his horror, instead of laughter there was a shriek, and Balder fell.

> So on the floor lay Balder dead; and round
> Lay thickly strewn swords, axes, darts and spears,
> Which all the Gods in sport had idly thrown
> At Balder, whom no weapon pierced or clove;
> But in his breast stood fixt the fatal bough
> Of mistletoe, which Lok the Accuser gave
> To Hoder, and unwitting Hoder threw—
> 'Gainst that alone had Balder's life no charm.
>
> MATTHEW ARNOLD.

The beautiful Frigga of the Norsemen was the equivalent of the goddess Horda of South Germany and of the Venus of the Greeks, indeed, in Thuringia Horda was known as 'Frau Venus,' and all alike possessed those charms that lure men to their destruction. Tannhaüser was the most noted victim of the witchery of Frau Venus. No doubt it is through the association of the mistletoe with Frigga—curiously enough, in view of the desolation that it brought into her life, it seems to have been dedicated to her—that the idea of profane love, as distinct from Christian love, grew to surround the plant like an evil aura. And this is probably the origin of kissing under the mistletoe and indeed of the *right* to take such a kiss from anyone who wittingly or unwittingly places him or herself beneath it.

There is rather a curious legend of later times which has some sort of parallelism with this Norse story, for in it the life of a Scotch family—the Hays of Errol, in Perthshire, near the Firth of Tay—was traditionally said to be bound up with certain mistletoe which grew on the mighty and ancient Errol oak. So the badge of the house of Hay was the mistletoe, and tradition asserted that the lives of all the Hays were in this particular plant, and if a branch of it were accidentally broken, then a Hay would be killed. Further, it was foretold that if the oak died, and hence the mistletoe upon it, the family would lose its lands and be shorn of its glory:

> While the mistletoe bats on Errols aik
> And that aik stands fast
> The Hays shall flourish, and their good grey hawk
> Shall nocht flinch before the blast.
>
> But when the root of the aik decays
> And the mistletoe dwarts on its withered breast
> The grass shall grow on Errol's hearthstone
> And the coubie roup [1] in the falcon's nest.

In olden days a Hay, on Allhallowmass Eve, went out to the oak and, after surrounding the tree three times sunwise, cut a sprig from it with a new dirk while pronouncing certain spells. (All this is curiously reminiscent of Druidic rites.) This sprig was a sure guard in battle and an infallible charm against witchery. The estates have now passed away from the family, and it is said that shortly before they were sold the oak, in extreme old age, was cut down, and the mistletoe perished. The idea of the centre of life being in the mistletoe rather than in the oak rests, of course, on the fact that it is green and 'living' all the year round and has no period of apparent death, as has a tree.

Further, no doubt, a certain amount of the idea of 'balefulness' is due to the habit of the plant itself. It is a parasite, not in this case harmful apparently to its host; nevertheless para-

[1] 'Raven croak.'

sitism in itself implies degeneration and illegitimate action towards its fellows, and every wholesome mind instinctively shrinks from contact with wilfully parasitic individuals. Without any possibility of an independent existence, the mistletoe must always prey upon an unwilling host, taking all and giving nothing in return. It begins life, too, in a somewhat unsavoury way. The pale juicy berries are eaten in large quantities by thrushes, but while the juicy envelope is absorbed by the digestive processes of the birds, the little hard seeds pass through their bodies unharmed, and, embedded in the 'droppings,' soon find a lodgment on the branch of some suitable tree. The droppings, being semifluid, run down the sides of the branches, and the seeds are carried with them; this explains why the mistletoe is usually found springing from the sides or underside of the branches instead of from the upper side. All this process very much worried botanists in the olden days, as they did not understand that the seeds were contained in the droppings, so we find Gerard writing in the days of Queen Elizabeth that the mistletoe 'neither doth increase himself of his seed as some have supposed, but it rather cometh of a certaine moisture . . . gathered together upon the bough.'

At one time it was believed that the seed's passage through the bird was *essential* to its germination, but now this idea is exploded, for it is found that a new mistletoe plant can be induced to grow on, say, an apple-tree if a fresh berry is crushed into a crack in the bark, and covered to prevent the rain washing it out. When the seed germinates, it sends out a little 'sinker' through the bark to touch the wood-rings within, and during successive seasons the wood grows up and around the sinker 'like the gradual surrounding of a stake on the sea-shore by the rising tide,' says Kerner, the sinker meanwhile growing at its base in an attempt to keep pace with it. As many as forty annual rings of wood have been found surrounding it, so that that particular bunch of mistletoe must have been at least forty years old. The sinker sends off a number of little offshoots until it looks very like a miniature rake embedded in the tissues of the branch; these also absorb nutriment from the host.

Though the mistletoe berries are known to all the world, the flowers are rarely distinguished. They are small and insignificant and are either only male or only female; further, each plant carries flowers of one sex alone, and never varies that sex: hence a mistletoe bush is always either male or female in nature. Therefore when mistletoe is being propagated both sexes should be planted on the same or adjacent host plants. The mistletoe is a unique plant, with no near family relations in this country, though there are a number of tropical forms.

The commandeered hosts of the mistletoe are many, but the apple and the black poplar seem the favourites. Near Vienna

there are poplars so infested with mistletoe tufts that in winter, when the trees have lost their leaves, they look for all the world as if they were mistletoe trees. In this country it is usually found on the apple, very often to an embarrassing degree in the west of England. It is curious, considering how nearly allied the pear is to the apple, that this tree never seems to support it, there being only two known instances in England of mistletoe pears, one being at Belvoir Castle and the other near Malvern. Some little time ago there was published a list of trees on which it had been found *possible* to grow mistletoe, and the majority of our British trees were upon that list, but in practice it grows upon few of them, and seems to have a definite aversion from the beech, alder, and spruce. On the oak it is found but rarely, and it is perhaps this rarity that singled it out in the eyes of the Druids. Nowadays it is said that there are only seven authentic cases of such growth in this land. Mistletoe is chiefly found in the west and south of England, though almost non-existent in Cornwall ; it is rare in the north, and, strangely enough, never found in either Scotland or Ireland. Where it does grow, it is a most pertinacious pest, and most difficult to get rid of, for cutting off one tuft only means that the little rake-like roots send out fresh branches at different spots, so that the last state of that tree is worse than the first

Thrushes find in the mistletoe berries one of their favourite fruits, but to other birds they are particularly 'baleful,' for bird-catchers have known from time immemorial that from them can be made the best of bird-lime, and both the Latin and the common names refer to this quality, *viscum* standing for bird-lime and the Saxon *mistelta* signifying 'slimy substance.'

Still, in spite of its general 'balefulness,' the mistletoe was formerly supposed to be of benefit to man in certain ways. As Gerard quaintly said : 'His acrimony overcometh his bitterness, for if it be used in outward application it draweth humours from the deepest and most secret parts of the body, spreading and dispersing them abroad and digesting them.' As it grows securely rooted aloft that was sufficient, in our forefathers' opinion, to make it an infallible cure for 'falling sickness,' and for this it was prescribed by the highest medical authorities right up to the eighteenth century. That decoctions or powders of it, especially if made from oak mistletoe, will cure epilepsy, is still believed in certain parts of Europe—Sweden and Germany, for instance—and even in our own Lincolnshire traditions of mistletoe virtue are still definitely enshrined. It is also noteworthy that the Ainos of Japan to-day venerate their own particular species of mistletoe and believe that it promotes fertility just as the Druids did. Their childless women eat it, and they even cut it up and sow it with their seeds to improve the crops.

G. Clarke Nuttall.

THE CHINESE

It is a pity that most writers of books about China are faddists of one kind or another, which applies both to visitors of the Bertrand Russell type and to veteran residents such as most, but not all, missionaries. A faddist, in the anxiety to see his fad justified, clouds his judgment by making generalisations, the one thing above all others which in thinking of the Chinese it is never safe to do. You may, after much thought, congratulate yourself on having at last hit upon some principle which seems to be a key to some phase of their national character, but the next minute (if you still have an open mind) something else happens to upset your theory entirely.

The Chinese are full of contradictions, and their minds work differently from ours. Ask someone who has lived in China whether, for instance, the Chinese are dishonest, whether they are excitable, cleanly, religious, artistic, etc. His answer will almost be a matter of chance. I can recall instances which could be collected into groups of about equal strength so as to answer these questions equally well in the affirmative or negative, as desired ; which group a particular observer selects will depend to a great extent on his prejudices. But let me say a few words on each of these topics in turn.

If the essence of dishonesty is deceit, then the Chinese are not dishonest. *All* Chinese collect a 'squeeze' (as it is universally called by foreigners) on money passing through their hands, but the practice is so universal that it does not occur to anyone to expect anything else. Household servants take a commission on all purchases made by their employer even if he pays for them with his own hand (pedlars, for instance, faithfully going round to the servants' quarters to make their contribution there after a deal, even when there is seemingly nothing to stop them going away without doing so) ; Government officials (although nominally allowed a small salary) forward to their superiors a kind of tribute, and keep the rest of the revenue for themselves. When an employer of labour instructs his foreman to engage hands, the subordinate, as a matter of course, claims a part of their wages ever afterwards : it never occurs to the workmen to resent

this or see anything extraordinary in it; they no more consider themselves unjustly oppressed than does an Englishman in paying a commission to an employment agency through which he has obtained a post, for they do not accept our tacit convention that an employment agent ought to be distinct from an employer. If a foreigner in China sickened by the universal corruption (which is not corruption in Chinese eyes) has the strange whim of paying each coolie his 'own' wages into his own hands, they are merely put to the trouble of refunding the foreman's share outside the room, and matters continue as usual. In fact, what it really amounts to is that the foreman is a contractor, whether you frankly call him one or not. For any work that can easily be measured (such as earthwork and many building operations, but not maintenance) small contracts are much the most satisfactory way of employing Chinese labour.

To say that a particular man is not corrupt in our meaning of that word, the Chinese expression would be '*Ta pu yao chien.*' Translated literally, this simply means 'He does not want money.' Apparently, then, the Chinese cannot conceive of one and the same person desiring money and yet abstaining from 'squeeze'; the statement would appear to them a meaningless contradiction if it could be expressed (which my own limited knowledge would not enable me to do), just as would to us the statement 'He is a thief, but he does not steal.' Surely it speaks volumes that to the Chinese mind, as revealed by this idiom, the only man who does not squeeze is he who has no wish for money.

It would also be true to reverse the order of the statement at the head of the last paragraph but one, and to say that if the essence of deceit is dishonesty, then the Chinese are not deceitful. They tell lies so universally that nobody ever believes them, so nobody is deceived. In England, to say to a man 'You are a liar' is offensive; in China, it is like saying 'You don't mean to say so!' But although the deceit of the Chinese kills itself, it is by far the least pleasing of their characteristics.

It is hard to make up one's mind whether or not to call the Chinese excitable. Any kind of public discussion (and what discussion is *not* public in China?) takes the form of a shouting contest, he who can best make his voice heard above the din winning the argument. If a cart is upset on the 'road,' or a railway waggon is derailed, or obstreperous ponies are to be landed on to a ferry, each member of the large crowd which at once collects from nowhere at all (the usual relations of time and space not applying to the formation of Chinese crowds) proceeds to give his views at once; then everybody catches hold of whatever has to be pulled upon, and applies to it the requisite rhythmic heaves,

all working in perfect unison and taking their time by joining in a solemn chant, led by one of them who sings the solo portions. The tune, but not the words which are usually improvised, is always the same, and the time cannot be varied whatever the nature of the work. Pile-driving and the alignment of railway lines with crowbars are among the modern engineering operations which lend themselves particularly well to this choral treatment. But it is more in the case of an impromptu performance, such as the righting of some mishap on the road, that the transition from the highly excited discussion of ways and means to the monotonous chant becomes apparent. Monotony and excitement surely are opposites, yet the Chinese, excitable in many ways, positively *like* monotonous tasks (such as standing all day in a coal-mine turning the handle of a small fan); there is no doubt about it.

Cleanliness certainly does not come next to godliness if the Mongolian lama priests are to be accepted as models of the latter. The ones seen by tourists in Pekin are limpid compared with those on the edge of Mongolia, with the mutton fat off their fingers smeared over their orange and yellow robes. However, it must be said that the Chinese are usually cleaner than their Mongol neighbours. The houses (in the north, to which part alone all these remarks apply) are just about as clean as they would be if lived in by ourselves under the compulsion of the same conditions. Dirt has been defined as matter out of place; if your house is made of mud, any mud in it cannot be called dirty, for it is *not* out of place. *Q.e.d.* Bathing is very popular in the summer (among men only, for nobody is so prudish as the Chinese are in some ways), but in the north impossible in winter.

Are the Chinese religious? In the first place, when we are told that 'the three religions of China' are Confucianism, Buddhism, and Taoism, we are apt to imagine them as being watertight, like the denominations at home, so that one might expect to ask a Chinese: 'Are you a Buddhist?' receiving the answer, 'No, I am a Taoist,' and so forth. This is quite the wrong idea. In the first place, Confucianism is not a religion at all, but a system of philosophy, careful to disavow any connection with the supernatural. In any case, all the 'three religions,' or rather extracts from them, coexist in the mind of the average Chinese cemented by a vague idolatry so as to be in no way incompatible and seldom even differentiated (except, perhaps, that the more intellectual usually say they admire Confucius, and have a tendency to sneer at the superstition of the other beliefs). Rites from any or none of the religions are observed as the occasion seems to require; Buddhism, for instance, is popular for funeral purposes. A friend of the writer's, when his mother died, engaged Buddhist priests to chant and perform on unmusical instruments for a week almost

continuously, and, being modern-minded, helped it by the liberal use of a gramophone.

Every village or group of houses has what foreigners call a 'joss-house,' which is usually a well-made little miniature pavilion standing about four feet high where the god of the land lives, his effigy inside being visible through a little opening about a foot high. The larger villages have one or more temples containing a great number of idols; the temple is usually the only well-built house in the neighbourhood, and rather pretty. People attend twice a month to kow-tow to those of the idols whose favour they desire, to burn incense, and to let off squibs, ostensibly to scare away the evil spirits, but really because they like the noise. (It is amusing to speculate on what would happen if a worshipper in a church at home insisted on using this precaution.) The relations with the idols are on strict business principles; it is said, for instance, that in times of drought the idol entrusted with the job of bringing rain is sometimes brought out into the hot sun, as a hint to wake up and do some work. New-comers to China are always surprised at the total lack of reverence displayed in the temples, where arguing and laughing continue the same as everywhere else. On the whole, few observers would say that the Chinese are a religious people.

