

AN EDITOR'S
CONVICTIONS
AFTER SIXTY-FIVE
YEARS' EXPERIENCE
OF JOURNALISM

“I am not a
desponding
but a
believing
oldster ”

J. W. ROBERTSON SCOTT

**Dr. B. R. AMBEDKAR
OPEN UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY
HYDERABAD-500 033**

**Dr. B.R. AMBEDKAR OPEN UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY**

Call No.

Accession No.

Author :

Title :

This book should be returned on or before the
last marked below.

Some Books by the Same Author

THE PEOPLE OF CHINA

THE SMALL FARM

COUNTRY COTTAGES

POULTRY FARMING: SOME FACTS AND SOME
CONCLUSIONS

THE TOWNSMAN'S FARM

THE STRANGE STORY OF THE DUNMOW FLITCH

SUGAR-BEET: SOME FACTS AND SOME ILLUSIONS;
A STUDY IN RURAL THERAPEUTICS*

Countryman

A FREE FARMER IN A FREE STATE: HOLLAND

THE LAND PROBLEM

HINTS FROM THE NOTEBOOK OF AN OLD FARMER

A PLEA FOR AN OPEN AIR MUSEUM

WAR AND PEACE IN HOLLAND: DESPATCHES ON
THE WAR IN A DUTCH TRANSLATION

JAPAN, GREAT BRITAIN AND THE WORLD

(in English and Japanese)

THE IGNOBLE WARRIOR

(in English and Japanese)

A LITTLE LESSON IN ENGLISH AND THE ENGLISH
CHARACTER

(in English and Japanese)

THE FOUNDATIONS OF JAPAN: 6000 MILES IN ITS
RURAL DISTRICTS* *Murray*

THE STORY OF THE WOMEN'S INSTITUTES*

Countryman

ENGLAND'S GREEN AND PLEASANT LAND*

Cape and Penguin

THE DYING PEASANT AND THE FUTURE OF HIS
SONS

THE COUNTRY CITIZEN* *Countryman*

All out of print but those marked with an asterisk

In Preparation:

THE PALL MALL GAZETTE: THE STORY OF AN
INFLUENTIAL NEWSPAPER

*With accounts of its four distinguished editors,
Frederick Greenwood, John Morley, W. T.
Stead and E. T. Cook*

Based on a large amount of new information and on
unpublished letters. The Author is one of the two sur-
vivors of the editorial staff of the *Pall Mall Gazette*
under Stead



[Photo: Ronald Procter]

AN EDITOR NOT EDITING

FAITH AND WORKS IN FLEET STREET

An Editor's Convictions after Sixty-
Five Years' Experience of Journalism

with

A Little Plain Speaking about Japan and
about Our Countryside on the basis of some
acquaintance with both

By

J. W. ROBERTSON SCOTT, C.H.

For thirteen years on the editorial staff of the *Pall
Mall Gazette*, *Westminster Gazette* and *Daily Chronicle*.
Later, Founder-Editor of *The New East* (in Japan)
and of the *Countryman* (in the Cotswolds)

LONDON
HODDER AND STOUGHTON

First printed July 1947

*Made and printed in Great Britain for
Hodder and Stoughton Limited London
by Richard Clay and Company, Ltd.,
Bungay, Suffolk*

TO THE
TRUE BELIEVERS

to whom, in C. P. Scott's words, Journalism
is 'An Organ of Civilization' and may be in
Lord Derby's, 'Righteousness made Readable'

We are the pilgrims, master ; we shall go
Always a little further.

James Elroy Flecker

FOREWORD

IN the typescript this book was merely 'Four Leading Articles'. The Publishers who had to sell it were, not unnaturally, uneasy. I then suggested, 'Is Journalism Worth While?' for that is very much what the discussion amounts to. That was counted less serious than it ought to be, and still short of glamour for the booksellers' counters. After that, 'Faith and Works in Fleet Street'—though the scene is often far away from Fleet Street—was all I could think of. But I still regret my modest 'Four Leading Articles,' which is all the little book pretends to be—leading articles, written under some emotion, it is true, at exacting times in an Editor's history.

J. W. R. S.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	xiii
I. IN THE COTSWOLDS	
<i>(From the 'Countryman')</i>	
THE PAPERS WE GET	19
YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW	38
THE RESPONSE :	
A HUNDRED LETTERS AND SOME PRESS OPINIONS	67
SOME CONTRIBUTORS	96
II. IN JAPAN	
<i>(From 'The New East')</i>	
THE FAITH OF <i>THE NEW EAST</i>	105
SAYONARA : A SPEECH BEFORE SEPPUKU	116

A serious reader may discover that what is the first page of a book for the reader was the last for the author, and that a perusal of the preface may shed a light on the whole book that will obviate later misunderstandings, give the reader a glimpse of the writer's mind as he drew to a close, as he saw his own work in a final perspective.—'The Personal Note,' by H. J. C. Grierson

INTRODUCTION

THE LEADING ARTICLE—G. A. Sala's 'column and an eighth of largish type'—is found in fewer and fewer newspapers. In many journals it has come down to two-thirds or half a column, in some to an editorial note.

Yet this book is mainly leading articles. The excuse is:

(1) In retiring from the Editorship of the *Countryman*, in the Spring of this year, on sending out my eighty-first number and reaching my eighty-first birthday, I brought to an end a journalistic career which began in my teens.

(2) I have had not only a long but a fortunate experience of journalism. In my young manhood it was with Editors of outstanding ability, merit and national repute—W. T. Stead, Sir Edward Cook, J. A. Spender (following the Frederick Greenwood and John Morley tradition) and H. W. Massingham. Their journalism was journalism of the highest type, to which men are drawn with a sense of being called to it, as other men feel their vocation to be the Church, the School, Medicine or Parliament. I wrote the four leading articles in this book later in my life, when I had the privilege of also being an Editor, an Editor with complete freedom of expression.

(3) At a time when a Royal Commission on the Press is sitting, an American Commission has reported, and radio dailies have arrived, I feel that the convictions I express may be of interest to newspaper readers.

(4) I also hope that they may be an encouragement to young men and women in journalism, or entering journalism, to make the best use of the power in their hands. I am not a desponding but a believing oldster.

(5) Further, my last leading article in the *Countryman*,

INTRODUCTION

written on a basis of long and wide experience of rural life, says things concerning realities in our countryside and the conditions of agricultural and social progress which may be of value when more attention is being given to the problems of Britain-outside-the-towns than at any time in our history. (Page 52 *et seq.*)

(6) In the same way, in the two articles written in Japan, convictions are expressed after many years' preliminary study of the Far East, after four and a half years' subsequent residence in Japan—where I journeyed for 6000 miles through districts which foreigners are seldom interested in or have the opportunity of visiting—and after a close acquaintance and friendship with many Japanese in different spheres of life. My hope is that what I have written may be of some help in enabling readers, as I said in the first sentence of *The Foundations of Japan*,¹ 'to see a little deeper into that problem of the relation of the West with Asia which the historian of the future will unquestionably regard as the greatest of our time'. There are 1155 million people in Asia to 403 million in Europe and 163 million in North America.

(7) The account I give of the relationship of the Japanese with the United States is timely when the Americans are concerning themselves, in so large a measure, with the future of Japan, and we are withdrawing troops.

(8) And 'Tract Distributing', 'The Difference between Propaganda and Preaching' and 'Prisms and Prunes' apply closely to our problems in Germany and Russia. (Page 121 *et seq.*)

(9) I venture to add frankly that, in my long service to the Press, I do not feel that I have at any time written anything with more care than these four leading articles.

¹ Murray, 1922.

INTRODUCTION

Now for the necessary bit of journalistic autobiography.

I had a series of signed notes running regularly in a London weekly when I was sixteen. I was a 'free-lance' in provincial and London papers and magazines until I was twenty—papers were more open for contributions then—and after that had a year in the office of a provincial morning daily. Next I was sub-editor for six years on the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and, for a similar period, sub-editor and editorial writer on the *Westminster Gazette*—I did a daily chronicle of foreign and colonial affairs. Then I worked, in much the same way, with widened powers, with H. W. Massingham on the *Daily Chronicle* from 1899 to the Boer War, when I retired from daily journalism and went to live in the country.

I resigned from the *Chronicle* for the reason that I retired from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, because it changed its politics.

Throughout my life my chief interest has been foreign affairs, with the study of rural life as recreation.

When, on leaving the *Daily Chronicle*, I bought a little property in Essex, I wrote, under the editorship of my valued friend Eric Parker, a country article weekly for seven years in the *County Gentleman*,¹ which had passed into the hands of St. Loe Strachey of the *Spectator*; and an eight-page rural article, over a period of fifteen years, for the monthly *World's Work*, besides making various contributions on problems of the countryside to *The Times*, *Quarterly Review*, *Nineteenth Century*, *Nation* and other newspapers and periodicals.

The first leading article I ever did for a metropolitan daily was in the *Westminster Gazette* one morning, about the Far East, in the complexities of which I had always

¹ Later merged in the *Field*.

INTRODUCTION

been interested. Indeed, the first book I ever wrote was a plea for a better understanding of China,¹ prepared in London immediately I retired from the Daily Press. And readers of *The Foundations of Japan; 6000 Miles in its Rural Districts* will recall how, early in the war of 1914, I went off to that country. Our authorities had not yet found a use for writing men—my neighbour and friend in Essex, H. G. Wells, complained about it in *The Times*. So I set out, at my own charges, for Japan and the United States, with the notion that I should be employing the war period patriotically—I was forty-nine—if I could come back with a book on the remarkable small farming system of Japan and another book on the large farming system of the American Middle West—I had been invited there by the sometime editor of *Wallace's Farmer*, grandfather of ex-Vice-President Henry Wallace—and so have something serviceable (if personally unprofitable) for the reconstruction period.

At the opening of the second year I spent in Japan—I was to be there for four and a half years—I was led to start, in Tokyo, in the circumstances recounted, in part, on page 100, the 200-page magazine, *The New East* (*Shin Toyo*), and edited it for two years.

On my return home I founded at Idbury in the Cotswolds a half-crown quarterly review, the *Countryman*, which I edited until it entered its twenty-first year with a rising circulation of 58,000.

Numbers one and two of the leading articles of which this book consists are the last two I wrote in the *Countryman*; numbers three and four the first and the last I wrote in *The New East*.

Readers whose interests are mainly in home affairs may be content with the two articles written in England. The

¹ *The People of China* (Methuen. Long since out of print).

INTRODUCTION

other two, beyond their journalistic interest, have the interest which attaches, first, to the views of a student of the Far East before he had been out there, and, secondly, to his convictions after four and a half years of hard study in Japan and China.

The four leading articles are exceptionally long, four or five times my ordinary length. But in the first one, in the *Countryman*, I wanted to say all I felt about the Press at its best, at its less than best and at its worst. The second was my Good-bye.

In the first leading article in *The New East* I had to convince my readers, Japanese, British, Americans and Chinese, of the sincerity of the effort that was being made in launching the review. In the leading article *Sayonara* (Farewell) I had to show that the work that had been done had been worth while, to state plainly the kind of efforts that remained to be made, and to say, with candour, where the West and the Japanese fell short. A sentence from my own writing in *The New East* embodied my wisdom, ' *The chief barrier between East and West is a distrust of each other's morality, and the illusion that the distrust is on one side only* '.

Both the *Countryman* and *The New East* leading articles have a personal character, for I had been on more than ordinarily intimate terms with my readers.

On consideration I have decided to append to the *Countryman* articles a remarkable series of letters from its subscribers on its twenty-first birthday. Any imputation of egotism I feel I must disregard. I can think of no more effective way than the reproduction of these messages—though I have had qualms—to bring home the fact that the public *will* respond to the maintenance of the journalistic standards for which a plea is made in this book.

Here is positive evidence that the honest journalism in

INTRODUCTION

which, from my youth up, I have been privileged to have a share, is not only felt to be of service to the community but may be—‘good business’. The response of readers which is reflected in the hundred letters—I have thrice as many—is the response of men and women of every party, of several communions, of many ways of life, and of more than one country. I have been encouraged, stayed and rewarded by a loyalty, kindness and affectionate indulgence which, as my career came to a close, I feel to have been one of the greatest things that life has given me.

My old comrade, Eric Parker, formerly editor of the *Field* and a graceful writer on many subjects, has been kind enough to glance through part of the proofs, but he has no responsibility, of course, for anything I have written.

*Idbury Manor,
Kingham,
Oxford*

July, 1947

THE PAPERS WE GET¹

I

THE DISAPPEARING DAILY

WE CAN SEE that the Daily Press spends a vast deal more on production, that it covers a wider variety of topics, and that it is more human and more readable; and we are glad, on the whole, that it is now illustrated. But if the daily papers have really made a worth-while development, how does it come about that there are fewer of them?

The *Daily Telegraph* has gobbled up the well-written, if circumscribed, *Morning Post*. The *News Chronicle* is all that remains of the *Daily News*, *Daily Chronicle*, *Morning Leader* and *Westminster Gazette*. As for the London evening papers, there was in my time a choice between the *Echo*, *Globe*, *Pall Mall Gazette*, *St James's Gazette*, and *Westminster Gazette*—all now dead—and the surviving *Star*, *Evening News* and *Evening Standard*.

Do the present evening journals carry the political weight of the defunct *Gazettes*? The political clubs and the House of Commons reading-rooms and lobbies looked eagerly for them of an afternoon, and provincial morning paper editors, before they started on their leader-writing, counted on finding them in their train parcels from London.

¹ This article appeared in Winter number of the *Countryman*, 1946. A few additions have been made.

FAITH AND WORKS IN FLEET STREET

As for the metropolitan morning papers, within a quarter of a century, as Mr Haydn Davies pointed out in a temperate speech in the House of Commons, their number has been reduced from a dozen to nine.

And the daily paper mortality in London has been surpassed by the death-rate outside London. In not a few provincial capitals, where there was a Conservative morning paper and a Liberal opponent, one of them has managed to devour the other. Instead of 133 morning and evening dailies in England-outside-London, there are now, Mr Davies stated, 83 only.

It is much the same with the county town weeklies. Not so long since there were almost always papers of both colours; now in many county towns there is but one.¹

A similar process has been at work in the United States. O. G. Villard states in *The Disappearing Daily* that some 104 daily journals in the United States 'died or were amalgamated between September 30, 1941, and March 31, 1943, although this period, except for the first two months, was remarkable for Pearl Harbour and startling developments of the war'. In a quarter of a century the number of American newspapers has been halved, and in ten States there are now, it is said, no competing journals! Villard stresses, what is obvious in Great Britain, the decline in the influence of the Press, or a large section of it, although circulations run into figures undreamed of by nineteenth-century journalists. President Roosevelt was elected with fewer than 18 per cent of the American papers backing him. At our own General Election, Francis

¹ It is suggested that there is not now enough advertising to go round. I doubt this, and as for years I got most of the *Countryman* advertising myself—in nine successive issues we had 200 pages of advertising!—I am not entirely ignorant of the subject.

THE PAPERS WE GET

Williams notes in his useful *Press, Parliament and People*, '75 per cent of the Press of the whole country was against the Labour Party, but this did not affect the result'. A responsible American daily acknowledges that 'the Press is out of touch with the people'.

LESSENE D INFLUENCE

The reasons why the papers in our own country have less influence than they used to have are clear enough. People are better educated and less prone than their parents were to have their minds made up for them. Beyond this, wireless supplies, and must increasingly supply, the urgent demands of the mass of the public for daily information. (In the half-dozen villages next my own, as many as 33 per cent of the households take the *Radio Times*.) As for opinion, I have heard villagers say that they have been accustomed to read the papers they fancied or could get, but when it came to voting, they made up their minds according to their own beliefs and on how they sized up the broadcasters.¹

It is the Prime Minister's public relations officer who has written that the Press has become, in our day, 'an immense entertainment industry, more concerned with figures [*i.e.*, circulations] than with morals'. The public, always more intelligent than many newspaper directors seem to suppose, is conscious of the commercialization of the Press. Newspaper readers do not believe that tremendous circulations are built up on public spirit.

Then there is the steady disappearance of the Editor

¹ It is a new fact in the countryside that, as I find on investigation, every household in a neighbouring market town has at least one daily paper, while 95 per cent of the households in a group of half a dozen villages nearest my house take a paper of some sort, and 13 per cent of these households more than one.

FAITH AND WORKS IN FLEET STREET

with a personal message, the kind of Editor who believed, as W. T. Stead did, that the Press is ' the Sandalphon of humanity ', who listens to the prayrs

From the hearts that are broken with losses,
And weary with dragging the crosses
Too heavy for mortals to bear,

and set about his work under that burden. How many ordinarily well-informed men and women could give the names of the Editors of even two London dailies? Not a few London and provincial journals are surely known as one of So-and-So's properties rather than for the weight they carry as leaders of public opinion. Press and public derived some benefit from the incursion of Alfred Harmsworth into Fleet Street, but in the end, it may be said, perhaps, the harms eclipsed the worth.

John Morley, who had sat in a daily paper's editorial chair himself and had written there what he believed to be true, saw the Press, as a ' huge engine for keeping discussion on a low level '.

'The Press ' all lands shall sing,
The Press, the Press we bring
All lands to bless,

sang Ebenezer Elliott; and Jefferson said that, if put to the choice, he preferred a ' Press and no Government ' rather than a ' Government and no Press '. Just what would be their considered opinion today?

' A FULL LOOK AT THE WORST '

It has been seen of all men that not a few dailies are prepared to sacrifice a good deal to get circulation—and, therefore, as the public understands, higher and higher prices for advertisements—as witness down-and-out

THE PAPERS WE GET

prize-fighters on the front page, and many curious 'features', not to speak of costly insurance schemes which some of them were glad to drop.

Because most of the papers think they must have the pence of the relatively illiterate, as without them they cannot have the advertising revenues brought by big circulations, they give a ridiculous proportion of their space to headlines out of all relation in size to the interest or significance of the news below them. In the issues of two papers which I examined on a day of ordinary news last year, I found an average of a sixth of the space thus occupied. Again, in the autumn of this year, once more on a day of ordinary news, nearly *three feet* of column space on the front page of one of the dailies were given to headings! As for the quality of the matter below the headings, it is imperative, of course, that the Press shall reflect the life of the common man as well as of the uncommon man, but much of what appears in some papers can be defended only on the plea that

If a way to the better there be
It exacts a full look at the worst.

It is poor, trivial stuff pandering to low feelings, a deliberate expansion of the sensational and unworthy. Even when there are accounts of what is fine and noble in human nature there is often no certainty that the details are accurate, and such matter is ordinarily overshadowed by the mean and sordid.

In recent months the papers have become larger. But has their general character substantially altered? Room has been found for comic strip, at the most ordinary American level, but not so much more for Parliament, which some Fleet Street spokesmen, when they were asking lately for relief from newsprint restrictions, were so

FAITH AND WORKS IN FLEET STREET

sorry they had to deny the public. Some of the Press seems to offer more and more justification for Lord Salisbury's famous gibe that it has the appearance of being written 'by office boys for office boys'. It was a journalist of experience who said recently, in *Not Such a Bad Life*, that 'it is obvious that in a community with a large popular Press, the majority of the professional writers must be hacks'. So far does a considerable part of the Press seem to have got from a journalistic ideal—which, in its essence, was by no means snobbish—of being 'written by gentlemen for gentlemen'! In papers I have in mind, no great editorial spirit is writing daily, or moving others to write, an honest thought and message to give these journals moral backbone, strength of public purpose and a consistent and notable personality. In regard to this journalistic domain some readers will recall Matthew Arnold's sweeping declaration on American papers: 'A serious Press you have not got; it is a great lack'. Northcliffe's confession also comes to mind: 'What I lack is poise'. A thoughtful public, with some of the papers before it, must think of nothing so much as the *bandarlog* of its juvenile reading: 'They never go far. They never do what they set out to do. Always pecking at new things. "We are great", they shout. "We are free. We are wonderful. We all say so, and so it must be true."'

II

THE COMBINES

In the discussion of the case for an inquiry into Press practices and conditions, it was widely recognized that it cannot be in the public interest, in the long run, that one man or one proprietary should own a string of daily

THE PAPERS WE GET

papers. In the provinces combine-papers (with some benefits in news) sacrifice vitality, individuality and local interest on which the public ought to be able to rely.¹

And the confidence with which owners of groups of dailies, or commercially powerful dailies, may count on quickly receiving hereditary titles cannot be considered to be a wholesome feature of our political and social life.

One of the Ministers of Information during the war, who has personal experience as a newspaper proprietor, was lately quoted in the New York *Editor and Publisher* as asserting that 'no British Editor, with the possible exception of the Editor of *The Times*, had any real voice; Editors were merely office boys in so far as forming or expressing public opinion; people were giving less and less credence to the large papers'. And in *He Laughed in Fleet Street*, the late Lord Rothermere is reported to have said: 'Quite apart from one or two papers, *The Times* and the *Observer*, for example, there is no such thing as an Editor charged with full control. Editors today do not control policy. That is a matter for the proprietor or for the head of the business. I make it quite clear that ultimate responsibility for what is said in the leading article rests with me. It is on me the public and the shareholders turn whenever anything goes in the *Daily Mail* that displeases them. They do not rend the Editor, whose name they may not even know.' 'That displeases them'! The phrase is illuminating.