With regard to missionaries, I find that, while still far from being in sympathy with them, I am much less anti-missionary, now that I have, so to speak, seen them in their wild state, than I was when I came to China. The medical ones undoubtedly do enormous good, the educational ones serve a useful purpose, and the others do no harm unless they are utter cranks. Talking of the latter, it is stated in a recent thoroughly trustworthy book [1] that on the Kansu-Tibetan border there are some who believe in the gift of tongues, whose method is to work themselves up into a fit, rolling on the ground, until (no wonder!) they find themselves speaking in an unknown tongue, which they are banking upon being the particular dialect of North-East Tibet which is required. As this sort of thing must surely be bad for foreign prestige, it seems a pity that passports cannot be refused to missionaries not connected with some reputable society or otherwise guaranteed to conform to the more conventional standards of sanity. It would, however, be most unfair to take this as a typical case, the missionaries usually met with being on the whole perfectly practical, if sometimes somewhat narrow, people. Moreover, they deserve a certain credit for being the only foreigners in China not there for their own interests.

The Northern Chinese are in many ways surprisingly intelligent, but always with equally startling limitations. One of my

[1] Teichman, *Travels of a Consular Officer in North-West China.*

greatest pleasures is to chat with the country people about the crops, their families, politics, and what not, and to enjoy their charming manners. No greater contrast from a country bumpkin at home could be imagined. Moreover, it is usually the countryman who leads the conversation and asks most questions, not merely the usual polite, but embarrassing, inquiries as to one's family history, one's age, why one is not married, the amount of one's salary, and so forth, but shrewd queries as to what crops are grown in England, the distance to that country and how the journey is made, and one's accomplishments in reading Chinese. One learns to accumulate a few stock statements which seem to carry a peculiar interest, such as the fact that in England the pigs are usually white (in China they are invariably black), and that the houses there are made of brick or stone, never of mud (but this last is, perhaps, a little too hard to be believed). Although few have time in their youth to learn to read properly, a large proportion seem to know perhaps a few score of the characters, and none questions the desirability of knowing more. All classes have a genuine, unfeigned respect and desire for education, which, moreover, is now becoming as keen where modern subjects are concerned as it is for the traditional classical system. One's office boy will be found at odd times engrossed in his English primer, this being a most popular study—real English, not the 'pidgin' variety, which is happily almost unknown in the north. English is learnt with uncanny rapidity and often amusing results, such as the case of the railwayman who wrote to ask if he might be made a signal-fitter's disciple and that of the boy who hoped that his benefactor might be blessed both in body and in morality.

But where the Chinese mind fails is in its lack of originality, of initiative, and of that analytical instinct, both inherent and carefully developed by training, in the European which makes him sub-consciously adjust the means to the end, instead of incessantly repeating a set pattern. For instance, even a beginner in surveying, if a European, would not be so foolish when measuring spot levels in a ploughed field as to waste effort in reading them all to the third decimal of a foot; such an action is typical of a Chinese. Nor does a European cobbler utterly refuse to contemplate the mere possibility of soling a tennis shoe just because he has not seen that particular kind of shoe before.

As to whether the Chinese are artistic, this again is difficult to answer. They certainly are not if the acceptance of our own canons of taste is to be the test, but that is hardly fair. They have a way of quite unexpectedly bringing to light an unsuspected capacity for decoration; for instance, when inspecting some building work on a railway station, I discovered that one of

the carpenters and the foreman, purely on their own account and without orders, were engaged in carving a mould of really artistic design with which they proposed to cast a panel, in concrete, on each side of the doorway. They were allowed to continue. (Ruskin says it is very wrong to decorate a railway station, because art will be degraded by exposure in a place where everybody is always in a hurry. It is obvious that Ruskin had not travelled in China.)

What, if anything, can be deduced from these comments on a random half-dozen elements in the Chinese character ? Chiefly, that in thinking about China the essential is to accept facts as they are, to be free from fads and preconceptions. And one dangerous fad arises when, because in a particular case we have found certain things going together, we assume they are not separable. We are accustomed to associate democracy in local government with democracy in central government, but in my opinion this association is fortuitous and not essential. The Chinese have a remarkable capacity for genuine *local* democratic self-government (families will combine to hire a teacher by the year to keep school for their children ; villages will combine in laborious schemes of protection against floods, or even against bandits ; societies of all kinds abound). But, like everything Chinese, this capacity breaks down completely after a certain point. They have no capacity whatever for the higher phases of government on democratic lines. It is utterly foreign to their instincts. Patriotism for China as a whole is unknown ; the love of home is intense and even pathetic. By a paradox apparently true also of Russia the old Imperial *régime*, being of necessity weak in local affairs, indirectly fostered rather than repressed this fine local democracy ; one gathers that the function of the official was, in practice, really to support by his prestige the authority of the local village headmen who actually governed, as they do now.

The old *régime* broke down because it was based on the assumption that China was the only country in the civilised world, which, formerly a perfectly rational idea, became untenable with the modern improvements in world communications (perfectly rational, because the other countries, having no communication with China, really did not, for practical purposes, exist). Nowadays the world is one ; it is a social whole, and the *tendency* is for all its parts to approximate to the same economic and social standards. Just as when on the earth's surface there exists a centre of low atmospheric pressure the wind rushes in from the surrounding regions of higher pressure until equilibrium is attained, so when (as in China) there is a region where the sources of wealth are not being exploited as they are elsewhere the economic wind rushes in and will continue until economic equilibrium is attained.

Hence that foreign aggression so painful to the minds of certain writers. It is quite idle to call it names and to compare the Western nations to highwaymen holding up a defenceless traveller; as well say the same of a gas streaming into a vacuum when the barrier is broken down. It is the operation of an inevitable natural law. The real right of a people to a country, nowadays that the world is one, rests on what colonial jurists call 'effective occupation'—that is, the evidence of a genuine intention and attempt both at government and at development of its wealth. (Where the ethical aspect does come into the question is in the apportioning of the profits, not in the creation of the wealth.) And the tragedy of China's position in the modern world is that, unlike every other sovereign State alive to-day, she has not succeeded in making good the 'effective occupation' of *herself*.

That she may accomplish this before it is too late must be the wish of every sincere friend of China, a land of happy, smiling people playing with naked babies in the sunshine; of many faults—and of virtues which the world can ill afford to lose; of unchecked greed—and temperate living; of Boxer risings and of thoughtless, placid contentment, festering, ragged beggars, and the greatest unopened hoard of wealth on earth.

J. EDWIN HOLMSTROM.

THE BALTIC REPUBLICS: SOME REVELATIONS

ENGLISH people during the Great War became so concentrated upon the war on the Western Front that very little attention was given to other spheres of the war crisis. Even since the war our minds have been so centred on the Ruhr problem, German reparations, the American debt, and our own industrial troubles, that we know very little about some very important centres of world development. A visit, therefore, which I and some of my colleagues in the House of Commons have recently paid to the Baltic States, may provide some new food for thought. Here we find three new countries: Latvia, with Riga as its capital, Lithuania, with Kovno as its capital, and Esthonia, with Reval as its capital. All these countries suffered from a German occupation, while I think it can be safely said that Lithuania and Latvia suffered equally with France and Belgium in the material losses sustained. I do not propose to go over the history of these days. That is the work of the historian, and no man should be such a fool as to attempt history after a short few days' visit to these countries. Suffice it to say that when the war history comes to be told those Baltic States will provide pages of romance of a vivid and poignant character. Take the story of Lithuania, the centre of the German attack on Riga, overrun in 1916 until the brave Lettish soldiers stopped the German advance 16 miles south of Riga. Their country was overrun, her population made slaves, by the German military machine, and her valuable forests depleted for the German military machine. Take the story of Riga, once a prosperous manufacturing town as well as a seaport, with steel works, paper mills, and other factories employing many thousand workers. When at last the Russian revolution came, and the Lettish soldiers were no longer able to defend their native country in 1917, the whole of the machinery and plant was devastated. Even to-day those factories are still idle and do not employ one workman. Go round the country districts of Latvia, within 40 miles of Riga we find the whole district destroyed with a deliberation which is so well known to those who have seen similar destruction in France and Belgium. In Latvia their fighting was not confined to war against Germany: they had to fight Bolsheviks and even Russian Monarchists. Listen to the story of the Latvian ex-Prime Minister, M. Ullmanis,

who was at the head of a Government without a cent, without arms, and without soldiers; in danger of arrest by General Von Goltz, he had to take refuge in the British Legation at Libau, and later on a British man-of-war. Yet finally he secured victory and independence for his nation. Then in Esthonia, overrun by German and Bolshevik troops, we find nearly all her leading politicians were imprisoned by the Bolshevik *régime* in Moscow. Many, alas! are no more. Then the women of the Red Cross, fighting for their country bravely, often within 50 yards of the actual fighting—their story must add to our feelings of admiration for those wonderful peoples. Such are a few of the stories which could be multiplied many times over, and they give us some idea of the state of these countries in 1920 and 1921, when at last order was restored and their independence was finally secured.

I must say I was amazed at the marvellous exertions which have been undertaken by these people, especially, if I may say so, by Latvia. In this country, in spite of the fact that they went on fighting two years after our armistice, and that their country was completely devastated, they have balanced their budget, they have stabilised their exchange, and they have two million pounds in gold bullion lodged in the Bank of England. Furthermore, they have paid America all the money they owed that country for food, and they have paid England half the money they owe us for arms and ammunition. In these days, when national debts are so often regarded as scraps of paper, it is indeed pleasant to be able to congratulate countries which are meeting their obligations like men of honour. The reason for this great success is easy to discern—hard work and national patriotism. In war her sons and daughters fought for Latvia, her independence and her soul. They have now thrown aside the sword—thank Heaven for that—and taken up the ploughshare. Every farmer is a small holder—he has his small clean farmhouse, his twenty head of cattle, his fifty acres. He is working all the hours God gives him; not only the man himself, but his wife and daughters, all strive for the good of the farm and Latvia. The farming is, in many cases, crude. It may be said that the Agrarian Law which gave the peasant his land is not such as would be approved in England, even perhaps by the Labour Party. It is said, however, on the highest authority that the Barons and Balts in the main were highly treacherous in Europe's hour of need. They plotted with Germany, with Bolsheviks, with anyone who, they thought, would give them their land back. In fact, they backed the wrong horse. Even after promising us their support, wireless messages were picked up by our generals proving their treachery and deceit. At the same time, it should be stated frankly that intending investors in these States should examine these laws carefully before coming to a decision. Perhaps this grave defect is the result of the single-chamber Government which

exists in these countries. Among other sights at Riga we saw a sawmill producing boards and deals for our own country. These men and women were paid three shillings per day ; they work three times as hard as men employed in a London sawmill. We also visited a woollen factory in the same town. This factory was in existence in pre-war days, and is resuming work now, though not fully completed. It is an example of the enterprise of our race which is sure to be profitable. When I was in this mill, I had an amusing experience. I was walking with an unknown man. I had often experienced the difficulty a bad linguist finds in speaking to Russians, Letts, Lithuanians and even Germans. I made an observation in English that some of the machinery we were passing was English. Immediately came the reply in the richest Yorkshire dialect, 'Oh, Ah've coom fra' Bradford ma'sen.' We thus found that the works were run by Yorkshire-men with Yorkshire machinery.

When we come to Esthonia, we find a country which, though occupied by Germans and Bolsheviks, suffered little material loss. Reval, though occupied during various invasions by the Swedes, the Russians and in the last war by the Germans, has been little touched. Her old historical monuments stand in all their majesty as ours do in our country in many towns. Reval has a wonderful harbour, which will probably be greatly developed by the new Esthonian republic. In Reval exist a very wonderful furniture factory and three-ply works, under the supervision of Mr. Martin Luther. This concern again is an English one—Messrs. Venesta, Ltd., whose products are famous in this country. In Esthonia there are also shale oil works and mines partly run by the State and partly by private enterprise. Then at Narwa there is a large cotton-spinning and weaving mill, employing three to four thousand workpeople with half a million spindles. Here again my Lancashire friends should note that the average wage is three shillings per day, and these mills are run at small cost by water power. There is also here a large linen works with Belfast and Scottish machinery. It is right again to note that the managers are British from Lancashire and Scotland. Here in Narwa we saw for the first time in Esthonia remnants of the late war in the form of houses still in a state of disrepair, battered down by high explosives and shells. Close to Narwa is the frontier between Esthonia and Bolshevik Russia. There we saw the Red Army sentry at his post facing the Esthonian sentry, with barbed wire separating them along the entire frontier, through which no communication can be made. On one side of the barbed wire we saw a Bolshevik farmer ploughing his field, while on the Esthonian side an Esthonian farmer was at the same work. Yet in days gone by doubtless these two men were close friends. One asks how long this situation is to continue.

While we were in Latvia we also visited Libau, where fortunately the thriving industries have not been destroyed by the ravages of war. Here there are works for manufacturing hide, leather, matches, sausages, and chains. Libau was the old Russian naval dockyard on the Baltic. Libau and Windau have the great advantage of being the only ice-free ports on the Baltic. Libau has a direct line of steamers to and from America and regular steamers to England. There is at this port one of the largest dry docks I have ever seen. The only larger dock (it is 300 metres in length) in my knowledge is the Gladstone Dock in Liverpool. While at Libau we also witnessed a remarkable review of troops by General Burt, and then had the high honour of a march past to the salute. We were very much impressed by the keenness of the soldiers. I was standing close to M. Kolnung, the ex-Minister of Finance and now President of the Latvian State Bank. I congratulated him on the fine appearance of his soldiers, and I did this in no spirit of idle flattery. The old man completely broke down, and said he had never hoped to see his country's young manhood looking so splendid. He was certainly justified in his pride. The men were not only well clothed and well equipped, but manly, healthy in appearance, and they showed what fine soldiers they would make.

Let us now turn to Lithuania. I propose here to say very little, because when we were there there were very delicate negotiations in progress with regard to Memel. The Lithuanians could think of nothing else but their grievance against Poland, and they talked of nothing but Memel and Vilna. Instead of working, unfortunately, their minds are centred on war and war preparations. The cream of their race is still in the trenches watching Poland, instead of being in the furrows watching the crops. I do not say that they have not sufficient reason, but it is a point which should be pressed home upon our Foreign Office that a settlement quickly is vital if these countries are to become solvent. It is difficult to comment without full facts and without knowledge of both sides, but there does seem to have been a lack of foresight and common sense either by our Foreign Office or the Supreme Council. If it is correct that one of the conditions imposed upon Lithuania, in order that she may retain Memel, is that she must allow Poland to transport arms and ammunition through Memel for a period of ninety-nine years, if it is also true that this condition is imposed irrespective of whether these arms and this ammunition are to be used by Poland against Lithuania herself, then it is only worthy of Gilbertian comic opera.