¹ See *The Scottish Newspaper Press*, by Duncan Ferguson. 'Scottish daily newspaperdom is from two-thirds to three-quarters in the hands of English publishers, with a further invasion pending. Four of the nine evenings are in English ownership; so, with one exception, are all the Sundays. No Scottish-owned paper of any kind enters a large number of Scottish homes, especially in the Clyde Valley.'

FAITH AND WORKS IN FLEET STREET

'BEHIND THE TIMES'

With the steady improvement of the wireless, the coming of television, the advance of the cinema, the development of the curricula in primary and secondary schools, the general enlargement of the opportunities for education, the wider sale of books—of which the million and a half Penguin copies of Shaw and Wells are a portent—the extension of city, town and county free libraries (I was for ten years the chairman of a county free library which has nearly 350 branches) and the increased facilities for political and social discussion, there are few grounds on which we may rely for an extension of the influence of the Press, as controlled and directed, in so many instances, at present.

Yet the Press, even as it is, has a great deal to its credit. It helps many good causes. It is doing and has done much valuable educational work. Its readers know, by its means, much better than their parents did how the other half of the world exists, and they are in touch, to their great advantage, with more aspects of life. There is less of the hushy-mushy which afflicted the Victorian and Edwardian eras. Although, as an eminent journalist, J. A. Spender, insisted, the openings for good Editors diminish with the decrease in number of the daily papers, thousands of men and women of fine quality give the best of their lives to the Press, often with small certainty of permanent jobs.

But a large part of the Press is spiritually stunted, and deliberately so. Its strongly entrenched owners make what Gilbert Murray has called 'the commonest of all mistakes in a rapidly changing world—the mistake of being, in essentials, *behind the times*'. That gives us the measure of their qualifications to direct the Daily Press.

THE PAPERS WE GET

The *New Republic* of New York may well write, 'If we owned a daily paper or a chain of daily papers we could not help thinking very seriously about the dwindling influence of the Press. If the newspapers' reason for being is not, first and foremost, to serve accurate news, then they are no more than what Bismarck called "printers' ink on paper".'

When the Press consists, to a considerable extent, of properties quoted on the Stock Exchange—fifty years ago not a single newspaper property was so quoted—journalism, as represented by these properties, has changed over from a profession to a business. 'You left journalism a profession,' owned one of Northcliffe's unabashed colleagues to Viscount Morley, 'we have made it a branch of commerce.'

AMERICAN EXPERIENCE

The author of *The Disappearing Daily* senses what is lacking when he asks, rather topsy-turvily perhaps, for 'such a development of the affairs of the world and of the present world-wide revolution as will again bring to the editorial chair men of fire and passion with causes to lead'. In his narrative of the way in which, in the United States, rich men who have bought important newspapers have had them quickly die on their hands—such things have happened repeatedly in London—he insists that 'a truly great paper must have an intelligent, honest, consistent and courageous public-serving personality'.

One of the outstanding American Editors of our time, William Allen White, had only a small-town journal, the *Emporia Gazette*, but it was quoted all over the United States, and he was the confidant of Presidents. He wrote trenchantly of one millionaire 'destroyer of dailies' that he brought to journalism 'the talent of the meat-packer,

FAITH AND WORKS IN FLEET STREET

the morals of the money-changer and the manners of the undertaker; he and his kind have succeeded in transforming a noble profession into an 8 per cent security'.

It is of some significance for Americans that, against the journalistic deterioration for which Villard gives chapter and verse, the negro dailies, which have a cause to urge, 'have developed by leaps and bounds, many of their Editors showing great ability and power'. And there are several references in his pages to the *Manchester Guardian* which, in times of political stress and in periods when public opinion was faltering, has put an honest personal view of public affairs before circulation and next year's dividend. It has not 'exploited popular ignorance and played up to weaknesses of half-formed characters and half-filled minds'.

III

ON MAKING PROFITS

When we call to mind the achievement of great British editors of newspapers and periodicals, we are impressed by the fact that they were seldom, first and foremost, business men—as business men are reckoned—much less appointees, but stalwarts of varied reputation and environment who had an effectual calling to their task. Their readers realized that they had. These publicists had things to say worth saying, and willingness to sacrifice something in order to say them—they never died rich.

It is no reflection on a great daily or a successful periodical that it makes a profit. Just as the preacher's home must do its part to enable him to make use of all his powers, and the farmer must have his coadjutors in the seed and corn merchant and the mechanical engineer, editors and staffs must be sustained in their efficiency by

THE PAPERS WE GET

financial stability, good management and common sense, so that they may feel their independence, maintain their keenness and reach their goals. If they lack business ability themselves, if they have no relish for and pride in honest commerce, they must have colleagues who possess these qualifications. It is my conviction, based on a lifetime's experience of dailies, weeklies, monthlies and quarterlies, that one of the signs, among many, of a good paper or periodical may be that it pays its way. There is often something far wrong about a paper or a periodical, or the people responsible for it, when a journalistic enterprise comes to grief. As I call to mind the lamentably large number of well-intentioned, well-conceived, able and needed journals and periodicals which have died in infancy or early youth during the last half century, the just judgement on those associated with them must surely be that they did not understand the need of fully learning the technique of the complex business they had entered upon. Some of the scribblers who encouraged the editors to walk in a vain show would have been better employed in looking for a few advertisements or interesting their business friends in the commercial side of the concerns. The prompt settlement of printers' and paper-makers' accounts, and proper payment of literary staffs, are as vital to the life of a new publication as slick political, social and literary criticism and easy pats on the back for the people who write it. Convictions and aspirations are not enough, capital alone is not enough, to attain results worth the toil of an arduous calling.

THE WEEKLY REVIEWS AND THE B.B.C.

It cannot escape notice, and it is a reassuring sign of growing public sentiment, that the two leading weeklies, the *Spectator* and the *New Statesman*, which are devoted

FAITH AND WORKS IN FLEET STREET

almost entirely to opinion and tendentious matter, have now circulations amounting together to something like 134,000—it is not so many years back that they had only about a third of this.¹ Further, while there is no *Saturday Review* to gratify the faint-hearted, the responsible *Listener* has established itself.

As for the B.B.C., it is early days yet, the cat's-whisker stage, with that beneficent institution. It is still feeling its way. But never a week passes without its offering items, in and out of the Third Programme, which are particularly good, and it is giving itself more and more to the candid presentation of phases of opinion. It has seemed to show increasing courage since the appointment of its new director-general from the *Manchester Guardian*. The mass of the population takes a daily paper not only for distraction but in order to read at greater length what has been heard on the wireless. It might be a good thing indeed if the news bulletins were longer. Except for an occasional lapse into prize-fights, they deal mainly with significant things. In the Third Programme it is plain that we shall be able to count not only on valuable offerings of literature, music and the drama, but on discussions of political, social, literary and artistic affairs, above the level of much that fills columns in some daily papers. This work is being helped by the starting at Broadcasting House of an outspoken quarterly review for the thousands of its London and provincial staff. Wireless has the advantage over newspapers that it is in close

¹ 'Some figures illustrate the desire for serious, solid reading. The *New Statesman* has increased in sale from 25,000 in June, 1939, to 83,000 in June, 1946; the *Listener* from 47,351 to 138,429; the *Countryman* from 20,386 to 43,577 [now in excess of 58,000]; and, in a lighter field, *Punch* from 116,264 to 172,488.'—*World's Press News*. Present sale of *New Statesman* 84,000, of *Spectator* 50,000.

THE PAPERS WE GET

touch with its subscribers several times a day and particularly in the evening when they are at leisure. And it is no small thing that listeners often hear correspondents delivering their own messages and are therefore in a position to form a judgement on their sincerity and authority. The quality of many B.B.C. foreign correspondents has been markedly higher than that of some of the men whom the 'popular Press' has now and then sent abroad to write takingly about countries and peoples with which they have no real acquaintance.

IV

WHAT IS THE TRUTH ABOUT ADVERTISING?

From time to time a public, innocent of knowledge of the difficulties, complexities and expenditures of journalism, contributes the suggestion that all would be well with the Press if it did not take advertisements. Few people outside journalism understand what daily and weekly papers and periodicals would cost if they were advertisement-less. Attempts have been made by the Press to do without advertisements. *Tit-Bits* did so for years. In our day a strenuous New York daily of progressive views has tried the experiment, but has abandoned it because it was not rewarded by a sufficiently large compensatory circulation. The public can have a Press minus advertisements if it is prepared to pay for it. Readers of the *Countryman* (which, from its start, has refused a dozen kinds of publicity) often write to say that they find our advertising pages informative and useful, and are appreciative of their range and of the skill with which they are often written. More brains and conscience have certainly been put into advertising of recent years. At the present stage of civilization, at any

FAITH AND WORKS IN FLEET STREET

rate, well-selected advertising is of service to the readers, particularly the country readers, of the publication in which it appears. Mr Gladstone is said to have bought American periodicals for their advertisements, and a well-known London Editor who received an American magazine, and was told that, because of the postage, the advertisements would be torn out, promptly cabled 'Tear out the articles'.

It must be recognized sorrowfully that some papers and periodicals which manifest ardour for the public weal, are clamant for this, that and the other reform, and contain unsparing criticism of public men, carry advertising of doubtful quality. In one organ of advanced opinion one sees three or four advertisements for the insertion of which it is difficult to think of an excuse.

My remedy for an undue commercialization of newspapers and periodicals is the practice the *Countryman* has tried to follow: to publish in every issue the name of the responsible Editor; to state that he alone is answerable for what is printed; to give definite information as to the proprietary, and an honest statement as to sales; to restrict drastically the proportion of advertisements to text, to limit the places in the publication they may occupy, to have a list of not-accepted advertising, and to submit proofs of all advertisements to the Editor, but to have a strict rule against editorial references to particular firms or brands. Some goods are no doubt pushed too hard in the advertising pages of the Press and on hoardings. In the publicity refused by the *Countryman* I included from the beginning the advertising of intoxicants, which in my view are sold freely enough without further aid.

If by Act of Parliament all advertising were taken out of the Press, not only would the cost of most papers and

THE PAPERS WE GET

periodicals put them beyond the reach of a public which gains much by having them, but the goods which could no longer be advertised in the Press would be likely to cost more, because publicity by post or in other ways would in the end prove to be dearer. No one wants to see an increase in the countryside of poster advertising or the adoption of throw-away advertising leaflets, or to have letter-boxes stuffed with circulars.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE MEDICAL PRESS

For some time past I have urged an extension to this country of that prohibition of false or equivocal statements in advertisements which is enforced in the United States by the public cautioning of offenders and the prosecution of recalcitrants. I wish I could see the Ministry of Health and the Board of Trade realizing what appears to be their responsibility in this matter. It is of interest that the health authorities of a provincial city recently prosecuted a firm of food manufacturers whose claims, on labels and in an advertisement, were alleged to be extravagant and misleading. The public may well wonder why the medical Press does not take more active steps to promote, in the words of the British Medical Association resolution, 'the education of the public on the meretricious claims of patent foods, drinks and medicines'. Just why is there not on sale an up-to-date, revised edition of that invaluable collection, which has been for years out of print, of analyses of popular specifics, issued by one of the leading journals of the medical profession? The American Medical Association spends £10,000 a year on examining products of which, if satisfied, it registers its approval. In this matter Great Britain is not only behind the United States but behind Australasia. The Pharmaceutical Society some time ago asked the Ministry of

FAITH AND WORKS IN FLEET STREET

Health to supervise the advertising of certain proprietary medicines and medical and surgical appliances 'so that the public can be protected against this type of misrepresentation'. As to the extent to which the public is exploited, the Society does not hesitate to mention the sum of £20,000,000 a year.

V

—AND OF THE CHURCH AND JOURNALISTS

For such pernicious influence as may be exerted by the Press, it is 'exactly and indubitably true', as Carlyle said to Sterling, that the Church must bear its share of blame. It was established before the Press. Had the churches—and chapels—been more intelligently directed in town and country, the reflectors of the base and unworthy, the abettors of silly and harmful gambling, the deceiving cheapjacks, the advertisers of quackeries would have had a more difficult time of it. It is in undeveloped, uninstructed and uncared-for minds that the enemy sows his tares. Consciences have not been stirred.

Not only the journalists of today but the journalists of the past bear their burden of responsibility for the degradation of public prints. Had the Press of Victorian days not been, with all its merits, frequently stilted, portentous, hidebound, dull and blind—it did fine things now and then—there would not have been room for some ingratiating, debased, commercialized products of our time.

But merely to deplore present-day developments does not mend matters. It is necessary to bring about a change. Is the development of education, with which such marked progress has been made in so many forms and directions, proceeding everywhere as rapidly and

THE PAPERS WE GET

liberally as it might do? Great though the exertions of the Ministry of Health and the local authorities have been on behalf of health and housing—for the method of *mens sana in corpore sano* is the only sound method—might not still more vigorous and enlightened efforts be made, by individuals and by organizations, to secure more quickly in a number of ways, the results which the true welfare of the nation urgently demands?

As for the Press, although it is no doubt true, in some measure, as has been so often said, that a country has the Press it deserves, the mending of it must be in part its own job, and, happily, it numbers many practitioners who are minded to mend it. I write on a basis of knowledge and grateful experience—see pages 67 to 95—when I say that they will not lack effective public co-operation.

SOME PROPOSALS

J. A. Spender sighed for daily papers with small circulations. Francis Williams, with considerable experience of Fleet Street, thinks that as a result of 'measures to produce greater social equality; of a redistribution of buying power in consequence of the general trend of economic development; and the industrial and financial changes wrought by the war', daily paper circulations of half a million 'may become an economic proposition'. In America, he notes, as many of us have done, that 'papers with much smaller circulations than would be economically possible in Britain flourish because of the higher general level of incomes'. And certainly many of our provincial dailies which never state their sales to the Audit Bureau of Circulations, because the number of their buyers does not reach figures comparable with those of the London dailies, are, besides being an

FAITH AND WORKS IN FLEET STREET

excellent influence in their own areas, undeniably 'good properties'.

With regard to the reduction in the number of competing dailies and weeklies, to which reference is made on pages 19 and 20, I have often wondered why the only surviving journal in a town never thought of trying the social (and commercial) experiment of printing on part of its editorial page a contributed leading article or series of notes, plainly stated to represent opposing political beliefs and attitudes of mind. Why should not a paper choose, if it likes, to concern itself chiefly with news—in the well-known phrase of C. P. Scott (to whom I had not, by the way, the honour of being related) 'opinion is free, news is sacred'—and have a Conservative, a Liberal, a Socialist and, for that matter, a Communist leading article or editorial note? The following mottoes appeared at the head of the *Countryman* leading articles:

Happy Seeker—*Cromwell*. Let him who will believe, and let him who will disbelieve—*Koran*. The worth of men consists in their liability to persuasion—*Whitehead*. He that questioneth much shall learn much and content much—*Bacon*. Our business is to speak—*Cromwell*. The reader will yield or withhold his consent according to his judgement or fancy—*Tacitus*. The difference is not enough to keep you apart—*William the Silent*. Perhaps we are both mistaken—*Voltaire*.

There is no call to be hopeless about the Press, and I say this after reading the 125-page Hansard report of the Commons' arraignment. As an old journalist, Sir William Beach Thomas, writes, 'Even the worst newspapers carry some little thing that is worth pondering'. The facts might be stated even more positively. And *The Times* remains *The Times* we are proud of. We may be thankful, too, for the invigorated and responsible *Economist*. Some Scandinavian papers run ours closely

THE PAPERS WE GET

in quality, but the journalism of no country is, in the main, at a higher level than ours. I recall the reply which Mrs Humphry Ward got when she deplored to Mr Gladstone that 'more was made of scandals nowadays by the newspapers'. The old man would not have it. 'When I was a boy', he said—he left Eton in 1827—'there were two papers, the *Age* and the *Satirist*, worse than anything which exists now.' If the 'largest circulation' of any paper in this country is that of a weekly which has had a reputation for its police reports, it may be thankfully noted that its sales of seven million are followed next by those of the *Radio Times*, and that the largest circulation in the world has been reached by a periodical, the monthly *Reader's Digest*, which, if a little one-sided about Russia, is distinguished for its public spirit and its candour, and, as I satisfied myself on visiting, in the United States, its offices and its proprietors, for the unending pains and liberal sums spent on its production, and its concern for the men and women who work for it.

YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW¹

THIS IS THE last number of the *Countryman* to come from Idbury. We are moving five miles away to Burford. With the present issue the review enters its twenty-first year. This is our eighty-first number. Keeping step, the Founder-Editor reaches his eighty-first birthday. The child of his thought and labour for close on a quarter of a century will have many more birthdays. But for him it seems well that it should be 'thus far and no farther'. 'The days of our age are three score years and ten, and if by reason of strength they be four score years'—something must be done about it. A few years since, under the age rule, I withdrew myself from the Bench and Quarter Sessions. Even the leaders of a Party which cherishes old ways 'have expressed the wish that there shall be no candidates over eighty'. 'You have now done your work and may go', said Sir Jacob Astley at the last fight of the Civil War half a dozen miles from Idbury.

I

A TEST FOR EDITORS

Three years ago I decided to economize my strength by transferring the highly successful business side of the review to London. I did not like doing that. It broke off communication with old readers when they renewed their subscriptions; I missed acquaintance with new readers who have kept joining us more and more rapidly.

¹ This article in the *Countryman* appeared in April, 1947.

YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW

I also lost touch with a body of advertisers of the first class. There is something mentally rewarding in honest commerce. In my experience it has meant starting from nothing, without commercial training, an enterprise which no one believed could succeed, directing it at all times with first thoughts not on profit but on producing the best possible thing for readers' subscriptions and the public purposes of the review, paying colleagues and contributors justly, and giving the staff good conditions to work in and a five-day week.

It has also meant allowing myself enough time off to take a small part in rural district council, county council and neighbourly activities, and, in early B.B.C. days, in the broadcasting which has done and is doing so much for the countryside. It is well that the conductor of a periodical which proffers guidance on social action to men and women daily fronting the problems and difficulties of life should himself have some direct acquaintance with industry and commerce. It is well that he should prove himself equal to establishing and managing a business successfully after the fashion he commends to other people. It is well that, while he presses policies on public men, speaks his mind on what they do and do not do, he should, by personal experience of public office and varied committee work, have a realizing sense of the responsibilities, complexities and limitations of administration and government.

WHY I SOLD THE *COUNTRYMAN*

Four years ago I had half a dozen proposals to buy what had become a 'property'. A choice among them enabled me to give effect to a conviction that life offers more than opportunities of making and spending money. The difficulty of making money is, I think, after an

FAITH AND WORKS IN FLEET STREET

experience of doing it in a small way for twenty years, rather overrated. Commercial success by anyone with a modest equipment of gumption, application and some measure of originality, is nothing extraordinary. The intelligence of Europe and America is penetrating even the arcanum of 'big business'. 'Thales showed the world that philosophers can easily be rich if they like, but that their ambition is of another sort.' There has always been in the *Countryman's* composition 'something of the Shorter Catechist', and when I sold the review I got freedom from the publishing, advertising and accounts rooms for more unbroken time in the Press pulpit. The arrangement by which the review continued to be written, and its public and domestic policies determined, in the country, while its business was done in the metropolis, has worked easily, for we had allied ourselves to a house of national repute and taken more than common care of editorial independence. Had I had a son, and he had shown such aptitudes, skill and conscience as seemed to fit him for becoming Editor, I should no doubt have given way to the natural inclination to which so many fathers have yielded, and founded a family business. I was not exposed to that temptation.

THE CHALLENGE TO THE ELDERLY

The obligation laid on the founder of a periodical of opinion is to keep himself fit to conduct it at the standard its aims deserve. As the years grow upon him, there is a second obligation: resolutely to let the counsel of his own heart stand, 'for there is no man more faithful to thee than it; a man's mind is wont sometimes to tell him more than seven watchmen that sit on a high tower'. What his mentor confides to him is something like this: 'You have put into your work all your knowledge,

YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW

experience and strength. You have said your say according to your lights and ability, but you cannot hope to go on giving your best much longer. Your job is done. However reluctant you may be to withdraw from labour you like, your duty, whatever qualms you may have—if you have any—is to understand that, as generation follows generation, there are new needs. To meet those needs there will be forthcoming new ideas, new attitudes of mind and new methods, which may be better than yours. With age, which so easily dupes itself, there comes, it may be hardly perceived, lessened receptiveness and reduced resilience, and, imperceptibly perhaps, decreasing powers of execution. You do not, perhaps, get about as much as you did, do not see and hear as much. If you keep on, you do so at the risk of clogging expression and of hindering complete accommodation to the new time. If you stay, you will be ministering, in some degree, to your own pleasure and pride. It is a sore experience to part, officially at any rate, with friends all over the world who have been so long your stayers, encouragers and stimulators, but after morning and midday come afternoon and evening and the night when no man can work.'

'Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the stage.' Every bird, every animal, every wise human parent feels instinctively that control may be withdrawn from offspring when it has grown up.

Is there one of us who has not seen a valuable organization, a worthy cause, a well-conducted business, suffer under the hands or influence of the elderly? Much has been written about the dead hand. It is possible to suffer equally from the live hand, the hand of the man who does not know when his day is passing, who hangs on obstructively to something that has been brought to the height of

FAITH AND WORKS IN FLEET STREET

the powers he can contribute. No reader of the *Countryman* has ever said that it 'dated'; no reader shall say, as it approaches the second half of the twentieth century, that it is elderly. In a world ever renewing itself, a world peering into and preparing itself for the future, age may aid, if its wisdom be accepted at no more than its value. But, in direction, the young strength and faith of a new generation must be given their opportunity. As Macaulay said, 'We shall all in our turn be outstripped'. Dr Coulton further reminded us that 'in the long run, it is a fatal gift in any institution that it should be rendered untouchable'.

With such thoughts I resolved, after careful consideration, to put aside a plan I had for converting the *Countryman* into a Trust. 'No Trust, however skilfully framed,' a shrewd student of affairs, J. L. Hammond, has written, 'can guarantee a newspaper's permanence.' Ogden Reid of the *New York Herald-Tribune*, who died at the beginning of this year, 'became convinced', as he thought of that excellent newspaper's future, 'that changing conditions create different needs'.

CONCERNING REST

I may be permitted to say, in order to allay the apprehensions of thousands of good friends, that I am not ill. Neither am I reckoned old for my age. Nor am I by any means at the end of my mental tether. My fitness is not due to exercise, for I have had leisure for little. It is due, if I may mention the fact, to application, from my teens up, to work in which I have been keenly interested, to keeping myself in as close touch as I could contrive with new ideas and the younger generation, and to abstemious habits which are no self-denial but give a sense

YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW

of well-being—a fact which it is useful, perhaps, to state when so many persons are still deceiving themselves with alcohol and tobacco. But I have cared deeply for the *Countryman* and all it has stood for, and I have a warm regard for its readers; and the time has come, I feel, when I ought to free myself from conditions, in relation to the review, which remind me of what was said of Gibbon, that he did not know the difference between himself and the Roman Empire.

My wife and I have given our strength unremittingly to the *Countryman*. It has been in our thoughts hourly throughout its life. In order to bring it to a happy maturity we have missed many things we should have liked.

And we have undergone, for twenty years, the special strain of having a periodical produced in our home, with all the goings and comings, distractions and cares (with compensations of friendship) that that involves.

We now seek, for a few years, quiet, rest, more time in the open air, opportunities of looking on refreshing scenes, leisure for reading, the possibility of seeing face to face friends whom we have known by letter only. We seek also time for writing a few things which may possibly be worth leaving behind—‘it is in old age that power comes’, a famous statesman declared. ‘The common phrase used of all those ending their official career’, said a good public servant, ‘is the hope that they may live for many years to enjoy their well-earned rest; there is no such thing as rest in this world.’

‘What will be uppermost eighty years hence?’ wrote Meredith, ‘upon *that* I muse.’

II

THE CHANGE-OVER

Good-bye! It is a sad word, and I am, naturally, a little sad. Thank you all very much for the backing you have given me and for all the wondrously kind letters from every part of the world. Few Editors can have been aided as I have been with a correspondence such as I have been privileged to receive day by day, these twenty years, at Idbury. If we have contrived to produce something a little out of the common, if we have put ourselves wholly into what we were doing, and made every number of the review (we have hoped) just a little better, in one way or another, than the one before it, how could we have failed to do so with such loving encouragement from readers, right round the globe, who have valued our endeavours and said so? Was it not Goldsmith of whom it was written that he shares with Stevenson 'the happy privilege of having lovers among his readers'? 'Every man's work is but a poor thing,' reflected Jowett as he thought of his *Plato*, which like every other human effort failed of perfection; 'still, I think this is good in its way. It will be read for many years, and then it will be superseded. There is nothing that I would rather have done than this work.' What more is there to be said? 'My only grief', wrote Cecil to Throckmorton four centuries ago, 'is to see the likelihood of such successors as shall destroy all my good purpose.' That is not going to happen with the *Countryman*, I think. Were it to happen its place would be promptly taken by a publication, beyond my imagining but in the line of succession, and more understanding of, and in accord with, the claims of its time. With a con-

YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW

tinuance of editorial independence, and skilful, wise, human, stimulating journalistic effort, exerted on a sound basis of competent business methods, the review ought to go on from strength to strength, helping here a little and there a little, continually enlarging the number of its readers, not only entertaining them and cheering them, but uniting them in the work for rural civilization for which it was founded.

THE NEW EDITOR

I have known John Cripps, who succeeds me in the Editorship, since he was a boy. He follows me on my suggestion made to the proprietary some time back. He has worked at my elbow for eight years in confidence and affection. When he came to me he offered himself because he and his wife felt that, in the service of the review, he could best do the work for rural welfare to which he wished to give his life. He has a farming partnership, and is of a long line of men knit to the countryside as agriculturists, landowners or local administrators. By becoming already a rural district councillor he has shown his determination to have a first-hand acquaintance with local government. He had the advantage of the training given by Winchester, Balliol (from which he gained a First at the University), and the Oxford Institute of Agricultural Economics. He has also made sociological studies in the United States, in Germany and in Russia. It is years since he conducted an inquiry into the milk industry, and, like myself, he has long been a member of the Agricultural Economics Society. He has had before him the example of a father who was one of my well-wishers at the starting of the review, who, with his wife, has done everything it was possible to do for his own village, and in his profession and the service of

FAITH AND WORKS IN FLEET STREET

the State has shown himself an indomitable worker of integrity in Moscow and India, in Whitehall and the House of Commons.

III

SOUL AND BODY

What John Morley sought in his historic editorship of the *Fortnightly Review*, he told Frederic Harrison, was 'the modification and instruction of the current feelings and judgements of our countrymen'. It has been well said that to have made that review 'for fifteen years both profitable and Radical was something of a miracle'. An eminent journalist and constant friend of the *Countryman*, H. W. Nevinson, wrote once, in looking back over his experience of the Press, that 'a review to do people good seldom succeeds'. The question posed by an old Editor of mine, Sir Edward Cook, was, 'Can a magazine which is professedly a miscellany have a soul?' He went on, 'To be interesting and to be helpful; those are the two essentials of the good Editor, and unless he interests us, he will not be able to help us'. It is agreed that the *Countryman* has not been dull. It has also paid its way from the start. And it has a soul.

I always suspected that one of the secrets of commercial success was to be, in some essential matters, uncommercial. I have found this to be true. Because, in our pages, we came out on what we believed, at any rate, to be the right side, and worked hard and intelligently, believing in our aims, we came out on the right side in our ledgers.

No reader has missed the fact that there were causes in which we believed and were determined to aid. Obviously, we hoped eventually to carry our readers

YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW

with us. But, whether we did or not, we were set on saying what we thought. Few periodicals of opinion can have had a body of readers of more varied political, social and religious views.

In our early days I was encouraged by the circumstance that, of the three readers who booked from half a dozen to a dozen subscriptions, one was a Tory, one a Liberal and one a Socialist!

All our readers have not agreed with us, but almost all of them have gone on subscribing. 'Differing only in opinion', our friendship and our respect for one another have persisted. I have been the more appreciative of this friendship and loyalty because I am conscious that the exigencies of journalism and the shortcomings of human nature have now and then set me exhorting when I meant only to be persuasive, even conversational; positive, perhaps, when I ought to have been no more than interrogative. In preaching from a journalistic pulpit, as from some other pulpits, the wooing note might more often be heard. 'Come, let us reason together', is the way to conviction.

Alas! many of those who understood what I wanted to be at, and, from the day of small things, kept on heartening me, have passed away. Of those departed believers in the review I think gratefully of Sir Francis Acland, Havelock Ellis, Lord Ernle, Sir Trustram Eve, Sir Daniel Hall, E. V. Lucas, Vaughan Nash, H. W. Nevinson, Ernest Parke, Sir Horace Plunkett, Sir Henry Rew, George Russell ('Æ'), Lord Southwood, Edward Strutt, J. M. Sykes, Christopher Turnor, and that fine, troubled spirit, Frances, Countess of Warwick. Nor may I omit to record my appreciation of the help given by a staff, the early members of which have scattered themselves about the world in various spheres of usefulness or ended

FAITH AND WORKS IN FLEET STREET

their work. I add my sincere thanks to the readers who have expressed themselves so very kindly in the many messages which are printed on later pages.

IV

OUR SECRETS

What have been the secrets of the success of the *Countryman*? I am in no doubt. Our readers have felt that, whether the views we expressed were right or wrong, they were sincerely held, on a basis of knowledge or study.

In regard to the contents of the review other than opinion, we have printed, not what we supposed might be of interest to some imaginary reader, but what interested my wife and myself. We argued that if it really interested us, it would interest other ordinary mortals. And we cut and condensed the matter until it was just as much as held our lively interest and no more. Our practice of getting as much as we could manage into a page, of reducing to a cogent brevity what did not actually call for greater length, has been in keeping with the needs of a publication which was deliberately planned to be of small size. It is a size which was designed for the pocket and the bedside.

‘Any work of originality’, said Montesquieu, ‘is always followed by five or six hundred derivations.’ Our size has had at least *fifty* imitators. It is a size which the head of one of the largest firms of wholesale newsagents told me would keep down the sale of the review; it would be ‘awkward to place on the bookstalls’. Well, our sales now reach 58,000 copies per issue, which means more than half a million readers. (They will reach 100,000 when there is more paper.) The size, I was assured

YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW

at more than one advertising agency, would not be liked by advertisers. But in nine successive issues before the war we were to have in the *Countryman*, as has been stated, an average of 200 pages of advertising per issue.

Besides the imitators in size there have been, in this country and the United States, a score or more of imitations of the *Countryman* itself. One American imitator copied not only the kind of articles but our large and small types and headlines, our mottoes, and the colour of our cover!

‘ COMES FROM THE COUNTRY ’

No explanation of our success carries more weight than that what we have written about the country has ‘ come from the country ’. Editor and staff have been living, walking, seeing and listening in the country. The atmosphere of the country, as so many readers have testified, has been in every number. We have not printed the contributions, which came to us in such numbers, that had been made on the basis of knowledge acquired in holiday months or rural week-ends. That some townspeople do not perceive the difference between writing of this sort and real rural writing was brought home to us, at times, when we noticed, in London publications, things we had rejected. The devotion to the country which inspired accepted articles was not a devotion to a scenic and airy annex to the towns, the abode of an entertainingly bucolic and out-of-date folk, which was so pleasant to recreate in. The British countryside is that part of Britain from which our race springs, and on the vigour of which depends the intellectual balance of the nation and its power to serve not only its own people but the world.

FAITH AND WORKS IN FLEET STREET

' IN THE NATURE OF A CHURCH '

The review has had another element of strength. Its staff not only preferred rural life to London life, it felt that it had a task for which the times called. I have told the story before that, when I was leaving Japan to seek, in the United States, Great Britain and all the countries interested in the Far East, an international basis for *The New East (Shin Toyo)* I had founded in Tokyo, one of the best and most far-seeing Japanese public men I knew—he was assassinated a year or two later—surprised me by volunteering, in touching terms, to give me outright a large contribution to my capital, because, as he put it, the periodical I planned to establish—and would have established had not a New York specialist sent me summarily home—' would be *something in the nature of a church* '. Without taking ourselves too gravely, we have all of us felt that we had the privilege of doing vital work. A dozen well-known authors and editors, with a busy baronet and a well-known Commissioner of Police, have formally proposed, at various times, to leave their jobs and work with us at Idbury. As for our subscribers, once we printed privately, for the information of our advertisers, a list of names of some of the best known. It was as delightfully varied as the lists on pages 96–99 of some of our contributors. The readers of the *Countryman* have ranged from Windsor Castle to Wakefield jail. They have comprised six Prime Ministers and many Cabinet colleagues, Viceroys of India and Governors-General of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa, and every kind of ecclesiastical functionary from Archbishops to curates. We have had the cordial appreciation of many of the most distinguished writers of our time—Thomas Hardy said the review ' makes one feel in

YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW

the country', the Poet Laureate that he prefers it 'to any other periodical', and H. G. Wells that he 'never made a better investment' than his life subscription—some of the most conspicuous personages in the business world, and ornaments of the stage like Mary Anderson, Edith Evans, Robert Donat and George Arliss. We have the high authority of the *Economist* that it is 'half a crown's worth', and *The Times* was good enough to write, 'Extraordinarily good value; thought, variety, humour, all good'.

V

OUR TENDENTIOUSNESS

The *Countryman* has been non-Party. But it has been tendentious, as any periodical set on keeping its soul alive must be. We have not been escapists from the life and preoccupations of the time. Our readers have been agreeably divided, as I have said, between four Parties. Dr Johnson, in that remark of his about his Parliamentary reports, said he 'cared that the Whig dogs should not have the best of it'. We have been non-Party, but have cared that politicians who seemed to us to be out of touch with the needs of the modern world, and to be without a rooted faith in the future, should not have our help. The proportion of women readers of a periodical which has been on the side of careers to the talents irrespective of sex has been high. Among our subscribers are several nonagenarians and near-nonagenarians whose commendation has been generous, and one of the interests of the Editorship has been the confidences of boy and girl writers, two or three of whom have now boys and girls as well as books of their own. For a time we accepted life subscribers, and several, mostly Scots, have written

FAITH AND WORKS IN FLEET STREET

asking that they might be allowed to subscribe afresh, as they felt (they were good enough to say) that they had had value already for their original payment. Among many pleasing tributes we have received, I like none better than that from an author with a row of books to his name, who was himself a successful Editor, that 'every article, note, review, and paragraph has had its message'.

VI

THE FUTURE OF THE LAND

We have insisted that the economic, social and political interests of town and country are indivisible. This truth, basic in any fruitful work for town or country, has been brought home to me by all my personal experience: in boyhood in a little market town in constant association with farmers; in young manhood in Birmingham and London, where the price at which men, women and children are urbanized stared me in the face; in city life (tranquillized by a good garden to work in) during my London journalism; in 'derelict Essex' from the period of the Boer War to the time of the war of 1914-18, when I wrote on rural problems in *The Times*, *Quarterly Review*, *Nation* and *Nineteenth Century* (a series of my articles was a plea for a non-Party approach to agricultural questions); in study in rural sociology, up and down the country and overseas, from Holland and Denmark to Japan, China and the United States.

These investigations and 'contacts' established in my mind, among other convictions, one ruling fact, that, in Great Britain, tenant farming with good landlords is the most economic agricultural method, but that there are not, and never can be, enough enlightened and sufficiently

YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW

skilled and capitalized landlords to go round. Therefore, there is no escaping from the fact, as studious agricultural economists like Daniel Hall and C. S. Orwin, and an increasingly large number of hereditary farmers have so cogently shown, that the land, the basis of our national well-being, must inevitably pass by stages, and on fair terms of course, into the hands of the community. (As I write I find one of the best of the provincial weeklies, with special knowledge of the equitable 'Evesham custom', the *Evesham Journal*, acknowledging the strength of the case for nationalization.) Over a long period the State has dipped its hands freely into the funds of the Exchequer for agriculture. If the clamant needs of the countryside are to be fully met it must go on doing so. But the nation is justified in looking for a greater total return on its investment in, as Mr Butler says, 'our one hidden treasure'. The people of Britain must themselves eventually own the land of Britain—as they already own the Bank of England and the coal mines, and will shortly own the transport and lighting services—and see that the most is made of it for the general benefit. About ten years ago I published a map showing that an area equal to that of the counties of Oxford, Berkshire, Wiltshire, Middlesex and London was already owned by the State and by county councils, colleges, and the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, bodies which as landowners can afford to keep farm buildings thoroughly in order and are not here today and gone tomorrow. The area has since been greatly increased. Before the *Countryman* is many years older the continual passing of considerable areas out of private hands will be taken as a matter of course. As the Chancellor of the Exchequer says: 'We are moving towards the nationalization of the land and not by slow steps. As the years go on the transfer of

FAITH AND WORKS IN FLEET STREET

land from private to public ownership will be accelerated.' In relation to these developments, the *Countryman* has stressed the fact that the increased and necessary intervention of the State and local authorities demands that the Civil Service, in the counties as well as in London, shall be made financially and administratively attractive to the best talent and be at the highest level of efficiency.

CONDITIONS OF THE RURAL ADVANCE

Need it be said that, throughout the years, we have applauded the good work of the agricultural colleges, farm institutes, young farmers' clubs, village colleges, improved rural schools, the excellent agricultural Press, and the wireless and the women's institutes which, together, help to bring a better-informed and broader-minded direction to farming and to rural leadership?

Years ago I wrote a pioneering book on sugar-beet and beet sugar manufacture which led to the formation of the first successful beet sugar factory—there must be by now the best end of a dozen factories—and we have been alert in the *Countryman*, with the help of colleagues of such experience and skill as Clyde Higgs and Raymond Bush, to direct attention to the best farming, fruit culture and market-gardening.

In Essex I wrote books on housing, and, in the *County Gentleman* (under the editorship of Eric Parker, a kind and animating correspondent and contributor to our pages from our first number), beyond my weekly diary for seventeen years, a type of writing now common, the series of articles which brought about the first Cheap Cottage Exhibition.¹ Continual investigation on my

¹ They were collected in a publication called *In Search of a £150 Cottage*. Not a few sound cottages, convenient and good to look at, were being built then at that—at this day—incredible price.

YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW

rural district council and county council in Oxfordshire, and on rural housing committees at Whitehall under four Ministers of Health, was of great value in enabling the *Countryman* to press, with knowledge and conviction, the view that the rural advance we seek comes when homes have up-to-date lighting, water and sanitation, and their occupants enjoy just wages, sound general and technical education, and facilities for adult mental improvement and recreation. We have advocated increased mechanization, not only to save back-breaking toil and the waste of labour, as uneconomic as thoughtless and out of date, but to give the younger generation of farm workers, their women folk and their young people, that increased interest in the processes of agricultural production in the service of the community which will hold them to the land.

VII

A MISSION TO TOWN AND VILLAGE

In every number the *Countryman* has tried to give its town readers a sense of the countryside beyond the picturesque. In our first number we promised that we should be realist. We have abhorred the pretty-pretty, and writing which was disingenuous or done in blinkers. We have laboured to present real farmers, real cottagers, village shopkeepers and tradesmen, real parish, district and county councillors, real clergymen and ministers, real fields in which a developing industry is at work. We have presented dank, dark, incommodious cottages, with closets at the bottom of scrimped gardens, a shame to Britain, and also homes in which men and women may be happy and boys and girls grow in health and understanding.

FAITH AND WORKS IN FLEET STREET

If it is good for townspeople to get, not a sentimental but a true view of the countryside, it is equally necessary that the countryman should form his political and social opinions, not only on what he sees, feels, reads and is told in the country, but on foundations of knowledge of what the life of the industrial cities is like. I am never afraid of country people visiting London, Birmingham, Leeds or Glasgow. If they see themselves having a better life of it in city slums, 'Ephraim is joined to idols; let him alone'. But if rural folk get the fair chance in the country they ought to have, acquaintance with the city will attach them more strongly to village life—that is, if village life is modernized. Not only houses and schools but wages must be as they should be. There must be adequate opportunities for intelligence and adaptability. We must have village halls of a new type; not small, stuffy, drab parochial buildings, as out of date as gigs, but well-looking structures (in association, it may be, with village colleges) to serve a group of villages. A continual sending-round-the-hat-to-the-better-off basis for the halls of the future is a faithless absurdity. A self-respecting, modern, pay-as-you-earn basis is necessary. There must be provision for good, not cheap and common, theatrical, cinema, wireless and musical entertainment, and for varied instruction by addresses and classes of a quality and vigour that a single village cannot possibly provide. There must be good gymnastic apparatus, pleasant accommodation for reading newspapers and books, and for games and conversation, a popular museum for local treasures and findings—I have in mind an excellent one run by a stonemason, the cases in which were made by a Minister of the Crown—and a well-considered and well-managed canteen. The local authorities, as we know, are now under a legal obligation to

YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW

help in such recreational and educational effort. It is likely to be in sharp competition with the beer-houses which so many villagers, for lack of a cheery meeting-place in the evenings, have frequented, while their wives were left to a dull time of it at home.