Now what is to be learnt from the foregoing ? I feel strongly that here in Riga, Libau, Reval and in Memel also, if the Polish-Lithuanian quarrel is out of the way, lie the keys of our future trade in this part of Europe. Our traders, merchants and manu-

facturers should centre on these four points. If Russian trade begins to flow, it must come through these ports. Apart altogether from the trade we can secure in these republics themselves, there will be an ever increasing trade with Russia. Then when Bolshevism has burned itself out, probably in five or ten years' time, we shall have all the machinery ready for our old trade developments. There are some, it is true, who will say that Russia, freed from Bolshevik madness, will never be content until these ports are back again in a united Russian empire. It would seem, however, that their position is analogous to that of Belgium and Holland, and that, like those countries, these Baltic States should receive international guarantees. If, of course, the League of Nations means anything, here is all the guarantee necessary for their continued independence. There are many old German officers in Russia training the Soviet troops. Similarly there are French officers training Polish soldiers, and here is the menace of war springing to life once again. It makes one disposed to despair of Leagues of Nations when one sees the old flame of war being kindled so vividly before one's eyes. Here on the Baltic coast we have new nationalities surging with life. They are making mistakes; could one expect anything else? Do not we make mistakes, a vast empire upon which the sun never sets? Remember that people who make no mistakes never make anything. Our own country when it became the Mother of Parliaments—a fact which was always being drummed into our ears—was a very small nation living in a few small islands. Yet after 800 years the Empire, based on London, extends over the whole world. Who is going to say that, taking a long view, these small Baltic republics, burning with the zeal of their new-found independence, will not themselves build up great positions in the world?

There is one touching little incident during our visit which I would like to mention. Five very tired and very humble members of Parliament, after a long, tiring motor drive, arrived at a small village named Ceiza. The whole countryside, as usual, was there to meet us. The brass band played *Rule Britannia* and the Latvian National Anthem; the Mayor made his oration of welcome; Sir Park Goff replied with his usual felicity; then came a little Latvian girl with a bouquet of flowers, and made a little speech in English, telling us that the English girls had, through the Lord Mayor of London, sent them books to read, and she wanted us, when we returned to London, to thank them for their present. I really think these people love England almost with the intensity of our own Dominions. In fact, more than one deputy said to me when we were discussing the British Empire, and how we were all units of a great community of nations working for peace, that he deplored the fact that they were not Anglo-Saxons, so that they could join this great community. The English language is com-

pulsory in all schools. What an opportunity we English have! The harvest is there to be gathered. We have only to look to these countries for the markets which will, to some extent, help our unemployment problem. Germany is recognised as down and out; her machinery is not only dearer, but it is inferior. She was our great trade rival. Now these Baltic countries are looking to us; they have the goods to sell us, mainly timber and agricultural produce, but they have in their turn need of vast quantities of our manufactured goods. In other words, we can trade to our mutual advantage. They want particularly rolling stock and agricultural machinery. Here, I think, much can be done by means of financial aid on sound business lines. For, after all, the only thing that can impede the progress of these Baltic States, barring war, is finance.

Yes, these people love Britain and the British. They are looking to us for guidance and for help. The reason is not hard to find. During the war they had been led to believe that Germany was invincible. During the occupation so many stories had been told them by Germans of German victories that they really came to believe that Germany had won. Then came the sudden news that Germany had been beaten. They asked who had done this great thing, and they learnt for the first time of Britain's real might.

Perhaps the most striking event of our visit was our meeting with the London Boy Scouts. About a score or more were in Latvia to attend the Lettish Jamboree. Here these English boys gave us a real hearty cheer, sang the Latvian National Anthem, and behaved just as English boys, especially Boy Scouts, usually do behave. They are in fact real pioneers of our great country.

I cannot conclude this article without once again mentioning Alfred Burt, brigadier-general of the British Army. Alfred Burt is a national hero in these Baltic States. When I tell you that working men in Libau crowded round him to shake his hand, that will give some idea of his great popularity. Without doubt these countries owe their independence to this general, and he is given full credit for it by them. We were witnesses of a very pleasant incident at Kovno, when, as a further tribute to his genius, the President of the Lithuanian State pinned on his breast the highest military decoration of their country. It was General Burt's skill and force which drove German and Bolshevik invaders from Esthonia, Latvia and Lithuania; it was his tact and wisdom which brought hostilities to an end, and peace to these troubled lands. Often putting the blind eye to the telescope when a stupid War Office or Foreign Office gave unwise orders, he was a real pioneer of empire, like so many of our men in the past. He has given us our chance. Let us see that our business men grasp the opportunities.

JOHN R. REMER.

CONDITIONS IN SPAIN

RUMOURS were for some months current in Spain as to dissatisfaction in the army on account of the fickleness the last Governments had shown in the Moroccan question; as far back as August these questions began to be freely spoken of; a military uproar was predicted, and when on September 13 General Primo de Rivera issued his declaration it came as a surprise to nobody.

The proclamation which swept away the existing legal government and established military dictatorship was jubilantly hailed by all classes of the Spanish population; reactionaries and Communists, Liberals and Socialists, were unanimous in expressing their joy at the downfall and disappearance of the professional politicians and their clans, whose only activity for the last fifty years had consisted in ransacking the State for their own benefit and for the benefit of their innumerable hosts.

There is no doubt that General Primo de Rivera and his fellow-generals are prompted by the noble and patriotic desire to save their country from decay, which was inevitable if the old system of corruption and rottenness had continued only a few years more. It must not be concealed, however, that they have a formidable and difficult task before them, and that it will require very great energy to carry through their plans of renovation.

The greatest of all the evils that has befallen Spain is the so-called caciquism. This is a machinery comparable with what Tammany Hall is, or has been, in New York—an association of ruthless politicians to plunder and to convert to their own profit the resources of the State by all sorts of abuse, misuse, corruption violation of the law, defeating the due course of justice by undue pressure on the tribunals, and even open violence. Caciquism was shared by a dozen or two leading politicians, some of whom style themselves Conservatives, while some others pass off themselves as Liberals; in reality there is not the slightest difference between them. Every one of these big leading politicians (the caciques) had his own district or region (the cacicato), where he was the absolute ruler; the whole of the State machinery, administration, tribunals, police, etc., was at their command. In

every town, in every village of their region they had representatives, the so-called local caciques, who exercised the absolute power in the name of their masters.

The public offices and administrations were filled with many thousands of men who owed their posts only to the unlawful influence of the caciques, and many of them assimilated two, three, four, and even five different posts in one person, who received as many distinct salaries; as they felt themselves protected by their powerful masters, these *protégés* not even took the trouble to go to their offices, putting in an appearance only once a month, on pay-day.

By one stroke of the pen the Marqués de Estella put an end to this shameful abuse: all these many thousands of useless drones were dismissed and ejected outright on the same day, to the amazement of their so-far almighty masters and to the joy of all Spain, and of the honest public servants who had done their duty.

At the same time the municipal councils, so far the local fortresses and instruments of tyranny of the caciques, were dissolved and substituted by committees of honest, independent men, directly controlled by the military directorate.

The next step of the Marqués de Estella was the dissolution of both Houses of Parliament, which had been elected by unlawful pressure and corruption.

In this, however, the military dictator had a less fortunate hand, because the so-called permanent part of the Senate, the chief stronghold of the caciques, was left untouched. It is to be hoped that its maintenance is only a temporary one, because its permanence would destroy to a great extent the salutary effect of the other measures taken in the interest of the political and moral sanitation of Spain.

All these, however, are side issues; the main questions to be solved are the Moroccan campaign, the financial question, and the reform of public education.

The war in Morocco is extraordinarily unpopular amongst the civil population; in the army only the officials are in favour of its continuance, because they consider it as a blemish on the honour of Spain that the defeats of 1921 have not yet been fully avenged. As to the rank and file, they share the aversion of the civil population, and this feeling had a dramatic expression some weeks ago when a whole battalion, on being embarked for Africa, mutinied in Malaga, the soldiers being encouraged in their rebellion by the acclamations of the civil population. Order was re-established with the aid of faithful troops, and, although some officers who had endeavoured to stem the rebellion were killed, the death sentence passed on the ringleader, a sergeant, had to

be commuted to penal servitude for life on account of the dangerous excitement prevailing in the rank and file and in the civil population.

The Marqués de Estella is the only Spanish officer who, in open opposition to his brother officers, publicly pronounced himself against the continuance of the Moroccan campaign, and even advocated the complete evacuation of Northern Africa. As far as can be gathered, he will now take a more advanced line and then try to bring to a standstill further military operations and stop the excessive demands on public finances by reducing the forces mobilised.

Although the Moors are splendid fighters amply provided with modern war material, are receiving help and advice from outside, and their chieftain, Abd-El-Krim, has proved to be an able military leader, this object would have been achieved long ago but for the lack of decision in the previous Governments and for their most inopportune interference with military operations. The Spanish army, after two years of campaign, seems to be well fitted now for such a task, and, according to all appearances, should be able to bring the struggle to a rapid conclusion. This is all the more necessary as public opinion is once more beginning to become nervous about Africa, and even a momentary check could have serious consequences and imperil the work of all-round renovation which the military directorate has undertaken.

Intimately connected with the Moroccan campaign is the financial question. For several years past the Spanish budget has closed with a considerable deficit on account of the heavy expenses caused by the African war; for 1922-23 the revenue was 2,952,972,438 pesetas, as against an expenditure of 3,873,297,035 pesetas, showing a deficiency of 920 million pesetas (27,000,000*l.* at the present rate of exchange), a huge sum for a comparatively poor country, as Spain is.

However, although the financial situation looks serious it is in no way desperate. If expenses in Morocco are cut down the position will be considerably better; and if the collection of taxes is made in a modern and businesslike way, and, above all, if everybody is forced to pay taxes in full according to his means—a thing so far unknown in Spain—the balance of income and expenditure will promptly be re-established and the premium on gold, an outcome of bad finance, will disappear.

We pass over the questions of trade balance, commercial treaties, and railway reorganisation, as their solution depends on the re-establishment of sound State finance; as to the reform of public administration, the road is clear for it, since caciquism has received a deadly blow.

Something should be said on the educational question.

According to official statistics, 60 per cent. of the population of Spain is completely illiterate, but it must be borne in mind that out of the remaining 40 per cent. which is supposed to be able to read and to write at least one-half can scarcely spell, even by helping itself with a finger or by a loud voice. Hundreds of thousands of children grow up without receiving the slightest instruction; in many smaller towns and villages no schools exist, or the existing ones are in ruins. Out of a total yearly expenditure of 3,873,297,035 pesetas (= 115,000,000*l.*) the Spanish State appropriates for public education a sum of 166,000,000 pesetas only (=5,000,000*l.*). The Spanish school teacher is the worst paid of all Spanish public servants; he is living on a famine salary inferior to that of a rural constable or of a rural postman. There are only 30,000 school teachers, mostly working under saddest conditions, while at least 72,000 would be necessary to provide the strict minimum of public instruction. Indeed, one may safely state that in no European country is public education in a more neglected state than in Spain. As to secondary education, the few existing State schools are of a rudimentary type with only a few pupils, as most of the well-to-do families send their children to private colleges run by monks (Jesuits, etc.), who, of course, are above all concerned to breed good staunch Catholics devoted to the Pope, and in science only teach the strictly indispensable to enable their pupils to pass successfully the State examinations, a thing the monks generally achieve through the enormous influence they wield in Spain.

The Spanish universities, too, are far below the standard of modern high schools; most of the professors owe their posts to the favour of the caciques, not to their personal merits, although there are some praiseworthy exceptions.

The low educational degree of the masses is chiefly responsible for the prevailing all-round corruption and made possible the rule of the caciques; it is quite impossible to run a modern State with a population whose educational standard is that of Turkey or Persia. If Spain has to be raised to an up-to-date level, public education must be enforced in a stern, implacable manner; with the uncultivated population she has now Spain will never progress.

The educational question is closely connected with what is called separatism, *i.e.*, the tendency existing in the provinces of Catalonia, Galicia, and Vasconia to suppress the use of the Spanish language, to substitute for it the local vernaculars, and to secede from Spain in order to form independent States. If compulsory school attendance is enforced, the Spanish language will quickly encroach upon local dialects, and then the very basis of

separatism will disappear, for the Spanish language is already well known to the greater part of the inhabitants of these provinces.

The educational question, in short, will be the touchstone of the new *régime;* according to the solution it receives, Spain will become a healthy, progressive, and powerful State or remain what she is now, and even sink lower and lower until some final catastrophe supervenes.

Taking all in all, however, it may be said in conclusion that the Marqués de Estella's action is a generous attempt to lift Spain from her misery; although it is premature to judge of the results, all friends of that beautiful country and of her well-gifted inhabitants will join in the hearty wish that success may attend him.

ROBERT SZIVESSY.

MEMORIES OF GEORGE ODGER

Best seem'd the thing he was, and join'd
Each office of the social hour
To noble manners, as the flower
And native growth of noble mind:

Nor ever narrowness or spite,
Or villain fancy fleeting by,
Drew in the expression of an eye,
Where God and Nature met in light;

And that he bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman,
Defamed by every charlatan,
And soil'd with all ignoble use.

TENNYSON'S *In Memoriam.*

OFT-TIMES during the last thirty years the query has been put to me: George Odger, who was he? To the present generation of Radicals and Trade Unionists the name conveys nothing.

Yet from the 'fifties to the middle 'seventies of the last century, when much stern fighting had to be done for both causes, there was none to take a greater share in the battles than he.

Born in 1820 he was in his fiftieth year when contesting Southwark. His birthplace was the village of Rouboro', formerly called Jump, between Tavistock and Plymouth.

Like many another man of eminence in the various phases of active life, Odger was unable to claim either wealthy relatives or aristocratic descent. His father, John Odger, was a sturdy Cornishman and working miner, so it will be readily understood that his youthful surroundings were not of the most easy description. To some it is a source of wonder how such men so placed overcome the difficulties and rise at all. The truth is that hard, natural training instead of crushing, calls forth inherent energies. His education—using that term in the vulgar sense in which it is too often employed—began early, and was finished almost ere it had begun. No sooner could he handle an awl and set a stitch than he had to leave the rustic school in which he had been taught *some* of the rudiments, and begin to learn the craft of shoemaking. In later years when

Odger had become an aspirant for parliamentary honours, another son of St. Crispin, gifted with a liking for jingles and rhymes as well as a regard amounting almost to veneration for his distinguished fellow-craftsman, composed these odd lines :—

George Odger was a *shoe*
Maker and politician *too*.

It would almost seem as if the cobblers' stool possessed a special virtue for the development of far-seeing and thinking men, and the annals of our race have been extended and enriched by the 'Souter Johnnies' of the United Kingdom.

George, however, did not permit his stool to become the be-all and end-all of life. He seems early to have learnt the lesson that to excel in any one direction the whole of the faculties require to be fostered and trained. Thus we learn that he became a devotee of out-door sports and of Nature. Quite early, too, he became a dramatic reader. In this connection I can recall that during the Southwark contest he gave much delight to a small circle of his workers, who suddenly found themselves in his company on a wet evening with nothing to do. For an hour straight away he gave from memory, unaided by a single note, a rich outpouring of the larger part of one of Shakespeare's comedies, displaying considerable histrionic power in the doing of it. I did not become acquainted with Dr. Furnivall until some three years after Odger's death, otherwise I should have felt it to be a most lovable duty to have brought together the shoemaker politician and the great Shakespearian scholar.

Immediately Odger came to London he began to take an active part in the work of the trade unions.

This at that time meant a great deal. The progress of invention had begun to make great inroads in his own trade, and Odger soon found his hands full of work requiring firmness, tact, and discretion. At first the boot and shoe operatives were bitterly opposed to the introduction of machinery, and it required numberless shop visits and many straight talks in order to modify this opposition and replace it with a more reasonable state of mind. As mediator in what was known as the Liverpool and Kendal dispute his conduct was marked by a sound judgment and conciliatory manner which won for him general esteem. In condemning what are best known as the Broadhead Outrages, in the most emphatic language he wisely seized the opportunity to rub in to the outraged public conscience that all such reprehensible acts were the inevitable result of the refusal then maintained to make combinations of workmen for lawful objects legal associations.

The attempt to weld into a united whole the workmen of

Europe was largely due to his suggestion, and as a result the *International* was founded. It was from Odger's pen that the address presented to the French workmen, on the occasion of their first visit to London, emanated. And on the committee responsible for the wonderful reception accorded to the Italian patriot, General Garibaldi, upon the occasion of his memorable visit to these shores, Odger was the leading figure. As Secretary to the London Trades Council, and as the leading official of the London Branch of the Ladies' Shoemakers Society, his services were in constant requisition for the advancement of trade unions, benevolent funds and reform associations.

In the struggles of 1866–7 for the extension of the suffrage Odger became one of the principal actors.

As a speaker he stood next to John Bright.

During the Southwark contest, on more than one occasion, the President of the Reform League, Mr. Edmond Beales, bore eloquent testimony to the extremely high value of this part of Odger's work. On one memorable occasion he said :

> During the long struggle in which the late Reform League was engaged I had abundant opportunities of witnessing and admiring Mr. Odger's capacity and ability as a platform speaker, his readiness of reply in controversial discussions, his calm self-possession in the midst of a surrounding excitement, his moral courage at all times, and his evident intimate acquaintance with and careful study of political and social questions, I consider him, without intending the least reflection upon many other very able, upright and intelligent working-men, especially qualified to advantageously test the propriety and ability of returning an artisan to represent artisans in the House of Commons.

As a speaker upon deputations to Ministers he was one in the front rank. On one of such occasions Mr. Gladstone agreed to meet a deputation from the trade unions of the country, who were anxious to call his attention to a number of anomalies surrounding the franchise question. The business largely consisted of minute points of detail, the handling of which proved a trying and tiring experience. The meeting was prolonged, but Mr. Gladstone did not allow his visitors to depart until he had tendered to them a very handsome acknowledgment of the informing and valuable help he had received from them. This he did in that grand manner of which he so often showed himself to be a master, and then the G.O.M., with an old-world courtesy all his own, showered upon Odger's head a whole sheaf of compliments for the acumen and great fairness which he had exhibited throughout the interview

The American Civil War gave Odger further opportunities or displaying in all their fullness his many qualifications to be regarded as a statesman. It hardly needs to be said that, unlike

Gladstone, he (Odger) took the side of Abraham Lincoln and the North.

Speaking upon this point during the Southwark contest Professor Fawcett said of Odger:

For ten years he had known Mr. Odger and watched his political career. He knew him as a man, he valued him as a friend, he admired him as a politician.

The first speech he ever heard Mr. Odger make was delivered at St. James' Hall during the American Civil War, and eloquent as was the speech of Mr. Bright—the greatest of living orators—on that occasion, Mr. Odger's speech was a fitting accompaniment to it, and Mr. Bright must have felt that Mr. Odger would be a useful ally in Parliament against the cause of human slavery.

To be thus placed on a level with the 'Tribune of the People' was a compliment of no mean order, and, as if to give it greater emphasis, the speaker went on thus:

Two sessions ago there was an important enquiry in Parliament concerning the relations of masters and men, and, after hearing the evidence it was the *unanimous* opinion of the committee that no one else had shown such a clear insight into the intricacies of that difficult subject as was evinced by Mr. Odger.

The question has often been put to me, how came you to select Odger in 1869? As I have said, Odger's name is more or less forgotten, whereas those of Broadhurst, Burt, Cremer, and Howell have become, so to speak, household words; it is true they were contemporaries of Odger, it is equally true that in respect of all the essential qualities required to make the most useful public servant they were mere sucklings as compared with him, and in their later years each of those able men admitted Odger's claim to seniority. Odger's early death afforded each of his colleagues a chance of promotion, and it is quite certain that their final electoral successes were made possible by Odger's strenuous work and Southwark's bold example. They reaped the harvest thus sown. Their names and stories are to be found in many places, but to find the name of George Odger a pilgrimage must be made either to Battersea where a street has been named after him, or to Brompton Cemetery where stands his tombstone.

George Odger would never try to circumvent a difficulty by the arts of evasion. Throughout his career he acted upon the simple plan that it pays best in the long run to be truthful as well as courageous; and to maintain one's own self-respect is the surest way to obtain the respect of both friends and opponents was always his motto, presenting in this respect a great contrast and a striking example to many of the politicians of to-day. A notable instance of this was during the fight in Southwark, when a deputation approached him from the Fenian Amnesty

Association claiming his support for the movement then in progress having for its object the release of the Fenian prisoners undergoing sentence in our gaols. His opinion was well known, and to many of his supporters it seemed to be extremely foolish to compel him to deal with so unpopular a question, especially as some of the Irish electors were refusing to support him because he had stood by Garibaldi ; some of his more intimate supporters even went so far as to ask him not to see the deputation. But Odger would have none of this, and the interview took place a day or so after Mr. Gladstone's refusal had been published. In his answer he expressed full sympathy with the demand free from the smallest reservation, and expressed his very deep regret that Gladstone had failed to recognise the highest duty, and he effectually silenced all possible opponents by citing a definite historical fact which proved the folly of detention and the wisdom of release. He recalled that Lord Durham had released from prison two of the leaders in the Canadian Rebellion, and that one of them had since become a loyal citizen and a member of the Legislature.

The atmosphere by which we are surrounded to-day, in respect of all questions affecting the pecuniary position of a Member of Parliament, is so far removed from what it was at the time of which I am writing as to make it difficult for the position as it then was to be understood. At the outset of our campaign Odger was said to be in a state bordering on pauperism, and all kinds of discreditable stories were circulated in the hope that some of the mud so cast would stick. After a month's trial the 'poverty lay' was found to be a dismal failure, and orders were issued to the persons in charge of this section of the Liberal campaign for a start to be made at the other end. Within a week there duly appeared startling announcements to the effect that Odger was a wealthy man masquerading as a poor one, or, alternatively, that he was in the pay of wealthy persons who desired his return to Parliament as a means of securing their own personal ends. Then one fine morning there appeared the assertion which found credence even among many of his oldest supporters, that some kind but unnamed friend had just given him an annuity of the very comfortable amount of 300*l*. per annum !

Such was the tale circulated through all the poorer parts of the constituency, and, strange as it may seem, this story of comparative affluence began to do him some harm. The impecuniosity fable, even when the *Daily News* helped to fan it into a flame with the suggestion that if elected Odger would not be able to attend to the work, had fared like a damp squib. But to some of the poor, unfortunate human beings whose income

for the upkeep of four or five persons seldom exceeded and sometimes did not reach 1*l.* per week—and the number of such persons in Southwark was legion—the news that the man who posed as their champion, because he was himself a poor man, had concealed the fact that he was in receipt of an assured income of no less than 6*l.* per week came as a shock too great for human endurance. Six of the voluntary canvassers insisted upon seeing Odger at once before he made his next speech to implore him to go into the question at length, and to give the assertion a most emphatic denial. I have never forgotten Odger's face while listening to their request. He thanked them for bringing to him the information, pointing out that a candidate should always be kept well posted up in all such matters, said a little by way of calming their fears, and made each of them promise to be at the meeting to hear his reply. In the course of his speech—he was in a more than usually buoyant mood—he referred at some length to his alleged impecunious state, and begged his hearers to rest assured that as he had lived in the past, so he should live in the future, and that as long as he lived a public life it would continue to be open to inspection. Then assuming an unusually solemn attitude, he went on to say that through an incident to which his attention had just been called, it would be necessary for him to claim their earnest attention for a few moments while he dealt with another statement of a personal character. It was a great pity, he said, that his and their opponents should put such work upon him; he was beginning to think that the reason for persisting in so unworthy a line of conduct was to be found in the fact that their knowledge of public questions was of so limited a character that the stock was exhausted before the contest was half through, and as writing or speaking had to be kept going somehow, personalities were sandwiched between generalities. By this time he had got the audience in the hollow of his hand, and as he proceeded calmly to take from his waistcoat pocket a scrap of paper, an uncanny hushed expectancy fell upon the meeting. The paper he opened with exceeding care, and inspected it with even greater care in a silence that was fast becoming unbearable.

Then in low, deliberate tones came these two sentences:

> There is a story going around in which I am described as being in the possession of an annuity of 300*l.*!
>
> *I shall have no objection to having that assertion proved.*

The effect was electrical. To see that diminutive figure standing calmly unmoved while waiting for the response was a sight, once seen, never forgotten. And the only possible response came, first a great gasp of relief, followed by laughter loud and prolonged.

That legend was heard of no more.

At that time one of the public bodies most dreaded by the orthodox parliamentary candidate was the United Kingdom Alliance, and its questions were often shirked. Odger was not permitted to escape their attention, although for that matter he had not made any attempt so to do. In point of fact he went to them. In order to save their good agents the unpleasant task of visiting him at the public-house which was his central committee-room, Odger, at his own suggestion, attended at their offices, and there submitted himself for cross-examination. His speech was bold and outspoken.

> No man, he told them, had been more indebted for what he had done politically than he had been to public-house accommodation. It was 35 years since he started in a small way in public life, and every other body of people then in existence declined to allow him and his friends to meet in their houses. The public-houses were the only places where they could get accommodation, and it was in them that trade and other associations then and, the majority of them, still met.
>
> How far this was beneficial or not was another question. Twenty-five years ago he made a proposition to his own (the Shoemakers') society to hold their meetings in halls or private places, and after two years' agitation succeeded in getting a resolution passed to that effect. They met in school-rooms and such places, but the meetings were conspicuous failures. The men worked long hours, and when work was over the public-house seemed to afford them a more agreeable place in which to transact their business than a school-room. However, it afforded him extreme gratification to know that it was now scarcely worth the while of a publican to seek after trade associations as sources of pecuniary advantage. At first the associations were not asked to pay rent for the use of public-house rooms, but now the associations insisted upon paying it. When he first came to London, many years ago, there were public-houses in every locality in London where he could find a number of men in his own trade in what was called a 'fuddled' condition, but he undertook to say that, except at Christmas or other festivals, he could not now find a public-house in which he could depend on meeting a man of his own trade in the daytime. As to the Permissive Bill, he could not support it.

Whether one agrees with all this or not, it must be admitted to have been a bold utterance, far from pleasing to those who heard it.

One or two of his most active workers were also prominent workers for Temperance, and they told him he had been needlessly outspoken. Odger just said, in reply, he had simply spoken the truth, that no good cause was well served with less, and that the surest way to get votes was to deserve them, which any man guilty of dishonest utterance could never do.

Odger's personal contact with Bright had been on Reform League and Anti-Slavery platforms, where it seemed impossible for any sensible person to regard Bright as more Tory than Liberal.

George Jacob Holyoake, in his 'Sixty Years,' speaks with exceeding plainness upon this point; he there says:

> Mr. Bright was not a political tribune of the people, though his fame was political—he professed no sympathy with Chartists' aims—when he advocated the suffrage, they thought he was with them in their political theories, not seeing that Mr. Bright was still Conservative and moving in a plane apart from them—he was for the extension of the Suffrage because it was a necessity—not because it was a right—Politically, he regarded the voter not as a man but as an elector—nor did he think that all men should be electors—he had no sympathy with manhood suffrage—and less for womanhood suffrage—he was against Labour representation just as the Tories were against middle class representation—those in possession always think they sufficiently represent those excluded—Mr. Bright was of this way of thinking—he never expressed sympathy for struggling nationalities—the patriots of Poland—of Hungary—of Italy—of France, never had help from his voice.

But when this stern criticism was published, Odger had been dead for twenty years, and had died believing Bright to be a backslider. To be too close to the mountain makes a correct diagnosis an impossibility.

Upon the Land question Odger spoke with much knowledge, and no uncertain voice. At his very first meeting in Southwark I heard him say:

> As to the Land question, there would be a Bill brought in very shortly affecting Ireland, it would be supplemented, however, by a Bill for this country, for it was no new thing for him to say that a great portion of the land of England had been obtained under very doubtful conditions, and in a manner that suggested something less than honour in connection with it. Emigration was not properly understood. Whenever there was a depression of trade, the House of Commons did not consult as to what was best to be done for those out of work, but looked more to the protection of those who had vested interests at stake. This principle was well illustrated by the recent (1869) legislation on the Cattle Plague. The compensation of farmers for cattle that died was like paying them twice over. They were paid for their loss, and they received the advantage in the shape of enhanced prices for those beasts they had to sell. Parliament legislated only for their own and their friends' pockets. They thought if they did not give compensation to the farmer it might be a question whether he would be able to pay his rent.

These outspoken sentiments gave great satisfaction. In 1867 we find Odger as the principal speaker at a great meeting convened by the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, for the purpose of demanding from Parliament protection for the funds of trades unions and representation upon the Royal Commission just appointed to inquire into the methods of such bodies. Exeter Hall was packed with trade unionists enraged by a most atrocious decision just given in the Court of Queen's Bench by Chief Justice Cockburn. To Odger was given the duty of moving the principal resolution, and judged by the official report his speech was a very telling one.

The Franco-German War in 1870 played havoc with many political associations in this country; Odger and his friends in Southwark proved no exception to the rule. Odger, if not a Comtist in the full sense of the term, was in close touch with Professor Beesly, Frederic Harrison, and Henry Crompton, and with great force and eloquence urged the claims of France upon England, and without any reservation stated that, from every point of view, moral duty, love of civilisation, and national honour, we should fling back the German barbarians from the fair fields of France. We were split into two bitterly hostile camps, the division never became healed, and Odger failed to poll quite so many votes in 1874 as he did four years earlier. In the autumn of 1876 signs were not wanting that the life of Odger was nearing its close; he was then laid up with heart trouble, to which diabetes and dropsy were added. His life had been a hard one, and was correspondingly shortened. When he was elected to the office of Secretary to the London Trades Council in 1863, the 'salary' attached to that office was just half-a-crown (2*s.* 6*d.*) per week.

At the Trades Union Congress then meeting at Newcastle, it was resolved to present to Odger a National Testimonial in recognition

> Of his lifelong services in the cause of Labour and of his country,

an intention unhappily frustrated by his untimely and lamented death.

After much suffering, borne with great fortitude, he passed away during the afternoon of Sunday, March 4, 1877, at 18, High Street, Bloomsbury, where so many years of his life had been spent.

He was buried the following Saturday in a grave on the east side of Brompton Cemetery, and the spectacle presented by the funeral procession was a remarkable one. The whole of the mourners walked from Bloomsbury to Brompton, a distance of some four miles.