THINGS THAT MATTER

In no department of rural life are standards rising more hopefully than at Petty and Quarter Sessions. The influence of the Magistrates' Association, of improved county advisory committees and of reforming Lord Chancellors is increasingly brought to bear. It is a satisfaction to me that the Oxfordshire magistrates' society, the Quorum Club—of which I was the initiator—has seen associations founded on the same lines in other counties. For some time the *Countryman* gave a page to a record of progress on the country Benches. We have seen more women, more teachers and doctors made J.Ps., and, generally, a fairer representation of classes in the magistracy. We have also watched with appreciation the establishment and development of juvenile courts and a greater provision of Borstals and of well thought-out remand homes based on new conceptions of the causes of youthful shortcomings and the way to have fewer of them.

We have given all the support we could to the movement of public opinion represented in the work of societies like the National Trust, the Council for the Preservation of Rural England, the Society for the Protection of Ancient Monuments and the Friends of the Lake District. We have spoken of outdoor museums, encouraged the work of craftsmen on and off the farms, the honest revival and enjoyment of folk song and dance, the extension of rambling leagues, the establishment of

FAITH AND WORKS IN FLEET STREET

hostels in remote places, the keeping open of rights-of-way, the establishment of national parks, and the preservation of dialect, as witness our quarterly 'Excursions in the Vernacular'. We have protested, with the backing of fourteen Bishops, against the vulgarizing of rural churchyards with Italian marble in stone districts.

Finally, we have reprobated the conception of rural life which is rooted in notions of 'good old times' which never existed, but belief in which is unhappily bolstered by writers who ought to know better. To resist change in agricultural practice belongs to a period of illiteracy, social subservience and segregation, which is sentimental, literary, townee, ignorant and reactionary.

VIII

BREAD, APPLES AND SPORT

On one subject, however, we have cast our eyes backward, to the period before roller milling of wheat. The highest medical and scientific authorities have shown that the masses of the population have been suffering from dietetic deficiencies due, in part, to their fostered faith in white bread being the 'staff of life', whereas it is nothing of the sort. Happily, the war and its results have driven the Ministry of Food to order a more complete extraction of the valuable contents of wheat; and it is to be hoped that vigorous action will be taken on the report of Sir Edward Mellanby, Secretary of the Medical Research Council, on the effects of a widely used flour 'improver'. We have also urged, in general, that, with the best agricultural practice yielding the best food, nothing shall be left undone by Whitehall, and urban and county authorities alike, to ensure its reaching the public unspoil by unprincipled commercial devices; and that

YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW

packeted goods and specifics in bottles, which have so often a disastrous fascination for country folk, shall bear labels stating in plain language exactly what they contain and making no unwarranted claims. In the dietetic sphere we have had the satisfaction of calling forth a wide demand, in the interests of health and of the continually increasing number of apple growers whose fruit fails to reach a remunerative market, for the production in this country of the palatable, non-alcoholic and hygienic apple juice, so many million gallons of which are drunk on the Continent and in the United States and in Canada; and it is good to know that a fourth factory is being built which will be able to crush something like fifty tons of apples. We have stressed also the need for an increased supply of milk, clean and free from the germs of disease, and produced without ill usage of livestock by overstocking at auctions, keeping sires tied up in dark byres, and slaughtering with the pole-axe and the knife.

The editor of what was perhaps the best weekly review which Ireland ever produced, George Russell, once wrote that 'the *Countryman* is human'. We have tried also to be humane. As we have had an immense field to deal with—rural life and character, agricultural and horticultural progress, local administration, national government as far as it directly affects the countryside, and every department of wild nature—we have had for sport, after yielding, for a while, a few pages to angling, neither time nor space. We have also lacked the inclination to devote our pages to it. Sport is sufficiently catered for elsewhere, and we have never been able to see the justification for destroying beautiful and harmless life as a pastime or in teaching skill with the gun. We have rejoiced to feel that, year by year, shooting has been giving place to study of wild life by field-glass and

FAITH AND WORKS IN FLEET STREET

camera. As for hunting, in the form in which it has survived in this country, it is now surely, in not a few areas, something of an anachronism, for it is practised not by neighbours but largely by strangers who arrive by car and train. In certain places also, it is, as Clyde Higgs, no kill-joy, writes, inconsiderate and uneconomic in its relation to farming. And the pursuit of the deer, the fox and the hare is not seldom, at some stage, insensitive and cruel, and an ill example to children, in whom the common sense and best feeling of our time desire to see instilled an intelligent and appreciative relationship with wild life, a recognition of the value to ourselves of its study, and a detestation of avoidable suffering.

THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING PEOPLES

‘ When one is talking of abuses which have not been remedied ’, a contributor to early numbers of several informed natural history studies, the Duke of Bedford, wrote, ‘ one is likely to overlook what has been done.’ In agriculture and horticulture, housing, education and local government, and in an intelligent interest in the country by townspeople, an advance is everywhere observable. In relation to no subject has greater progress been made than in widening the public mind by increased knowledge of other countries. Except when we have had an oversea article, ‘ Other People’s Countrysides ’ has appeared in every issue. On our title-page we have addressed ourselves to ‘ the English-speaking world ’, for the unity of which I have pleaded for half a century; and among our readers have numbered Americans as representative as the late President Roosevelt, the late Henry Ford, and the author of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*.

YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW

IX

IT WAS WORTH IT

To the end of my life I shall be thankful for having had the idea of the review, for having been privileged to see some of the results of the work it has done, and to have enjoyed in that work the acquaintance and friendship of interesting and purposeful people in so many spheres of life.

‘An Editor does not live in a separate compartment,’ wrote Ellery Sedgwick, of the *Atlantic Monthly*, a fraternal message from whom appears on another page; ‘his life, morning, night and Sundays and holidays, is all of a piece.’ My wife and I have lost hours when we might have been out of doors in the beautiful Cotswolds. We have planned, written, and read MSS. and proofs when we might have found recreation in other activities than those of the office, charmingly situated though it has been. We have stayed at home when we might have seen more of the world outside Oxfordshire. In *Who’s Who* my ‘recreation’ has stood as Bench and Council work. Certainly what we have managed could not have been accomplished in just the same way, we could not have foregone as we have, if we had had children. The *Countryman* and the causes it has cherished and, we like to believe, helped, have been our children.

X

‘WHAT MEN LIVE BY’

At the close of the day I would add my unshaken conviction that the advance of rural civilization, of the future of which I have so heart-swelling a Pisgah view, cannot be made in the material sphere alone. More and better

FAITH AND WORKS IN FLEET STREET

fertilization of the fields, better cultivation, better stock-keeping, better control of the land, better housing, better wages, better food, more intelligent schooling, cannot alone establish Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land. When the Devil was sick the Devil a monk would be; there is just now, in the place of hard thinking, a wide confessing of other people's shortcomings, and as general a lamenting of lessened devotion to provided standards of belief and action. One day I wrote what I feel strongly to a pessimistic parson who had made to me the too familiar moan:

' There may seem to be, as you write, less attention to "eternal, unseen things", but my own experience and my reading of history persuade me that, in spite of all that is faulty and depressing at this time, life in general was never at a higher level, that whatever the pursuits of the careless and idle-minded may be—and such facts as a yearly expenditure of £685 millions on drink, £548 millions on tobacco and £750 millions on gambling, against £38 millions at most on books, are appalling—a large proportion of our people is bent on doing its best. There is a tendency—let us bear in mind, for we are all guilty—to denounce and criticize instead of praise and appreciate.

' These last two days I have been at county council committees. As you know, the work of a council is done in committees, a dozen or so, and each of these committees has many sub-committees. For example, my education committee has eighteen. Yesterday and the day before I could not but feel, when I was at committees, what a wonderful testimony it is to the stuff the nation is made of and to the growth of civic virtue that men and women come in, unfailingly, to the county city several days a month and give their best thought to the

YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW

problems of local administration without public recognition, for only one of the committee meetings is reported in the papers. And many of these people are giving valuable income-earning time.

‘ I continue to look to Religion—we have many different views of what it is—and the School for the leadership of the rural advance, but I am concerned that Church and Nonconformity go on missing opportunities which cannot continue indefinitely. It is forty years since, invited to speak my whole mind at a ruridecanal meeting, I said that for everything that was wrong in the rural districts the Church was primarily responsible. There is a large measure of truth in the statement. Britain has endured the shame of poor wages, bad housing, drunkenness and low morals, dull, unintelligent farming, and restricted sense of public duty, to the extent to which we have suffered from them, largely because Church and Chapel have not spoken out as they ought to have done, have not kept the consciences of their people stirred. Many of the excuses that are made are pitiable. What real difficulty can there be for a man of some education to speak movingly and helpfully, on what he does not half-believe but says he wholly believes, to a group of simple people, his neighbours? ’

WHAT ARE CHURCH AND CHAPEL CAPABLE OF?

We shall see whether, at the eleventh hour, organized religion sets about doing, with greater enlightenment, intelligence and assiduity, the work of cultivating the human heart for which it was founded, or whether the time is coming before long, or has already come, when the countryside, like the towns, will increasingly rely on other agencies for widening the mind, stirring to comradeship, strengthening will, and developing a true devotion to the

FAITH AND WORKS IN FLEET STREET

things of the spirit. In my youth, church and chapel took heavy blows from Darwin, Huxley and Lyell and nascent popular education. Renewed rounds with science and the meliorist seem imminent even to us who live in the country. As far back as 1871 there was, as Huxley said, a body of people, 'pushing its way, independent of the different sects of Protestantism and the Roman Catholic Church, having its own religion and its own morality'. I was brought up under the influence of the least conspicuous and least positive of religious bodies, the Society of Friends, and the *Countryman* may sometimes have had, and is not unlikely to have in the future, a Quakerish tinge. If one quality more than another has marked the faith of the Quakers it has been its workaday-ishness. Can it be that these quiet people have a lesson for us? They have not sought the buttressing of the State in urging their beliefs. They have tried to live their religion in their social and political action. And they have been broad of view and ready to learn. It was a Quaker banker subscriber who once said to me, towards the end of his life, that he could wish to have 'retired' ten years before he did, and offered himself as a manservant to Professor Gilbert Murray, vice-president of the Rationalist Press Association!

XI

THE END OF THE ROAD

If what I have written, now or in any issue of the review, has been open to misunderstanding, or has been wounding, I am sorry. If what I have written now should bear any appearance of complacency, I can only say that I do not feel in the least complacent. My mind is on all there was to do and how little it has been possible

YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW

to accomplish with the most assiduous daily effort. If I have expressed myself imperfectly I rest on the thought that I am writing for friends and well-wishers, most of whom have been for years companions of the *Countryman's* pilgrimage, and must by this time know me. Farewell, friends, so many of whom I shall never see but hope to keep, and forgive me my shortcomings, my foibles if you like. No number of the review has ever been quite as good or comprehensive as I should have liked, but I have done the very best I could with all the eighty-one issues, and, in the words of one of our mottoes, 'when it shall be found', on looking over our thirty-four volumes, 'that much is omitted', I pray that 'it be not forgotten that much is likewise performed'.

At least, as Dr Johnson said, 'I value myself on this' today, 'that there is nothing of an old man in my conversation'. I leave my editorial chair as young in spirit and in hope and faith for the world in its unending struggle as when I began journalism. Man has a very long way to go yet to reach even what is within our comprehension of his possibilities. But every one of us has the living thought that the marvellous chance is given to us of helping just a little bit in the progress that is being steadily made before our eyes by what Jeans called 'the three-days-old infant fingering his cradle, scarcely aware of the great things around him, and only at the very beginning of his search'.

We have got to be informed, but we have also to be big and hopeful, not small and distrustful, in our social, political, international and—shall I say?—scientific outlook. I am glad to have started not long ago a series of elementary articles on astronomy, and by a young man. After the fret and setbacks of the day it is possible for all of us to bathe our minds for a while, not only in the wis-

FAITH AND WORKS IN FLEET STREET

dom of the great ones who have gone before, but in the arresting new knowledge, particularly of astronomy, anthropology, biology and psychology, which their eager students continually bring within our grasp. In the rural life we lead we have many blessings—clean air, the beauty and interrogatories of wild nature and the earth, and, when night falls, the wide horizons and their mystery. On all hands we are being helped to remember how little we know of our own being, the way we have come, and the opportunities before us. As we gaze at the night sky we understand the inconspicuousness of our universe among myriads of universes, how very little we yet know in any field of knowledge, but are year by year to learn more. We are thankful for the instinct that bids us all to do our utmost in the present, and to hope and trust tranquilly in the future.

Enough. Pardon what I have written, for the last time, so haltingly. 'You see our intentions'—I retain Cromwell's 'our', for I will ask my wife, by whose sensitivity, experience, kindness and identity of interests and opinion, every issue, during her twenty years of Assistant Editorship, has benefited, to sign with me my last leading article in a periodical the quality and vision of which could not have been sustained as they have been without her.

Ernest Hemingway *L. W. K. Steuber, Seattle*

THE RESPONSE

SOME READERS' MESSAGES ON ENTERING OUR TWENTY-FIRST YEAR ¹

THE PRIME MINISTER

I always read the ever-welcome *Countryman* with the greatest refreshment. Its triumphant progress throughout the years must have given you great satisfaction, as it has to all lovers of the country.

C. R. Attlee

THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK

I warmly congratulate the *Countryman*. It has not only given great delight to those who live in the country, but has brought home to many urban dwellers something of the problems of the countryside. We are all grateful to you for such a charming review.

C. J. C. E. Hov.

THE COUNTESS OF ALBEMARLE

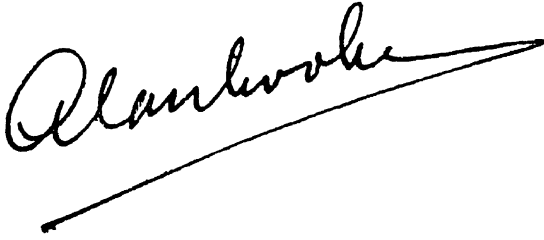
For twenty years the *Countryman* has been the authentic voice of the 'sweet especial rural scene'. It has maintained a standard of matter and form worthy of its inspiration, and it rings true as a bell. I send you a message of admiration and respect. A very wonderful creation.

Jane Albemarle

¹ These extraordinarily generous letters appeared in the *Countryman* of April 1947. As I have noted on page xvii, I reprint them

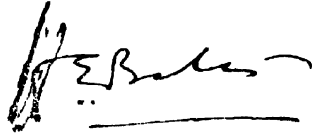
FAITH AND WORKS IN FLEET STREET
FIELD-MARSHAL VISCOUNT ALANBROOKE

I am indebted to ornithology for many interests and pleasures in life, not least among these for an introduction to the *Countryman*. I thank the Editor and all those concerned with this publication for the great pleasure I have derived from it. Every possible success to the *Countryman*.



H. E. BATES

The *Countryman* has established itself as the indisputable touchstone on all matters of the countryside. It is more than a magazine; it is a very human cyclopedia of rural feeling and thought. Its attitude and contribution to our time are even more needed now than when it began its career a quarter of a century ago.



S. L. BENSUSAN, *author of the Essex novels*

You have fought the good fight. You have every reason to be proud of what you have done for journalism.

LADY BEVERIDGE

I would be among those who speak of your service in starting and carrying on this delightful quarterly.

with some qualms. My excuse is, as stated, that I can think of no more effective way of bringing home the fact that a large and representative public *will* respond to the maintenance of the journalistic standards pressed for in this book.

THE RESPONSE

EARL BALDWIN

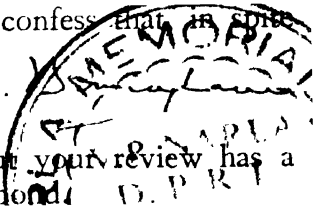
Your Countryman is one of
the joys of my life all
through the war I
to the Royal Navy where
was much appreciated.
It is a grand
you have done and your
friends are in every corner
of the world.

Yours always sincerely

Baldwin of Bewdley.

THE BISHOP OF BIRMINGHAM

My hearty congratulations. I confess that in spite
of the quality of the
Countryman, I had not
expected its success in
this era of rapid urbanization, but your review has a
spirit to which we instinctively respond.



FAITH AND WORKS IN FLEET STREET

W. LYON BLEASE, *Public Orator of Liverpool University*

There is nothing like the *Countryman*, so far as I know, in the whole world.

VISCOUNT BLEDISLOE, *President of the Royal Agricultural Society*

I congratulate you warmly, my dear R.S. Your *Countryman* is admirably written, courageous and wholly convincing.

BRUCE BLIVEN, *Editorial Director of the 'New Republic', New York (by cable)*

Hearty congratulations. Like every other working Editor who knows your review, I marvel at the high journalistic skill which makes every page of every issue so vital and compelling that one cannot lay it down.

MARGARET BONDFIELD

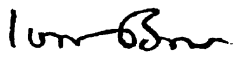
I am of the large public which looks forward to the *Countryman* with the deepest eagerness. It is not only informative but a delightful relaxation. It has become one of the great recreations of my life.

SIR NORMAN BIRKETT

To be famous at this age is rare ; to be unique is rarer still. The *Countryman* achieves both. It brings not merely the breath of the country; it brings the very soil itself.

THE RESPONSE

IVOR BROWN, *Editor of the 'Observer'*

The townsman, so long careless about fields and crops, has at last rediscovered the countryman—as a fellow-man and fellow-worker for the common need. How finely the *Countryman*  has helped him to that good state of awareness!

THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH

Congratulations on keeping the *Countryman* to the fore. Best wishes.

THE BISHOP OF CHICHESTER

I admire the soul of the *Countryman* as well as its attractive green body: it does untold service to the countryside, and the Church, too, may reap no small profit from the wisdom in its pages. May it long continue informing, advising, inspiring!



VISCOUNT CHARLEMONT

The *Countryman* stands like a beacon to guide its readers to a greater knowledge of the countryside—the birds and beasts which inhabit it as well as those men and women who live by it; to an increase in the interest that everyone should feel in the things that belong to it, and to the attainment of better conditions for those who work in it.



THE SECRETARY OF THE CREMATION SOCIETY

Congratulations on the great success the *Countryman* has achieved. My grateful thanks for the help you have given the cause of cremation.

FAITH AND WORKS IN FLEET STREET

H. S. CANBY, *Editor 'Saturday Review of Literature',
New York*

Beyond anyone else in the English-speaking world you have produced a magazine that is as personal as it is broad in its interests, and packed with thought and information while pleasant to read. It has been an island of culture in a period of stream-lined, efficient and unreliable or insincere journalism. I have read it since its first number for its qualities. What is your secret? That you have published only what you liked? Every Editor must honour and respect you for that.

VISCOUNT CECIL

The *Countryman* is first
rate - fascinating in form
& content. I read it con-
stantly & never without
interest & instruction. May
it continue to prosper -
Yours very sincerely
Cecil

THE RESPONSE

TOM CLARKE, *formerly Managing Editor of the 'Daily News' and Editor and Director of the 'News Chronicle'*

Many of us write too much but we can never have too much from the *Master Countryman*. Congratulations on starting a new career at 81!

DR HUGH CLEGG, *Editor of the 'British Medical Journal'*

Thank you for all the *Countryman* has come to mean.

SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS

My warmest congratulations upon what has been a work of great value to the rural interests of our country.

I recall those first days when you and I and some others who are no longer with us sat round a table discussing the prospects of launching the *Countryman*. I was optimistic in thinking you might reach a circulation of a thousand or over; the general opinion was much more modest—about five hundred. But you showed yourself a super-optimist and spoke of ten thousand!

And now it has sailed safely all over the world and has brought happiness and interest into hundreds of thousands of lives.

It has carried with it a progressive social outlook and a true philosophy of country life, and so has helped to formulate opinions which are now resulting for the first time in a real agricultural programme for the country.

The circulation must have reached over fifty times my optimistic estimate—and how glad I am that my estimate was so bad!

FAITH AND WORKS IN FLEET STREET

GERALD CATTELL, *Managing Director of the G.E.C.,
Birmingham*

How grateful I am that such a periodical was ever brought into being! It is impossible for me to say how much pleasure I have derived from it. You have set a very high standard.

SIR EDWARD CROWE, K.C.M.G., *Director-General
of Oversea Trade, President of the Royal Society of
Arts*

A grand job you have done.

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE

You have, I think,
done good work among your
minority and you have certainly
given a great deal of pleasure
to a great number of readers
Devonshire.

THE RESPONSE

DR JOSEPH DUNCAN, *for so many years Secretary of the
Scottish Farm Workers' Union*

I have known the *Countryman* from birth, through a modest childhood and a vigorous adolescence, and now it is in a lusty manhood.

LADY DENMAN, *Chairman of the National Federation of
Women's Institutes for twenty-nine years*

The *Countryman* brings a
C. Denman. breath of fresh air into many
town-dwellers' lives. Best
wishes for an ever-increasing circle of readers.

WALTER DE LA MARE

The *Countryman*
is a never-failing source of interest
& joy. It has
been printed in, say, 1400!

Walter de La Mare

SIR JOHN DUNBAR-HEPBURN

I cannot let the twenty-first birthday pass without letting you know what pleasure the *Countryman* has given my family and myself for many years. The periodical is more satisfying than any I know. I send all my best wishes.