In the course of an address at the graveside, marked by the display of much emotion, Professor Fawcett paid the shoemaker this very fine tribute:

> He was in no mood midst those who were sorrowing for as good and true a man as ever lived to speak of his worth.
>
> On any other occasion he might say something of the rare intelligence and of his singular powers of eloquence, which, had he been born under different circumstances, and with greater advantages, would have opened for him a career as distinguished as any Englishman had ever achieved. One eminent service which Mr. Odger had rendered to his countrymen ought never to be forgotten. It had seemed some fourteen years ago that this country with its traditional love of freedom was about to throw in its

lot with the slave owners of the Southern States. It was in that critical hour he had first known George Odger, who then did a noble work. He remembered going with John Stuart Mill to a meeting at St. James' Hall, called by the Trades Unionists of London. Mr. Bright, who presided, made one of his most eloquent and powerful speeches. On leaving the meeting, which was one of the first Mr. Mill had attended for many years, he asked that gentleman whether he had not been struck with Mr. Bright's speech. Mr. Mill declared that it was such eloquence as he had never heard and never expected to hear again, but he went on to make this significant remark of one whose early education had been neglected: 'I never knew that the cause of the North could be put so forcibly till I heard the speech of that working-man'—meaning George Odger.

In that grave was laid one who had never forsaken a friend, who had never swerved from the truth, and whose life had been devoted with self-sacrificing devotion to protecting the interests of his fellow working-men and in adding to the happiness of his fellow countrymen.

Two years elapsed before the Testimonial Committee completed its labours, when the report stated that 1130*l.* 5*s.* 1½*d.* had been collected, amongst the donors being the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph*, who gave 100*l.* Of this, 327*l.* 12*s.* 8*d.* had been expended in meeting the requirements of the family to the end of June, 1878, leaving a balance in the treasurer's hands of 802*l.* 12*s.* 5½*d.*, from which the widow was to receive 1*l.* 5*s.* per week.

Mr. P. A. Taylor, M.P., had agreed to hold the balance at good interest for the widow's benefit.

The committee also reported that the widow had authorised the trustees to take from the above small balance sufficient money wherewith to purchase a memorial stone. This instruction was executed forthwith, and inscribed upon the memorial is the following sentence, often used by Odger during his disinterested life:

The honour of our country has been the 'Pole Star' of my political life.

In this broad-minded expression is reflected the catholic nature of the man. He might have followed a custom which to-day is all too prevalent, and said '*our class.*'

This he could not do because of his wider outlook, which recognised that the whole must always be greater than any part thereof, however large that part may be.

Many of the young fiery spirits around us to-day would do well to emulate the broad-mindedness of the shoemaker politician, George Odger. Our selection of him to fight the first contest was more than justified, and in Tennyson's lines at the forefront of this article his character is justly reflected.

F. W. SOUTTER.

WOUNDED

THE joy-bells for the great Cambrai victory had pealed and then suddenly sunk into silence, as though ashamed of their rioting, and waiting, half fearful lest their rejoicing had been too soon. Ill news travels apace, and rumours had already flown home that the great stroke had not been as successful as hoped.

We of the X Indian Cavalry Division had no active share in the first stages; we had moved up to our starting-off mark, and there were held straining at the leash waiting to be slipped; but the 'slip' never came.

Our splendid infantry, though they penetrated several miles deep into the Hindenburg line, failed to secure the crossings of the canal. Bitterly disappointed, and to the ironic tune of *Backward Indian Cavalry*, we returned once more to winter quarters.

Some ten days later, days spent in making one's horses, men and self snug in a battered Picardy village, orders came for our squadron of machine guns to move up to Hargicourt and relieve certain infantry machine gunners in the line.

It was usual on these occasions for all the guns with half the *personnel* to go into the line, while the other half remained behind to look after the horses. As I had been up on the last occasion, I was not detailed for this; but I asked permission to go up with the party and bring the horses back. Accordingly next morning I donned my best clothes and, armed with a crop, set forth under the leadership of one 'Windy,' [1] whose name belies his courage.

We had nearly reached Roisel, when a despatch rider overtook us with orders to return at once to billets. This was somewhat unusual; but we stayed just long enough to water our horses and then turned their heads for home.

Hardly had we gone a quarter of a mile, when we saw the corps commander's car approaching. He stopped us and asked 'why the devil' we were going back when our division was coming up at the gallop, and gave orders for us to return to Roisel and await its arrival.

[1] The late Major Ashe Windham, Inniskilling Dragoons, whose lamented death took place pig-sticking two years ago.

The last time I had seen Roisel it had been nothing but a forward dump in this very quiet spot, with a light railway in the making; now it had grown into a veritable railway junction, but a deserted one, for everything appeared to be packed up and ready 'for off,' as the Tommy says. Having seen weights taken off the packs, girths loosened and feeds on, Windy and I strolled over to some A.S.C. officers, who were supervising the loading of the last lorry. They told us we were just in time, as the last bottle of whisky was going aboard. It was a cold winter's day, and, nothing loath, we helped to lighten the load. It transpired that the Boche had counter-attacked heavily the night before, had followed it up in the morning, and taken back a great deal which we had gained, and that he might be expected to renew the attack at any time. Hence the departure of the A.S.C. and all portable stores.

We returned to our horses and had not been waiting long when over the crest cavalry appeared at a hand gallop. They proved to be our sister division, composed of two brigades of Indian cavalry with their complement of British regiments and the brigade of Canadian cavalry. Most of their horses were in a lather, and they had apparently wasted no time in getting off. We saluted many old friends and waited for our division to follow. After a considerable waste of time, we received word that they had taken a more northerly road and gone in the direction of Epéhy.

Accordingly we moved in that direction, and I as a free-lance was sent to reconnoitre and try to get into touch.

It was more difficult than it would seem, for night had fallen, there was no moon, and the roads were filled with transport. I put out feelers in several directions, but had no luck, so returned to my unit, and we pressed on towards Epéhy. I noticed in the dark that we had been adopted by a French police dog, one of the Alsatian wolf-dogs; he kept looking up at me, and I felt pleased at the compliment. On nearing Epéhy we found the roads congested with every kind of arm, but all moving in a forward direction. Windy went on ahead, worming his way in and out of the traffic for news, while I stayed with the squadron.

Little by little we edged into Epéhy and arrived at a cross-roads just too late, for a British cavalry division had outstripped us, and we knew we were doomed to wait for some time till they passed by.

We dismounted and stood by our horses. It was then that I felt a cold wet nose thrust into the palm of my hand as it hung down by my side, and, looking down, saw my police-dog friend. Somehow it was a little touch of sympathy that reminded me of Mr. Kipling's *They*, and made me feel that the doggie knew more of what was ahead than I. I fondled him a bit, and then he

trotted off, presently to return and repeat the performance. This he did no less than three times, always coming up from behind and putting his muzzle into my hand. But, alas, when he was away on one of his expeditions, the road ahead cleared, and I had to give orders to move on and never saw him again. I would have given a good deal to have waited for that dog, and all through a cold wet nose.

After much fruitless wandering, entirely by accident we ran across the first-line transport of our brigade, and were able to take the opportunity of a halt to water and feed.

An expeditionary force canteen was doing its utmost to unload its stock, with many willing helpers, so we secured several tins of biscuits and tongues for our men, and ourselves fed in like fashion in a derelict boiler-house of a sugar factory.

Once again we moved on, and, finally, some time between 1 a.m. and 2 a.m., found the rest of the squadron in a grassy bottom between two ridges. What a time they had had to move off! Not only had more than half the squadron gone up to the line with the guns, but a number had gone also to bring back the led horses, so that only a few remained to bring up the rest of the gear. Of my own section Corporal Robertson and one other had been left behind. He had worked himself to a standstill to bring everything along in the transport. I was tired out with the search for the squadron and regret to this day that I did not realise his difficulties and showed annoyance at a missing ammunition pack. I can still see his look of reproach, and think he must have had some presentiment of what was in store.

Another feed for our horses and a biscuit or two for ourselves washed down with a little stimulant, and we were soon fast asleep in the grass at their sides.

We were awake and astir again by half-past four, saddled up, packs and guns ready to be put on at a moment's notice. A cup of tea and more biscuits.

I chose 'the Doctor' as my charger for the day, for I knew that he was a good trustworthy character. He was a common-looking old beast, much of the type of the doctor's or parson's cob of the last century. Of my other two horses, 'Mary,' a whimsical, pretty little black mare, my first servant rode, and 'Soldier,' a raking waler, with a heart like oak and a mouth like stone, I gave to my other servant to ride, and withal a pack to lead. This was my first mistake.

At 6.30 a.m. we moved off through the misty dawn. The scene is admirably portrayed in black and white by Major Lake in his *Cavalry before Cambrai*, companion to his sketch *Cavalry at Arras*, an equally true representation. Nose to tail over rolling grass lands and through lanes of wire we threaded our way, with

here and there a glimpse of other ghost-like columns moving in the same direction.

Finally, about 8 a.m., when the mist had cleared away and it was fully light, the whole division dropped into a valley north-west of the village of Peizière and south of the railway line. Each unit split itself up into squadrons or half-squadrons, and we sheltered ourselves behind the west slope of the ridge on which the village stands, the enemy's position being to our north-east. Whether, dropping down into this valley, we had been observed by the enemy as the mist cleared away, or whether it was due to a solitary section of horse guns hidden away in the village, I do not know; but in a very short time spasmodic and at times pretty heavy shelling began to search behind the ridge. It was an unpleasant and trying position for one unacquainted with shelling in the open, but remarkable for the comparatively small number of casualties. Odd individuals, men or horses, seemed to be picked out at random. One would see a shell burst apparently right in the middle of a squadron, and only one or two horses and perhaps a trooper be injured. Some eight or ten shells must have burst within 15 yards of myself and section, and yet not one of us was touched; but 100 yards up the slope a poor horse would be disembowelled by the screaming band from the same shell. One could hear the nose-caps humming over one's head, the bands screaming or the fragments of shell whining and pinging as they whizzed through the air. A shell burst in a sunken road filled with Indian Lancers and their horses and had no outlet; there was a writhing mass of men and horses, and then the cry of 'Stretcher-bearers!' A shrapnel crashed overhead, and a solitary man put his hands to his head, saying, 'I'm hit,' sank to his knees and collapsed.

One felt all the while the eyes of the men fixed on one, taking their cue. It was a great responsibility, but at the same time a great help. One dare not show one's fear, knowing that it was touch-and-go with some of them, and consequently one was enabled to go to the other extreme and appear even buoyant. There really seems to be some great spirit that uplifts one on these occasions.

Presently the commanding officer sent for me. Orders had been received that we were to gallop a ridge on which the Boches were entrenched.

It happened that on the previous day this ridge had been held by the N Infantry Division, who had been obliged to fall back on to the village of Peizière owing to the sudden pincer-like tactics adopted by the enemy to 'pinch' out the salient won by our troops in the earlier stages of the battle. This ridge was just to the south-east of Villers-Guislain, where the southern tooth of the pincers was biting.

Our sister division was to attack Villers-Guislain, while the Foot Guards were to their left in the neighbourhood of Gouzeaucourt. We were to have been assisted by some tanks to break down any wire that we might encounter ; but they did not seem forthcoming (we know now that they had run out of petrol and could not move from Gouzeaucourt). Time was everything, so we were ordered to proceed forthwith. This at any rate is how it would appear to me, a very junior subaltern in a very unimportant unit, whose knowledge is based entirely on scraps of conversation immediately before the action, for I was not called to the 'pow-wow,' if such there was, and on anecdotes gleaned some three years afterwards. I can only speak of what I myself saw and heard, and my object in writing this is for no other reason than to attempt to express honestly the impressions and sensations of a very ordinary man in what had become by this time an only too ordinary situation, and also to put on record the splendid behaviour of our men—I give their actual names—too often inadequately recognised. Of the military situation or the merits or demerits of our attack I dare not attempt to speak, for to this day I do not know the real position, whether we countered the enemy's plans or whether we held on there in vain.

My own immediate orders were to take half my section : two Vickers guns, with their attendant *personnel*, some thirty men and forty horses, and an additional ammunition pack for each team from another section, making thirty-two men and forty-four horses in all. I was to be attached to a squadron of the S Dragoons who were detailed off to go with the leading regiment, the Nth Bengal Lancers. Two more guns were detailed off to the Nth Bengal Lancers, under the command of an excellent soldier and my great friend 'Bob,' who had rendered such splendid service as a machine-gun sergeant with the 16th Lancers in the early days of the war, when cavalry were considered useful.

I tried to gain what little information I could from those in command. I knew that should we succeed in taking the ridge the Lancers were to take the right flank, with Bob's guns on their extreme right. The British squadron was to come up on the left. I took a hurried glance at the map and here made my second mistake. I did not notice that part of the line that we were to take up was formed by a sunken road. What I did notice, however, and on which the whole of my subsequent conduct hinged, was that at right angles to the ridge which we hoped to occupy, and running up from the large village of Honnecourt, occupied by the enemy in reserve, was a deep sunken road that debouched into a valley which would flank our position on the left. I surmised that if we were successful and captured the ridge the enemy would launch his counter-attack up this valley and

attempt to turn our flank ; therefore I argued I must get my guns out to the extreme left.

We formed up before moving off, my guns bringing up the rear. The order was given, ' Mount.' I can see now the colonel of the Nth Lancers, a tall gaunt man—rather like a raw-boned horse—with his long-skirted Indian cavalry coat, as he mounted his charger, and I wondered at the time what was in store for him. He hadn't long to wait, for he was the first to go, shot through the head as he gallantly led his brave Indians.

We moved off to individual ' Good lucks ' of our friends, and, making a detour through the village of Peizière, debouched on the further side of the ridge behind which we had been sheltering.

Everyone felt that there was work ahead ; but I can honestly say that, rather than feeling any fear, I secretly thanked God that we had at last been given the privilege of doing something. Perhaps it was the relief of action after standing defenceless in the open with the shells bursting around, or perhaps it was the feeling that at last the cavalry were going to have a show and prove that they were not the useless expensive luxury which the clap-trap papers at home would have the public believe. I do not know, but this I do know : that one had an elated, almost an uplifted, feeling beyond one's ordinary personality.

On the outskirts of Peizière we passed through the front line of infantry, who gave us an encouraging little cheer, and emerging into a grassy valley, we got the order ' Form squadron column : extend.' I conformed to the movement with my gun teams, to make them less conspicuous.

' Carry lance ! ' ' Trot ! ' ' Gallop ! '

The going was good, shell holes not numerous, which we took in our stride. One felt exhilarated and wanted to holla. I knew I was right in choosing old Doctor ; he was so sure, and I could keep him in hand in spite of the flying hoofs in front and the thundering ones behind.

We moved at a sharp hand gallop. For the first three-quarters of a mile we must have been covered from view to the enemy, being in a valley and covered on right and left by the contours of the ground.