FAITH AND WORKS IN FLEET STREET

LEONARD ELMHIRST

In an urban civilization such as ours there is a real danger that the countryside becomes associated in the minds of too many town people with a sentimental nostalgia. The vivid memories of honeymoons and holidays amid lovely surroundings, and the vista of a cosy thatched cottage in retirement, tend to develop a most dangerous attitude from which the countryman is bound to suffer unless he can become conscious enough of all that is going on around him to put up a vigorous fight on his own behalf.

This is where the *Countryman* comes to his rescue.

How isolated we all tend to be in our rural districts! But if we want to know what some other county councillor or country magistrate is thinking about from

Leonard Elmhirst

quarter to quarter, we rarely fail to draw

some stimulus or ferment from your pages. Thank you, Mr. Countryman!

ST JOHN ERVINE

The *Countryman* is a constant joy to me, and I wish I could expect to celebrate its centenary. You have done more to make us country-conscious than almost any other single person, and you have every right to feel proud of your work and your paper which is one of the few signs left to us of vigorous individuality.

St

THE RESPONSE

THE SECRETARY OF THE ETHICAL UNION

I do want to send a word of gratitude and respect. Well done, and thank you.

EDITH EVANS

What a magnificent record, dear John! Reading the *Countryman* is the nearest thing to having a country home.

COLONEL WALTER ELLIOT, M.P.

Heartiest congratulations on the coming of age of the *Countryman*, as ageless as the countryside itself. You are more than ever necessary.

THE HON. FRANCES FARRER, *Secretary of the National Federation of Women's Institutes*

I am charged with a very pleasant duty on behalf of the Committee in sending you its warmest appreciation and gratitude. Your active interest in and help to Women's Institutes will long be remembered, and the whole Executive join in sending you every good wish.

SIR NEWMAN FLOWER, *Chairman of Cassell's*

Congratulations on the vast success you have made.

THE EDITOR OF *THE FRIEND*

My appreciation and thanks for your creation and nurture of the *Countryman*.



FAITH AND WORKS IN FLEET STREET
SIR W. HAMILTON FYFE, *Vice-Chancellor of Aberdeen University*

You have travelled far and it's because you always 'travelled hopefully' that you've travelled with such splendid success.

HAMILTON FYFE, *formerly Editor of three London dailies in turn*

My sympathy, admiration and affection for you! The *Countryman* is wise, witty and warmly human.

THE LATE J. L. GARVIN

Blessings on you & yours for
Christmas New Year — and after
"Enough if something in our lives hath
power,
to live and act and serve the ~~future~~
hour."
J. L. G.

SIR ERNEST GRAHAM-LITTLE, F.R.C.P., M.P.

I wish to express my warm appreciation of your splendid work for so many years.

DR J. L. HAMMOND, *formerly Editor of the 'Speaker', and author, with Mrs Hammond, of the 'Village Labourer', etc.*

For my own satisfaction I must send you one word of appreciation of your remarkable achievement. Gratitude for all the pleasure we have had!

THE RESPONSE

W. W. HADLEY, *Editor of the 'Sunday Times', who is also eighty-one*

You and I are two of the oldest British Editors still in active service; and it is with special pleasure that I offer my felicitation. Not only the twenty years' record but each successive issue is a wonderful achievement—so fresh and varied and courageous, so stimulating of new thought and hopeful endeavour.

Each number compels my admiration. There is nothing like it, nothing so good. You have a very distinguished record.

W.W. Hadley

H. WILSON HARRIS, M.P., *Editor of the 'Spectator'*

The *Countryman* has two supreme claims to respect and honour. One is its Editor, who is unique. The other is its equally unique success in conveying, for a modest cupro-nickel coin every quarter, the concentrated and imprisoned essence of the countryside, to be released, for the refreshment and inspiration of man, in the murkiest urban purlieus.

Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis; at ille
Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis aevum.

But in this case it is the *Countryman*, not the river, that will keep rolling on.

H. Wilson Harris

ALFRED HOLNESS, *Editor of the 'Land Worker'*

I am happy to possess every number of the *Countryman*, which I read each quarter with infinite gratitude to its distinguished Editor as well as profit to myself. It would be a blunder on the part of any lover of country life to miss it. Congratulations.

FAITH AND WORKS IN FLEET STREET

LORD HORDER

Whether it be for utility or for pleasure the country life makes a greater appeal to us today than ever before. The *Countryman* is the best literary medium ever devised for inter-communication among its devotees. I send many congratulations to its founder and Editor.



SIR JAMES COLQUHOUN IRVINE, *Vice-Chancellor of St Andrews University*

Congratulations and gratitude! In all probability you scarcely realize the pleasure and profit you have brought.

CHARLES F. JENKINS, *Editor of the 'Farm Journal', Philadelphia, circulation 2,500,000*

Congratulations and best wishes. We read the *Countryman* from cover to cover and I wish we had something like it here in America. Without in the least disparaging the articles that appear, the notes by the Editor give me the most enjoyment.



C. A. JOYCE, *Headmaster of The Cotswold School*

May I say on behalf of all who have the interest of the wrong-doer at heart, how very much we appreciate the attitude of the *Countryman* on the subject of delinquency? I should like to acknowledge our debt to you for the modern, sensible and sympathetic approach to our problems.



THE RESPONSE

FRANK KENDON

You have left your mark upon English journalism and upon many readers' minds in witness for the sane and sound, and in proof of the fundamental necessity, in any life, however 'modern', of personality and integrity.

OWEN LATTIMORE, *Author of 'The Making of Modern China', 'Solution in Asia', etc.*

All the family read the *Countryman* from cover to cover. Most cordial good wishes.

Uhen

CANON H. D. A. MAJOR, *Founder-Editor of the 'Modern Churchman'*

What a wonderful achievement your venture of faith and hope has been! As a constant reader of the *Countryman* since its birth, I congratulate its founder and Editor on the wide and soundly based influence it has exercised.

H. D. A. Major

Its combination of many-sided attractiveness with serious aims and constructive criticism stirs the admiration of all who are engaged in the task of national education.

KINGSLEY MARTIN, *Editor of the 'New Statesman'*

The *Countryman* has become a national institution. All your own invention and a credit to you!

Kingsley Martin

DR ANNIE MCCALL, *A Life Subscriber*

FAITH AND WORKS IN FLEET STREET

THE POET LAUREATE

Let me wish the *Countryman* a happy birthday, and many most prosperous returns. It has never failed, in any number since it began, to interest, to cheer, and to delight its readers. It has most deservedly prospered. No magazine of the last generation has kept a finer standard, has printed more wonderful illustrations, or preserved more of what is precious in the country life of yesterday and today. This has been done superbly; but with this, there has ever been a most hopeful insistence on all fine and forward standards, in farming, the basis of right life anywhere, and in the humane arts, the fruits of all right life.

John Macfie

A. A. MILNE

My heartiest congratulations and best wishes. If only it were your own twentieth birthday we were celebrating! You have so identified yourself with the review that it is difficult to imagine one without the other. For this reason I shall wish you, rather than it, a long and prosperous maturity.

CLAUD MULLINS

I warmly felicitate you. One cannot but be grateful for the valuable support which the *Countryman* has given to the improvement of justice in magistrates' courts.

THE RESPONSE

H. J. MASSINGHAM

You are an example to us all.

1279.

THE DUKE OF MONTROSE

My Dear Venerable Friend,

I only pray that when I am eighty-one I may have the vigour and clear mind that you so evidently enjoy. I congratulate you, and wish you some happy years yet. The *Countryman* renders an immense service to those who still love the country.



The danger is the predominance of the urban view of life.

All the best, and

many good wishes.

PROFESSOR GILBERT MURRAY, O.M.

I do congratulate you on the *Countryman*. It is not only fascinating in its pictures and descriptions of rural things, much in the style of White's *Selborne*. That is a great achievement. But it is also something unique or extremely rare in journalism, so clearly the expression of one mind never watered down by any search for popularity, and yet achieving a circulation of fifty thousand intelligent readers. At least, I doubt if they would read you unless they were intelligent.



THE SECRETARY OF THE NATIONAL TRUST FOR
PLACES OF HISTORIC INTEREST OR NATURAL
BEAUTY

All the very best wishes of the National Trust.

FAITH AND WORKS IN FLEET STREET

DR W. G. OGG, *Director of Rothamsted Agricultural Experimental Station, the first established in the world*

We owe you a debt of gratitude for the *Countryman*. It is a very living monument to your own inquiring spirit and you have succeeded, I am sure, in communicating that spirit. The *Countryman* has the key to many doors—more even than its circulation—and it has a warm place in the affections of all its readers. Places like Rothamsted try to discover new knowledge and the *Countryman* makes the knowledge known, and does it so skilfully that its readers don't realize they are learning. All good wishes.

W. G. Ogg

DR C. S. ORWIN, *formerly Director of the Agricultural Economics Research Institute, Oxford University*

The *Countryman* comes of age? Surely, the *Countryman* is ageless, and is reborn every year, like Spring—always the same, but always better and better!

C. S. Orwin

CRICHTON PORTEOUS

My best wishes and congratulations on good work well done. Unusually sincere and moving.

DAPHNE, LADY ROSE

You have done good work and given pleasure to countless thousands. The *Countryman* has a true appreciation of what is funny. Thank you for everything.

THE RESPONSE

THE VICE-CHANCELLOR OF OXFORD UNIVERSITY

I know no paper to which one can so surely turn either for refreshment of mind or for light on a variety of subjects, in ~~some~~ of which ~~at least~~ any human being is better for being interested.

Every good wish

Yrs sincerely

R. W. Livingston

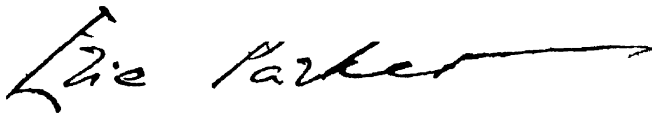
J. B. PRIESTLEY

You have produced a unique journal, of considerable social and cultural value, have steered it through most difficult times and should now be justly proud of your very well-deserved success.

FAITH AND WORKS IN FLEET STREET

ERIC PARKER, *formerly Editor of the 'Field' and 'County Gentleman' and author of many books on rural subjects*

Through these twenty years—and through the forty-five I have known and worked with you—how right you have been! As one of the oldest of your contemporary journalists, I would like to be one of the first to congratulate you from my heart on the success of a venture from which I remember I was one of the first to dissuade

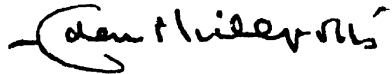


you. I have just been looking at the

first number. It is really an astonishing achievement.

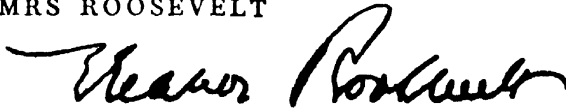
EDEN PHILLPOTTS, *now eighty-four*

All good wishes, my dear Robertson Scott, to the *Countryman*, a bright star in the journalistic firmament! May the peace and happiness you have created and brought to a generation attend you! My cordial and



respectful congratulations on a wonderful journalistic achievement!

MRS ROOSEVELT



I have been reading the *Countryman* for

a long time and I always enjoy it.

SIR ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR

Long may the *Countryman* retain his youthful strength and charm.

THE RESPONSE

ELLERY SEDGWICK, *ex-Editor of the 'Atlantic Monthly'*

It is still as one countryman to another that an American Rusticus writes to congratulate you most warmly on the coming of age of a most rewarding magazine. May your format never lose the perfection of its convenience, and may the sound wisdom of your rural philosophy never be impaired. In this modern, mechanized, lever-pulling world, where there *is* a sound heart, it beats in the country. The road to the cities is the road downhill.

You and I think so, but how many besides? It is a wonderful encouragement to me to note that your circulation climbs to the dizzy height of fifty thousand and more. All the wise in England must be your readers.

Ellery Sedgwick

All onward and upward wishes.

BERNARD SHAW

I take in magazines
which I never read; but I
always read *The Countryman*.
G. Bernard Shaw

FAITH AND WORKS IN FLEET STREET

LORD SEMPILL

I well remember when you forecast to me in the Far East that you would come to these shores and found such a periodical as we have in the *Countryman*, and how everyone explained that nothing would result, and that you would spend the rest of your days in battling; then when you came back and started going round collecting advertisements, people, while admiring your patriarchal figure, particularly those with some knowledge of the Press, smiled knowingly and wondered how long your enthusiasm would last. But I am sure these must have been English people ignorant of the burning enthusiasm with which the Gaels embrace a cause. They could not have read the lines:

We are the music makers, we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lonely sea-breakers and sitting by desolate streams;
World-losers and world-forsakers on whom the pale moon
gleams;

Yet we are the movers and shakers of the world forever, it seems.

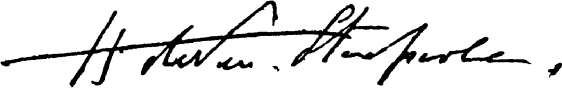
And so on through five or more prophetic stanzas. You are proving this, and as one of your large circle of acquaintances I am proud of your friendship, pay high tribute to your achievement, and say that if civilization is to be consumed by the misuse of atomic potential, the result of which is now being discovered by man through the genius God has given him, let those few years that are still before us be those in which we shall receive the *Countryman*—that has achieved a brilliant success in twenty years—every quarter.

Bliahna Mhath Ur.

THE RESPONSE

H. DE VERE STACPOOLE

I've just forked the first number out from among my books (Vol. I, No. 1, April, 1927). Yes, there it is in black and white. The birth-month of an old friend: such a good companion, and one that has never let me down. What

 appeals to me even above interest is the atmosphere of warmth and friendliness this country friend brings with it.

MILLICENT DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND

Immured as I am in a very
big house in an icy town
- Paris - I enjoy the "Country
Man" - & the sights - & sounds it
brings to memory. As
for the "ads" they are
delightfully useful.

FAITH AND WORKS IN FLEET STREET

FIELD-MARSHAL SMUTS (*by wireless*)

MY WARMEST CONGRATULATIONS AND GOOD WISHES
FOR COUNTRYMAN MAY IT CONTINUE TO GIVE AS MUCH
PLEASURE TO OTHERS AS IT HAS GIVEN ME FOR SO MANY
YEARS - SMUTS +

SIR WILLIAM BEACH THOMAS

When, some forty years ago, I was asked to write about the country in a London daily I made the stipulation that I must necessarily live in the country: but that a periodical should be born in the country and have its being there was an ideal quite beyond imagination.

w. Beach Thomas Oxfordshire is the home of a cause that must never be lost if England is to remain English.

VISCOUNT ULLSWATER, formerly *The Speaker*

My congratulations upon the approaching "coming of age" of the Countryman. It is a bright constellation which periodically dispenses the murky atmosphere which surrounds & depresses us.

Ullswater

THE RESPONSE

A. P. WADSWORTH, *Editor of the 'Manchester Guardian'*

The *Countryman* is, I think, better than ever. One marvels to think how much stuff you get into it. A terrific amount of work must go into this compression.

FIELD-MARSHAL EARL WAVELL, *while Viceroy of India*

A British poet wrote some 350 years ago about 'the sweet contentment the countryman doth find'. I would like to assure the Editor of the sweet contentment the *Countryman* doth bring to those who love the British countryside and the people in it, especially to one who is abroad. I most heartily congratulate the *Countryman* on its coming of age.

Wavell

DE WITT AND LILA ACHESON WALLACE, *Proprietor-Editors of the 'Reader's Digest', which has a sale of 9,000,000*

Heartiest felicitations upon your notable achievement. Every best wish. Warmest regards from both of us.

De Witt Wallace

SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

The *Countryman* has attained its majority. It was never so young but it had a wise head, and I hope it may never be so old that it won't keep its young shoulders.

Sylvia Townsend Warner

The Countryman

*An Illustrated Review & Miscellany
of Rural Life Edited in the Country &
Written by Countrymen & Countrywomen
Throughout the World*

SOME CONTRIBUTORS

*Lord Ernle, The Right Hon. Sir Francis
Adams, Bart., The Right Hon. Noel
Buxton, Sir Daniel Hall, Sir Charles
Bright and Sir Frank Baines*

15BURY KINGHAM OXFORD
Number One Half-a-Crown Quarterly

*The Cover
of the
First Number
of
THE COUNTRYMAN
April, 1927*

THE MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE

Congratulations. There is nothing quite like the *Countryman*. It has something for every countryman, whether farmer, gardener, antiquarian, naturalist or plain country-lover. It combines interest and instruction with the saving grace of humour, and I hope it may long continue to gladden the minds of all those who enjoy good writing about our countryside.

L. Wainman

THE RESPONSE

G. K. YEATES, *Author of delightful books on ornithology*

Thank you for the conception and continuation of the *Countryman*, a brilliant success!

I was sorry not to be able to find space for all the kind expressions of goodwill, and many came in too late for the preparation of autograph signatures. MRS BRAMWELL BOOTH wrote: 'An old lady of eighty-five would like to congratulate you and to say she, her children and her grandchildren have welcomed the magazine quarter by quarter'. We have not had a better friend in Scotland than MAJOR JAMES KEITH, so well known for his farming in Aberdeenshire and Norfolk. He says: 'No publication has done more to keep us healthy in mind than the *Countryman*, which I have always read with interest, enjoyment and profit'. DR L. P. JACKS, *Editor of the 'Hibbert Journal'*, himself eighty-seven, said: 'The *Countryman* is the best of the magazines that come my way, full of interesting and valuable matter, an example to all magazines including the *Hibbert*, of which I have been Editor so long—forty-five years—that I am ashamed to think of it. I wonder if you feel as I do that, however grateful people may be for the articles we publish, they ought to be a thousand times more grateful for those we might publish but don't!'

I include three autographs from early issues. One is from LORD HARMSWORTH, a constant friend. The other is a reminder of old days, a message from the late PRINCE TOKUGAWA, president of the Japanese House of Peers, who, had there been no Restoration, would have been the Shogun, the *de facto* ruler of the country.

Yours gracefully

Harmsworth

FAITH AND WORKS IN FLEET STREET

I wish you a great success
With our united kind regards
to you all.

Believe me
Yours very sincerely
Loxgawa

A third, from HAVELOCK ELLIS, was particularly valued: 'You are occupied in the most vital of all subjects and you put it on the only sound basis'.¹

Havelock Ellis

From several dozen articles in the Press :

Many distinguished people have contributed to the *Countryman*. Yet its greatest asset has been the personality of its Editor. He has shown a sound journalistic sense, a keen sense of humour and a constant grasp of principles.—*The Times*.

¹ To complete the story it may be added that at the *Punch* luncheon to my wife and myself on our retirement, speeches were made by the Prime Minister, Field-Marshal Earl Wavell, Colonel Walter Elliot, M.P., Mr Eric Parker, and Mr Peter Agnew. Among those present were Dr Gilbert Murray, the editors of the *Spectator* and the *Sunday Times*, Mr R. S. Hudson, C.H., M.P., ex-Minister of Agriculture, the Countess of Albemarle, Sir Stafford Cripps and Sir Graham Little, M.P.s., and letters of cordial appreciation were received from the editors of *The Times*, *Observer*, *British Medical Journal* and *Punch*.

Finally the 'C.H.' was expressly conferred on 'the editor of the *Countryman*'.

THE RESPONSE

The *Countryman* is unique. Robertson Scott's has been a great achievement. At sixty he turned to found a magazine that seemed to defy most of the conventions of size, make-up and contents. It has succeeded by sheer merit and 'reader interest'. Few magazines have given more continuous pleasure; the back numbers often can be read with as much enjoyment and profit as the latest.—*Manchester Guardian*.

That admirable and unique quarterly.—*Spectator*.

A great creative Editor, who built up a much-loved periodical by personality and initiative.—*Observer*.

Few magazines in the world can count on more affectionate support among more discriminating readers. One could sense the impact of the Editor's character on every page.—*Scotsman*.

That engaging quarterly.—*Glasgow Herald*.

The retirement of Robertson Scott removes from activity one of the most striking personalities of our time. In advertising he adopted all the best rules many of us had been fighting for for years. If only all publications had the ideals and guts of Robertson Scott, advertising would be a better business.—*Advertiser's Weekly*.

A unique journal and a personality rich in knowledge, wisdom and good humour.—*Country Life*.

Robertson Scott made journalistic history.—*World's Press News*.

FAITH AND WORKS IN FLEET STREET

A FEW OF OUR CONTRIBUTORS, 1927-1947

THE late Archbishop of Canterbury. Sir Francis Acland. Viscount Addison. Viscount Alanbrooke. Mary Anderson. A. W. Ashby. Viscount Astor. Clement Attlee. Æ (George Russell).

Lady Baden-Powell. Earl Baldwin. H. E. Bates. The late Duchess of Bedford. Duke of Bedford. Adrian Bell. Hilaire Belloc. Arnold Bennett. Lord Beveridge. Sir Norman Birkett. Bishop of Truro. Sir Rowland Biffen. Viscount Bledisloe. Edmund Blunden. Margaret Bondfield. Sir Muirhead Bone. Mrs Bramwell Booth. Marjorie Bowen. D. K. Broster. Ivor Brown. Sir Bruce Bruce-Porter. Duke of Buccleuch. Sir John Buchan-Hepburn. E. A. Bunyard. Thomas Burke. Dr Malcolm Burr. Raymond Bush. Marquis of Bute. R. A. Butler.