Suddenly we emerged into the open, and were in full view of the enemy. The pace increased ; horses took hold of their bits ; away to the right went old Sally with an ammunition pack. I knew where my men should be. ' Corporal Handley, catch that pack ! ' And out of the tail of my eye I saw him secure it. Bullets cracked over our heads and whizzed by our ears. ' Form line of gun teams ! ' And I pulled out to the left, making for my objective. A bolt shot past me ; old Soldier had taken charge, and I saw Lord Leconfield's ex-chauffeur, like Bernard Shaw's

'chocolate soldier,' making straight for the enemy. That was the fruit of my first mistake. Why and how they both came out alive I do not know; it was not my doing. The spare pack mule went literally 'spare.' I didn't bother about that; but when Tommy passed me with full packs of ammunition, I caught him myself, and someone from behind galloped alongside and took him. Then on my left that grand little black, Corporal Robertson's horse, swept past me with an empty saddle. He led by two lengths, then suddenly sat down on his haunches like a dog and collapsed. A sound like a gong rang in my ears. I glanced over my shoulder and saw my servant look at me as if to say, 'Am I hit, sir?' 'Cheer up, George!' I yelled, and held on. Years after he showed me his helmet. We were breasting the ridge—a slight depression—50 yards ahead wire—two aprons of it. Thank God, I had Doctor. I steadied him up.

'H'a'a'lt! Action front!'

I threw my reins to my servant, half scrambled, half fell, through a partial break in the wire, saw two big shell holes. 'Shell holes! Mount gun!' I yelled. Numbers 1 and 2 of one gun, oddments of ammunition panted up, flung themselves into a shell hole, and mounted gun. I could see no enemy, but bullets were whistling like coveys of birds and machine guns rapping out death. I looked to the other gun. It was not there, only a tripod. I looked back across the wire. All that remained of the led horses had disappeared save two: old Doctor, whom I was just in time to see spin round and fall in a shell hole. Poor old fellow, he had done his bit. But there, standing beyond the wire, holding bravely on to his horse and gun-pack, was Ashley, all alone. Then it dawned on me: Corporal Robertson, No. 2, must be killed; his riderless horse had passed me. Theoretically someone else should have taken his place, but in the helter-skelter more horses and men had been hit than I knew. There was no time to be lost. I dashed back through the wire, seized the single releasing strap, jerked the gun up; but, hampered with equipment and pumped to a standstill, I couldn't release it, though on parade I had prided myself on my quickness.

Ashley was hit through the leg, and but for him I might have made my third and unpardonable mistake. It must read like madness, but I thought only of him and his bravery in waiting alone. Bullets were ripping and cracking around, for we were in full view; the horses were pulling. I couldn't get the gun off. 'Take it away!' 'The gun, sir?' 'No! By God!' as I came to my senses. 'Corporal Greenaway!' I knew he would come. He dashed to my help; we got the gun off. I offered Ashley a leg up, but he would have none of it, and next time I looked round he was out of sight. I ran back to the shell holes. Ammunition!

Six boxes between them, three belts apiece. Not enough, and no chance of getting more up. This had to be remedied. I looked back again to the wire. Some 60 yards beyond, among the dead and dying horses, stood the little pack mare lent me from another section ; the pack had swung round under her belly, and she couldn't move. I think she must have been hit and fallen, but got on to her legs again, as I had not noticed her before. Once again I called on Greenaway. Would he help me ? We scrambled through the wire, past one or two bodies ; I stooped over one, felt it—thought it was Robertson—and ran on. Bullets cracked and whistled or ripped up the turf beside us. We tore open the ammunition packs.

We seized three boxes each. It flashed through my mind to whip out my knife, cut the girth and let the old mare free ; but the girth was thick, and every moment was precious. My life or hers—I dare not risk it and dashed after Greenaway. Still the thought of that poor mare has many times haunted me since, for the next time I looked round she lay dead.

In Greenaway's shell hole I found Bob's section sergeant, his ankle smashed by a bullet. Just how he got there I do not know, but he must have crawled along when he saw us. I now learnt news of the rest. They were to my right front not 200 yards away in a deep sunken road ; I had been too busy to discover this. All I knew was that on top of the ridge in front was what looked like a trench which I had not yet been able to reach ; the enemy were not in it now, but firing from somewhere beyond and enfilading from our left flank, whither I had directed my fire. This was the fruit of my second mistake. Had I noted this sunken road on the map, I might have followed in the wake of the main body instead of pulling out to the left, the wire would have been broken down for me, and I could have worked up the road to the left where it had apparently been extended into a trench. We should have escaped some, at any rate, of the terrible enfilade fire of which we, as the last and the nearest to that flank, got the bulk. On the other hand, it must be remembered that I had been actuated solely by the desire to get my guns as quickly as possible to the most dangerous flank, and, had it not been for encountering unbroken wire, should have succeeded in doing so. As far as I could make out, the attack had been so sudden that the Boche had not time to get the guns on to us, but had stood his ground up to a certain point with rifles and machine guns. Then, as the galloping mass thundered towards him, his nerve gave, and he broke and ran. Our leading squadron must have broken down by sheer weight and impetus the aprons of wire which had been hastily erected the previous night by the Boche, and entered the sunken road. Had the Boche kept his nerve few,

if any, of our men could have passed that wire. As it was, 'old Jerry hopped it,' as one of the men told me afterwards, and left behind him numerous machine guns and other impedimenta. Some few were too slow in getting away, and these were caught at the end of the lance, speared like pigs by the Indian troopers.

I was on the point of making a dash for the sunken road, when far down on the right flank I noticed grey-coated men dribbling through into the valley up which we had come and making towards Peizière. Who were they? Were they French faded uniforms? I looked to the left; there were the same, but nearer and more to our rear. I got my glasses on to them.

'By God! they're Boches,' I said, as I handed the glasses to the sergeant. 'To your left rear!' And Greenaway swung round his gun and opened fire. 'Five hundred, up one!' 'Up one, seven hundred!' He was on them: I saw a man fall. 'Keep at it!' And I ran across to the sunken road. It was packed full of horses, many of them badly lacerated with the wire. Men were lining the further bank keeping up a desultory fire, unaware, I think, of the flanking movement of the enemy, who had worked up the valley I feared. I sought for my squadron leader. Here and there I saw a prisoner, and, leaning against a traverse, a young lad who had met death by a Sikh spear thrust in the mouth. A Sikh trooper handed me a penny pocket-book taken from the lad's clothes; I thrust it into my side pocket. Weeks afterwards—it may have been months—my clothes were brought to me in hospital—two bullet holes through this pocket and the corner neatly cut off the book, in which were the addresses of his friends and his scores at 'Schart.'

I found the officer commanding, told him what I had seen and where my guns were, and that I proposed bringing them into the trench. I hurried back to the sunken road, shouted to the men to bring one gun at a time and returned to pick positions. There was a poor field of fire to our original front, but I picked the best I could to command an attack, while I laid the other on to the enemy, now well to our rear. It was a long range, but I couldn't get at them earlier, for a rise in the ridge to the left covered their advance up the valley, and the trench ended abruptly in a small redoubt occupied by a Hotchkiss team, just above my position. I now had time to take in the situation. Away to the left beyond our ridge, and on slightly higher ground still, was an enemy strong point. Though it could not actually enfilade our trench, it could at the same time bring a deadly cross-fire on to our communications and cover their own advance. These were the guns, no doubt, that had wrought havoc among my horses as we galloped up to the ridge.

It commanded also the rise to our immediate left, the only

place from which we could hope to prevent more enemy out-flanking us. Suddenly, just beyond the wire in our rear, emerging from a dip in the ground, and entering a shallow zigzag communication trench that led to our position, I saw several Boches in their sinister helmets. There was something relentless-looking—'fell' almost describes it—about those helmets; they looked as if they had been designed to terrify one. There were two well in advance of the rest, coming straight towards me. I stood and gazed in astonishment; were they drugged, or didn't they know we were there? They were within 30 yards of me, and just as I thought they were near enough to be comfortable and pulled out my revolver there were two sharp reports from beside me, and they dropped in the trench. What became of the others I do not know; when I looked they had vanished.

I went down to the sunken road to report on the situation at my end and found that there the Boches were in strong scattered parties between our position and our reserves at Peizière. A dismounted party had been sent out to try to break a way through them and keep our communications open; but they had been obliged to fall back again.

We were encompassed on three sides. What the situation was on the right flank I never knew, as, though I had first seen some of the enemy dribbling through there, I think the leakage must have been closed. We were in helio communication with brigade headquarters on Peizière Hill; but messages were naturally restricted, owing to the Boche being able to read them. Pigeons, I believe, were used; but something more certain was necessary. The colonel of the Lancers was dead, killed in the gallop forward; Major K. was in command. He called for two volunteers to take a message through to headquarters. Immediately two Sikhs stood forth. I arrived just at this moment. Duplicate messages were given. They mounted under cover of the road, put their horses at the bank, and were over the top. One got 20 yards, when his horse was shot, and together they rolled into a trench. The other got clear, and I watched him grow smaller and smaller. Then he disappeared. 'They've got him!' someone said, and so it seemed; but though his horse was shot, he got through himself and delivered his message. What is more, he came back, losing a second horse, and, incredible as it may seem, he went a third time, and lost a third horse, but delivered his message.

How he got through is a mystery. A crack Indian cavalry regiment, so I heard later, made a dismounted attack to try to reach us, but failed, leaving behind them many of Britain's and India's best. Our own little dismounted party failed to get into touch with headquarters. Among others, old Dawson—the oldest

man in my section, married, over age—a Middlesex yeoman, volunteered to get ammunition through to me, and died a hero's death. Yet this Sikh got through three times, and his name is Dafadhur Gobind Singh, now V.C., and for a time attendant on His Majesty. The incident takes time in the telling, but it is worth it. There were other incidents that day equally worthy of record.

Now on our left, where apparently the enemy had planned an advance simultaneously with our own to the ridge, and so we had crossed each other, they caught the main body of the S Dragoons, held up by impassable wire half-way to their objective. The leading squadron was mown down by machine gun and rifle fire before they could retaliate. Some sixty men of our machine gun squadron were with them, under old W., among them my shoeing smith. Out of a rough total of 200 men only thirteen remained alive, as prisoners. One of the latter, himself wounded, months later wrote, ' The last that was seen of Shoeing Smith Brooks he was knocking hell out of the Boche with his hammer ! ' Still one more episode. When the ' show ' was all but over and our party had been withdrawn to Peizière under cover of darkness, an enemy shell landed on poor Bob's team, killed eleven horses, blew off both legs of one of his men, and badly wounded his servant, Hardy. He helped to carry them down to the dressing station, and then returned to look after the other men. Half an hour later, things being quiet, he returned to the dressing station and saw Hardy lying apparently dead. He said to the medical officer, ' Is this boy dead ? ' The boy moved and said, ' Is that Mr. H. ? ' ' Yes,' Bob replied. ' Have I done well, sir ? ' he asked, and immediately died.

Having reported to the commanding officer, I returned to my guns, and was met by the officer commanding Dragoon squadron.

He suggested I should try to get one of my guns further out to the left flank, if possible, and prevent any further enemy reinforcements getting round our flank. I said I would try. We viewed the situation from the Hotchkiss position. The ground rose slightly to a higher point of the ridge, and the valley was somewhere beyond. For the first 20 or 30 yards there was a slight fold in the ground that afforded cover from our main front. The hill was packed with shell holes, in one of which I was told there was a flank point. I crouched low in the fold of the ground and then, when it no longer afforded me protection, made a bolt for the shell holes on the crest. I really do not know the distance ; it seemed miles to me later, but probably it was between 50 and 100 yards. I flopped into a large shell hole, where I found the flank point—a Dragoon trooper.

We had to lie flat, as we were exposed to fire from the enemy

strong point, on higher ground than ourselves ; also we were now in full view of the main front.

Almost immediately afterwards Captain M., the Dragoon squadron leader, dived into the shell hole. It was a plucky thing to do, for the enemy must have seen me go, which made it doubly dangerous for him, but I suppose he would not let me go and not follow himself. Immediately we raised our heads we drew fire. Once I thought I was hit in the fleshy part of the back, and whispered my thought : 'I believe I'm hit ! '; but as nothing happened and there was no blood, I was glad he hadn't heard. It must have been a stone or something thrown up by a bullet, for I felt distinctly the sensation of a pressure punch going straight through my kidneys. It was obvious from the fire we were drawing that a gun could not reach this position without being knocked out, and it became a question rather of how we were to get back. We decided to go singly, with some minutes' interval between. He went first, made a dash for it, and got through. I gave him about seven minutes, as I judged, raised myself on my hands and feet, crouching like a sprinter, and dashed out.

A sledge-hammer hit me ; I spun round. 'Rabbits' flashed through my mind. 'I'm hit ! ' I said, and fell into the shell hole. It was then, and not till then, that I distinctly heard the rap of the machine gun burst that hit me.

I thought my leg had gone ; but it was there, lying wrong way round beneath me, absolutely without feeling. Up against the opposite side of the shell hole was the trooper, a sickly look on his face, blood trickling from his nose. 'Stick it, old man ! ' I said, and tried to pull myself on my elbows up the side of the hole, but was too weak. The shock was tremendous ; it is the only word that describes it. He had gone ashen grey. I saw his eyeballs roll upwards ; there was a catch in his throat—the death rattle. He slid down the side, lurched sideways, and fell on to my good leg. I was pinned down. For a moment I felt unnerved, thought I should go mad if I didn't do something, so felt in my haversack, found a biscuit, and munched it. I realised what I was doing, and it made me sane again. I laughed at the incongruity, tried to free myself, but couldn't ; the strength had gone out of me. I lay still and tried to collect my thoughts and strength. Thank goodness, I was below the lip of the shell hole, and so safe as long as I remained there. But the Boches might advance over this spot at any moment. I tried to reserve my strength in case they did.

How long I lay there I do not know ; it only seemed like twenty minutes to me when I heard a gruff Irish voice in my ear : 'Are you hit, sorr ? ' I glanced up past my left shoulder and saw

a tousled head pressed close to the grass. 'Yes,' I said, and a form slithered on its belly into the shell hole. 'Old Mike's gone,' he said as he pushed the body off me. 'Have you a dressing?' 'In the lining,' I said, and he ripped out my field-service dressing from my jacket, cut open my left thigh breech, broke open the iodine phial, and bound up the wound somehow. I couldn't feel anything till he tried to raise the leg and straighten it out, and then it was hell. 'I thought you were hit, sorr, when you didn't follow Captain M., so crawled out.'

There is no need to say how I felt towards the brave fellow. That 'Are you hit, sorr?' is the finest sound I have heard in my life. Healy his name was, doctor's orderly for the day, one of the bravest and shyest of men. Three years later I learnt that two other troopers had tried to reach me, but had been killed in the attempt Thank God, I didn't know at the time. It worried me enough to know that this man was risking his life for my sake. He had made a detour and so reached me, so how long I had lain there I do not know. We lay close for a breather. Then another form crawled in on its belly. 'Can I help, sir?' It was Corporal Newbury, my other gun-team corporal. I was terrified for their lives: bullets were still striking around us. 'No, Newbury, old man,' I said; 'thanks all the same for coming; your duty is with your gun.' And the noble fellow crawled back. Healy now proposed a start. He lay on his back slightly above me—he dared not stand up—put his arms under my armpits as a man rescues a drowning man, and then with heels, buttocks and shoulders worked me out of the shell hole. I left my helmet and crop, one of Robson and Cooper's best, with the dead trooper. We lay just beyond the lip, flat to the ground, and gasped for breath.