Dame Elizabeth Cadbury. Lady D'Oyly Carte. Viscount Cecil. Sir Austen Chamberlain. Neville Chamberlain. Viscount Charlemont. Lord Charnwood. G. K. Chesterton. Sir George Clausen. Sir Alan Cobham. Lord Cochrane of Cults. Sir William Cope. Lord Courthope. Noel Coward. Professor F. A. E. Crew. Marquess of Crewe. Sir Stafford Cripps.

Clemence Dane. Dr Fraser Darling. Sir Alfred Davies. E. M. Delafield. Lady Denman. Basil de Sélincourt. Captain Taprail Dorling. Tom Driberg. John Drinkwater. Dr. Joseph Duncan. Lord Dunsany. Major-General L. C. Dunsterville ('Stalky'). Viscount Dunwich.

Sir Timothy Eden. Colonel Walter Elliot. Havelock Ellis. Lord Ernle. St John Ervine. Viscount Esher. Edith Evans.

THE RESPONSE

Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies. Sir Hamilton Fyfe. James Fisher. Sir Archibald Flower. Sir Newman Flower. Sir Christopher Furness.

Countess of Galloway. John Galsworthy. G. T. Garratt. The late Earl Lloyd-George. Robert Gibbings. Stella Gibbons. Seton Gordon. Sir Robert Greig. Grenfell of Labrador.

Professor Haldane. Sir William Haldane. Sir Daniel Hall. Duchess of Hamilton and Brandon. Dr John Hammond. Lord Harmsworth. Geoffrey de Havilland. Viscount Hawarden. Stuart Hibberd. Clyde Higgs. Sir Arthur Hill. Sir Frederick Hobday. Charles Holden. Lord Horder. L. Hore-Belisha. A. J. Hosier. Laurence Housman. Sir Albert Howard. Lord Howard of Penrith. Sir Archibald Hurd. Aldous Huxley. Dr Julian Huxley. Sir Barry Jackson.

Sir Frederick Keeble. Major J. M. Keith. Phyllis Kelway. Joseph Kennedy (formerly U.S. Ambassador). Eric Kennington.

Sir Patrick Laird. R. S. Lambert. Sir Arbuthnot Lane. Sir John Lavery. D. H. Lawrence. Margaret Leigh. Clare Leighton. D. B. Wyndham Lewis. Marquess of Lincolnshire. Sir Francis Lindley. Marquess of Linlithgow. Sir Richard Livingstone. R. M. Lockley. Sir Oliver Lodge. The late Earl of Lonsdale. Countess Lovelace. E. V. Lucas. Lord Lugard.

Ramsay
MacDonald.
Donald Mc-
Cullough.
Compton
Mackenzie.
Lady Con-
stance Mal-

*Glad to find your magazine in
Cape Breton & to have had a chance
of commending it. With best
wishes from off the coast of
Newfoundland & Labrador*

R M

(Ramsay MacDonald)

FAITH AND WORKS IN FLEET STREET

leson. H. A. Manhood. Walter de la Mare. Sir John Martin-Harvey. John Masefield. H. J. Massingham. Arthur Mee. Eric Mendelsohn. Esther Meynell. Sir Thomas Middleton. A. A. Milne. Naomi Mitchison. C. E. Montague. Duke of Montrose. Lord Mottistone. R. H. Mottram. Claud Mullins. Sir Alfred Munnings. Dr Gilbert Murray.

H. W. Nevinson. Duke of Norfolk. Sir Cyril Norwood. Lord Noel-Buxton.

Dr W. G. Ogg. Lord O'Hagan. Lord Olivier. Earl of Onslow. Sir John Boyd Orr. Dr C. S. Orwin.

Sir Richard Paget. Leo Page. Eric Parker. Sir Harold Parlett. Sir Bernard Partridge. Sir Felix Pole. Crichton Porteous. Lord Portsmouth. Llewelyn Powys. T. F. Powys. J. B. Priestley.

Lady Redesdale. Clifton Reynolds. Reginald Reynolds. Ernest Rhys. Professor A. E. Richardson. Professor James Ritchie. Lord Roche. Eleanour Sinclair Rohde. Sir William Rothenstein. B. Seeborn Rowntree. Sir John Russell.

Lady Margaret Sackville. Sir Michael Sadler. Sir Edward Salisbury. Edmund Sandars. Dr T. H. Sander-son-Wells. Viscount Sankey. C. P. Scott. Professor J. W. Scott. Peter Scott. Lord Sempill. Sir Montagu Sharpe. Sir Archibald Sinclair. May Sinclair. Sacheverell Sitwell. J. A. Spender. H. de Vere Stacpoole. Sir George Stapledon. Marie Stopes. A. G. Street. Lord David Stuart. George Sturt.

Dame Meriel Talbot. Sir Miles Thomas. Sir William Beach Thomas. H. M. Tomlinson. Viscount Traprain. C. F. Tunnicliffe. The late Lord Tweedsmuir. Viscount Ullswater. Dr J. A. Venn.

Henry A. Wallace. Hugh Walpole. Lord Walsingham. Sylvia Townsend Warner. Sir Angus Watson.

THE RESPONSE

E. L. Grant Watson. Dr J. A. Scott Watson. Field-
Marshal Viscount Wavell. Clough Williams-Ellis.
Sidney Webb. H. G.
Wells. Florence White. *Blair yon*
Henry Williamson. Lord
Willoughby de Broke.
S. E. Winbolt. Earl
Winterton. Virginia *(H. G. Wells)*
Woolf. Barbara Wootton Dornford Yates. G. K.
Yeates.

IN JAPAN

THE FRAME OF mind in which I went to Japan is indicated in the two mottoes on an opening page of my *Foundations of Japan*, one from the Journal of the Quaker John Woolman (1762) and the second from Borrow:

‘ A concern arose to spend some time with them ’, wrote Woolman, ‘ that I might feel and understand their life and the spirit they live in, if haply I might receive some instruction from them, or they might be in any degree helped forward by my following the leadings of truth among them when the troubles of war were increasing and when travel was more difficult than usual. I looked upon it as a more favourable opportunity to season my mind and to bring me into a nearer sympathy with them.’

‘ I determined ’, Borrow stated, ‘ to commence my researches at some distance from the capital, being well aware of the erroneous ideas I must form should I judge from what I heard in a city so much subjected to foreign intercourse.’

By 1917 I had journeyed many of the 6000 miles I travelled in the Japanese countryside, studying its agriculture and sociology, had had the chance of establishing relations of confidence and regard with a number of eminent Japanese, and had been so engrossed in my investigations that I had not troubled to present to our Embassy my letters of introduction. I was summoned to Tokyo.

IN JAPAN

I found that an official bleat had gone to London on the uncertainty of Japanese opinion about the war, deploring the influence the Germans were exerting, and asking what could be done about it. A cable came back from Sir Edward Grey, and was shown to me: 'Why do you not try to get in touch with Robertson Scott who is travelling somewhere in the Far East?'

After examining some curiously inept proposals that had been put forward, I proposed a first-class monthly magazine in English, a language which most intelligent Japanese like to read. But I stipulated that it should commend itself to them by giving as much space and energy to explaining Japan to the West as the West to Japan. It was one of the surprises of my life—I had returned to my wilds where a telegram reached me—when I learnt that the money had been at once forthcoming from a London committee which comprised Lord Burnham, G. W. Sale (head of a well-known City firm long established in Japan), and several public men, including the then Editors of the *Spectator* and the *Quarterly Review*.

I launched *The New East*, of about 200 pages, 'a monthly review of thought and achievement in the Eastern and Western worlds', with a very small staff—for young journalists in Japan and China had gone to the war—and a Japanese printer who knew English but had no compositor who did. The typewriter served me well; it was when we corrected proofs that the trouble began.

Among my contributors were H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, Lord Curzon, Havelock Ellis, Lord Bryce, the Herald of Arms, H. W. Nevinson, T. Gore, Laurence Binyon, Israel Zangwill, Eden Phillpotts, Aylmer Maude, Dr Morrison (the famous correspondent of *The Times* in

FAITH AND WORKS IN FLEET STREET

Peking), historians of Japan like Murdoch and Munro, and some of the best Japanese and American writers. One of the Americans was Theodore Roosevelt. The Japanese Prime Minister wrote me a *kakemono*, 'The Anglo-Japanese Alliance is the Will of Heaven'.

Among other helpful Japanese who understood what I wanted to be at, and had courage, were Nitobe (author of *Bushido*), Inouye (president of the Yokohama Specie Bank), Yanagi (author of a life of William Blake), Yanagita (secretary of the House of Peers), Prince Tokugawa (president of the House of Peers and once president of a 'Parliament' at Sydenham), and Count Makino (formerly Foreign Minister and Ambassador in London). I was also supported stoutly by the enlightened American and Italian Ambassadors and the Councillor at the Netherlands Legation (the son of a distinguished astronomer), who had a wide view of the world and a sense of humour. Constant backers were an American friend, Langdon Warner (the authority on Buddhist art), an intimate English friend, F. T. A. Ashton-Gwatkin, now chief inspector of our embassies and legations, and Sir Edward Crowe, then consul-general (see page 74). They had all pluck and knowledge. Although the British Ambassador disapproved of me from the first number—Tokyo was the last post he got—and I disapproved of him, I was aided by his clever daughter, Kathleen Greene, who is now recognized in the West as a poet; the assiduous Anglican Bishop in Tokyo, who wrote for me every month a set of jocose verses; and Lyon Blease, a young English barrister who arrived from Russia—he is now public orator of Liverpool University; and, as secretary, a gallant young American woman who was once the wife of Yone Noguchi. I had also the constant help of my wife, who did telling, sympathetic

IN JAPAN

sketches of Japanese life and character, and of my sister-in-law, now well known in this country and America for her colour prints, and two books, *Eastern Windows* and *Old Korea*, the latter published this year, who began her artistic career at that time.

The British commercial community had set me going with a number of advertisements, expecting, I gathered later on, to get from me a kind of 'pro-British' tract. I had to struggle all the time, short-handed, not only with the uncomprehending mentality and prejudices of some old Japan hands but with overtaken strength, in the exhausting climate of Tokyo, when most Westerners were at the seaside or in the hills. I almost broke down.

The day came when, after two years, I had to announce, 'with much regret, that the publication of the review will cease'.

We had a sale of 3000 to Japanese, Britons, Americans and Chinese, besides the copies distributed free, and I believed, and Japanese, Britons, Americans and Chinese who knew the situation best believed with me, that a good beginning had been made in the struggle with conditions in the Far East which, unless coped with effectively, must inevitably bring about war between Japan and the United States, and probably ourselves, in the not distant future.

I think now that I might possibly have done well to have come home to try to explain the psychological problems. It was clear that it was not being explained. It was not comprehended. But time pressed. I felt, and my friends, British, American, Japanese and Chinese, felt with me, that prompt action was necessary, and on new lines. We felt that it was imperative, above all, that a difficult and complex but hopeful situation should

FAITH AND WORKS IN FLEET STREET

be met by international effort, largely American, not by British effort alone.

I went off to America, again at my own charges, crossed the country twice, made a number of speeches, and, with a dummy of the *Asiatic Monthly* I planned to establish with capital in which *all* the nations interested in the Far East should be represented, and an office in Hong Kong, got together funds—and some remarkably fine advertising in Wall Street and its environs. Then, ironically, as stated in one of the leading articles (page 50), a New York specialist ordered me home or—

I was unable to return to America or Japan, and eventually, as Lord Sempill describes in his letter (page 88), I started, instead of the *Asiatic Monthly*, the *Countryman*, the need for which at home I had outlined to him in Tokyo.

Had I returned to Japan, as I was set on doing, I might have survived long enough to give the *Asiatic Monthly* a vigorous and widely influential life in the Far East and beyond it, and to help a widening section of Japanese, in need of understanding and timely encouragement, to bring about a state of things in which their country would have thought twice about siding with Germany in the Second War. Events in China—I had spent an illuminating fortnight in Peking with the erudite and highly informed Dr Morrison, *The Times* correspondent—might, too, have taken another course. An acquaintance with the condition of affairs in India—from the Asiatic angle—and in Indo-China and in the Dutch possessions, and conversations with Russians showed that the problems to be grappled with were not of Japan and China only. Hence the conception of an *Asiatic Monthly*.

THE FAITH OF *THE NEW EAST*¹

I.—TO OUR JAPANESE READERS

WE HAVE FAITH in the future of Japan. In that faith *The New East* is founded. Without faith in the future of Japan this Review must be insincere, infirm of purpose, ineffective.

It is in a time of world woe that *The New East* is born. In this war the populations of two Tokyos have been killed, the population of a third Tokyo has been maimed. A fourth, fifth, and it may be, a sixth Tokyo of men, women and children are dead or dying of ill-treatment, disease or hunger, or are miserably homeless. How many Tokyos more there may be of the widowed and the fatherless, of parents who have lost their only son, will never be known.

No such slaughter as has taken place, as is taking place, and must still take place if Right is to reign on Earth, afflicts the pages of recorded history. Awed by a Calamity past all experience and belief, mankind ponders the deepest problems with which it is possible for the mind to struggle.

All that is done today, all that is written today, is done and written under the Shadow of Death—under the shadow of the death of millions in their prime, under the shadow of the death of the noble companies of excep-

¹ This article appeared in No. 1 of *The New East*, June, 1917, which had an introductory article by Prince Arthur of Connaught, and contributions by Count Terauchi (Prime Minister), Viscount Motono (Foreign Minister), Marquis Inouye (lately Ambassador in London), and Lord Curzon. The capital letters and some images and simplicities and turns of expression were designed to be helpful to Japanese readers.

FAITH AND WORKS IN FLEET STREET

tional men who in time of peace would have set their mark on their Age (as they have set it imperishably in time of war), under the shadow of the death of unnumbered hopes for the speedy social betterment of the world.

A DUTY TO THE EAST

In a time of unexampled horror, redeemed for human history by unexampled self-sacrifice, a new Review which appeals to thinking men and women cannot but have the most serious aims. The chief aim of *The New East* must necessarily be to press home the lessons of the Disaster which has overtaken Europe, and, in a lesser degree, has involved Africa, the continent of Asia and North and South America.

What are the causes of the Disaster? How can mankind, how can Civilization be saved from another such Disaster in the future? Will the terrible events which have occurred in Europe be repeated in Asia? Not if those tendencies are avoided which make, first, for social disquietude, then for international suspicions, and finally for War.

Not if Asia profits betimes by a thousand bitter political and social experiences of Europe, to which she is geographically joined and with which Nature would seem to have intended that she should be in close accord. There is no East and no West, said the Holy One.

—AND THE WEST

But our duty is not only to what is called the East. Our duty is also to what is called the West. To Europe, to North and South America, as well as to Australasia and to Africa, to readers the world round, we shall try to bring a view of the history, the tradition, the achieve-

THE FAITH OF *THE NEW EAST*

ment, the aims, the ideals and the methods of the Continent in which *The New East* is published, which will have the effect, we trust, of sapping some prejudices and of removing many misapprehensions. The last foes of the World to be subdued are Ignorance and Fear.

The Orient has suffered many things from the Occident. That it has suffered more than it has gained would be very difficult to establish. One thing is true at any rate. The East has not yet gained from the West all that is to be gained.

The East may gain more from the West by studying not only Europe of the Twentieth Century, but the progress of Europe from Europe as it Used to Be. A well-known author called Switzerland the Laboratory of Europe because so many political and social experiments had been tried there. The New East, after which this Review is named, has in Europe an infinitely valuable Political and Social Laboratory. The East, by providing itself with a sufficient equipment of knowledge to enable it to study in that Laboratory to the best advantage, may learn just where certain public attitudes of mind and certain political and social conditions inevitably lead. Experience teaches, says one adage; experience is a hard teacher, says another. If only the East be wise, if only the East be able to add to virtue knowledge and to knowledge understanding, it may profit well by the hard lessons learnt by the West. Along the roads by which the New East is travelling the West has passed before it. Sorrow, disillusionment and loss have marked, still mark Western progress. But the goal is in sight. It is the goal of a glorious faith in the future of mankind, without which life is vain.

It would ill accord, however, with the spirit in which *The New East* is founded if its first article ended on a

FAITH AND WORKS IN FLEET STREET

note of exhortation only. *The New East* does not come as one to whom all truth about Japan has been revealed. It comes as a student and a friend. Our friendship will be manifest in no way more conspicuous than in this, that we shall faithfully try to tell the truth about Japan, as about the West, as it is given to us to know it. Our way of telling the truth will never be that, however, which proceeds from a satisfaction in fault-finding but from a desire to establish the future of Japan in which, at starting, *The New East* has confessed its faith.

2.—AMERICA, JAPAN AND GREAT BRITAIN

At home the Briton is only a week from the United States. In Japan he is thrice that distance away.¹ Practically, however, he is nearer America than ever. The English-speaking community in Japan is largely American, and the Briton every day of his life is closely associated with Americans in the intellectual, religious and commercial progress of the country. Not a few Britons, through their relations with Americans in Japan, have gained a new conception of America. British and American cousinship has become a fact to them. They have come to realize more fully what America stands for.

It is impossible to send out the first number of *The New East* without gratefully acknowledging the encouragement which we have received from our American friends. Nothing has stimulated us more than the way in which Americans, here and in the States, have warmly sympathized with the ideals which the Review cherishes,

¹ One thought in terms of steamships and railways then. The first experiments in flying in Japan were being made by a young American airman.

THE FAITH OF *THE NEW EAST*

have quickly grasped its possibilities of usefulness, and have readily offered their utmost help. The warmth, sincerity, alacrity and bigness of Americans generate affection. These qualities do more. They excite the highest hopes for the future of the world, for they are the qualities which it is necessary to bring to bear on its problems. That Japan has a great deal to gain, in addition to all she has gained already, from the mind and heart of America is very plain.

KNOWING OUR KINSFOLK

The Editor of this Review had his journalistic training under W. T. Stead, with whom the closest co-operation between the severed sections of the English-speaking world was an article of religion. It is an article of religion with *The New East* also. Count Soyeshima, in a spirited article which he is contributing to our next number, speaks of the prescience of a British Government in forming the Alliance with Japan. But there is one respect in which a British Government showed prescience in regard to that Alliance which has not been understood in Japan. Great Britain has been criticized in some Japanese journals because, in the amended Treaty of 1911, she insisted on providing that, should she form a Treaty of Arbitration with the United States, British relations with the United States in time of war should be governed by such Treaty of Arbitration. The action which the United States has taken in declaring war against Germany justifies the confident belief of the best minds in Great Britain in 1911, that, on a high question of International Morality, the great Republic would be found on the right side. Knowing our kinsfolk as we did, we believed that they could be trusted. Our Japanese friends will be the first to admit that we acted with wise forethought.

JUNE

THE Vol. II : No. 6 : 1918

NEW EAST

Edited by J. W. Robertson Scott

CONTENTS

THE PREMIER AND THE ANGLO JAPANESE ALLIANCE
THE FUTURE OF JAPAN, AMERICA AND GREAT BRITAIN
WHY THE ALLIES ARE WINNING THE WAR
WANTED, CHINESE FARM LABOURERS FOR AMERICA
FRANK BRANCWYN
TAKING A PROVINCE FROM THE SEA (Illustrated)
THE PAST AND FUTURE IN RUSSIA
RECOLLECTIONS OF FOUR FAMOUS ENGLISHMEN
THE SECRET TELEGRAMS
ECONOMIC CURRENTS IN GREAT BRITAIN
OUR CHINA CORRESPONDENCE
H. G. WELLS, NOVELIST AND PREACHER
PORTUGAL IN EUROPE AND THE FAR EAST
THE TOWN OF X
THE STORY OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE
JAPAN AND THE WAR : CONFLICTING VIEWS
THE WOMEN'S MOVEMENT
WALTER DENING
FROM THE HOMEWARD MAIL
THE GREAT FIRE OF YEDO
THE ALLEGED BANKRUPTCY OF RELIGION
THE FENCING MASTER'S STORY
JAPANESE SCHOOLBOYS ON FOREIGNERS
CRICKET (Illustrated) and SPORTING NOTES
EVENTS AND OPINIONS IN JAPAN
AUTOGRAPHED PORTRAIT OF H.R.H. PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT
4 PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIES OF THE "NO"
2 CARTOONS BY ELIZABETH KEITH
20 CARTOONS FROM THE FOREIGN AND JAPANESE PRESS
And Numerous Other Illustrations

MINIATURE
EDITION
OF FIRST
ANNIVERSARY
NUMBER

For Full List of Contents see Inside Cover

Office : 12 Ichibei-cho Nichome, Azabu, Tokyo

Telephone Shiba 4793

On sale at 600 newsagents, railway book stalls and hotels in Japan, at Korean Religious Tract Society, Seoul, and at chief newsagents in China, Straits Settlements, Philippines, Java, Federated Malay States, and Hawaii LONDON: Rolla House Publishing Co. Ltd., Rolla House, Bream's Buildings, Fetter Lane, E.C. CANADA: British Columbia, Toronto and Montreal News Cos. AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND: Gordon and Gotch, Ltd. UNITED STATES: Stechert & Co., New York, Smith & McCance, Boston, American News Company, Puget Sound News Company INDIA: Wheeler & Co. Bombay.