'Now, sorr!' I stuck my good heel into the ground, used my elbows and forearms, and he pulled as before. Five yards or so. 'Come on, sorr; there's another shell hole here; we mustn't stop.' Down we slid; my spurs caught; the leg twisted right round, bones and splinters grided within. 'God help me,' I prayed. Into the bottom to breathe. Healy straightened my leg, took off the spurs; 'Keep 'em,' I said, and he pocketed them. 'Now, sorr, again!' and off we caterpillared once more. Same old thing, the leg always went round on the edge. Once in mid-course, I could go no further. I was terrified he would be killed, and I felt I could stand no more. 'Leave me,' I said; 'go back.'

'Not when we have got so far. Courage, sir! Don't give in. You shan't give in.' And to that sentence I owe my life. I stuck it; but I would have given in. I can honestly say I would have had him leave me and save himself; but I was done too, and without his pluck, which he gave to me, I could not have gone on.

At last, how long I don't know, we got under the lee of that fold in the ground approaching the trench. I can still see the turf ripped up by bullets as we reached it. Then I heard another voice, someone else had crawled out, and together they dragged me along to the side of the trench. There I was lifted in. I can see now M. supervising. 'O God!' as they lifted me and my leg bent at the break. I felt ashamed of my groans; I believe I apologised, but go through it, you who read—please God I shall never again. As they lowered me down the side I saw Greenaway's gun still firing to rear. I felt I must be cheerful. 'Stick it, boys!' I said, and was hurriedly dropped to the bottom of the trench and forgotten. There was a buzz and a whirr, and not 30 yards away and scarcely 30 feet up was a Boche plane pooping off into the trench. I saw the dust struck up by the bullets. It was coming nearer, the dust. I braced myself to receive it. 'Corporal Newbury, what the hell are you doing with that gun?' Bob's voice rang down the trench. I could see Newbury and Greenaway, somehow now on the same gun, try to get her round on the plane. Troopers were firing their rifles. Pop! pop! pop! from down the trench. She swayed, wavered like a winged bird, slurred off, and haltingly beat for home. Bob's gun had done it, though the troopers had helped with their rifles. They took me up and carried me to a 'cubby' hole in the side of the sunken road. There I lay under a ground sheet with a man shot through the lung. Soon I was joined by Trivett, No. 2 from Newbury's gun, then by Knowles, shot through the hand, later by others. I found some water left by the Boches in a British petrol tin. I passed it round (probably the worst thing I could have done). Once or twice the medical officer came and looked at us; he glanced down on my wound and said the dressing was all right, but never looked at the point of entry, where apparently I was bleeding profusely, but did not know it. Bob, who had taken over my guns, came and looked at me, and then had to rush away, as renewed firing broke out. I could see through the opening men rush first to one side of the road, then back to the other; we were evidently being attacked from both sides. It seemed only a matter of time when the Boches must get in. I tried to think what I would do if they did. We had heard such tales of their treatment of machine gunners. What chance had I with a bad wound? I could only be a hindrance to them. Should I try to shoot some first with my revolver, or should I see what would happen? I couldn't decide, but looked to my revolver and left it till the time should come.

It was getting dark. I think I must have slept a bit. I heard Bob's voice cursing someone. Presently a stretcher was brought in and slid underneath me. Four stalwart natives—'Wogs' we

called them—lifted me out, a lance-corporal in charge. They banged me into the horses' hocks, but they never budged—they seemed to know—threaded their way between them, round them, even lifted me over them in places; scrambled out on to the parados where the traverses were too narrow to negotiate, but by degrees got me further down to the right flank. They had no idea of keeping the stretcher level. I cursed them in English, I cursed them in Tamil, but, not knowing Urdu, it was of no avail. Once I met one of their officers returning from a dressing post, and asked him to curse them for me. Poor long-suffering souls, brave as lions, but thoughtless! It was quite dark now. We were out on the parados, when whump came a shell close by. One bearer practically dropped me, but the corporal caught the stretcher and cursed him. Whump! crump! whump! It was the beginning. We dived into the trench and lay doggo, covered with mud, but safe from flying splinters—only a direct hit to fear.

I cared for none of these things so long as they kept my leg level. The enemy had put down a barrage over the valley to prevent reinforcements coming up under cover of the darkness

We must have stayed there nearly an hour; I was drowsy, and time did not mean anything to me. They lifted me again. As we got further away my fear of the enemy increased; my thoughts all centred on getting out of their reach. From somewhere Trivett had joined us. He was wounded through the fleshy part of the thigh; it had stiffened up, and he walked with difficulty. I kept asking him if we were going the right way. Did he know it? Where were we? I was terrified that those 'Wogs' would take me into the Boche line. Once we rested in a small wood Thoughtlessly they put the stretcher down on the cut stump of a tree; it caught me just at the break. I nearly shrieked in agony.

Trivett rebuked me, saying we were within a few yards of a Boche salient, and we had to lie quiet for a few minutes. I felt small at having given way, but I had had no food since early morning, had never lost consciousness, and was at a low ebb. At length we fell in with some infantry—King's Own, I believe—and one kindly conducted me to the advanced dressing post. Here a medical officer of our brigade recognised me, though I didn't know him; he tied a rifle and a board as splints to my leg. I begged for a cup of tea, was assured it was coming, but it never did—all for the best, I suppose.

Four British stretcher-bearers now took me up, one much taller than the other three, so that I was always in imminent danger of being thrown out. On one or two occasions it was with the utmost difficulty that I retained my position. They carried me five miles, I believe, to Villers Faucon, bickering with

each other the whole way as to who was bearing the most weight, until I could stand it no longer and cursed them more heartily than I had done the Indians.

At one period we passed through lines of led horses. 'Who are you ?' I asked, and the reply came, 'M Brigade M.G.S.' My very own squadron ! They wished me good luck and told me that the position was being evacuated under cover of darkness. It seemed days since we had started out from camp, and yet it was only about thirty-four hours.

At length we reached a dressing station, and I was put in a proper splint, then taken in an ambulance with Bob's sergeant and two Indians to the central clearing station at Tincourt. How relieved I was to get into that ambulance ! Villers Faucon was being shelled, and I only felt safe when we left it behind. At Tincourt I lay in a large marquee till twelve midnight, awaiting my turn. Two dressers came along, saw me in a pool of blood (I had been given a cup of tea), cut off my clothes in a moment, and the next thing I remembered was lying on a table in a brilliant light, some gauze thing over my mouth, and my eyes gazing up into the face of a surgeon. I woke up next day in a comfortable bed, and forty-eight hours later, having slept the whole time, found myself in Rouen.

Six months in hospital there, with a very anxious but brave mother to visit me, and twelve months in hospital at home, closed some of the happiest months in my life ; but that is another story, as Mr. Kipling says.

R. R. OAKLEY.

THE SIMPLICITY OF CHRISTIANITY

That which is, is far off and exceeding deep, who can find it out? I turned about, and my heart was set to know and to search out and to seek wisdom and the reason of things. (Ecclesiastes vii. 24-25.)

In the things of the mind an essential condition of progress has always been simplification. Whether in the sphere of art, of invention, or of scientific theory, man has always begun with the elaborate, the cumbrous and the complex, and has only gradually and with difficulty achieved the simple, the convenient, and the readily intelligible. But those outstanding simplifications which mark off epochs in the march of progress usually consist in a discovery which was at the time the reverse of obvious, although, once it had been made, largely by virtue of its extreme simplicity, it succeeded in commending itself to all.

For example, in Chinese or Egyptian writing the device of having for every word or idea a separate character, based on a kind of shorthand picture of the thing represented, is relatively obvious; but it necessitates a multiplicity and intricacy of characters so elaborate that a literature so recorded can be common property only to those who have half a lifetime to devote to mastering the script alone. The method of analysing each word into its constituent consonant and vowel sounds, on which the alphabet is based, is far less obvious. But the alphabetical method was a simplification which has opened up the possibility, by the use of less than forty signs, of making readily available the literature of all the languages of man.

Take the convention—absolutely simple, but at first sight not at all obvious—by which the value of a digit is multiplied by ten as many times as there are figures to the right of it. This gave us the arabic system of notation, without which not only the mathematics but the engineering and the commerce of the modern world could not be carried on.

Think again of the revolution in human thought resultant on the series of discoveries of Copernicus, Kepler and Newton, which made it possible to describe the apparently infinite complication of the meanderings of the heavenly bodies in a few simple formulæ which can be brought within the comprehension of a child of ten.

But the fundamental discovery that it is the earth, not the sun, that moves, which is the basis of the whole of modern thought, though absolutely simple, is so far from obvious that it appears to be daily contradicted by the evidence of our own eyes.

The observation that successful simplification is the secret of advance is one which is borne out by the history of religion no less clearly than by the history of invention or science. Study the religion of the Græco-Roman Empire or of India and Africa at the present day. Elaboration and complication are the conspicuous feature. Gods are innumerable ; their gradations of rank, their personal characteristics, their spheres of influence, are infinitely intricate. The complexity of ritual, the multiplicity of taboo to be observed by the cautious worshipper are a matter of obscure and expert knowledge. Indeed, converts to Christianity often give expression to the enormous relief that they have experienced from the realisation that a man has only one God to deal with, and that His ways are so simple and so plain to know. What strikes the pagan is the simplicity of Chirstianity. But that simplicity has a long history behind it, and one that has, perhaps, not yet reached its final chapter.

The first great simplification in the history of religion was the discovery that the Power behind things is essentially One. This simplification was arrived at in antiquity in two very different ways. In Greece the spirit of philosophic and scientific inquiry saw the universe as Order, or, as we should say, as the expression of Law, and deduced the conclusion that it must therefore be the manifestation of a single creative principle. But philosophy found material for criticism in the immorality as much as in the intellectual imbecility of the old polytheism, and was led on to affirm that the Power behind the universe is not only One, but also good. We must teach the children, says Plato, that God is good, and therefore, though with infinite regret, we must turn Homer out of the schools.

The Hebrew reached a similar simplification, but by a different route. The direct intuition of a series of outstanding prophets elevated the tribal God of Israel to the position of Creator and Supreme Ruler of the universe and at the same time affirmed His absolute righteousness. Thus the advance, which Greece attained by discarding the popular religion, Palestine achieved by elevating and purifying it.

The result was the emergence in Mediterranean civilisation of two distinct types of ethical monotheism. The monotheism of the Jew was personal, or rather supra-personal, and the goodness attributed to God was a passionate goodness. The monotheism of the Greek was sub-personal, tending to be impersonal—his God was passionlessly perfect.

A conception of God as personal has a tendency to degenerate

into anthropomorphism; and from time to time in the history of European religion the absolutist philosophy of Greece has acted as a valuable check and corrective upon this tendency. But the trend of modern thought, with its emphasis on personality as affording a key to the understanding of ultimate reality, would seem to support the Hebrew conception at its best and highest as philosophically more satisfactory than the Greek. That it is psychologically more potent needs not to be argued, for the reaction of the human heart to the conception of an impersonal Absolute is necessarily entirely different from its response to a personal God.

Concurrently with the intellectual simplification in Hebrew religion 'which affirmed that God was one, went an even more noteworthy simplification in man's conception of the conduct required of him by God. It is best summed up in a famous passage of Micah. The worshipper inquires:

> Wherewith shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the high God? shall I come before Him with burnt offerings, with calves of a year old? Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil? shall I give my firstborn for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul? (Micah vi. 6, 7.)

The prophet replies:

> He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good: and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God? (Micah vi. 8.)

Sacrifice, ritual, taboo, all the intricate paraphernalia of priestcraft and superstition, are brushed aside. Two things only are required—right conduct between man and man, and a right personal relationship between man and God. We have here one of those sublime simplifications which are turning-points in the history of human development—not because they have achieved finality, but because once and for all they have put humanity on to the right track.

With the coming of Christ a further and an even more epoch-making simplification in religion was effected. The ethical monotheism of the prophets was, so far as it went, a successful simplification, but it was incomplete. For right conduct between man and man remains something indefinite, and therefore fraught with confusion, so long as no completely satisfactory principle or criterion has been laid down as to what right conduct is. It is not sufficient that man should act up to his ideal of righteousness, if that ideal itself is seriously defective. The greatest tragedies of history have been perpetrated for the sake of what some men thought to be an ideal. Nor, again, can a wholly right personal relation of the individual soul towards God be attained until that soul has reached the highest possible concep-

tion of the character and nature of God, and has appropriated that conception not only with his reason, but with the imagination and the heart as well. Lofty and inspiring as was the message of the Hebrew prophets, there was still something lacking, both in their conception of the nature of the moral ideal and in the imaginative picture which they framed of the character and personality of God.

In regard to both these points the teaching of Christ is notable as marking a further simplification. The conceptions of right conduct between man and man, right personal attitude of man to God, are given a new and, I would urge, a final definition when once the essence of religion—that on which all the law and prophets hang—is summed up in the two commandments, 'Thou shalt *love* the Lord thy God,' and 'Thou shalt *love* thy neighbour as thyself.' Love thy neighbour provides a principle and a criterion by which all ideals of conduct and of character may be simply judged. Love the Lord thy God was no new commandment, but Christ saw that it was possible of fulfilment only if God is realised as a Person whom one not only can love but cannot help loving. God, therefore, by Christ is no longer styled King or Judge, but Father. It has been pointed out that He was not wholly original in speaking of God as Father. Quite half a dozen instances of the use of the word can be found in earlier Jewish thought. As well say that Zeus in Homer is frequently called father, that in case of the Latin Jupiter father is part of the actual derivation of the name. The point is, not that Christ uses the word Father of God, but that it is the *only* word He uses—that to Him Father is no longer one of a long string of titles, of which monarch and judge are understood to be the more really representative. Christ tells man not only to *style* God Father, but to think out the meaning and act up to all the implications of the word. 'Use not vain repetitions, your heavenly Father knoweth before ye ask.' 'If ye being evil know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more your heavenly Father?' Take, He says in effect, the best man you know or can conceive, think what he would be and do as parent, and then reflect that by so much as God is better than the best of men will His attitude differ from that of the best of human parents.

But in the history of religious progress the character and life of Christ have been of even more momentous import than His teaching. Man, it has been said, has always been making God in his own image. But the proclamation of the righteousness of God by the Hebrew prophets was a summons to mankind to think of God, no longer in the image of themselves, but after the pattern of their ideal. This was an immense advance; but men's ideal of goodness is limited by their experience of good men they have met

or heard of; their ideal may no doubt transcend their experience, but it cannot do so to an indefinite extent. It is not possible for man to conceive, much less imaginatively to realise, the character of God as something very far transcending the righteousness of the best men they have known. Metaphysicians insist that, since personality is the highest category of existence of which we have experience, it is therefore the least inadequate on which to frame our intellectual conception of God. Just so the moral philosopher must recognise that only when our experience has shown us a worthy embodiment of the highest ethical character can we have a model on the basis of which to frame a conception of the ethical character of God. Hence the epoch-making significance of the appearance in history of one who lived a life which implied a character transcending, not only the actual experience, but the highest ideal which had heretofore been apprehended by man. Not till Christ had lived and died did humanity possess a worthy pattern on which to frame its picture of the Divine.

It is impossible to overestimate the importance for thought, conduct, and religion of a definite and, as it were, concrete portrait of the character of God. For the attitude which man can adopt towards God depends entirely on what his reason and his imagination tell him is the character of that Being he would approach. The quality of a man's personal religion depends on his conception of God. For the religious man can only adopt towards God that personal relation and attitude which God, as he conceives God, might be expected to appreciate and desire. So long as men think of God as a sublimation of a savage tribal chief they naturally approach Him with rivers of oil or the sacrifice of firstborn. If they think of Him as the Eternal Parent, of whose character the historic Jesus is the expression, they will no longer approach Him with fear and deprecation, with formal genuflection or the meticulous ritual of religious etiquette, but with the trusting affection of children in their parents' home. They will, to use St. Paul's language, approach Him with the παρρησία, the self-respect and confidence of the free citizen, not with the cringing obeisance of the Oriental slave.

The significance for religion of the Person of Christ, of the life that He lived, and, in particular, of that death upon the cross in which, given the circumstances of the time, such a life inevitably culminated, has been the matter of elaborate theological speculation and of bitter controversy. To many it appears that the only result has been to reintroduce into religion unnecessary complication and thus largely to render nugatory the sublime simplification effected by Christ Himself.

There is much to be said for such a view. It cannot be denied that controversy about the exact nature of the Person and work

of Christ and the powers, functions, and rites of the society which aspires to carry on His work have enormously impaired the *primâ facie* simplicity of Christ's religion, and to exactly that extent have weakened its appeal. In spite of this, however, I am convinced that if we dip below the surface we shall see that the reflection on the meaning of the life, and in particular of the death, of Christ, which can be traced as a continuous development through the Epistles of St. Paul and which culminates in the Fourth Gospel, is not really a recomplication of religion, but a movement in the direction of a still further simplification. The difficulty was that neither the traditional language of Jewish theology nor the philosophical conceptions current in the Græco-Roman world were of a nature which made it possible to give a clear and simple intellectual expression to what, as a religious and ethical intuition, was clearly realised by men like St. Paul and St. John. They could only express what they felt in a way that does appear to be a complication, and which did lead later generations into an actual complication, of the original simplicity of the Gospel.

Simplification, as I have so often reiterated, is the secret of advance. But it is not any simplification, but a successful one, which is required. And I do not myself think that a simplification of religion which consists in making a clean cut of everything that cannot demonstrably be authenticated by the actual words of the historic Jesus is really the line of advance, even though it might be a great improvement on some existing tendencies in religion. I believe that St. Paul and St. John had something new and something true to say. But, I am convinced, it is because the Church of our day has yet to find out how to express that something in a form which presents it as a further simplification, not a recomplication, of the teaching of the historic Jesus that the Gospel which it preaches seems to have lost its power.

At the present day the science of Western Europe is triumphantly invading the ancient civilisations of the East. Nothing can stand up against it. Its power is twofold. To the intellect it appeals as a simplification which brings into a single system all the phenomena given in experience. And it appeals to the sense of practical need by the immense enhancement of power over circumstance which it places at the disposal of those who understand it. The question which many are asking to-day is whether the religion of Europe has anything like the same claim to supremacy as its science. To that question I would emphatically reply that the religion of Europe can conquer the world on the same terms as its science, that is to say, if, but *only* if, it can recall its ancient quality as a religion of simplicity and power.

It may be that the time is ripe for the appearance of some new

prophet who will himself see clearly, and so enable the rest of us to see, the exact nature of the simplification required. But to sit with hands folded waiting for a new prophet is the part of cowardice. Heaven helps those who help themselves, and no Church will produce, or will deserve, a prophet which is not making the best possible use of such dim sight and feeble powers as its members already possess. Nor am I certain that the days of the superman, whether a political Cæsar or a religious prophet, may not be over. In relatively small societies, in less highly organised civilisations, it was possible for a single individual to take in at a single sweep the whole range of thought, or need or circumstance, and by himself to shake the world. One man could be the political regenerator, the all-embracing scholar, the unique religious leader of his time. Under modern conditions, team work, co-operation between individuals, each making such little contribution as he can to the common stock, seems the more likely method of advance. In that spirit, therefore, I would venture to offer very briefly a personal contribution.

I have already reminded you that man's capacity for realising the ethical nature of God is necessarily conditioned by his experience of human character. Therefore to us, no less than to St. Paul, the appearance in history of a figure like Jesus Christ still conditions man's conception of God. Man cannot think of God as being lower than the best man he has seen or heard of. When Christ had lived and Christ had died, humanity was compelled henceforward permanently to raise its standard, not only of the ideal it holds up to man, but of the character which it demands in God. God must be at least as good as Christ—and Christ was crucified for the love of man.

Once this fact is grasped, it follows that no conception of God can any longer be ethically tenable which thinks of Him as a mere spectator of the sufferings of the world, as a mere judge and punisher of its sin. God must somehow or other take His share, and that a share proportionate to His greatness. God, like the human prophet or reformer, must be seen, not primarily as He that punishes human folly and iniquity, but as He that bears its evil consequence. The natural man thinks of God after the image of Solomon in all his glory; but whoever has once realised in Christ the ethical ideal for man must reject that picture and see instead the throne of divinity as a wooden cross.

The longer one meditates upon the career of Christ, the more completely does one perceive the transmutation of the old conception of God which is necessitated. Think out the inevitable implication of saying God must be at least as good as Christ, and you reach a simplification comparable to that introduced into astronomy by Copernicus. It is the reverse of obvious—indeed,

at first sight, it looks like turning everything upside down; but the longer we reflect on it the clearer its truth and its simplicity appear. Those who, like St. Paul, have once realised it in their inmost being have always found it hard to understand the mist which blinds others to the sight.

> The god of this world [he says] hath blinded the minds of the unbelieving, that the light of the gospel of the glory of Christ, who is the image of God, should not dawn upon them. . . . Seeing it is God, that said, Light shall shine out of darkness, who shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. (2 Cor. iv. 4, 6.)

But all who, however dimly, have wholly or even partly grasped this revolution in the conception of God have felt that it involved, and also that it made possible, a complete psychological revolution in their own mind. 'Except a man be born again he cannot see the Kingdom of God.' The recognition of this new conception of the Power behind the universe, both logically and psychologically, entails a new scheme of value, new ideals of life; it is a new birth, a transition from the darkness of the womb to the light of day.

We are so built that 'we needs must love the highest when we see it'—that is, if we see it not only with the intellect, but also with the imagination and the heart. But as long as we think of God as Majesty and Power, and of the life of God as a magnified celestial counterpart of Solomon in all his glory, so long majesty, power, luxury, and adulation will be the things we think the highest, and which, therefore, we needs must love. These, then, will be the things we would strive for if we dare. And if the commandment says, 'Thou shalt not aim at power and fame; thou shalt rather tread the narrow way, of work, and right, and service,' there is an inward conflict between that which we admire and that which we are bidden to do. But think of God as being like Christ, recognise that this is the noblest and most admirable, and also in the long run the most influential, the most creative, way of life, and the inward conflict between what is admired and what is bidden disappears. The proverb says, 'Like master, like man'; how much more true, 'Like God, like worshipper.' And if it is 'the light of the glory of God,' if, that is, it is just that which is most admirable and most worshipped in God, that we see in the face of Jesus Christ, then there is deliverance from the attraction of false ideals. All through the ages the evangelical preaching of Christianity has been potent, not because it said 'Man *must* be born again,' but because it said man *can* be born again. Man can be reborn on the sole condition that he accepts—not in mere verbal assent, but in inward spiritual appropriation—that conception of God which is summed up in the death of Christ on the cross. And experience all through the ages has shown that

a rebirth of the whole personality *does* accompany a vivid realisation of the Love of God as seen in Christ, provided only men surrender themselves completely to it.

And once let such a vision sink right down into the inmost self, let it capture the imagination as well as the reason, and, by all the laws of psychology, we should expect a liberation and a reorientation of the will.

Philosophically, the death of Christ, symbolising, and more than symbolising, as it does the participation of the immanent Divine in the suffering of the world, and in the battle with its sin, contains the answer to that objection to the existence of a good God which the existence of evil will never let us forget. Intellectually, therefore, it is not a complication, but a simplification, of the hypothesis that the universe is the expression of an intelligent and good Creator; and it presents that simplification of the conception of the nature and purpose of the universe in a manner which appeals not only to the intellect but to the imagination. Experience shows that 'wherever this conception has been brought home to the individual' it has been done with results ethically and psychologically recreative.

To sum up: Man can be born again, because, on the cross of Christ, man's idea of God was born again.

B. H. STREETER.

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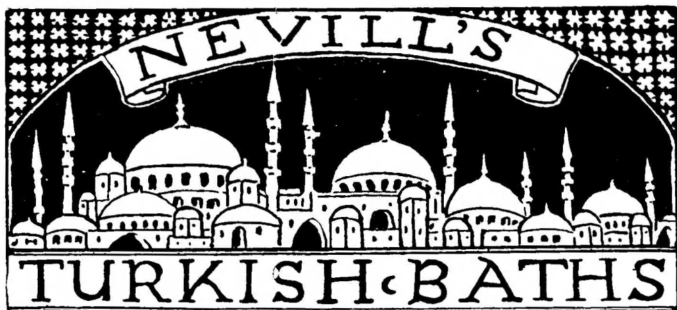

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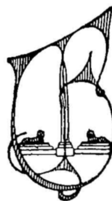
T. FISHER UNWIN'S  LATEST BOOKS

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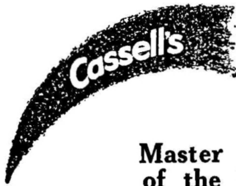

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"The Green Quarterly" will primarily, however, be a magazine. It will contain fiction, illustrations, and articles on social questions, and the articles on Anglo-Catholic work will be such as will interest the general reader. The Quarterly is not a review: it will aim at being a high-class, popular magazine.

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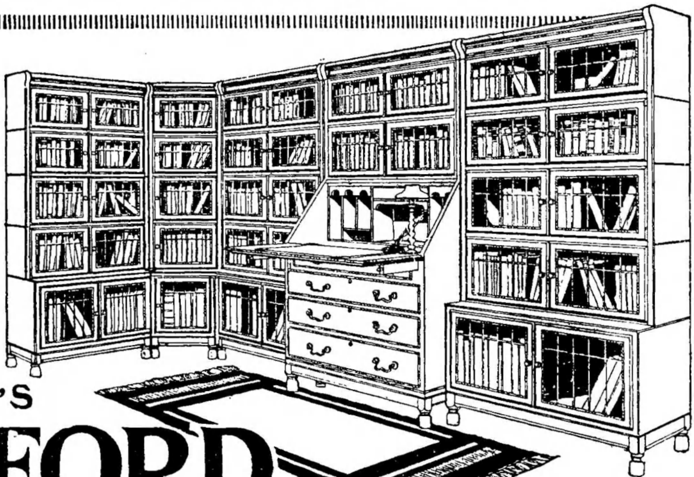

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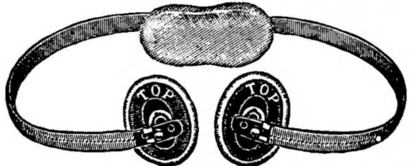

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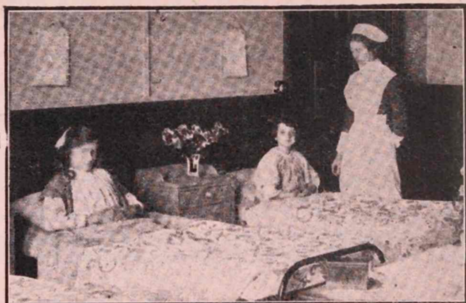

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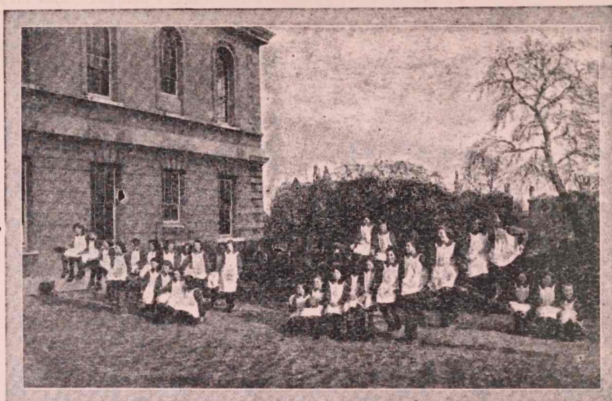

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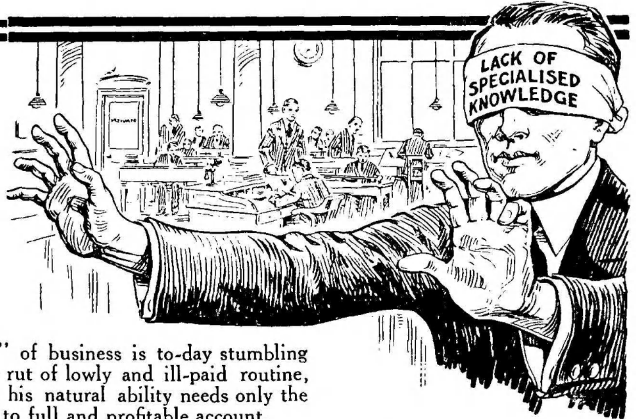

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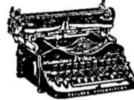

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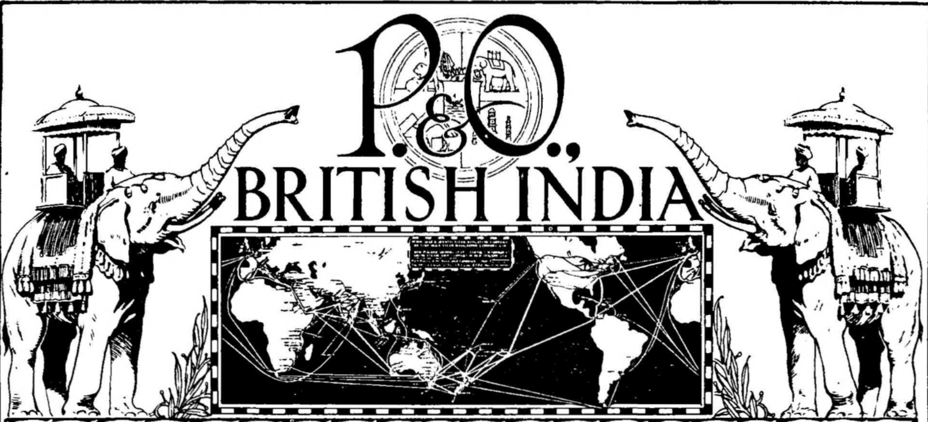

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