50 SEN per Month or 5 YEN, 13s. or 3.25 dols. per Year

The Cover of THE NEW EAST

THE FAITH OF *THE NEW EAST*

AMERICAN AND JAPANESE FEARS

The war has done great things for Anglo-American relations. It has also done great things for the relations of Japan and the United States. For years the activities of able and kindly men in both countries have not availed entirely to abate suspicion and fear on the part of some Japanese as to American policy and of some Americans as to Japanese policy. The silliest things have been printed in Japan about American designs and in America about Japanese designs. Well-wishers of both countries have been not a little anxious as to the future. And now, while they were still troubled to know what could be done to put an end to misunderstanding, Japan and the United States have involuntarily become Allies.

All things work together for good for those who love goodness. Great Britain, moved by the outrage on Belgium, drew the sword against Germany. Japan in loyalty to her Treaty with Great Britain followed her into the war. And now the United States has entered the good fight also. Had not Great Britain promptly taken the step she did for Public Faith (unprepared though she was), neither Japan nor the United States would have had the opportunity of testifying before the world with their blood an historic adherence to that Faith. Japan, the United States and Great Britain, allied by the war and trusting one another—would the United States have entered the war had she been nervous of Japan at her back?—will remain at one after the war. Thus has been taken the most important action in our time, beyond the creation of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, towards ensuring the Peace of the Pacific. To the maintenance of that Peace, British, Americans and Japanese, writing alongside one another in *The New East*, will bend all their energies.

FAITH AND WORKS IN FLEET STREET

ANGLO-AMERICANS

This Review is started with British capital, but when it endeavours to fulfil its intention of bringing to the East the thought and achievement of the West, it is the thought and achievement of America as well as of Europe that will be found in its pages. In all the things that matter most in the Far East, American and British aims and ideals are the same. If the social faith, the commercial ideals, the political experience for which the West stands, are to be interpreted effectively they must be interpreted not only by Europe but by America.

In one pre-eminent quality Americans and British excel. They have faith and vision. And it is faith and vision that are needed in this crisis in the history of the world. No healing balm for the world's wounds, no effectual calling to do and hope our utmost can come from the sorry mortals who through the gloom of war cannot catch glimpses of the dawn of a brighter day for mankind. The call of the time is to thinkers and the brave of heart who rejoice over the privileges of service at one of the most moving periods in History, a period in which, when account has been taken of every discouragement to optimism, the highest hopes for the future of the Human Race may be justly cherished.

3.—TO OUR FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN

In the stress and anxiety of launching *The New East* nothing has strengthened our purpose more effectually than the thought that this British Review might serve in some measure as a source of encouragement and cheer to our fellow-countrymen in the Far East. There is no foreign land in which the Briton is farther from home

THE FAITH OF *THE NEW EAST*

than in Japan. There is none in which the language of the country in which he is living is a greater barrier to communion with the people among whom he dwells. There is none in which he is in greater need of being continually refreshed by a presentation of the thought and achievement of his own folk.

The British race survived a struggle with Napoleon of a severity which is still imperfectly understood. Our people have spread themselves over the earth and have faced with a doughty liberality of mind administrative problems of a hundred free, assimilated or conquered peoples. We have led the whole world in self-government and in liberty, in the application of invention to daily life, and in the development of manufactures, commerce and industry. Today we find ourselves in the third year and at the most critical stage of a war of such extent and intensity as to be without parallel in history. In none of the many wars in which the nation has fought has it unsheathed the sword with less to gain for itself. In none has it played a finer part, whether we have regard to the courage of its sailors, soldiers and volunteers, the generosity of its relations with its Allies, the steadfastness of its people at home, or the skill and speed with which it has adapted itself to conditions so extraordinary as to have been beyond all possible forecasting.

THE BRITISH CHARACTER

It is true that during the war, following their amazing habit of self-examination, self-depreciation and gruff impatience of outward seeming, the British people have carried the criticism of State affairs and popular conduct to lengths which few foreigners can possibly understand. Those who are unfamiliar with British history and British political and social experience, who do not know how

FAITH AND WORKS IN FLEET STREET

the British mind really works, who are not acquainted with the distance which yawns between what Britons say of themselves and what they really believe and are must be puzzled indeed. But we who write of our own race know that never in all British history were the instincts of our people more true, was self-abnegation more common, was government cleaner or more competent, was the general level of intelligence higher, the minds and bodies of a large proportion of the population better trained, or were there better grounds for believing in the sanity and high destiny of the British race. The work of our people in the world is not done. The British Empire is in its prime. Inspiring though our history has been, it will be more inspiring still when the fruits of the deep experience through which our race is passing shall be gathered. Those who have had regard and love for Great Britain will find their regard and love strengthened by new tokens of her greatness.

THE DUTY OF BRITONS IN THE FAR EAST

And the part of us Britons out here in Japan? It is not only in giving and in giving up that we may serve our country and humanity. We have to think about the war and about our Allies in the right way. We are not in the trenches, but we cannot shirk one tittle of our share of responsibility for the triumph of the cause for which our relatives are giving their lives. We have to keep ourselves as far as possible not only physically but mentally fit. Britons pride themselves upon their individuality, but some, perhaps, have been too much in the habit of putting out their thinking to be done for them. The British people have not only to fight their way out of this war and out of the possibility of the recurrence of such a war. They have to think their way out. It is

THE FAITH OF *THE NEW EAST*

the aim of *The New East*, by cultivating a studious and open-minded attitude towards the problems of Asia, to help in one practical direction to an avoidance of that lack of information which has so often led to international misunderstanding and eventually to bloodshed.

HOPEFUL OR MIND-LOCKED?

Let us realize clearly that the world will not be the same after this war. Many conventions of thought and action have gone for good, or are surely going. Life will be guided by new hands and new standards in new ways. We can be of the advance, we can have trust in the fine instincts of the best of our race, we can walk with the younger men and women, who, inspired by the lessons of the trenches and the war hospital, are minded to better the world by methods which the oldsters had not thought of or for which they lacked the courage: we can do this, or we can be mind-locked and faint of heart, a drag on development and on progress. But even if we elect to be men and women of little faith, even if we fail to do our part in full, the new time will come. It will only come a little more slowly. Let it not be said that we who are living 10,000 miles away from England for our business, our studies or our pleasure, and are perhaps forgotten in the stress or reckoned of small account, were content to remain outside the mental ferment and struggle which will mark and dignify the twentieth century for the historian. Let us rather, in the words of one of the brave women who have done so much to hearten the men who are fighting, 'find out the highest thought and aspiration and live in it; breathe the best of the old hopes and make them come true; draw near the new and vital experiences of our Race, and share its profounder life'.

SAYONARA: A SPEECH BEFORE SEPPUKU¹

I

THE NEW JOURNALISM

IN THE EARLY 'eighties a great journalist, W. T. Stead, who, when note is taken of every one of his foibles, has a sure place in the history of social progress, succeeded in giving to several young men a conception of an unselfish, enlightened journalism as one of the high governing forces of our period. He said that the Press had 'done much to make vulgar ways of looking at things and vulgar ways of thinking of them stronger and stronger by formulating and repeating and stereotyping them. For a newspaper must live, its conductors suppose, by being very cheerful towards prejudices, very chilly to general theories, loftily disdainful to the men of a principle. The one cry to the advocate of improvement is some sagacious silliness about recognizing the limits of the practicable in politics, and seeing the necessity of adapting theories to facts, as if the men who despair of improvement are the only persons endowed with the gift of discerning the practicable.'

The New Journalism was to be unlike that. It was not to be merely a means of making money. It was to

¹ *Sayonara* (Sy-o-nara) is the beautiful Japanese equivalent for 'farewell'; *seppuku* is the polite form for the term used for the act of self-immolation in compelling circumstances which is commonly called *harakiri*. *Sayonara* is, of course, colloquial; *saraba* was the farewell of the samurai. The leading article appeared in *The New East*, Vol. III, No. 4, 1918.

SAYONARA: A SPEECH BEFORE SEPPUKU

be the profession of those who felt themselves especially called. It was to be the eager, devoted servant of its day and generation. Above the service that it rendered, its enthusiastic disciples thought, there might honourably be ranked no other professional labour, no distinction of literature, art, science, the pulpit, Parliament or the Executive. It was assuredly no thing to be persuaded by peerages.

Since then no small part of journalism has been swept by that tide of money-getting which in the years before this cleansing war carried so much before it. The latest journalism boasts its *narikin*¹ and its combines. It feeds its readers on the cheap in every sense, and they in their turn hold it in merited derision. The shrunken yet unabashed leading article is suspected for what it is, the sounding advocacy of the scribe who is content to take his inspiration from one man's hint today, from another's nod tomorrow, and, failing hint or nod, from his own shrewd judgement of the jumping cat and of his own interests.² But before these evil days came upon

¹ *Nouveaux riches*.

² 'Editors frequently earn substantially complete independence, but they do so only because the owner fails to exercise a discretionary power which exists practically without question and without limit. Editors have not ordinarily even the same kind of independence of status as the professional man. They are employees whose ability to think and write is purchased and who, unless otherwise expressly provided, tacitly permit their writing, if not their thinking, to be moulded either by the owner of the newspaper or by business managers responsible to the owner. A disposition to co-operate with a man who retains unlimited power of hiring and firing easily degenerates into servility. The day will come, perhaps, when it will be impossible for the owners of newspapers to hire competent men to purvey opinions which help to determine the popular attitude towards public questions without guaranteeing to the editorial staff independence. Sensible readers will ignore publications which pretend to give impartial and disinterested

FAITH AND WORKS IN FLEET STREET

us there were men—one of the humblest being the writer of these lines—who were minded to follow the gleam of a nobler publicism. Familiar works of reference record the quixotic resignations of the group from London dailies of consequence in times of crisis. It was the distinction of these men that all of them had refused seats in Parliament at least once. Here evidently was training for the audacity of starting *The New East* !

EQUIPMENT FOR INVESTIGATION IN JAPAN

The daily journalism of the Editor of this Review in those far-off days had been devoted each morning to a popularizing of foreign and colonial politics. The *Spectator* was one of the weekly periodicals into which his energy welled over from that daily journalism. *The New East* cast its shadow before in his first London daily leader which he remembers to have entitled 'The Cockpit of the Far East'; in his writing in support of the Japanese during the Russian war and in favour of the abolition of extra-territoriality; and in his first book, a plea for a better understanding of the Far East. He retired definitely from daily journalism under the influence of the idea—which has been so fully justified by the difficulties of food production during the present war—that the people of Great Britain were too much wrapt up in urban problems. He forced rural questions on the readers of one of the leading London magazines every month for fourteen years; in the same cause disported himself in the chief daily and weekly papers and the reviews; and published eight or nine books on the

expressions of opinion about public questions, but which, in their working organization, do not explicitly provide against the intrusion of irresponsibility, servility and personal or class bias.'—*New Republic*, August 17, 1916.

SAYONARA: A SPEECH BEFORE SEPPUKU

rural life of other countries as well as his own. It was while looking through the library of the great International Institute of Agriculture in Rome early in 1914 that his attention was drawn to the fact that we possess no study in English of the agriculture of one of the most agricultural nations of the world, Japan.¹ Yet Japan, by reason of its peasant proprietary and of the way in which scientific leadership has been brought to bear on an ages-old agriculture, was the very country which had lessons for England concerning the place of an efficient small holdings system in a self-respecting community. It was desirable, also, that there should be available a new kind of book on the nation with which Great Britain had made Alliance, a book which should not be written exclusively from Tokyo, after the fashion of so many volumes, but largely from the midst of the agriculture which bears the fortunes of Japan on its back. In three-quarters of what is written about Japan it is forgotten that four Japanese out of five are cultivators of the soil.

Soon the war broke out. But beyond a visit to Holland, with an eye on food exports to Germany, and, later, a journey to the Front, paid on behalf of philanthropic English farmers intent on succouring the ruined peasants of France, there was little war service of importance in sight for a man of fifty. The thought accordingly presented itself of coming out to Japan and studying its small farming, and next going on to the United States and studying its large farming, and then getting home for the close of the war and the reconstruction period, with two stimulating (but exceedingly unprofitable!) books. In March, 1915, passage was taken to Japan with a round-the-world ticket available for two years.

¹ The only existing work is one which attempts to survey the agriculture of Japan, China and Korea in a tour of five months!

FAITH AND WORKS IN FLEET STREET

JAPAN, GREAT BRITAIN AND THE WORLD AND THE IGNOBLE WARRIOR

About a year of rural investigation, from Hokkaido to Shikoku, followed. Rural people are very much the same all the world over. In about twelve months of study one who understood something of the countryman and of rural conditions in several countries and was sincerely interested in the welfare of Japan could not fail to get close to the heart of its rural people and their well-wishers. But engrossing and vital though the investigation was, as forming the only sure foundation for a trustworthy impression of Japan, it could not but seem poor work at times to be studious of rice and *daikon*¹ while Europe was dripping with blood. And so once or twice the habit of a lifetime showed itself in a letter to the Tokyo Press. It was natural that before long an experienced journalist should be seized on by his countrymen to state their case when a plentiful if natural enough lack of information concerning the West was producing in a section of the Japanese Press the strangest imputations on the motives of the Western Powers. And so the little bilingual book, *Japan, Great Britain and the World*, came into being. It is evidence of the friendly spirit and reasonable attitude of mind which marked that modest attempt at mutual interpretation that the Japanese translation was made as a labour of love by a well-known Japanese public man who sat up through one night to finish it. The brochure has been noticed in nearly every Japanese paper and no hostile criticism has ever been passed upon it. The more elaborate and also bilingual *Ignoble Warrior*, a study of the origins of the present war, with Raemakers' poignant pictures, had an equally

¹ The Japanese giant radish, a popular pickle, which, because it has fermented, helps the digestion of the rice.

SAYONARA: A SPEECH BEFORE SEPPUKU

understanding reception, is still selling, and is believed to have had some effect. Local efforts to explain the war were now being supplemented by the activities of all sorts of patriotic organizations at home. To conspicuous members of the British colony there began to arrive generous consignments of well-meaning propagandist literature, of which it suffices to say that it was chosen with evident earnestness and public spirit but with very little knowledge or imagination. And so it came about that it was pressed upon the author of *Japan, Great Britain and the World* and *The Ignoble Warrior* to set to tract-writing on the spot.

II

TRACT DISTRIBUTING OUT OF DATE

It was not only some two hundred thousand words of notes accumulated for his book on rural Japan, and urgently calling for decipherment and collation, which disinclined him from any such undertaking. No man who is for using other people as he likes to be used himself needs to be told that the age of tracts is past. Tracts were the product of an unimaginative attitude of mind of which the development of knowledge and sympathy has made an end. They survived as long and as wearily as they did only because they were graced by the friendliness and courtesy of personal distribution. When they began to be put forth wholesale by organizations, when they came to be machined into a business of propaganda, their day was done. That tracts should rise from the dead during the war was only to be expected. The price to be paid for war is not only blood and treasure. In war-time, as Cromwell's great contemporary said, 'all the fools turn madmen, and even the wisest have no chance of acting or

FAITH AND WORKS IN FLEET STREET

speaking as if they were in their right wits'. War brings forth a hundred gibbering ghosts of overthrown ideas and discredited short cuts. Intellectual battles which have become historical have to be fought all over again. The falling back on physical force which war brings upon us revives the exploded belief that mind and heart may be compelled like the body. Scratch the anti-Prussian natural man and as like as not you find, in a stronger or weaker dilution, something of the Prussian spirit. In peace-time he is unscratched and passes muster.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN PREACHING AND PROPAGANDA

Until the difference between preaching and propaganda is realized there is, indeed, no effectual salvation from Prussianism. The theory of preaching is that it is speaking the truth in love. Propaganda is concerned with converting or procuring a convenient abandonment of the opposition of those for whom one does not necessarily care a rap. All the experience of the world goes to show that speaking the truth in love is the only way of speaking which tells in the end. Propaganda can make but a passing impression. What have the Germans gained by a world propaganda on which millions have been poured out under the direction of brains of no mean order? Nothing at all that can last. But faith in the possibility of forcing a change of heart on people by means of money is part of the natural creed of the capitalist of troops or of money. Those whose days are spent with troops or money come easily enough to believe that if this and that can be done with troops or money there are no limits to the power of these agents. Is it any wonder that in war-time, when the best minds are preoccupied, and the young, with their fresh, clear

SAYONARA: A SPEECH BEFORE SEPPUKU

intellects, are slaughtered, the ill-informed, the cocksure and the blatant should gain a hearing for pleas for the quick manufacture of opinion? But what is truth in peace-time is none the less truth in time of war and may not be foresworn. The war is pointing out to us the places in our own characters which still remain weak. 'Thank God for our enemies', said the wise man. Thank God for the way in which Prussianism has shown us the touches of Prussianism of which we ourselves have yet to get rid.

III

ONE-SIDED INTERPRETATION IMPOSSIBLE

There is no cause in the world more urgent or more important than the promotion of a better understanding between West and East, between East and West. But it can never be done merely by fervent addresses to the East by the West, particularly when these addresses are suddenly arranged for at a time when the West has especial need of the goodwill of the East. The East will begin to listen attentively to the West as soon as the West begins to listen attentively to the East. Just as no conversation can be a monologue, so no work of interpretation or reconciliation can be one-sided. The condition of successful Western preaching to the East is that the West should be as diligent in hearing as in preaching. This is basic and it all seems simple enough. But it is a truth which has still to make its way. It assuredly cuts at the very foundations of all mechanical propaganda.

THE IMPORTANCE OF TOKYO

It is no wonder, then, that we had no notion of re-entering a journalistic career, in which the need of the promotion of a better understanding between East and



Caricature of the
Author as a Jap-
anese Nurse Girl,
by Elizabeth
Keith

SAYONARA: A SPEECH BEFORE SEPPUKU

West had been deeply felt, by embarking on a course of pulpiteering in which all the speaking should be from aloft and the addressed should have no chance of saying a word in explanation or extenuation. But that something should be attempted in print we were none the less certain. 'Printer's ink on paper' has been prostituted but is still a power. Tokyo is the capital of the Far East. During the war it is the effective capital of Asia. There is in Japan and the Far East a large and growing population which reads English. It buys larger quantities of books from Europe and America than is generally realized. It reads a considerable number of American and European publications, the American having, of course, the advantage of arriving more promptly than the European. During the war the flow of post-graduate students, professors and business men to America has enormously increased. If a better understanding between East and West is to be brought about anywhere, it must be first attempted in Japan, for Japan has reached out its hand to the West.

When some practical means of promoting a better understanding is sought for, the daily and periodical Press of Japan is found to be locked within the barriers of the Japanese language. In English there is neither in the Far East nor in India any review or magazine which reaches Western standards. That there was an opening for such a periodical in Tokyo which in time should take the vacant place at the head of the journalism of Asia was plain. That such a periodical could do great things to give Japanese readers a fuller conception of the aims and ideals of the West, always provided that it was devoted with equal sincerity to getting the West to understand how little progress it had made as yet in understanding the East, we believed and still most firmly believe.

FAITH AND WORKS IN FLEET STREET

IV

THE CAPITAL AND THE AGREEMENT FOR *THE NEW EAST*

So we contrived here and put forward in London the plan of *The New East*. That many people should have thought that we were setting to work on a crude propagandist basis was to be expected. We counted on its taking two years to live down such misapprehensions. The Editor had been careful to secure from his financial backers an undertaking that they attached 'greater importance to the public objects of the undertaking than to the establishment of what should necessarily be a journalistic property'. By way of confirmation of this it was further declared in the agreement that 'the annual net profits, if any, shall be divided equally between the School of Oriental Studies in London and the British Association in Japan for the purpose of teaching the Japanese language to British subjects'. It was also 'specifically agreed' that the Editor should 'conduct, manage and edit the said Review in his free and uncontrolled discretion'. 'So as to facilitate the launching of the Review', the legal document went on to say, the remuneration of the Editor was 'fixed at his suggestion at a low figure'. For the same reason we began the enterprise with about fifteen hundred pounds less capital than we asked for. Nevertheless, the periodical has been produced for two months longer than it was estimated the original capital would last. The total amount of money placed at our disposal was less than a quarter of what a New York magazine, published at the same price, was lately willing to spend in an advertising campaign in Australia. We did not complain of this. After all, it was war-time. Capital was being solicited for a piece of

SAYONARA: A SPEECH BEFORE SEPPUKU

work which had still to justify itself. If we did not have all the money we thought necessary for a start, we had the valuable countenance and help on a London Committee of three eminent journalists responsible for the *Quarterly Review*, the *Spectator* and the *Daily Telegraph*.¹

TECHNICAL DIFFICULTIES AT THE START

The task of giving the Review the character, even the desired form, was no easy matter. We were undercapitalized and we had to start before we were ready. One London magazine well known to us had everybody from editor to office boy on full salary for six months before it came out. The difficulties in our case were extraordinary compared with what they would be in London or New York. In either of those centres of magazinedom a new publication is immediately the recipient of countless manuscripts from practised pens and of innumerable offers of help from skilled writers. We had to seek our contributors—anything up to 11,000 miles away. Half the best authorities on the Far East were at war work. Many of the local writers who were kind enough to volunteer their aid or who were commandeered in our extremity were amateurs and their work needed even more re-writing than it got. On the mechanical side we had not and have not now a single compositor acquainted with English. The wonder is not that our pages were and are disfigured by printer's errors but that we have not been typographically in far

¹ It is not out of place, perhaps, to record the fact that we have the testimony of the *Spectator* to the 'charm and variety' of the contents of *The New East*, and its 'able editing', and of the *Daily Telegraph* to an 'excellent monthly's' contents, 'more varied than those of almost any other magazine'. The editor of the *Quarterly Review* has written 'gratefully recognizing the energy, skill and devotion put into the business'.

FAITH AND WORKS IN FLEET STREET

worse case. The idea of producing monthly a periodical of the size of *The New East* appalled all but one Tokyo printer, and we had neither time nor capital to set up a printing house of our own. Publication would have been impossible if we could not have typewritten every bit of manuscript. As it was, we were unable to get out even one of the usual preliminary 'dummy' copies. One London daily newspaper, we may explain, was written and printed for months before a copy was sold to the public. We have had to make all our experiments in type, form and contents under the eyes of our patient readers. Those who come after us will not fail to profit in all directions by our harassing experience. We have had to feel our way both as to what our readers wanted and as to what it was possible to give them. No periodical, it will be agreed, has, within a year and a half, more resolutely scrapped 'features' when they could be bettered. This month's number hardly looks like an issue of the same publication that tumbled itself half-made from the press in June, 1917. Gradually, for one thing, we have been able, as more competent contributors became available, to make the articles longer and more exhaustive. We are at length in touch with a large number of skilled writers in different parts of the world, who next year would have enabled us to carry the periodical farther away from the magazine standard reviewwards. In spite of all our shortcomings we have had the published testimony of one of the most competent journalists in Japan to 'the new literary atmosphere introduced into Japan by *The New East*'. We have been gratified by another local journalistic recognition of the 'sympathy, honesty, disinterestedness and enthusiasm' which has marked our endeavours. It may be added that within a few months of our first publication one of

SAYONARA: A SPEECH BEFORE SEPPUKU

the most important and enterprising of the New York magazines paid us the compliment of offering to exchange articles with us. In truth, however, the Editor has groaned in spirit over every number. *The New East* has never reached and in the circumstances could not be expected soon to reach the level he was aiming at.

AN ILLUSTRATION OF THE BARRIER OF LANGUAGE

Little wonder then that many spectators of the effort could not discern the goal. Needless to say, they usually knew better what ought to be done than the man who was up against the facts of the enterprise. There were, for example, those who heatedly pressed the value of the Japanese section. The Japanese section was the idea of the Editor, led away by the false analogy of his bilingual books. Before the first number was out he had found, in further discussion with Japanese friends, that he had made a mistake. He lost no time in confessing it to his financial backers. He explained that the purchaser of *The New East* who could read English resented space being taken up by the Japanese section; that no Japanese who did not read English would buy the magazine for the Japanese section alone; that it was impossible to give under one cover at a moderate price a good Japanese magazine as well as a good English one; that it was a work of the utmost difficulty to get attractive translations promptly done; that no one was ever pleased with what was done; that the supervision devoured the Editor's time; and that foreign writing for Japanese who do not read English should appear, in the form of free translations and adaptations, in a separate, well illustrated periodical at a popular price, which should be published in association with *The New East* under the

FAITH AND WORKS IN FLEET STREET

direction of a leading Japanese journalist. Alas! the capital had been got on the basis of a bilingual magazine and we were held to our undertaking to be bilingual. It is a heavy responsibility to convert people to anything unless you are sure of your ability to convert them back again when you find out you are wrong. The moment the Editor was a free agent the Japanese section was thrown out, as our readers have seen. But it had wasted a substantial sum of money and had got the magazine in bad odour with not a few Japanese who, in glancing at it, examined only the Japanese section and concluded that the whole magazine was at the same dull level. There would be no justification for dwelling on this domestic matter were it not symptomatic. It illustrates the ignorance which exists as to the extraordinary incompatibility of the English and Japanese languages. It demonstrates the difficulty which people 11,000 miles off have in bringing themselves to believe that they are not as good judges of Japanese conditions and opinion as people on the spot.

V

CANT AND THE PLAIN FACTS

Here lies the root difficulty in the relations of Europe and America with Japan. Unfortunately, when some of these confident people pay a visit to this country their eyes are still holden and their ears stopped. They see no Japanese but those who are seen by every foreigner. They go only where every foreigner goes. They leave Japan as certain as ever that little is hid from them concerning the mood and direction of her thinking. As far as their influence in the West is concerned, their last state is worse than the first. When one thinks of the impermeable minds of the type of men who have sometimes

SAYONARA: A SPEECH BEFORE SEPPUKU

come here during the past few years to report on the situation, unofficially and officially, one may be excused for despairing—for an hour only, thank God—of the future relations of Asia and the West. What does all the high-falutin' in the Western Press amount to when there is so little perception of the basic fact that there can be no progress in friendship without understanding, that it is impossible to make any advance in the study of people with whom there is little real sympathy, of people who are conceived alternatively as an obstacle, a pretence and a bore? The West has canted in its talk about the East when it wanted its help, and the East has had no difficulty in canting back. Most of what is written and spoken is for the occasion. A five years' view at most contents the average politician and a twelve months' forecast the average journalist. How long may suffice for the average diplomatist we despair of estimating. But Asia was old when Europe was young and there was no America. In Europe and America they have mostly considered that they had something else to think of than the procession of the ages in Asia and their lessons. Except by a few men like Meredith Townsend, who, having eyes to see and ears to hear, saw and heard, there has been sadly little serious consideration of the future relations of Asia and the World. If the West does not awake from its self-absorption, only too soon will it pay the price of its complacency.

VI

SHAKING THE SELF-CONFIDENCE OF THE EAST AND THE WEST

It is a source of great satisfaction to us that we have been privileged to bear even the feeble part permitted to

FAITH AND WORKS IN FLEET STREET

us in shaking some self-confidence of the West as to its attitude towards the East and in confirming the doubts of a few thoughtful minds in the East as to its ability to make its way in self-sufficient isolation from the modern world. In India a multitude of publications and the books of many devoted students do a valuable work for Asia. But in Japan circumstances have diminished the number of foreign students and forward-leaping minds. Not a few men and women are here who feel an ardent sympathy and kinship with the East. But what countenance have they, what effective organization is there of their influence and their efforts?

It had been our hope in *The New East* to encourage and to focus, most imperfectly at first but before long with a certain efficiency, this admirable influence and these most praiseworthy efforts. We had hoped that in a few years, overcoming early difficulties in obtaining understanding backing, we might be able to make of our periodical an arena for the serious thought not only of those who had brought to this country the attitude of mind upon which so much may be built but for the honest thinking of Japanese and Chinese who joined to the highest patriotism a sincere desire for warm friendship with the West.

LOOKING OUT ON THE WORLD FROM TOKYO

We have never been in the least afraid of the cry of Asia for the Asiatics. By no right or reason are Europe and America in Asia but by the right and the reason that they are able to serve Asia. If the time should come when they are unable to justify their position here their work here will be done. But provided the task of inter-

SAYONARA: A SPEECH BEFORE SEPPUKU

pretation and harmonization were courageously embarked upon, provided that full advantage were taken of the unexampled opportunity of the Far East and Farthest West being in alliance in the present war, we looked for no inter-racial catastrophe, however distant. Greater knowledge and a wider desire for justice would permit of things arranging themselves naturally. East and West would find, in old President Kruger's phrase, that 'one hand washed the other', that neither was the servant of the other nor to be preferred before the other. We hoped to stretch out a friendly hand from Young Britain and Young America—their eyes opened by the present war to many things which their fathers never saw nor thought about—to Young Japan, Young China and Young India, and, through a sympathy with and understanding of the American and Australian peoples, to do something to establish in permanence the peace of the Pacific.

From London one's gaze is towards the continent of Europe on the one side and towards America on the other. In New York one faces either Europe or a United States so vast that it seems wellnigh sufficient for every endeavour. But in Tokyo we are bounded on the one hand by the broadest continent and on the other by the broadest ocean, while to the South are lands more distant from London and New York than any other. From Tokyo we see the world in a new perspective. The regions from which there are the shortest cables in the London and New York papers are our neighbours and our chief interest. The concern of the London and New York reader in all the northern and southern lands washed by the Pacific is measured by the news editor in peace-time in very few lines indeed. How can the home public's knowledge of this part of the world grow rapidly, how

FAITH AND WORKS IN FLEET STREET

can this part of the world readily believe in the sincerity of the home public's interest?

VII

'WHEN MY COUNTRY GROWS POLITE'

We need not say that we had no mind to be concerned in the glorification of a bowdlerized, my-country-right-or-wrong West in which there are only generals of genius, politicians without guile and social institutions without a flaw. The Japanese are no fools. They learned a great deal about Europe and America in the years immediately preceding the war, they have picked up a good few things about Europe and America during the war, and day by day they are adding to their knowledge. The notion that war-time talking at the Japanese concerning our noble selves, accompanied by a steady application of butter to the people addressed, which has been so little to the credit of the British, French and American Press, has effected anything, could delude only those who have never been in Japan, or have lived here, as most people do, without access to Japanese opinion that matters. The West has had an unrivalled chance in Japan of getting itself liked, and has again and again muffed its chances. The game is not lost yet, but it will not be won by players, unofficial or official, with such a good opinion of themselves that they are as unready to learn as to forget. Japan has many grievous shortcomings, as the West has. Japan has a long way to travel to arrive at a stage of development which many Japanese allow the credulous to believe has been reached already, and honest Japanese know and frankly own has not been reached. But Japanese civilization is a real thing, the Japanese advance has been tremendous, and the future of Japan is assured. The many

SAYONARA: A SPEECH BEFORE SEPPUKU

Japanese who have been well educated in Japan, the many Japanese who, during their journeys abroad, have seen a very long way into Western life, are sensible of the aid which the West may still bring to the East. But they resent and are well entitled to resent keenly the characteristic *de haut en bas* Western attitude, 'a certain condescension in foreigners', against which James Russell Lowell protested even on behalf of Americans. In his thoughts about the Japanese the average foreigner in Europe and America, the average foreigner in Japan is living in a fool's Paradise. He never thinks of applying to Japan Kipling's 'O beware my country, when my country grows polite'. But the line fits Japan like a glove.

PRISMING AND PRUNING NATIONAL NOBILITIES

There are well-meaning people who would set about the work of interpretation between Japan and the West by telling only the best things about their fellow-countrymen and unblushingly hiding the rest. You must never mention electoral corruption or Yoshiwara in writing of Japan, lynching or graft when you are describing America, Horatio Bottomley when you are dealing with England. Interpretation is to be done by Maiden Aunts prising and pruning their nations' nobilities to one another. We have been elaborately remonstrated with—from England but not from Japan—for alluding to Miss Kamichika in our news chronicles, for 'publishing caricatures of living Japanese statesmen', for mentioning in a literary sketch the horrible fact that whereas the English workman when he is hot takes off his coat the Japanese coolie removes his trousers! From the same Fairchild family came notes on the unwisdom of articles by those desperate characters, Bernard Shaw and Sidney Webb—contribu-

FAITH AND WORKS IN FLEET STREET

tions by whom had been suggested by Japanese readers—and expressions of anxiety as to the impression the magazine gave of catering for the ‘young Progressive party’. This was rivalled by the protest which reached us from a local quarter against our having published American advertising! But that was before the Americans came into the war. Had we listened to some exhortations addressed to us we should never have printed anything but the Imperial Rescript on Education and a reproduction of the steel engraving in which Queen Victoria proclaims the Secret of England’s Greatness.

THE TRUE INTERNATIONAL SPIRIT

Now the hopeful thing about the work of interpretation between East and West is that what the proverb says is justified by all experience—A true story will bear telling. Not by our all bragging in turn of our plaster-saintdom shall we gain each other’s regard. No work of interpretation is to be done with the tongue in the cheek. Who trusts the Augurs when Augur meets Augur with a smile? We need not all set feverishly to work on a quest for dirty linen, but neither need we expect that it will be believed that all our linen keeps ever miraculously spotless! In reason, we may be to each other’s faults a little blind. There is a time and a season for applying the telescope to the unseeing eye. ‘The greatest of these is charity.’ ‘It is Heaven on Earth to have a Man’s Mind move in Charity.’ But nothing will ever convince us that, when the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth about Britain, the United States and Japan is told, these great nations will be less commendable to one another. Vaingloriously setting forth the virtues or continually picking here and there for faults, sugaring over or acidulously dwelling on short-

SAYONARA: A SPEECH BEFORE SEPPUKU

comings are equally unprofitable. These are counsels of perfection, no doubt. It is given to no periodical, in its early days particularly, to achieve all its mind and heart are set on. But the principle for which we have contended must be the principle adopted by a review of the true international spirit, certainly by any periodical proposing to itself the great work of interpretation between East and West.

Coldness, ignorance and distrust, prejudice and dislike are not to be swept away, however, merely by a spurt of opportunist activity. It is easy enough, if one has the capital to buy a mowing machine, to spend an exhilarating morning in an uncared-for meadow cutting down thistles. But the appearance of improvement is deceptive. Seeds of the thistles remain. The amelioration of a weedy pasture must be the painstaking, often heart-breaking labour of many years. There must not only be continual cutting down of weeds and no little harrowing and rolling but a steady feeding and stimulating of good grasses and clover. It all costs money. It means infinite patience. But the results are certain. 'Patience, alas!', writes one who has been in a responsible character behind the scenes of the history of our own times, 'is the last lesson that statesmen, rulers or people can be brought to learn.' Patience, more patience, still more patience is assuredly required in the work for which *The New East* was designed.

VIII

A NOTEWORTHY CIRCULATION

Our periodical comes to a stop with a thousand of the most influential Japanese buying it month by month and twice as many foreigners—in every continent and in

FAITH AND WORKS IN FLEET STREET

almost all the countries of the world—regular purchasers. The actual circulation of a periodical which, as might be supposed, has had to be very largely overprinted every month—all the unsold copies have been carefully distributed—and is much handed about from relative to relative and friend to friend, has been greatly in excess of these figures; but taking only the figures mentioned, we have already, we believe, *a larger paid circulation than any daily, weekly or monthly publication in English in Japan.* It may be safely said that no periodical has become more widely known in its first year. With every recent number we have felt a quickening of life. From issue to issue there has been an advance in sales. For months past hardly a day has gone by without messages of encouragement such as those from which we have made selections in our recent numbers and the present issue. They have come of late from Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, France, Italy, Greece, Egypt, Canada, South Africa, South America, Australia, New Zealand, India, Malaya, Java, and, of course, from China, from Japan itself, and from Great Britain and the United States, and even from the West Indies. With some radical changes which we had in contemplation for 1919, and the continuation and development of the remarkable bulk of advertising which appeared in our July and August numbers, no unreasonable supposition, we anticipated paying our way within the period of three years for which it had been understood funds would be forthcoming.

OUR HELPERS

For the privilege we have enjoyed of travelling even as short a distance as we have done along the road marked out by our ideas of the possibilities of a Far Eastern review we have to thank most sincerely our financial

SAYONARA: A SPEECH BEFORE SEPPUKU

backers and advertisers, a growing group of spirited contributors who shared our aims—and frequently insisted on working without pay—those Japanese and foreign friends whose approval of our methods was so encouraging because of their real knowledge of Japan, and an unwearied staff, chief among them my wife who, with her serviceable experience of a London magazine office, has shared from the first the Editor's stress and labour and has put her mark on every issue. Until the coming of Lyon Blease, much of the editorial work had to be got through in the early morning and late at night, on Saturday afternoons and Sundays. Blease, who arrived unexpectedly in Tokyo with a Red Cross contingent from the Eastern Front, had had experience of the war, not only in Russia but in Roumania and Serbia, and knew English life from the standpoints alike of an author, a barrister and a Parliamentary candidate. Of his wide sympathies and cultivated mind our readers have had opportunities of judging month by month, but only the Editor can testify to the fraternal spirit which has marked his colleagueship. We could have wished to mention by name many special sympathizers and counsellors, Japanese, British and American, but some of the most helpful will desire to remain anonymous. We should be ashamed, however, not to testify publicly to the degree to which our ideals have been shared and our purposes have been strengthened by Langdon Warner among Americans, and by the historian, Murdoch, among Britons. *The New East* has given us staunch Japanese friends, and we shall always remember with gratitude the warm sympathy and far-seeing attitude of our American readers. They have confirmed, if that were necessary, our earliest journalistic faith in the unity of the English-speaking world.

FAITH AND WORKS IN FLEET STREET

IX

THE PERIODICAL WHICH IS NEEDED

The fact that our experiment has been hampered to the stopping-point in no way abates the necessity for the maintenance in Tokyo of a review which, while it shall reflect the finest spirit of the English-speaking world, shall be in the truest sense international. Although it must necessarily be established on a business basis it must be set about with no monetary aim. It must be troubled about many things in the state of Asia and be profoundly concerned with the question of the future part of East and West in the development of mankind. It should be the life work of a man with true ideals of the service that the best journalism can perform. It must be a review which shall be at once an arena of debate and a pulpit for proclaiming with honesty and sympathy the facts of Asiatic and European life, the aspirations and needs of the East and the West. It must be so conducted as to vivify in the West interest in the East and to strengthen the devotion of the East to Western studies. It must be trustworthy without being dull, so that its influence shall be felt here in the Far East and among the politicians and journalists of the Far Western capitals. It must possess humour as well as sincerity. These are large aims and high aspirations, but they may be compassed. We are as sure as when we began that we did right to begin. 'Nobody beginning,' says Pepys in one of his immortal passages, 'I did.' We are as sure as when we began that the work begun ought to go on.

Ordinarily, of course, there is no need to have any tragic feeling about the death of periodicals. There is no absolutely necessary periodical, for it can always be bettered. Many periodicals serve their object in a very

SAYONARA: A SPEECH BEFORE SEPPUKU

few years. Two forms of courage are required of the founder of a periodical, the courage to start it, and the courage, when its confession or protest is made, to commit *seppuku*. It is another thing, however, to have to undergo an execution which is a blunder, or to submit philosophically to the forced and premature close of an effort which is an urgent need. *The New East* is moribund, but is passing away to reappear perhaps in a worthier incarnation when the rich man or woman shall step forward, intent on a keener satisfaction in spending than in getting, and appreciative of an uncommon opportunity of serving our day and generation and those that shall come after us.

‘IDEALIST’, OF COURSE

Idealist *The New East* is, of course. So, too, has been everything worth while in the history of the world. We have never addressed the spiritless, the friend of things as they are, the distrustful of every new idea to whom emotion and aspiration are but weakness.

‘Who’, asked John Morley, ‘does not know this temper of the man of the world, that worst enemy of the world? His inexhaustible patience of abuses that only torment others; his apologetic word for beliefs that may perhaps not be as precisely true as one might wish, and institutions that are not altogether so useful as some might think possible; his cordiality towards progress and improvement in a general way, and his coldness or antipathy to each progressive proposal in particular; his pygmy hope that life will one day become somewhat better, punily shivering by the side of his gigantic conviction that it might well be infinitely worse.’

12.0111f



J. W. ROBERTSON SCOTT

For thirteen years
on the editorial staff of the
Pall Mall Gazette
Westminster Gazette
and
Daily Chronicle
Founder-Editor of the
New East (in Japan)
and the
Countryman
(in the Cotswolds)

WHEN Mr Scott retired
from the *12CHH* Spring of
1947, he had *12CHH* umber and
reached his eighty-first birthday. He felt his
experience of journalism had been not only
long but fortunate: as a young man, with
Editors of the calibre of W. T. Stead, Sir
Edward Cook, J. A. Spender and H. W.
Massingham; in later years, himself an
Editor with complete freedom of expression.
In founding and developing the *Countryman*,
he proved that the public will respond to the
maintenance of those journalistic standards
for which a plea is made in this book.

THROUGHOUT his life, Mr. Robertson
Scott's chief interest has been in foreign
affairs, with the study of rural life as recrea-
tion. Here are what he considers his best
and most timely contributions on both sub-
jects, as well as his declaration of faith as a
journalist and "a glimpse of the writer's
mind as he drew to a close, as he saw his
own work in a final perspective."

